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"LEST WE FORGET"
From a painting by Eliot Clark

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The Pilgrims and Their Contemporaries

By

SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

Decorations by E. Horter

"The individual conscience is more and more reinforced by a social conscience that finds its expression in law. Our philosophers have been telling us that religion is loyalty to a beloved community. All this does not indicate a return to the Puritanism of the seventeenth century, but it makes seventeenth-century Puritanism more intelligible to us."

THE Church of the Latter Day Saints has an interesting ceremonial called "baptizing for the dead." The living saint is able to make his faith retroactive, and effective for the spiritual benefit of persons who were unfortunate enough to live before they had an opportunity to know what it was. He stands as it were godfather to his ancestors. He vouches for them as members of the true church. This gives the church an antiquity which it would not otherwise have had.

Latter-day patriots are not behind Latter-Day Saints in their tendency to impute their own ideals to generations that have passed away. They magnify the virtues of their forefathers, but they take for granted that they were the same virtues that are now admired. Those who assert that the former days were better than these are not willing to admit that they may have been essentially different from these.

Just now when we are celebrating the tercentenary of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, one may be allowed to make a modest plea for the individuality of these worthies. Their essential ideals and purposes are in danger of being obscured by the mists of ancestor worship.

We are in the midst of an earnest effort to Americanize the aliens who dwell among us. It is a laudable endeavor, though it is sometimes under-

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Leaving England

taken with a suddenness which alarms the innocent foreigner, who does not know why we are taking such an interest in his behalf. It is difficult for him to understand that he must be regenerated before he takes out his naturalization papers.

What more natural than that we Americanize the men of the *Mayflower* who came to these shores in the year 1620? Have we not for a long time adopted them as in a peculiar manner our forefathers, and have we not a right to attribute to them our political views? If they are not illustrative of what the great republic has become, they have been receiving praise under false pretenses.

Our American faith was formulated in the Declaration of Independence and in the Constitution of the United States. If we wish to define it further we point proudly to Washington's Farewell Address and the Monroe Doctrine. He that doth not believe these things, let him be anathema. The true American is ready to maintain these principles against the alien world.

That all men have certain inalienable rights, that there should be a complete separation between the functions of the church and state, that there should be no taxation without representation, that government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed—these are the principles of 1776. That which gives the fighting edge to these principles is the stubborn determination that the American continent should be free from the control of European monarchs.

By antedating the Declaration by a hundred and fifty years we double the period to which we point with pride. There is a chronological expansion which is very gratifying. By one swoop we take into our national fold several generations of respectable people whose characters do us honor. They doubtless felt as we do, or would have done so if they had had the opportunity. They were the makers of America; that goes without question. Why, then, should we not attribute to them American principles as we understand them?

This attempt to Americanize several generations of colonial Englishmen has led to two results. One is to minimize the significance of the American Revolution, and the other is to devitalize the history of the period which preceded it.

The American War of Independence is treated as merely the throwing off of the yoke that had long been irksome. The forefathers came to these shores to escape the tyranny of James I. They set up independent governments as far as they were able. At last their descendants completed their task and drove out the minions of George III.

This simplifies history, but it ignores the fact that a great revolution took place in the latter part of the eighteenth century. In this revolution

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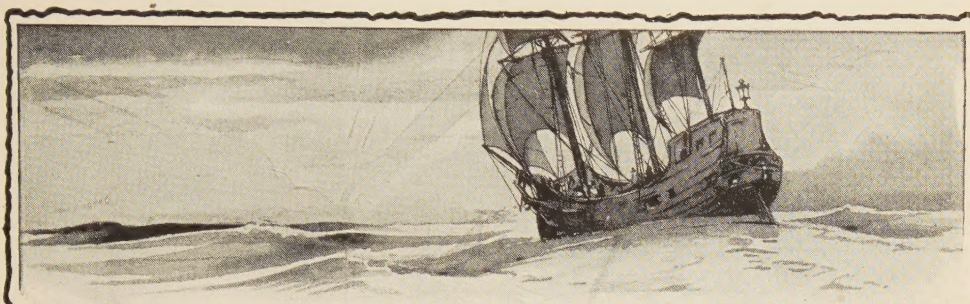


The Mayflower in mid-ocean

something more was involved than independence from the mother country. Thomas Jefferson and Thomas Paine were not simply taking up the unfinished business of the forefathers; they were announcing new ideas that produced a violent explosion in America and afterward in France. It is to be noted that Washington always spoke of the Revolution, and it was a real one.

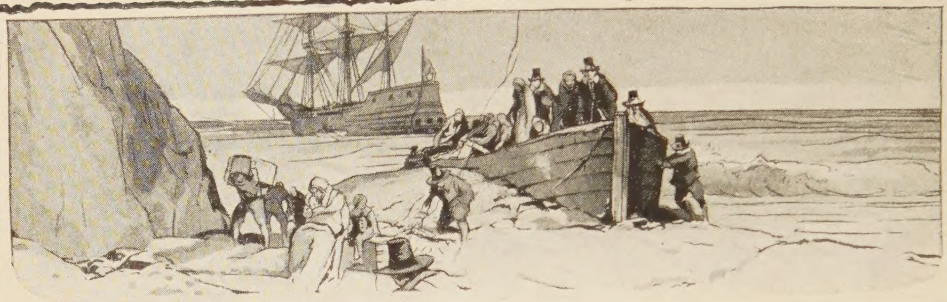
The effect of the effort to read into the history of the colonial period the spirit of 1776 is to produce a curious sense of unreality. We are reminded of the stage directions of an old miracle play where Adam crosses the stage "on the way to be created."

The prerevolutionary Americans do not seem like real persons with definite purposes of their own. They are shadowy types of what their descendants are subsequently to become. The historian is careful to point out every act that has a symbolic suggestion of something that afterward came to pass, just as the commentator on the Old Testament has his eye on the New. The phrase continually comes to mind, "that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet." The patriotism of the sons is imputed to the fathers, who come trailing clouds of genealogical glory which obscure their own proper features.

The Covenant of the *Mayflower* is treated as if it were the first draft of the Declaration of Independence, the New England town meeting becomes a prophecy of the Continental Congress, and we are told that a controversy over a stray pig led to the discovery of great principles which were afterward embodied in the Constitution of the United States. As to the Monroe Doctrine, that was indigenous to Rhode Island.

Our romancers have done their part in making the early New-Englanders appear to be peculiar people cut off from all contacts with their contemporaries. There is a sense not only of geographical remoteness, but of spiritual aloofness. The Salem of Hawthorne might be on another planet from London or Bristol. We do not think of the grave citizens as having gossipy letters from cousins and aunts on the other side of the sea.

It would be a fitting celebration of the tercentenary to restore the Pilgrims of the *Mayflower* to their proper place in history. They and the Puritans who quickly followed them had a very vivid life of their own. They had opinions which they held with great tenacity and had purposes which gave unity to their lives. They were good haters, and they hated some things which we tolerate. They had their limitations and, like all earnest people, they prized them highly. They were men of their own time and were interested in what were then living issues. In order to get a realistic view of them we must think of them as belonging to the history of England in one of the most stirring periods, and not merely to the prenatal history of the United States. They were seventeenth-century Eng-



Landing. Plymouth Rock, Massachusetts

lishmen and not faint foreshadowings of eighteenth-century Americans. Still less did their enthusiasms correspond with those of the great cosmopolitan America of our own day. Perhaps there is no element that could less easily fuse in our melting-pot.

They were a part of a movement which was just as distinct as that of modern Zionism. To be a Zionist, one must be first of all a Jew. In going to Palestine the Jew of Warsaw does not cut himself off from his own people. Their prayers follow him, and they are eager to hear of his success. He is where their hearts are. So the early New-Englander was first of all an Englishman. He had come to the New World impelled by ideas which he held in common with thousands of his countrymen. He was enthusiastically devoted to a great revolutionary cause which, beginning with a few obscure people, gathered strength until at last it swept away the long-established order. In the early part of the struggle New England was on the fighting-line.

It was the Puritan revolution which culminated in the establishment of the English Commonwealth with which these men were related. Here they found the realization of their ideals. They were stirred by its passions and they rejoiced in its success. It is worth our while to note the difference between the seventeenth-century revolution and that of the eighteenth century.

To understand the Puritan of the seventeenth century, we must remember that though he was a very independent person, his fundamental interest was not in the individual man, but in a new social order. He did not make our distinction between church and state. Religion was to him a public matter.

That every state should have a religion was something on which all parties in that day were agreed. But the Puritan contention was that the religion of the state should not be formal, but real. The nation should be held to the same strict rules of conscience which bound the private man. There was no excuse for public unrighteousness. Milton was setting forth a political creed when he wrote, "A Commonwealth ought to be a huge Christian personage, one mighty growth and stature of an honest man, as compact of virtue as of body."

When the passengers of the *Mayflower* formed themselves into a body politic "for the glory of God and the advancement of the Christian religion," they were clearly expressing their purpose. Civil government was not an end in itself; it was a means for advancing true religion.

An early New England minister asks the question, "What is our errand in the wilderness?" His answer is that it is not religion as a private interest. Personal religion could be practised anywhere.

Treating with the Indians

New England's design in this vast undertaking is to set up the Kingdom of Christ *in whole communities.* His Kingdom must come and his will must be done. Only in so far as his Kingdom comes can his will be done. This Kingdom must be set up in a public and openly prevailing manner. It is in the commonwealth that it must be established.

To set up the "Kingdom of Christ" in an openly prevailing manner meant something more than to establish the kind of church with which we are familiar. It was a purpose which was at once political and religious. It involved the question over which people fight, "Who shall rule?"

The English people fought to determine the answer, and the Puritan won. Thirty-three years after the *Mayflower* sailed, "the Instrument of Government of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland and Ireland and the dominions thereto belonging" was adopted. In the thirty-fifth article of this constitution it is declared: "That the Christian Religion, as contained in the Scriptures be held forth and recommended as the public profession of these nations."

The English Commonwealth in making this profession stood before the world as a huge Christian personage. The most indomitable fighters of that generation were behind this profession. Those who had scoffed at the Puritan remained, if not to pray, at least to consider. Organized religion was a political power which men of the world had to reckon with.

During the first generation the New England Puritans were not spiritually isolated. They were in the very thick of a most exciting conflict. Massachusetts was the experiment station in which a great political theory was being tried out.

Mrs. Hemans writes of the time

> When a band of exiles moored their bark
> On the wild New England shore.

I do not think that the pilgrims even in the loneliness of the first winter felt themselves to be exiles. That experience they had passed through ten years before when they were driven out of their own land and took refuge in Holland. Then they were indeed living as aliens among people who had another language. But when the *Speedwell* sailed from Delftshaven, its passengers were being repatriated. They were coming once more to live under English laws and to take part in the work of regenerating their own country. Religion and patriotism could once more be united. In England they had been separatists, separated not merely from the reactionary elements, but from the liberal Puritans who had retained their membership in the Established Church which they were endeavoring to reform.

Building the first houses

Francis Bacon expressed the common opinion about them:

As for those whom we called Brownists, being, when they were at the most, a very small number of very silly and base people here and there in corners dispersed, they are now (thanks be to God) by the good remedies that have been used, suppressed and worn out, so there is scarce any news of them.

By the time they emerged from their exile the movement of which they were a part had already broadened. They were aware of the ties that bound them to the multitudes of Englishmen who belonged to the new order.

To religiously minded people at that time America was not looked upon as a land of exile, but as a land of opportunity. It was that part of the king's dominion toward which those who were eager for spiritual adventure naturally turned. So conservative a churchman as George Herbert wrote:

Religion stands on tiptoe in our land
Ready to pass to the American strand.

The official censor hesitated to allow the book containing these lines, so dangerous to those who suffered from religious unrest, to be published. Professor Palmer has told us that Herbert was thinking of Virginia and not of New England, but his lines are suggestive of the direction of men's thought. The field of spiritual adventure lay on the western shores of the Atlantic.

We know what the "Western fever" meant to the Americans of the nineteenth century. It was in the blood of all men who were eager to make a larger place for themselves than was possible in the long-settled parts of the country. Seventeenth-century Englishmen felt the same impulse, and yielded to it in much the same way. And in yielding they were not cutting themselves off from their own country; they were taking part in its expansion.

The congregation in Leyden, said Governor Bradford, "had a great hope and inward zeal of laying some good foundation, or at least to make some way thereunto, for the propagating and advancing the kingdom of Christ in those remote parts of the world."

When the proposition to remove to one of the unpeopled regions of America was made public "it raised many variable opinions amongst men, and caused many fears and doubts among themselves." There were stories of atrocious Indians who

Not being contente only to kill, and take away life, but delight to tormente men in the most bloodie maner that may be flesing some alive with the shells of fishes, cutting off the members and joynts of others by peasmeale and broiling on

Going to church

the coles, eate the collips of their flesh in their sight while they live: with other cruelties horrible to be related.

But none of these things moved the more courageous members of the community.

It was answered that all great and honourable actions are accompanied with great difficulties, and must be both enterprised and overcome by answerable courages. It was granted that the dangers were great but not desperate; the difficulties were many but not invincible. For though there were many of them likely they were not certaine; it might be that sundrie of the things feared might never befall, others by providente care and the use of good means might in a great measure be prevented; and all of them, through the help of God, by fortitude and patience, might either be borne or overcome.

They were reminded that they lived in Holland "as men in exile," and that there was but one way of escape. "After many other particular things answered and aledged on both sides it was fully concluded by the major parte to put this design in execution, and to prosecute it by the best means they could."

Years before, while still in England, they had, "as the Lords free people, joyned themselves (by a covenant of the Lord) into a church estate, in the fellowship of the gospell, to walke in all his wayes made known unto them or to be made known unto them, according to their best endeavors, whatsoever it would cost them, the Lord assisting them."

But their church had been a voluntary organization without power to determine community life. They wanted to do what Calvin had done in Geneva, and Knox in Scotland, to give full political expression to their religious convictions.

It was because he had suspected they were at heart revolutionists of a dangerous type that King James had driven them out of England. While he was still only king in Scotland he had learned that Calvinism was something more than a system of theology; it involved a theory that was hostile to the divine right of kings to rule.

In Germany the Reformation had first excited the hopes of the people and then disappointed them. The peasants' revolt, with its threat of a great social revolution, had frightened Luther. Henceforth he put his trust in princes and supported their claims to authority.

But in France the Reformation took a different turn. A young Frenchman, John Calvin, issued a book on "The Institutes of the Christian Religion" which had an effect on the revolutionary forces of the seventeenth century like that which the works of Rousseau had on the revolution

The first Thanksgiving

of the eighteenth century. Both men began with the statement of abstract ideas, but these abstractions were taken up by thousands of their contemporaries and applied to the political problems of the day. It is interesting that both these men found their home in the free city of Geneva.

Calvin's entrance into Geneva was dramatic, and his career a stormy one. With all the self-confidence of youth he "took over" the government of the city. The doctrine of the direct sovereignty of God was applied to municipal affairs. Geneva was ruled in the name of the Invisible King.

The Scotch Calvinist Andrew Melville confronted the absolutism of King James with a doctrine which was equally uncompromising: "There are two kings in Scotland, King James and Jesus Christ whose subject King James is and in whose kingdom he is not a king nor a lord over head but a member." As a pious theory, James would have assented to the sovereignty of God. What he objected to was the Calvinistic claim that the ordinary man with the Bible in his hand was competent to decide between the conflicting claims of the two sovereigns. When he came to the throne of England he determined to make an open fight for the royal prerogative.

It was in 1604, in the famous conference at Hampton Court, that James in pithy sentences declared that he was prepared to fight Puritans, Presbyterians, and Separatists to the death. They might differ among themselves, but they were all one to him. They all agreed in undermining the royal authority.

"If you aim at a Scottish presbytery it agreeth as well with monarchy as God and the devil. Then Jack and Tom and Will shall meet and censure me and my council." As for toleration of such sedition, he would have none of it. "Stay I pray you for one seven years before you demand: and then if I grow pursy and fat I may purchance hearken unto you; for that government will keep me in breath and give me work enough." Rising in his wrath the king cried, "I will make them conform, or else I will harry them out of the land or else I will do worse."

The story of the attempt to carry out that threat involves the fortunes of the English people on both sides of the Atlantic. The conflict did not end till the head of the son of King James was laid upon the block. When Laud and Strafford began the policy of "thorough," indignant Puritans swarmed across the sea. The passions stirred by persecution found fierce expression in the new land, and there was the very human desire for retaliation. King James had declared, "No Bishop, no King." In Massachusetts men boldly said that the commonwealth could get along without either. In England people were beginning to say the same things.

In the great controversy the English people on both sides of the ocean were equally interested. They read the same vitriolic pamphlets and discussed them with the acrimony which is possible only among fellow-

An attack by the Indians

countrymen. Roger Williams recommends a book of Milton to a London lady of conservative principles. She replies that she has too much respect for the memory of her dear father to read anything written by such a wicked revolutionist. "As for Milton's book which you desire that I should read, that is he that wrote a book on the lawfulness of divorce, and if report says true he had at that time two or three wives. This perhaps were good doctrine in New England but it were abominable in Old England." Then she adds: "But you should have seen the answer to it. If you can get it I assure you it is worth reading." To this good lady New England was a dangerous region, just the place for wild radicals of polygamous habits like John Milton.

In the meantime sermons preached in Massachusetts before approving magistrates, by ministers who were known to the English police, were reprinted in London. The more controversial they were, the more eagerly they were read. That the doctrines were revolutionary was nothing against them in the eyes of those who believed that radical changes were necessary. The English preachers were becoming equally bold despite all repressive laws. "It was the Puritan pulpit," said Dr. South, "that supplied the field with swordsmen and the Parliament with incendiaries."

The pathos of the early story of the Pilgrims must not blind us to the fact that they were on the winning side. The party that they represented grew in power until it at length imposed its will upon England and all her dominions. That the triumph was temporary did not make it less complete in the eyes of those who witnessed it. To those who had taken part in it it seemed the beginning of a new era which should endure.

When Strafford and Laud had perished and the power of King Charles had been overthrown, they seemed to hear the angel of the Book of the Revelation:

> And the seventh angel sounded; and there were great voices in heaven saying, the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ and he shall reign forever and ever. And the four and twenty angels which sat before God on their seats fell upon their faces and worshipped God, saying, We give thee thanks, O Lord God Almighty, which art and wast and art to come, because thou hast taken to thee thy great power and hast reigned.

Governor Bradford, in 1646, on re-reading his history of the Plymouth Plantation, adds a note on the reverse of a page in which he had told the pathetic story of the early trials of the Pilgrims.

> Full little did I thinke that the downfall of the Bishops with their courts, cannons and ceremonies had been so neare when I first begane these scribled writings (which was aboute the year 1630, and so peeced up at times of leasure

A Puritan home

afterward) or that I should have lived to have seene or heard of the same but it is the Lord's doing and ought to be marvellous in our eyes. "Every plante which our heavenly father hath not planted (saith our Saviour) shall be rooted out. I have snared thee and thou art taken, O Babell [Bishops] and thou wast not aware, thou art found, and also caught, because thou hast striven against the Lord." . . . Do you not now see the fruits of your labours O all yee servants of the Lord, that have suffered for his truth, and have been faithful witnesses of the same, and ye little handfull among the rest, the least among the thousands of Israel? For yee not only had a seede time, but many of you have seen the joyfull harvest. Should you not then rejoyse, yea and again rejoyse, and say Hallelujah, salvation and glory and honour and power be to the Lord our God; for true and righteous are his judgments.

Bradford's postscript, with its cry of triumph, is worth considering, for it gives dramatic unity to the lives of the Pilgrims. They had a definite program, and it was accomplished. Within a single lifetime it was possible to see the seed-sowing and the harvest. And the harvest was greater than any of the little company had imagined to be possible.

There had come to Bradford the news of the Battle of Naseby, the storming of Bristol, and the surrender of Charles to the Scots. And with the political and military success there was the triumph of the religious ideas of the Puritans. Parliament had on the advice of the assembly of divines revolutionized the discipline of the church. No more should the sign of the cross be used in baptism, the communion table should be set in the body of the church, the ring should not be used in marriage, there should be no wearing of vestments, no prescribed forms of prayer, no keeping of saints' days. All the points for which Plymouth and Salem in the days of adversity had contended had been accepted by those who ruled all England. The story has a dramatic completeness like that of the antislavery movement or the unification of Italy. Let us not blur the outlines of the picture by confusing it with ideas that belong to another era.

One who watched at the death-bed of Oliver Cromwell, and who heard him praying, said "a public spirit to God's cause did breathe in him to the very last." In these words are expressed the soul of the Puritan Revolution. The men who struggled in behalf of the English Commonwealth believed that they knew what God's cause was. It was not a private virtue; it was large and public, and to be expressed in civil institutions for whose maintenance they were directly responsible. They were ardent patriots and believed that to their own nation, in their own time, was given the honor of setting up a government in accordance with the revealed will of God. Let us think of them in the moments when they were filled with the glowing sense of the immediate realization of their ideal. Milton expressed their mood:

Journeys end in lovers meeting

Now once again by all concurrence of signs, and by the general instinct of holy and devout men, as they daily and solemnly express their thoughts, God is decreeing some new and great period in the Church, even to the reforming of Reformation itself: what does he then but reveal himself to his servants, and, as his manner is, first to his Englishmen.

In insisting that we can understand the New England Puritans only when we think of them as Englishmen profoundly interested in the great movement of their own day, we are not denying their influence in the development of American character. We are only saying that in order to trace that influence we must follow the main current of history rather than any parochial side channels. We have as our inheritance, which we share with our British brethren, the whole Puritan movement on both sides of the Atlantic. Physical geography has little to do in the transmission of thought. Ideas are not, like cats, attached to places. They follow persons. The man of the Pilgrim company best beloved and longest remembered was the pastor, John Robinson, who crossed the sea only in spirit. Hampden and Pym and Eliot and Baxter and Milton and Cromwell have left a deeper impress upon America than all the Mathers.

To-day we are better able to appreciate the efforts of the Puritan than were our immediate predecessors. We cannot accept his answers, but we are beginning to ask the same kind of questions.

We are less sure than we used to be that religion and politics can be kept in separate compartments. We are not altogether satisfied with purely secular solutions of social problems. We hear people talking again about a community church. In an amendment to the Constitution enforcing prohibition we have gone further than the Puritan Commonwealth did in looking after the morals of the people. The individual conscience is more and more reinforced by a social conscience that finds its expression in law. Our philosophers have been telling us that religion is loyalty to a beloved community. All this does not indicate a return to the Puritanism of the seventeenth century, but it makes seventeenth-century Puritanism more intelligible to us.

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"She wept as the rough cloth scratched her hands, and she thought how harsh it would be for the tender baby skin"

The Drought

By DOROTHY SCARBOROUGH

Illustrations by Robert E. Johnston

That people are but creatures of circumstance is the theme of this story. The heat or cold or the rainfall of a day may change the career or movements of a person's life.

BESSIE HICKSON gazed in despair at her little vegetable garden, which the drought had killed. She and Ed had planted it with eager pride in the early Texas spring, thinking that it would furnish their living through most of the summer, and that they could sell enough extra vegetables from it to provide for their other necessities until autumn. Ed would have no money coming in till he had sold his cotton in the autumn, for he was a tenant farmer, working a few acres "on shares," planting only cotton and wholly dependent on the success of that single crop.

The garden had flourished flamboyantly at first, she and Ed tending it with the enthusiasm of very young and newly married folk who adore their first garden, and with the anxiety of those who realize that much depends upon its growth. But the drought had come with its hot days and dewless nights, and now the gay, green plants were shriveled and dead, the corn-stalks standing like skeletons that rattled in the wind, the withered bean vines trailing from their rude sticks in disarray, and all the carefully tended beds full of dead leaves and sifting, powdery dust.

As the young wife sat by the window of her house, looking at the ruined garden and the cotton-field beyond it, she permitted herself for the first time to face her situation squarely. Until now she had hidden the facts behind her, trusting with the unreasoning optimism of youth to some illogical reversal of events that would make her life again the easy, pleasant thing it had always been until recently. But now she took her thoughts out as from some dark closet into the light of day and considered them. She needed money desperately, and none was available. In September there would be a baby, and she must make its tiny clothes. She had already delayed too long, but now at last something must be done.

"What am I going to *do?*" she asked herself querulously. "I don't see any way out—unless—"

She shrank from that "unless." She would n't face that yet; perhaps there would be some other way.

The house, a mere shanty set on the edge of the cotton-field, warped by sun and rain, its paint washed away save for a few cracked flakes, its porch lurching forward, and its shed-kitchen dragging back like a slattern's skirt that is hitched up in front and trailing in the rear, was obviously a house that had given up hope.

She could see Ed in the field, "shopping cotton," his body, clad in faded blue overalls, bent over the hoe as he patiently cut the weeds from the rows, a red bandana handkerchief about his neck, and his serious young face shaded by a Mexican straw hat, with broad brim and peaked crown. The sturdy young cotton plants, not yet hurt by the drought that had killed less hardy growths, lifted proud leaves to the light, as in defiance of inimical forces of nature, as if daring the drought to touch that field. Surely rain would come before the cotton crop was ruined, Bess Hickson told herself. The autumn would bring them money, but she could not wait till then.

"It 's middle o' June now," she whispered. "I can't wait no longer. There

ain't nothing I can do—unless—unless I wrote to ask pappy for money. I 'd ruther die than do that."

Her mind fled from its dreary present to the past, so recent, yet so remote! Until a few months before Bessie had shaken a gay head with its crinkly red-brown hair as defiantly as a frisky colt at anything that did not please her, and had twinkled her amber-colored eyes at tiresome duties. Country neighbors had said her father spoiled her, but Jeff Holcomb had been wont to laugh gruffly and say, "Well, ef Bess an' I suit each other, nobody else has got any kick comin'."

She had not heard from him or written to him since her elopement the autumn before. With a shiver she remembered his cold fury when she told him of her marriage. She had followed him out to the cow-pen to keep him company while he did the milking, as she often used to do, for they had been fast cronies, she and this hard man who had loved nobody in the world but his motherless daughter.

"Pappy, Ed Hickson and I got married to-day," she had faltered as he straightened up to rest a moment from his task.

When, in answer to his look of dazed astonishment, she repeated her frightened avowal, he had lunged to his feet, hurling over the pail of milk beside him.

"Damnation! Then git your duds an' git out of my house—quick!"

"But, Pappy," she had cried in alarm, "you 'll *like* Ed when you know him better!"

"Like him! He ain't got no more backbone than a twine string. I would n't give the scrapin's of my boot-heel for him—an' you 've married him!" His wrath seemed about to choke him.

She had laid importunate hands on his arm, only to be shaken off.

"But, listen, Pappy! He 's just a boy, only twenty-one. He has n't had a chance yet."

"I reckon he thinks he 'll get his chance by settin' up here to be supported by me; but he 's missed his guess," was the grim rejoinder.

"No, Pappy," she had interposed eagerly; "he 's rented a piece of land across the Brazos, about forty miles off, an' he 's goin' to farm it. We 'll live there."

"A pore tenant farmer, scratchin' somebody else's land to raise a bale or two of cotton! An' to think you 've throwed yourself away on this *nothin'*, you fool, when I 'd 'a' done anything in the world for you!"

She had shrunk in terror from this thick-voiced, furious man, this stranger to her.

"But, Pappy, I would n't 'a' thought you 'd treat me like this!" Her voice had broken on a sob.

His clenched fists and rigid veins accused her.

"Go, I tell you, damn you! I don't want ever to see you or hear from you again. An' don't come crawlin' to me when he starves you, as he 'll sure do."

She had whirled from him, sobbing *"I won't!"* with something of his own fierce pride in her voice.

Until now she had kept her word about seeing him or writing to him. She had meant to write, of course, for she loved him. She had meant to send him a loving letter, not to ask any favor, but to tell when she could that he had been mistaken, that Ed was doing well, and that she was happy. She had waited till she might be able to tell him that.

All through the winter she had waited in the rickety house through which the searching "northers" crept. She had thought of the comfortable living-room at home, with its roaring open fire, of her own chamber, furnished girlishly, as she and Ed had huddled over the stove in their front room, or eaten their meager meals from the table in the shed-kitchen. Those two rooms were all they had. She had thought to write in the spring, as soon as Ed had got his crop started promisingly, so that she could speak with optimism; but since the drought had ruined their vegetable garden and was threatening to damage their cotton, the prospect was not one to boast of.

She could scarcely bear to think of going on forever like this, in a tenant farmer's struggle between the elements and debt. To farm land "on shares" meant mortgaging all one's hopes of a crop in the stores to pay for supplies through the year, so that if the cotton

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"But the drought had come with its hot days and dewless nights"

failed, one was swamped under hopeless obligations. Already Ed looked dejected when she told him of any household need, so that she had reduced her requests to the lowest possible limit.

At thought of the future, she was sick with apprehension. Her under-nourished body felt a physical fear of what lay before her, and her spirit cowered at the idea of their cruel poverty.

"I would n't ask pappy for nothin' for myself," she muttered. "I 'd starve an' freeze an' go naked, as I 've pretty near done a'ready, before I 'd call on him, after what he said. But baby 's got to have some clothes, an' Ed needs proper food to do his work on—an' there ain't no other way as I can see."

And so presently she wrote:

DEAR PAPPY:

I 've been meaning to write you for a long time, but I have n't had much news to tell you. I think about you lots, and I wish I could see you. I love you just like I used to, Pappy, and more, because I reckon I 've got more sense now than when I treated you like I did.

"Ed 's mighty good to me, Pappy. He ain't never spoke a cross word to me yet, and he does the best he can. But he 's had a run of bad luck lately; it looks like. The drought killed our truck garden, and we are out of money. Won't you let us have enough to make out on till our cotton 's sold? We need money for groceries, and I want some for something special besides. There ain't nobody else to give it to me, Pappy, but you. I'll tell you later what I'm going to do with part of it.

When Ed gets on better, I 'm coming home to see you. You 'll let me, won't you?

Your girl,

BESSIE.

"If the baby 's a boy, I 'll name him for his grandpa," she said, with an old-time lift of her head, and a sparkle coming into her amber-colored eyes. "I know pappy aint held spite against me for eight months, but he 's been waiting for me to write. Pappy was always bitter proud when he got his back up about anything."

She estimated that she could get an answer to her letter by Friday, and she could scarcely control her impatience during the intervening time. Now that the struggle involved in making her decision was over, she realized as she had not before what wretchedness she had endured—needlessly, as she now told herself. Why had n't she written long before?

On Friday morning she threw her apron over her head and ran down the road to wait for the rural postman, glad that Ed was working in the far end of the field, so that he could not see her. She would tell him about it in good time, and she pictured the relief that would come to his sober young face.

The sun beat fiercely down upon her as she waited. Far down the road came a whirl of yellow-gray dust that might conceal the carrier and his cart. Why did n't he hurry and bring her letter from pappy? As she stood there, her memory drew pictures of her father, a man passionate in his love for her, passionate in his angers. She could see his big frame stoop as he folded her in his arms, his brown eyes alight with devotion. Other people feared the frown he wore, but for her his mouth and eyes had always smiled till that last day. She was beginning to realize what a parent's love for a child is, and she groped toward understanding of how her unconsidered action had wounded him. Was n't his fury merely from thwarted hopes for her, from jealousy of a husband who could not make her life what his father heart had dreamed of for her?

She leaned tremulously against the barbed-wire fence, her gaze sweeping the little farm in its pitiful details, the small house forlorn of paint, the few chickens scratching drearily about the steps, the bare yard, the cotton-field where Ed was toiling away. She closed her eyes for an instant to vision another farm in the Brazos "bottom," a rich, well cared-for place, with its white house and cluster of outbuildings set among hackberry-trees. She saw a graying, middle-aged man going about his chores, milking in the cow-pen with no daughter to companion him with her chatter, sitting alone on the porch at evening, always solitary, missing his girl every hour.

"A girl don't never have but one pappy!" she murmured.

The carrier halted his fat, wheezy horse and leaned from his cart.

"Well, I got a letter for you this morning," he said sociably.

Trembling, she took the envelop addressed in the sprawling hand she well knew. She felt unable for the moment to open it, for her heart seemed determined to bound out of her body; but her eyes caressed the name his hand had penned. How strange it must have felt for pappy to write that new name, Mrs. Ed Hickson! She held the letter in her hand and watched the postman jog along the road till his cart was again obscured in the cloud of dust.

Her quivering fingers tore off the end of the envelop, and drew out a folded sheet from which fluttered a blue slip of paper, a postal order for fifty dollars.

"O Pappy!" she cried ecstatically.

And so he loved her, as always! And so, as always, he delighted to give her without demur what she asked!

She held the letter against her leaping heart before she read it.

And so you think you can come it over me so easy, do you? Treat me like dirt, send me nary a word for eight months, and never give me a thought till you need money. *Well, you can't!* That fine husband of yours can support his wife. The only use you can put my money to is to buy yourself decent clothes to leave him in. I hope you 're ready to do that.

If you 're willing to cut loose from him, you come on home, and I 'll do for you same as ever. I want you back, as you might know. But I want my girl back, not Ed Hickson's wife! Unless you 've changed mightily, I know you 'll act honest in this.

JEFF HOLCOMB.

When she had read the letter twice over, and realized that it said what it did, a faintness swept over her, and she clutched the barbed-wire fence for support, as the cotton rows overran one another and blurred before her anguished eyes. *Pappy!*

Staggeringly she crept back into the house, to fall on the bed and lie there, shaken by tearless shudders, till it was time to get Ed's noonday dinner ready. She must n't let Ed know!

The next morning she gathered together the coarse sacks in which flour and corn-meal and sugar had come, and boiled them for a long time on the stove, and then hung them in the sun to bleach. She had never been taught to sew, and when she set about her task, without any patterns to guide her, her unaccustomed fingers were very clumsy. She wept as the rough cloth scratched her hands, and she thought how harsh it would be for tender baby skin. How had life so incomprehensibly trapped her at eighteen?

At first she was fearful lest Ed might notice that something troubled her, and then she felt hurt that he did not. She told herself that he was only a boy, and that he could n't realize what she was going through, and that he had his own worries. The drought was beginning seriously to menace the cotton, and his gaze was ever on the field, as if by taking thought he might call down the saving rain. The graceful, upstanding plants were still green, and opening great white blossoms like hibiscus or mallows. Bess had always loved the cotton blooms, but now she felt terror at thinking how her fate hung on them. The flowers that lasted such a brief time, changing from milky pearl as they first opened to a soft rose, and then to lavender as they died, were lovely things, if only they did n't have such tyrannic power over man!

"The cotton 's stood up pretty well so far, but the drought 's beginning to hurt it," Ed commented forebodingly one day. He had laid down a "pallet," a quilt spread out on the porch floor, so that he might rest during the worst of the noonday heat.

A lizard darted across the porch, panting with heat, its bright, beady eyes winking ironically at him. A scissor-tail balanced himself on the barbed-wire fence, and from somewhere a jay sent his jeering cry.

"A farmer shore has a tough time of it," Ed went on moodily. "No matter how hard he works, the weather can always beat him if it takes a mind. Looks like the weather 's got a spite against us sometimes."

"It 's awful' hard on folks as well as crops," Bessie answered apathetically.

She felt withered from the heat, which daily grew worse, and weak from lack of food. She so dreaded to harass Ed by requests for supplies that she stinted herself in order to give him what he needed, and she was hungry all the time. And their little house in the open field, unshaded by trees, was like an oven, especially when the fire was made in the wood-stove for the cooking.

Ed worked doggedly in the field as the drought grew more intolerable, pitting his puny strength against an unseen force that menaced and derided him. From her window Bess could watch him toiling at his task, his patient figure comical in its grotesque garb, tragic in the intensity of its struggle against a cruel force of nature. The cotton-plants were stunted in their growth and had lost their bright, erect dignity and their shimmer of refreshing green. Their leaves hung limp, covered with a gray dust from the road.

"We won't make *nothing* if this here drought don't break," Ed declared in desperation one day as he pushed his plate from him at the table.

Bessie lifted a drawn and haggard face.

"I think I 'll *die* if this keeps up much longer!"

"You got it easier 'n I have." His tone sounded harsh. "You can lie round the house, but I got to work in this sun that 's hot enough to frizzle the insides of a horned frog!"

Her eyes filled with tears.

"You ought n't to speak cross to me, though!"

"Lord alive! don't you realize what a feller 's up against when he 's got to bake his brains in this murderin' heat?" he cried savagely. "An' he don't know whether all his hard knocks is goin' for nothin', after all! A farmer's life is a dog's life, let me tell you, if he 's farmin' on shares. This here drought is gettin' on my nerves."

He rose abruptly from the table, rasping his chair against the floor in a way to set her own nerves quivering.

"You don't never think of my feelings!" she cried impetuously. "This sort o' life is mighty hard for me, that ain't never been used to it. I did n't expect—"

"Then you ought n't to married a poor man," he jeered.

"I wish I had n't," she flung at him, and then shrank back, appalled at the sight of his face. He looked as if some one had stabbed him in the back.

In an instant they were in each others' arms.

"Oh, we don't mean what we 're saying!" she cried desperately. "It 's this heat that upsets us so. Nothing matters, so long as we 're got each other."

She felt his body tremble as he held her close, and saw the tears run down his cheeks.

"Yes, this drought tears us all to pieces," he muttered. "We got to stand up against it the best we can, or it 'll get us."

Day after day the sky was cloudless and intensely blue. Day after day the sun strode nakedly across the heavens, and sank in many-colored fire in the west at evening. Sometimes the air was still, so that they panted for breath, but more often the hot winds blew across the field, sprinkling over everything fine gray dust like ashes of despair. The baked earth cracked in deep fissures like gaping, bloodless wounds.

One day from curiosity Bess broke an egg on the top of a stone in the sun by her kitchen door, and watched the white cook as in a frying-pan.

"Hot enough to fry an egg in the sun!" she cried shrilly, though there was no one to hear her. Afterward she scraped up the egg and ate it, reproaching herself for her wastefulness. Their supplies were running tragically low, and both she and Ed were weakened from lack of food, since Ed hated risking refusal for further credit at the store.

Ed would gaze at his cotton-field with a look of desperation in his eyes, and then scan the blue emptiness of sky in search of a cloud, as a shipwrecked mariner on a lonely sea might look for a sail.

"It 's enough to drive a feller mad to have to work ag'in' the odds like this," he growled morosely one day. "Looks like the elements was shakin' us like a terrier shakes a rat, an' laughin' at us all the time."

"Don't you reckon it 'll rain *soon?*" Bess asked in a parched voice, fanning herself with her apron.

"Don't seem like it 'll ever rain again; looks like it 's forgot how. I 'd ruther be that there yellow dog than a tenant farmer!"

He flung his hand out toward an old hound that had stolen in from the road and lay looking forlornly at them, his tongue hanging far out of his mouth, his bony sides quivering. He seemed mutely to entreat some reason for this suffering he had to endure. The half-dozen chickens, huddled in the shade of the house, drooped miserably, their wings spread fan-wise in the effort to cool their bodies.

Bess lay wilted on the bed much of the time now, though the bed itself was uncomfortably hot to the touch. She conjured up images of the cool, shaded rooms in her father's house, of the protecting trees, of the creek that ran back of the house, but chiefly of the plentiful things to eat. Home! If only she could open the refrigerator there and eat her fill for once, and drink deep drafts of

ice-cold milk! She and Ed never had any ice or milk, or, in fact, anything that they could possibly do without. Day by day there was less to eat; the cupboard was almost empty, and the fevered chickens were dying of starvation and heat.

There is something about intense heat that devitalizes body and spirit far more than bitter cold can do. One perishes inwardly under it, one surrenders hope, and yet has not strength enough for active despair.

"Maybe pappy would have wrote different, if he had known I was hungry," Bess whispered to herself one day. She talked more to herself when Ed was in the field than she did to him when he was present, for she could not share her poignant thoughts with him, lest she add to his suffering and anxiety. "Shorely pappy would have wrote different, if he had known about the baby!"

She sat huddled on the edge of the bed for a long time, and then she crept over to the door, to stand leaning against it, looking up at the sky. The sun, high in the afternoon heavens, shook insolent spears of light at her, and the fleckless blue was a mirror of despair.

Presently she walked to the dresser, where under a concealing sheet of newspaper her father's letter lay. The cracked mirror gave her back a face she scarcely recognized, it was so drawn, discolored, ravaged by anxiety, and thin from hunger.

She held the blue slip in her shaking fingers for a long moment.

"If I could only cash this and get enough to eat—for the baby's sake!"

Her fingers closed over it with resolve, her body thrilling at the thought of food; she would call Ed quickly and send him for supplies.

Then the memory of those last terrible moments with her father in the cow-pen swept over her. She heard again his searing words: "I don't want ever to see you or hear from you again! And don't you come crawling to me when he starves you, as he 'll sure' do!" She heard her sobbing vow, "I won't!"

Could she take his help now, like a shamed and beaten thing begging for food? If he knew her plight, would n't his hatred and contempt for Ed be tenfold worse than before? How could she put such humiliation upon Ed, poor Ed, who worked so hard and did his pitiful best for her?

If she used this money now, pappy would think Ed responsible for it, would misjudge him further. He was a hard man, but he had always been rigidly honest, and she was his daughter. She saw again the words of his letter, "Unless you 've changed mightily, I know you 'll act honest in this."

She had changed mightily,—Oh, Pappy, yes!—but she would act honest.

Her weak, relaxing fingers put the blue slip back in its hiding-place, and she turned away.

But the thought of the baby was with her all the time now, a sense of her responsibility pressing down upon her heart like clods upon a coffin. She and Ed would scan the sky countless times a day, to find nothing more hopeful than vaporous wisps of cloud that vanished tantalizingly the while they gazed, or else a blue dome of nothingness.

One night while Ed slept restlessly beside her she lay and gazed at the pallid and starveling new moon that looked at her from between the branches of a tree whose leaves had fallen in midsummer. She shook as she muttered, "It 's the worst kind o' luck to see the new moon for the first time through brush." She thought of a sermon she had once heard an evangelist preach from the text, "I will arise and go to my father." She pictured herself as returning to the old home, and thrilled at thought of pappy's fierce, undemonstrative affection that would receive her back if she met his requirements and came to stay. She could see pappy sitting on the porch at evening, no longer lonely, with a little child in his arms.

But what of Ed? She thought of the boyish face now seamed with lines no young face ought to have to wear, of the sweet temper sharpened by suspense and want, of the pleasant, drawling voice that now was harsh. Tragedy looked at her out of the gray eyes that had wooed her with smiles a year ago. How could she desert him now when they loved each other through it all? She and Ed were *married*, and pappy nor nobody else had a right to try to

"Until the gathering dusk Ed crouched beside the still figure on the floor"

separate them. Well, it was up to her to decide.

"I can't noways leave him when he 's having such a hard time!" she whispered to her hot pillow. "Everything an' everybody has turned against him, looks like, and his wife ought t' stand by him. I 'll stick!"

When Bessie started to get breakfast she realized that there was nothing in the cupboard but a little flour, enough perhaps to make biscuit a couple of times. She had avoided telling Ed just how things were, but now the pinch of hunger was acute.

She watched him till he had scraped the syrup from his plate with the last morsel of biscuit, and then she faltered:

"We—we have n't got anything to eat, Eddie. Had n't you better go to town an' get some groceries to-day?"

A tormented look came into his eyes.

"I ain't got the face to ask Bill Adams for no more credit."

She held one hand on the edge of the table to steady herself as the heat waves danced and blurred before her eyes.

"But—we *got* to have something to eat!" she cried. "Think of the baby!"

He threw his hands up passionately.

"Ain't I thinkin' about it all the time? Ain't I fair' driv crazy thinkin' about it? Thoughts don't get you nowhere if you have n't got no money!"

Nevertheless, he rose and made ready to walk the five miles to town.

"Maybe you can get a lift part ways, coming or going," she drearily encouraged him as he stooped to kiss her.

"Maybe."

She sat on the edge of the bed waiting his return. The pillow was too hot for her to rest her cheek against it, so she slumped forward, swaying from weakness, losing all sense of time. She watched the road, but there was little passing. It was as if life had been suspended for a time because of the heat.

It was mid-afternoon when she saw Ed come dragging up the road as if he could hardly lift one foot ahead of the other, his head sunk forward, his arms hanging limp. His hands were empty!

"You so tired, honey?" she murmured, laying her tear-wet cheek against his as he came in.

"Dog-tired," he panted, sinking into a chair. "My head hurts," he went on, putting his hands to his temples. "Feel funny, like an iron kettle full o' live coals."

"This heat has been too much for you." She passed caressing fingers across his burning forehead. "And you —did n't—get anything?"

"No." He shook his head as if the effort were an agony, and his voice was thick and lifeless, as though a corpse were speaking. "Bill Adams said he 'd be ruint, with all he 'd let out to farmers, if cotton did n't make. Said, if it went on like this a couple of days longer, nobody 'd make anything. Said to come back if it rained in a couple o' days. But it ain't ever goin' to rain no more!"

She stood beside him, helpless for a moment, unable to speak; but at thought of his need she roused herself.

"Come on back an' sit in the kitchen with me, honey, while I get you some supper." She felt a need to have him near her, and her love reached out pitiful hands to his in the face of menacing future.

He staggered after her into the shed-kitchen.

"I 'll make the fire for you," he said, picking up a stick of wood, but holding it in uncertain hands.

Bessie shook the last flour from the bag into the pan and began making up biscuit dough, working it with her fingers.

"Maybe you can get something tomorrow from one o' the other stores," she suggested, with an effort at an encouraging smile.

His look contradicted her.

"I tried 'em. They 're all in the same box. I dunno what we 're goin' to do!" His voice rose sharply, and his eyes were unnatural in their stare.

Bess looked at him through a veil of tears. She had never loved him so much as at that moment, so pitifully young he was, so helpless, so desperate! Her young eyes gazed at him with more than wifely love; with maternal consecration, with a look such as his own mother might have turned on him as she died. She was his wife; she would die beside him, if need be, with no word of complaint.

And then she seemed to hear from some far distance a little child crying, its thin, poignant wail piercing her soul. Some force seemed to tear her heart out of her body, crush it with iron force, and then thrust it back.

"Ed," she cried, with heartbreak in her voice, "O Ed, I guess I 'd better go back to pappy, darling!"

He shook his head.

"He would n't let you."

Tears were rolling down her cheeks.

"Yes, he wrote for me to come."

He lifted his head with a jerk.

"When 'd you hear from him?"

"Some time back. I did n't say nothing to you about it, because I did n't want to go." She looked at him fearfully, to see how he would take it.

He sat in silence for a moment, as if his disturbed brain was attempting to comprehend this new thought, his nervous fingers balancing the stick of wood. Finally he dragged out his words.

"Maybe it would be better for you to go home for a little visit, to pick up an' get strong. I can come for you after cotton-pickin', an' maybe we can find a new place an' start over again. Surely there won't be a drought next year, and we can get on better. I 'd feel easier to have you taken right care of in September."

She held clenched hands on the rim of the bread-pan. How unselfish he was in his thought for her, and how she loved him! But she could n't lie to him just as she was leaving him!

"No, Ed honey," she cried piercingly, "pappy said I could n't come 'less it was to stay!"

His bloodshot eyes held a bewildered look.

"But he don't want me to stay there?"

"No." Her whole body trembled, as if her joints were water. "He says—if I come—I 've got to leave you!"

His look of bewilderment deepened.

"Leave me, Bess girl? Why, we 're married!"

"Yes, that 's what I say. It 's near 'bout killing me to even think of it!" Her tears dripped down on her hands.

"You would n't leave me?" His voice had an acute ring like that of a child who sees his mother abandoning him. She gave a great sob.

"What can I *do*, Ed darling? I 'm half starved, though I would n't mind that for myself. I 'd honestly rather die than be separated from you; but the baby, Eddie—"

"You 'd leave me when I 'm havin' such a hard deal from all creation? You 'd turn your back on me when it looks like God and man has forsaken me, an' the elements was makin' sport of me?" His eyes were wild.

She leaned against the table, sobbing convulsively.

"O God, why is life so hard for us? There ain't nobody nigh for me to turn to, forty miles away from all the folks I ever knew! I 've got to leave you, Eddie, when I 'd rather be cut into little bits an' burned in the fire!"

"When you aimin' to go?" His tone was deadly still.

"The sooner, the better, I reckon, if it 's got to be."

He laughed queerly.

"You can't go. You ain't got any money."

She nodded her wretched head.

"Yes, pappy sent me the money for my ticket."

"How much?" he demanded.

"Fifty dollars."

"When?" He sprang to his feet.

"Some time back," she faltered.

"And so you 've had money all this time when I was eatin' my soul out! When I could n't sleep nights for thinkin' how I could get somethin' for you to eat, you had fifty dollars hid' away! So that 's the kind of wife you are, is it?"

His face was livid, and his eyes glared like a madman's.

Bess shrank from him in terror.

"O Ed, you don't understand!"

He came a step nearer her, his muscles tense.

"By God, you think you 'll leave me to live as if you 'd never known me! No, damn you, I 'll kill you first!"

She saw the leaping light of madness in his eyes, and knew that the heat and his distress had crazed him.

He lunged forward, the stick of wood lifted in his grasp.

"O Eddie, don't! don't!" she cried, stumbling backward and around the table, her hands thrown out in appeal.

As he sprang after her, she jerked the table between them, the dishes crashing to the floor.

"O Ed, don't hit me!" she shrieked, and crumpled to the floor.

EVEN while they had talked a wisp of cloud as filmy as raveled cotton-wool had floated idly up the sky. Other wisps had stolen from nowhere to join it, till it had hung like a great open cotton-boll high in the blue. Presently darker clouds had piled themselves on the horizon, massed and ponderous, like bales of cotton in their brown wrappings. A jagged streak of lightning had slit the face of the sky like a cruel smile.

In a little while a few hesitant drops came down, then more scurried faster from the clouds, until a slow and searching downpour followed. At last the sheeted rain fell like a drop-curtain before the landscape, fell on the cracked earth, which drank it thirstily, on the wilted cotton plants, which lifted grateful leaves, on the roof of the little house on the edge of the field. But the two in the shed-kitchen paid no heed to it.

Until the gathering dusk Ed crouched beside the still figure on the floor. His hands frantically chafed her wrists, his kisses rained on her white face, and his cries implored her to speak to him.

"O Bess girl! I did n't mean it! I was n't myself!"

When he strained his ears to listen for an answer, he heard only the rain.

Suddenly the wind shifted, bringing a swirl of rain through the window upon that quiet form and unresponsive face. With a swift impulse to shield her, Ed put his arms about the helpless body and dragged it to one side. As he did so, her eyes opened, and looked into his, with dazed questioning at first and then with leaping fear.

When Ed saw his wife look at him in terror, he struck his hands against his head, with one wordless cry.

The sight of his anguish swept the fear from her eyes, and only love was left. Her weak hands groped toward him, to draw his head against her breast, to hold it there with tenderness, before she gathered strength to speak.

"I 'm not hurt, Eddie darling. I understand. And, see, it 's raining!"

The Death of Charlemagne

By HARRY FRANCK

Photographs by the author

"Of many courageous feats performed by the American youths in khaki who are roaming the hills of Haiti one stands out as the most spectacular. Indeed, it is fit to rank with any of the stirring warrior tales with which history is seasoned from the days of the Greeks to the recent World War."

THE name *caco* first appears in Haitian history in 1867. The men who took the field in the insurrection against President Salnave adopted that pseudonym, and nicknamed *zandolite* those who supported the Government. The insurrectionists were the Haitian birds who flitted freely everywhere, feeding on the helpless "caterpillars." The two terms have persisted to this day.

Haiti has never since been entirely free from *cacos*, though there have been occasional short periods when the country has been spared their ravages. Let a new president lose his popularity, however, or some ambitious rascal raise the cry of revolt, and the bandit-revolutionists were quick to flock together again, beginning their operations as soon as the mangos were ripe enough to furnish them subsistence. Ragged, penniless, illiterate fellows in the mass, they gather in bands varying from a score to thousands in numbers, depending on the reputation, persuasiveness, or power of compulsion of the self-appointed leaders. The latter are, in some cases, men of a certain education by Haitian standards, though often as illiterate as their followers. Now and again one of them, usually with a certain admixture of Caucasian blood in his veins, has personal ambitions either of making himself President of Haiti in the long-approved manner, or at least of becoming powerful enough to force the Government to appoint him the ruler of a province or a smaller district. Others are merely the mouthpieces of disgruntled politicians or influential "respectable citizens" of Port-au-Prince or several others of the larger cities, who secretly supply funds to the active insurrectionists.

The backwardness and poverty of Haiti are due chiefly to the more or less constant menace of these roving outlaws. Travel has often entirely disappeared from many a trail; more than one fertile region has been left wholly uncultivated and virtually uninhabited because of the bands of marauding *cacos*. Cattle, once plentiful throughout the republic, have almost entirely disappeared, thanks to the fact that their meat furnishes the chief means of livelihood, and their hides the one source of income for the bandits. Their depredations have cost the Black Republic most of its wealth and the greater share of its worldly troubles.

Some two years after American occupation *cacoism* took on a new life. In perfect frankness it must be admitted that this was partly the fault of the Americans. In their eagerness to fur-

nish the country with the first obvious step to advancement, roads, the forces of occupation carried matters with somewhat too energetic a hand. The natives were not particularly fond of the resurrected law of *corvée*, but they would probably have endured it had it been applied in strict legality, requiring each man to labor a few days a year at road-building in his own locality. When they were driven from their huts at the point of a gendarme rifle, transported, on their own bare feet, to distant parts of the island, and forced to labor for weeks, under armed guards both day and night, it is natural that they should have concluded the white man was planning to reduce them again to the slavery they had thrown off more than a century before. All this has been corrected. The American Chef de la Gendarmerie d'Haiti who countenanced, if he did not sanction, these methods has gone on to new honors in other fields of battle; the young American gendarme officers whose absolute power over their districts made it possible to apply their orders to build roads too sternly have returned to the ranks, and the *corvée* has been abolished. That forced labor was not the cause of *cacoism*, which has not yet been entirely wiped out in Haiti, for it is in the Haitian blood to turn *caco;* but it made a fertile field of ignorant, disgruntled negroes from which the bandit leaders were able to harvest most of their followers, and gave strength to the chief weapon of the rascally chiefs —the assertion that the Americans had come to take possession of Haiti and reestablish slavery. To this day even the foreign companies who have no trouble in recruiting labor for other purposes cannot hire the workmen needed to build roads. The thick-skulled native countrymen see in that particular task the direct route to becoming slaves.

For two years or more courageous young Americans have been chasing *cacos* through the hills of central and northern Haiti, with no more ulterior motive than that of giving the Black Republic the internal peace it has long lacked and sadly needed. All of them are members of our Marine Corps, though many of them are in addition officers of the Gendarmerie of Haiti, with increased rank and pay. Take care not to confuse these two divisions of pacifiers, for the gendarmerie has a strong *esprit de corps* of its own, and a just pride in its own achievements, despite being still marines at heart. Though the world has heard little of it, these *caco*-hunters have performed feats that compare with anything done by their fellows in France. In fact, their work has often required more sustained courage and individual initiative, and has brought with it greater hardships. In the trenches at their worst the warrior had the support and the sense of companionship of his fellows and a more or less certain commissary at the rear; if his opponents were sometimes brutal, they clung to some of the rules of civilized warfare. In Haiti many a young American gendarme officer has set forth on an expedition of long duration through the mountainous wilderness, often wholly alone, except for three or four native gendarmes, cousins to the *cacos* themselves, sleeping on the bare ground when he dared to sleep at all, subsisting on the scanty products of the jungle, his life entirely dependent on his own wits, and his nerves always taut with the knowledge that to be wounded or captured means savage torture and mutilation, to be followed by certain death. Bit by bit the native gendarmes have been trained to fight the *cacos* unassisted, and three or four of them have now reached commissioned rank; but the best of them still require the moral support of a white leader, and the energetic American youths scattered through the "brush" of Haiti have the future peace of the country in their keeping.

It must be admitted that the *cacos* do not constitute a dangerous army in the modern sense of the word. Their discipline is less than embryonic, their weapons seldom better than dangerous playthings. One rifle to five men is the average equipment, and many of these are antiquated pieces captured from the French expeditionary force under Leclerc that was driven from the island more than a century ago.

The *cacos* have a mortal fear of white soldiers. Scores of times a single marine or gendarme officer has routed

bands of a hundred or more, killing as many as his automatic rifle can reach in the short period between their first glimpse of him and the time it takes the ragged "army" to scatter to the four points of the compass through thorny undergrowth or cactus-hedges which no white man could penetrate though all the forces of evil were pursuing him. The natives can't "savez" this uncanny prowess of *les blancs*, and commonly attribute it to the sustaining force of some voodoo spirit friendly to the white man. This belief is to a certain extent a boomerang, for the Haitian gendarmes often fancy themselves immune in the presence of a white superior, and more than one of them has bitten the dust because he insisted on calmly standing erect, smoking a cigarette, and placidly handing cartridges to the marine who lay hugging the ground beside him, pumping lead into the fleeing *cacos*. With a white man along, how could he be hurt? Up to date at least three thousand bandits have been killed as against four Americans, a major and a sergeant who were shot from ambush, and two privates who lost their lives by over-confidence.

The Americans who are striving to bring internal peace to Haiti have come to the unanimous opinion that the mere killing of *cacos* will not wipe out banditism. They have hunted them by every available means, including the use of aëroplanes. The *cacos* show a wholesome terror for the latter, which they call "God's wicked angels"; they have suffered really "cruel" losses before the machine-guns of the determined American youths who are pursuing them, but they continue their *cacoism*. All efforts are now being bent to two ends—to kill off the chiefs and to weed the country of firearms. In the early days of the occupation the native caught in possession of a rifle was given five years at hard labor, and many of them are still serving sentence, though the penalty has recently been reduced to six months. Every report of "jumping" a band or a camp of *cacos* ends now with a regular formula in which only the numbers differ: "Killed 1 general and 2 chiefs; captured 9 rifles, 6 swords, 11 machetes."

The tendency of the *caco* to use his rifle chiefly as ballast to be thrown overboard when the appearance of a white soldier gives his black legs their maximum speed has helped this weeding out of weapons, as the time-honored Haitian custom for opposing warriors to mount a prominent hillock and hurl foul-mouthed defiance at their foes has raised the scores of American marksmen. Recently an intelligent propaganda has been carried on by the gendarmerie to induce the misled rank and file to come in and surrender their arms, receiving in exchange a small cash equivalent and a card attesting them *bons habitants*. This offer of amnesty, which has already shown gratifying results, is brought to the attention of the bandits chiefly through the market-women, who, swarming all over Haiti, have always been the chief channel of information for the *cacos*, with whom they are in the main friendly despite having frequently been robbed of their wares by some hungry "army." The chief drawback to this plan, however, is a certain lack of team-work between the two corps of *caco*-hunters. The marines have orders to shoot on sight any native carrying a rifle—a perfectly justifiable command, since there is no other distinguishing mark between a *bon habitant* and a *caco*. But the result is that the chief who has determined that surrender to the nearest gendarme officer is the better part of valor, or the *caco* "volunteer" who has at last succeeded in eluding his own sentries, is forced to wrap his weapon in banana-leaves and sneak up to within a few miles of town, hide his firearm, and apply at the gendarmerie for a native soldier to protect him while he goes to get it.

In most cases the bandits travel in small groups until called together for some projected attack. But more than one permanent camp, some of them veritable towns, has been found tucked away in some mountainous retreat. The latest of these to be destroyed had seventy-five houses, a headquarters building (with two hundred chairs!), a voodoo temple, and a cockpit; for the *caco* remains a true Haitian for all his *cacoism*, and will not be separated from

his voodoo rites, his fighting cock, and his women except in case of direst necessity.

Of many courageous feats performed by the American youths in khaki who are roaming the hills of Haiti one stands out as the most spectacular. Indeed, it is fit to rank with any of the stirring warrior tales with which history is seasoned from the days of the Greeks to the recent World War. Hearing it, one might fancy he was listening to a story of the black ages of Haiti when Christophe was ruling his sable brethren with bloody hand, rather than to something accomplished a bare half-year ago by a persevering young American.

Charlemagne Masena Peralte was a member of one of the two families that have long predominated in the village of Hinche. He was what the Haitians call a griff, a three-fourths negro. The French priest with whom he served as choir boy and acolyte remembers him well as "a boy who was not bad, but haughty and quick to take offense." When he had learned what the thatched school-house of Hinche had to offer, Charlemagne was sent to Port-au-Prince, where he finished the course given by French ecclesiastics. In other words, he was a man of education by Haitian standards. Like many of the sons of the "best families" in Haiti, he decided to go into politics rather than pursue a more orderly profession. But politicians are thicker than mangos in the Black Republic, and for some reason things did not break right for Charlemagne. Wounded in his pride and denied his expected source of easy income, he followed the long-established Haitian custom in such matters. He gathered a band of malcontents and penniless *cacos* about him and marched against the capital. The Government realized the danger and bought Charlemagne off by appointing him commandant of an important district. A few years later, when a new turn of the political wheel left him again among the "outs," he followed the same route to another official position. It got to be a habit with Charlemagne to force each succeeding government to appoint him to office.

Finding himself in disfavor with the American occupation, he set out to work his little scheme once more. It does not seem to have occurred to him that conditions had changed. Captured, and convicted of *cacoism* in October, 1917, by an American court martial sitting in his native town of Hinche, he was sentenced to five years at hard labor.

A year later, while working on the roads in company with other inmates of the departmental prison at Cap Haitien he eluded his gendarme guards and escaped. Taking to the bush, he set out to organize a new band of *cacos*. The *corvée*, then at its height, made his task easier. To turn the scales still more in his favor, the large gang working on the highway at Dignon, near his home town, had not been paid in more than three months, thanks to that stagnation of circulation to which quartermaster departments are frequently subject. "Come along," said Charlemagne, "and *I' ll* get you your money," and some three hundred disgruntled workmen followed him into the mountains.

Within a few months he was signing himself "Chief of the Revolutionary Forces against the American nation on the soil of Haiti," and had gathered several thousand *cacos* about him. The magic name of General Charlemagne spread throughout the island. Every leader of a collection of lawless ragamuffins sought to be "commissioned" by him. He appointed more generals than ever did a European sovereign. Every lazy black rascal with nothing to lose and everything to gain joined his growing forces. When the simple countrymen would not follow him by choice, they were recruited by force. He assassinated and punished until his word became law to any one out of reach of gendarme protection. He spread propaganda against the American officers, asserted that they had orders to annex the country, and posed as the savior of Haiti, calling upon the people to help him drive out the white oppressors as their fathers had done more than a century before.

As a matter of fact, the patriotism of Charlemagne, of which he constantly boasted in pompous words, consisted of nothing more or less than an exag-

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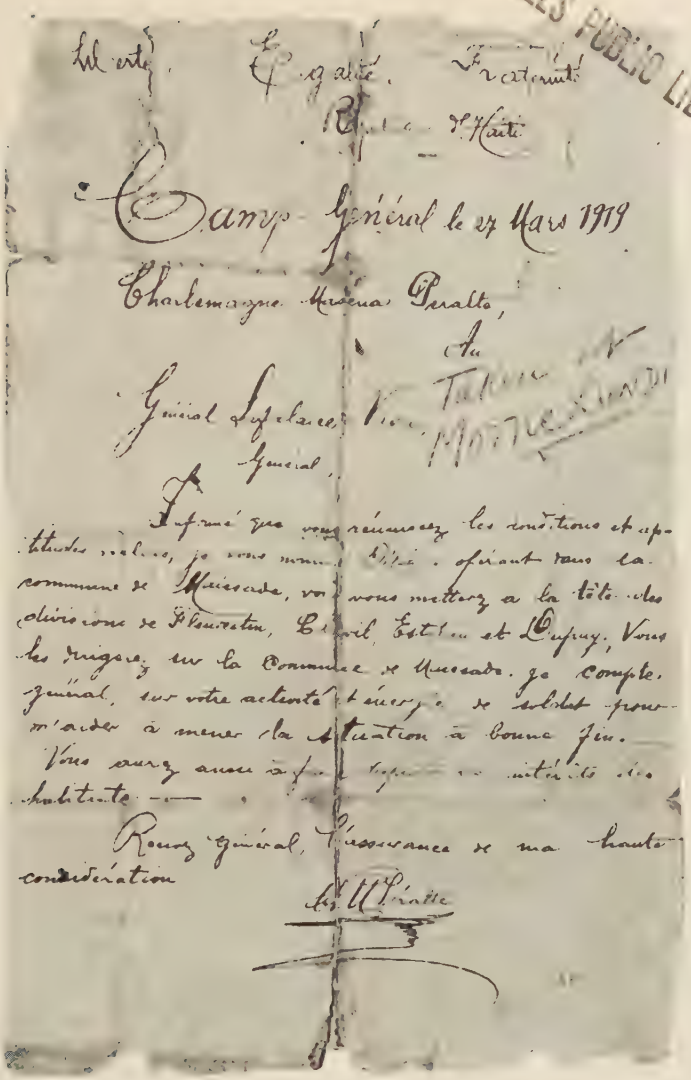

Commission appointing a general on the Caco forces

gerated ego and an overwhelming desire to advance his own personal interests. He had that in common with all the yellow politicians of Haiti. But he played the patriotic card with unusual success. Disgruntled politicians and men of wealth who had some personal reason for wishing the occupation abolished gave him secret aid. The simple mountain negroes really believed that they were fighting to free Haiti from the white man, and that under the great General Charlemagne the task would soon be accomplished. The *corvée* happened to have been abolished soon after the "general's" escape from prison; he quickly took personal credit for the change and promised the simple Haitians to free them in the same manner of all foreign interference. Before the end of 1918 he attacked his native town with several thousand followers and was not easily repulsed. It was decided to put the marines in the field against him, and for eight months they pursued him in vain. If anything, the *caco* situation was becoming worse instead of better. Despite the "jumping" of many a band

and camp by the marines and the gendarmerie, the central portion of the country was becoming more and more bandit-ridden. It became apparent that the pacification of Haiti depended chiefly on the elimination of Charlemagne.

Herman H. Hanneken was a typical young American who had joined the Marine Corps soon after finishing at the preparatory school on the corner of Cass and Twelfth streets in his native town of St. Louis. After taking part in the Vera Cruz demonstration, he was sent to Haiti with the first forces of occupation, in August, 1915. There he reached the rank of sergeant, and in due time became in addition a captain in the Gendarmerie d'Haiti. It was in the latter rather than the former capacity that he took part in the little episode I am attempting to report, which was strictly an affair of the gendarmerie as distinguished from their brotherly rivals in arms, the marines.

In June, 1919, Captain Hanneken was appointed district commander, with headquarters in the old town of Grande Rivière, famous in Haitian military and political annals. A powerful fellow of more than six feet, who had reached the advanced age of twenty-five, he was ideal material for the making of a successful *caco*-hunter. Having recently returned from leave in the States, however, and his former stations having been in peaceful regions, he had little field experience in the extermination of bandits. Moreover, his extreme modesty and inability to blow his own horn had never called him particularly to the attention of the higher officials of the gendarmerie. No one expected him to do more than rule his station with the average high efficiency which is taken for granted in any of the hand-picked marines who are detailed as gendarme officers.

Captain Hanneken, however, had higher ambitions. Having familiarized himself in a month with the routine of his district, he found time weighing heavily on his hands. He turned his attention to the then most pressing duty in Haiti, the elimination of Charlemagne. Unfortunately for his plans, there were almost no *cacos* in the district of Grande Rivière. He could not encroach upon the territory of his fellow-officers; the only chance of "getting a crack" at the bandits was to import some of them into his own region.

Jean Batiste Conzé, a native of Grande Rivière, was a griff, like Charlemagne; he also belonged to one of the "best families" of his home town. But there his similarity with the chief of the *cacos* ceased. He had always been a law-abiding citizen by Haitian standards, and had once been chief of police on his native heath. Like all good citizens of Haiti, he realized the damage and suffering which the continued depredations of the bandits were causing the country. Moreover, he was at a low financial ebb; but that is too general a condition in Haiti to call for special comment, beyond stating that a reward of two thousand dollars had been offered for Charlemagne, dead or alive.

One night Captain Hanneken asked Conzé to call upon him at his residence. When he was certain that the walls had been shorn of their ears, he addressed his visitor in the Haitian "creole," which he had learned to speak like a native:

"Conzé, I want you to go and join the *cacos*."

"'Aiti, capitaine!" cried Conzé. "Moi, toujou' bon habitant, de bonne famille, me faire *caco?*"

"Exactly," replied Hanneken; "I want you to become a *caco* chief. I will furnish you whatever is necessary to gather a good band of them about you, and you can take to the hills and establish a camp of your own."

The conference lasted well into the night, whereupon Conzé consented, and left the captain's residence through the back garden in order to call as little attention as possible to his visit. A few days later, toward the middle of August, he disappeared from town, carrying with him in all secrecy fifteen rifles that had once been captured from the *cacos*, 150 rounds of ammunition, several swords, and a showy pearl-handled revolver that belonged to Hanneken. He was well furnished, too, with money and rum, the chief sinews of war among the *cacos*. With him had gone a personal friend and a trusted native gendarme who was forthwith rated a deserter on the captain's roster.

Conzé took pains to be seen by the worst native element as he was leaving town, among whom he had already spread propaganda calling upon them to join him in a new *caco* enterprise. On the road he held up the market women and several travelers, taking nothing from them, but impressing upon them the fact that he had turned bandit. All this was reported to Captain Hanneken by his secret police. He told them to keep their ears open, but not to worry, that he would get the rascal all in good season. One morning a written notice appeared in the market of Grande Rivière. It was signed by Conzé and berated the commander of the district in violent terms, calling upon the inhabitants to join the writer and put an end to his oppression. People recalled that Conzé and the big American ruler of the town had once had words over some small matter. Within three days the talk in all the district was of this member of one of Grande Rivière's most prominent families who had turned *caco*.

Specially favored by his rifles, rum, and apparently unlimited financial resources, Conzé soon gathered a large band of real *cacos* about him. When questions were asked, he explained that he had captured the weapons from the gendarmerie by a happy fluke, and that the wealthy citizens of Grande Rivière, disgusted with the exactions of American rule, were furnishing him with money. The new army established a camp at Fort Capois, at the top of a high hill five hours' walk from Grande Rivière. Now and then they made an attack in the neighborhood, Conzé keeping a secret list of those who suffered serious damages and never allowing his men to give themselves over to the drunken pillaging that is common to *caco* warfare. The people accounted for this by recalling that Conzé had always been a more kindly man than the average bandit leader. Meanwhile the new chief continued his recruiting propaganda. He made personal appeals to those of lawless tendency, he induced several smaller bands to join him, he sent scurrilous personal attacks on Captain Hanneken to be read in the marketplace. The law-abiding citizens of Grande Rivière, well aware of the advantages of American occupation and fearful of a *caco* raid, appealed to the district commander to drive the new band out of the region. Hanneken reassured them in a special meeting of the town notables with the assertion that he already had a scheme on foot that would settle that rascal Conzé.

At the same time he had as many real worries as the good citizens, though of a different nature. The first was a threat by the nearest marine commander to wipe out that camp at Fort Capois if the strangely laggard gendarme officer did not do so. It would have been fatal to his plans for the latter to take the marines into his confidence; the merest whisper of a rumor travels with lightning speed in Haiti. Besides Conzé and his friend and the gendarme "deserter," the only persons with whom he had shared his plans were his department commander and the chief of the gendarmerie in Port-au-Prince. Even his own subordinate officers were not let into the secret. Despite this extreme care, he was annoyed by persistent rumors that the whole thing was a "frame-up." Conzé, ran the marketplace gossip, was really a *zandolite*, a "caterpillar" in the pay of the Government and the Americans. General Charlemagne, stationed far off in the district of Mirebalais, had been warned to look out for him, a more or less unnecessary "tip," since it is natural to Haitian chiefs to be suspicious of their fellows. In vain Conzé sent letters written by his secretary, in proper *caco* style—most of them dictated by Hanneken—to the big chief, offering the assistance of his growing band. For a month he received no reply whatever. Then Charlemagne wrote back in very courteous terms, lauding Conzé's conversion to the cause of Haitian liberty, but constantly putting him off on one polite pretext or another. These letters, always sent by women of *caco* sympathies, were a week or more old before the replies came back through devious bandit channels, and the situation often changed materially within that length of time, upsetting Hanneken's plans. Meanwhile Conzé cleared the region about him, built houses for his soldiers,

and made Fort Capois the talk of all the *cacos*. Each new recruit was given a draft of rum and what seemed to him a generous cash bounty, and better food than most of them had tasted in their lives. Still Charlemagne would have nothing to do with him beyond the exchange of polite, non-committal notes.

At length the *caco*-in-chief sent one of his trusted subordinates to report on the situation at Fort Capois. General 'Tijacques marched into Conzé's camp one evening at the head of seventy-five well-armed followers, every man with a shell in his chamber. His air was more than suspicious, and he ended by openly accusing Conzé of being a *zandolite*.

"If I am, go ahead and shoot me!" cried the latter, laying aside his weapons and ordering his men to withdraw. 'Tijacques declined the invitation, but all night long he and his men sat about the fire, their weapons in their hands, while Conzé slept with the apparent innocence of a babe. When morning broke without an attack upon him, 'Tijacques was convinced. He kissed Conzé on both cheeks, complimented him on joining the "army of liberation," and welcomed him as a brother in arms. When Conzé presented him with a badly needed suit of clothes, a still more desired bottle of rum, and money enough to pay his troops a week's salary of ten cents each, he left, avowing eternal friendship.

A day or two later Charlemagne sent another of his generals, Papillon, on a secret mission to arrest Conzé and bring him to his own camp. It was merely a lucky coincidence that Hanneken had decided on that very night to "attack" Fort Capois, as he had already done several times before. Conzé, who made three nightly journeys a week to Grande Rivière on the pretext of getting more money from the inhabitants friendly to his cause, and entered Hanneken's house through the back garden, was instructed how to conduct himself in the affair to avoid personal injury. For all that, the American had hard work to keep his gendarmes from wiping out the camp entirely. In the midst of the fighting he slipped aside into the bushes and, smearing his left arm with red ink, wrapped it up in a bandage generously covered with the same liquid. Then he sounded the retreat, and the gendarmes fell back pell-mell on Grande Rivière. The next morning the market-place was agog with the astonishing news. The *cacos* of Fort Capois had repulsed the gendarmes! Moreover, the great Conzé himself had wounded the redoubtable American captain! It would not be long before the bandits descended on Grande Rivière itself! Some of the frightened inhabitants seized their valuables and fled to Cap Haitien.

For days Captain Hanneken wandered disconsolately about the town with his arm in a sling. When his own officers or friends joggled against it by accident, he cried out with pain. His greatest difficulty was to keep himself from being invalided to the rear, or to keep the solicitous marine doctor from dressing his wounds. News of the great battle quickly reached Charlemagne. Meanwhile the agent he had sent to arrest Conzé met 'Tijacques on the trail.

"You 're crazy!" cried the latter when Papillon whispered his orders. Conzé is as sincere a *caco* as you or I. I will myself return to Charlemagne and tell him so."

The report of 'Tijacques, added to the news that Conzé had wounded the accursed American commander, as well as repulsing his force, won the confidence of Charlemagne—with reservations, of course; he never put full confidence in any one, being too well versed in Haitian history. He invited Conzé to visit him at his headquarters. There he commissioned him "General Jean," thanked him in the name of Haitian liberty, and promised to coöperate with him. Incidentally, he relieved him of the pearl-handled revolver that had once belonged to their common enemy, Hanneken. It was too fine a weapon to be carried by any one but the commander-in-chief. Before they parted, he promised the new general to join him some day in Fort Capois.

Meanwhile the "deserted" gendarme had joined Charlemagne's forces and so completely won his confidence that he was made his private secretary. He found means of reporting conditions and plans now and then to Hanneken. Conzé and Charlemagne entered into correspondence in planning a general

Captain Hanneken, who killed Charlemagne, on the right; and Conzé ("General Jean"), on the left

attack on Grande Rivière. Here Hanneken well knew he was playing with fire. If anything went wrong and Grande Rivière was taken, nothing could keep the *cacos* out of Cap Haitien, the second city of Haiti and the key to all the northern half of the country. Besides, how could he be sure that his agents were not "double-crossing" him instead of Charlemagne?

Negotiations continued all through the month of October. Toward the end of that month Charlemagne, his brother St. Remy Peralte, several other generals, and many chiefs arrived at Fort Capois, bringing with them twelve hundred bandits. In company with "General Jean" they planned a concerted attack on Grande Rivière. At the same time the programs of two other assaults, on the towns of Bahon and Le Trou, were set for the same date. The chief value of the latter was that they would keep the marines busy and leave the larger town to the gendarmes.

Charlemagne's forces were to approach Grande Rivière from the Fort Capois side and to charge across the river when they received the signal agreed upon. Conzé's men were to descend upon the city from the opposite direction, and "General Jean" was to give the signal himself by firing three shots from an old ruined fortress above the town. As it was well known that Charlemagne never attacked personally with his troops, but hung back safely in the rear, it had been arranged through Conzé that he await events at a place called Mazaire and enter the city in triumph after the news of its capture had been brought to him.

On the night set, the last one of October, Captain Hanneken ordered ten picked gendarmes to report at his residence. With them was his subordinate, Lieutenant William R. Button, who had just been let into the secret. The doors guarded against intrusion, Hanneken told the gendarmes to lay aside their

uniforms and put on *caco*-like rags that had been gathered for the occasion. The two Americans dressed themselves in similar garments and rubbed their faces, hands, and such portions of their bodies as showed through the tatters, with cold cream and lamp-black. Then the detail sallied forth one by one, to meet at a place designated, where rifles that had been secretly conveyed there were issued to them.

The pretended *cacos* took up their post at Mazaire behind a bushy hedge along which Charlemagne must pass if he kept his rendezvous. While they lay there, Conzé and his following of real *cacos*, some seven hundred in number, passed close by them on their way to attack Grande Rivière. This had been reinforced with a large number of gendarmes and a machine-gun manned by Americans under the personal command of the Department Commander of the North, all barricaded in the market-place facing the river. Conzé gave the preconcerted signal, and Charlemagne's army dashed out of the foot-hills toward the stream. It was only the over-eagerness of the barricaded force, which failed to hold its fire long enough, that made the *caco* casualties number merely by the dozen rather than by the hundred.

At the height of the battle Charlemagne's private secretary, the "deserted" gendarme, crawled up to Hanneken and informed him that the *caco*-in-chief had changed his mind. With his extraordinary gift of suspicion, he had smelled a rat. He would not come down to Mazaire until the actual winner of the battle came to him to announce the capture of Grande Rivière.

To say that Captain Hanneken received the news quietly is merely another way of stating that he is not a profane man. Here he had planned and toiled for four months to do away with the arch *caco* and break the back of the rebellion that was holding up the advancement of Haiti, only to have all his plans fail through the over-suspicion of the outlaw politician. He had run the risk of having the headquarters of his district captured, with dire, far-reaching results that no one realized better than himself. He had played the part of a dime-novel hero, descended to the rôle of an actor, which his forceful, straightforward nature detested, only to be left the laughing-stock of his fellow-officers of the gendarmerie, to say nothing of the "kidding" Marine Corps, in which he was still a sergeant. Incidentally, he had staked the plan to the extent of eight hundred dollars of his own money, which there was no hope of recovering through the devious channels of official reimbursement if that plan failed, though as a matter of fact this latter detail was the least of his worries. It was not a question of a few paltry dollars, but of success.

If all these thoughts passed through his head as he lay concealed in the bushes with his dozen fake *cacos*, they passed quickly, for his next command came almost instantly. It was by no means the first time in this hide-and-seek game with Charlemagne that he had been forced to change his plans completely on the spur of the moment.

"Button," he whispered, "*we* will be the successful *caco* detachment that brings the news of the capture of Grande Rivière to Charlemagne.

Led by Jean Edmond François, the "deserted" gendarme and private secretary of the *caco*-in-chief, the little group set out into the mountains. Charlemagne, said the secretary, had come a part of the way down from Fort Capois, but had camped for the night less than half-way to the town. It was nearing midnight. Heavy clouds hung low in the sky, but the stars shone here and there through them. For three hours the detail stumbled upward along a difficult mountain trail. Neither of the Americans knew how soon the gendarmes would lose their nerve and slip off into the night, frightened out of all discipline by the dreaded name of Charlemagne. There was no positive proof that they were not themselves being lead into an ambuscade, and they knew only too well the horrible end that would come to two lone Americans captured by the bandits. To make matters worse, Button was suffering from an acute attack of his old malaria, though he was too much a marine and a gendarme officer to let that retard his steps.

The detachment was halted at last by

a *caco* sentry, who demanded the countersign. It happened that night to be "General Jean," in honor of Charlemagne's trusted (with reservations) ally, Conzé. François, the "deserted" gendarme, gave it. The sentry recognized him also as the private secretary of the great chief. He advanced him, but declined to let the detail with him pass without specific orders from Charlemagne. The secretary left his companions behind and hurried on.

The disguised gendarmes mingled with the *caco* outpost and announced the capture of Grande Rivière, adding that the population was eagerly waiting to receive the great Charlemagne and his doughty warriors. Shouts of triumph rose and spread away into the night. In all the years of American occupation no town of anything like the size of Grande Rivière had ever been taken by the *cacos*. It was the deathknell of the cursed whites, who would soon be driven from the great Republic of Haiti, as they had been many years before.

Nearly an hour after his departure the secretary returned, to report that Charlemagne had ordered the detachment to come to him immediately with the joyful news.

"But," added François, "there are *six* series of outposts between here and Charlemagne's headquarters. There is n't a chance in the world that we can pass them all without being detected, and *cacos* swarm everywhere along the trail. It is a question of turning back, *mon Capitaine,* or of leaving the trail and sneaking up over the mountain through the brush."

"And lose ourselves for good and all," added Hanneken in his ready "creole." "Nothing doing. Take the lead and keep to the trail."

The first outpost advanced the detachment without question. The score of negroes who made it up seemed to be too excited with the taking of Grande Rivière to be any longer suspicious. Some five minutes later the group was again halted, this time by an outpost of some forty men. Their leader scrutinized the new-comers carefully one by one as they passed, the latter, in turn, shuffling along with bowed heads, as if they were completely exhausted with the climb from Grande Rivière, which was not far from the truth. Several of the bandits along the way were heard to remark in their slovenly "creole," *"Bon dieu,* but those niggers are sure tired." The third and fourth outposts gave the party no trouble, beyond demanding the countersign, except that casual questions were flung at them by the *cacos* scattered along the trail. These the disguised gendarmes answered without arousing suspicion. Perfectly as he knew "creole," Hanneken avoided speaking whenever possible, and left the word to François, fearful of giving himself away by some hint of a foreign accent or a mischosen word from the Southern dialect, with which he was more familiar. No white man, whatever his training, can equal the slovenly, thick-tongued pronunciation of the illiterate Haitian.

At the fifth outpost the leader was a huge, bulking negro as large as Hanneken, and he stood on the alert, revolver half raised, as the detail approached. The giving of the countersign did not seem to satisfy him. He looked Hanneken up and down suspiciously and asked him a question. The captain, pretending he was out of breath, mumbled an answer and stalked on. It happened to be his good luck that he is blessed with high cheek bones and a face that would not be instantly recognized as Caucasian on a dark night. Button, on the other hand, seemed to arouse new suspicion. He was carrying an automatic rifle and, in order to conceal the magazine, bore it vertically across his chest, his arms folded over it. The negro sentry caught the glint of the barrel and snatched Button by the arm.

"Where did you get such a fine-looking rifle?" he demanded.

Hanneken, scenting trouble, had halted several paces beyond, his hands on the butts of the revolver and the automatic which he carried on his respective hips. It would have been easy to kill the suspicious negro, but that would have been the end of his hopes of reaching Charlemange—and probably of the two Americans. For though the disguised gendarmes were all armed with carbines, they would have been no

match for the swarms of *cacos* about them, even if their taut nerves did not give way in flight under the strain. Button, however, was equal to the occasion.

"Let me go!" he panted, jerking away from the negro leader. "Don't you see that my chief is getting out of sight?"

The black giant, still suspicious, yielded with bad grace, and the Americans hurried on. The sixth outpost was the immediate guard over Charlemagne, about thirty paces from where he had spread his blanket for the night. François gave the countersign, took two or three steps forward, whispered in Hanneken's ear, "he is up there," and slipped away into the bushes. The gendarmes had likewise disappeared. The Americans advanced to within fifteen feet of a faintly blazing camp-fire. On the opposite side of it a man stood erect, his silk shirt gleaming in the flickering light. He was peering suspiciously over the fire, trying to recognize the new-comers. A woman was kneeling beside the heap of fagots, coaxing it to blaze. A hundred or more *cacos* were lined up to the right, at a respectful distance from the peering chief.

Two negroes, armed with rifles, halted the Americans, at the same time cocking their pieces. Hanneken raised his black, invisible automatic and fired at the chief beyond the fire, at the same time shouting, "Let her go, Button!" In an instant the kneeling woman scattered the fire with a sweeping gesture and plunged the spot in darkness. Button was spraying the line of *cacos* to the right with his machine-gun. The disguised gendarmes came racing up and lent new legs to the fleeing bandits. When a space had been cleared, Hanneken placed his handful of soldiers in a position to offset a counter-attack, and began groping about the extinguished fire. His hands encountered a dead body dressed in a silk shirt. This, however, was no proof that his mission had been accomplished. Some of Charlemagne's staff might have boasted silk shirts, also. He ran his hands down the body to a holster, and drew out the pearl-handled revolver which he had loaned to Conzé, and which had been appropriated in turn by Charlemagne. The *caco*-in-chief had been shot squarely through the heart, a statement which has no breath of poetic license, since photographs I have seen prove it beyond all question.

When daylight came, the hilltop was found to be strewn with the bodies of nine other bandits, while trails of blood showed that many more of them had dragged themselves off into the bushes. Among the wounded, it was discovered later, was St. Remy, the brother of Charlemagne, who afterward died of his wounds. The captured booty included nine rifles, three revolvers, two hundred rounds of ammunition, seven swords, fifteen horses and mules, and Charlemagne's voluminous correspondence. This latter was of special value, since it contained the names of the good citizens of Port-au-Prince and the other larger cities who had been financing the *caco*-in-chief. Most of them are now languishing in prison. But let me yield the floor to Captain Hanneken's official diary of the events that followed. Its succinctness is suggestive of the character of the man:

Nov. 1, 1919.—Killed Charlemagne Peralte, Commander-in-Chief of the bandits. Wounded St. Remy Peralte. Brought Charlemagne's body to Grande Rivière arriving 9 A.M. Went to Cap Haitien with the body. Received orders to proceed to Fort Capois the next morning. Went to Grande Rivière via handcar, arriving 9 P.M. Wrote report re death of Charlemagne. Left Grande Rivière with seven gendarmes, via handcar to Bahon, arriving midnight.

Nov. 2.—Left Bahon 1 A.M. with seven gendarmes. Arrived 200 yards from first outpost of Fort Capois at 5 A.M. Crawled to 150 yards from outpost and remained there until 6:30 A.M., waiting for detachment from Le Trou to attack at daybreak, when six bandits came in our direction. Opened fire, killing three. All bandits in various outposts retreated to main fort. Advanced and captured the first, second, and third outposts. Got within 300 yards of fort when they opened fire from behind a stonewall barricade. They fired a can-

non and about 40 rifle shots. Crawled on our stomachs, no cover. Fired the machine-gun and ordered the gendarmes to advance 15 yards and open fire. Kept this up until we arrived within 150 yards, when we espied the bandits escaping. Entered fort, burned all huts and outposts. Left Fort Capois at 9 A.M. Arrived in Grande Rivière 2 P.M., very tired.

The most exacting military superior cannot but have excused this last somewhat unmilitary remark. Fatigue does not rest long on Captain Hanneken's broad shoulders, however, and he soon had his district cleared again of the *cacos* he had imported for the occasion. The two thousand-dollar reward was divided between Conzé and his one civilian assistant. Captain Hanneken, Lieutenant Button, and the gendarmes who accompanied them were ordered to Port-au-Prince to be personally thanked by the President of Haiti and decorated with the Haitian *medaille d'honneur*, a ceremony against which the captain protested as a waste of time that he could better employ in hunting *cacos*. At this writing he is engaged again in his favorite sport in another district. His Marine Corps rank has been raised to that of second lieutenant, while Conzé has been appointed to the same grade in the Gendarmerie d'Haiti.

The death of Charlemagne has probably broken the back of *cacoism* in Haiti, though it has been by no means wiped out. Papillon, with 'Tijacques and several other rascals as chief assistants, is still roaming at large in the north, and the youthful Bénoît is terrorizing the mountainous region in the neighborhood of Mirebalais and Las Cohobas. But the gendarmerie, assisted by the Marine Corps, may be trusted to bring their troublesome careers to a close all in good season. One of the chief problems of the pacifiers at present is to convince the ignorant *caco* rank and file that the great Charlemagne is dead. His superstitious followers credit him with supernatural powers, and many a captured bandit, when asked who is now his commander-in-chief, still replies with faithful simplicity, "Mais, c'est Charlemagne." The public display of his body at Grande Rivière and Cap Haitien produced an effect that will not soon be forgotten by those who witnessed it, but even that has not fully convinced the *cacos* hidden far away in the mountains. So great was the veneration, or, more exactly, perhaps, the superstition, in which he was held, that it was found necessary to give him five fake funerals in as many different places, as a blind, and to bury his body secretly in an out-of-the-way spot, lest his grave become a shrine of pilgrimage for future *cacos*.

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Submission

By MARY ROE ZEIGLER

How long I sat within a darkened room,
Hearing without the music of life's stream,
Sensing the flowers and the golden sun,
Not blind, yet seeing only through the dream!

With burning, bleeding feet I paced the floor;
I groped for fissures in the blackened wall;
I beat upon the barred and bolted door
And called, only to echo back my call.

Wearied and numb, and blinded with my tears,
At last I, kneeling, sob: "Thy will be done,"
When, lo! a light streams down the blasted years;
The door has opened, and, behold! the sun!

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Mandates and "the Missus"

By PATRICK GALLAGHER

An interesting account of William Hughes, Premier of Australia, at the peace conference in Paris, and the method by which he defeated some of the League of Nation covenants that interfered with Australian economics and radical conditions.

A LITTLE mite of a man, who once worked with his hands in a Welsh coal-mine, played a very notable part in the Conference of Paris. William Morris Hughes, War Premier of Australia, was the stormy petrel of the British delegation. In January and in April, 1919, he almost caused the collapse of the conference. He lost his first January duel with President Wilson, but at the moment in April when the Italians walked out, this tiny plenipotentiary of the world's largest island compelled the President to throw up the sponge.

Hughes is almost stone-deaf. Only one person can make him hear, his large and lovely wife. Mrs. Hughes is as tall as her husband is small. They are still sweethearts, though married some years.

I lunched with this happy couple at the Hôtel Majestic on February 7. The Majestic, as imposing as its name, and within bowshot of the Arc de Triomphe, was the home of the British plenipotentiaries. We had a large round table on the sunniest side of the huge dining-room. Our party included the premier's military and naval aides, his secretary, and the leading Australian peace conference reporter, Mr. Keith A. Murdock of the Sydney "Sun." I was placed between Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, the little statesman on my left and the lady on my right.

"His right ear is best," explained our charming hostess.

"Yes," said Mr. Hughes; "you won't mind if I ask you to talk loudly? My hearing is not very good."

That was putting it mildly. After repeated experiments, I let Mrs. Hughes do my talking for me, and she did it so well that I made up my mind to win a wife like Australia's first lady before I try my hand at diplomacy. One of the few things proved by the Conference of Paris is that he is a wise man who listens only to his wife.

Mr. Wilson tried to make himself heard by Mr. Hughes. That was an amusing incident of the January duel over the mandatory principle. The President talked very earnestly about the duty that civilized nations owe to themselves and to backward peoples. There must be no more Kongos or Putumayos in the new era under the League of Nations. And so forth.

Hughes stood with his right hand cupped over his right ear, his left fingers playing fretfully with his Australian-gold watch-chain.

"Hey?" he interrupted. "League of Nations! All fiddle! Don't believe in it."

The President tried another tack—the wonderful things that Australians have done to make the world safe for democracy. Mr. Hughes agreed that Australians are deeply interested in making the world safe for Australians.

The lecture was not a success. Mr. Wilson admitted this later. Explaining his discomfiture to a friend, he laughed and said:

"What can you do with a man who can't hear and won't read?"

Mrs. Hughes saves her husband's eyesight by reading for him. I cannot say whether or not the little premier listened to the following explanation of the mandatory principle, approved by Mr. Wilson;

The mandatory principle embodied in the Covenant of the League of Nations, so far as it affects both the treatment of the native peoples and the "Open Door" for the outside world, has been in operation in two important instances for years. The details are, however, not well known.

In 1884, an international conference met at Berlin to deal with some of the problems of the Kongo Basin. The British delegate was instructed by his government that commercial interests should not be looked upon as the exclusive subject of deliberation and that the welfare of the natives should not be neglected for "to them it would be no benefit, but the reverse, if freedom of commerce, unchecked by reasonable control, should degenerate into license." Though supported by the representative of the United States, Mr. John A. Kasson, the British delegate was not able to induce the Conference to deal with the two crying evils of tropical Africa, the slave trade and the liquor traffic. The British government did not, however, give up the attempt; and, in 1890, the Brussels Conference convened at their request dealt with these fundamental questions. Elaborate international agreements have since been worked out to control traffic in arms, slaves, and alcohol, and to check diseases such as sleeping sickness.

It was not only in Africa that the welfare of the native populations was especially safeguarded. In 1884, after many years of insistence on the part of the Australian colonies, the London government finally permitted the British flag to be hoisted over the southeastern part of New Guinea. Three years later, in 1887, the Colonial Conference at London, discussing the future government of this area, determined that it should be entrusted to Queensland, one of the Australasian colonies, on the following conditions:

1. No purchase of land to be allowed to be made by private persons, except from the Government or purchasers from it.

2. No deportation of natives to be allowed either from one part of the Territory to another or to places beyond the Territory, except under Ordinances reserved for Her Majesty's assent and assented to by Her Majesty.

3. Trading with the natives in arms, ammunitions, explosives and intoxicants to be prohibited, except under Ordinances reserved and assented to in like manner.

4. No differential duties to be imposed in favor of any of the guaranteeing Colonies, or any other Colony or country.

5. The foregoing four Articles to be embodied in the Letters Patent as part of the Constitution of the Territory.

After the Australian colonies had united to form the Commonwealth, the administration of British New Guinea, or Papua, as it was then called, was taken over subject to the terms of this mandate which were incorporated in the Papua Act of 1905. This Act reserved for the prior assent of the Governor-General of Australia, who is appointed by Great Britain, all ordinances dealing with the granting or disposal of public lands, with the sale or disposition of native lands, and with native labor, as well as any ordinances relating to the supply of arms, ammunition, explosives, intoxicants, or opium to the natives. The Act further contained provisions prohibiting the supply of intoxicant liquor to the natives. These principles have been carried out in practise by the Australian administrators.

Mr. Hughes was more interested in providing to meet future dangers than in poking his nose into past history. He is quite honest about his intellectual shortcomings. He admitted to me very frankly that there are many things in the history of Australia of which he knows nothing at all. Still, he has helped to make history in Australia and in Europe, and he went to Paris with one object fixed firmly in his mind. His modest five million people, occupying a vast territory of more than two and a half million square miles (fewer than two people for every square mile) gave very nearly half a million fighting men to win the war. Everybody admitted that the Australians fought like tigers and died like heroes. Mr. Hughes told me that he felt bound to stand up for his dead, no matter what others might say or think. He made no pretense at being a diplomat, but following his motions, it was quite easy to see how he has climbed to leadership of the husky young commonwealth of the Southern Pacific. He is a natural-born fighter, all grit and gunpowder.

On January 12 the Conference of

Paris was organized as a very close corporation of the big Allied victors. It was organized deliberately by the French, British, and Italian foreign offices to divide "the skin of the beast," each inch of territory taken from the Germans. Sir Robert Borden, the Canadian leader, who sought no spoils of war, publicly protested against the exclusion of the smaller powers. M. Clemenceau retorted as publicly that the big powers had won the war and they had the right to dictate the peace. To clinch his argument, the French premier pointed to the armies enforcing the armistice. It was going to be a peace of power, or there could be no peace. Mr. Hughes was of the same mind as the French "Bismarck." Mr. Wilson pleaded in vain for his principles. In effect, Mr. Lloyd George said to him:

William Morris Hughes, Premier of Australia, a natural-born fighter

> Draw your pen through the "freedom of the seas" and keep Daniels and Creel from spouting about a "biggest navy," and I 'll see what I can do to handle Hughes and put over your mandatory principle.

In effect, M. Clemenceau said to the President:

> Must you have the mandatory principle? Then forget about "open covenants." Leave me to edit those troublesome reporters. I know them better than you do. They are easy enough to manage when you stroke them the right way. You don't understand them. I do, and they know it. I am of their own fraternity. I shall win my point by making them think they have won their point, and I shall bring Mr. Simon around to the mandatory principle.

Mr. Wilson agreed to the bargain.

"What about the 'freedom of the seas'?" a "Herald" reporter asked the President when Mr. Wilson was explaining the great charter he was about to take home with him shortly before his departure from Paris on February 14.

"The 'freedom of the seas'?" laughingly said happy Mr. Wilson. "Oh, that was a good joke on me. Under the League of Nations, of course, there can be no question of naval rivalry. All strength is pooled, and the 'freedom of the seas' is guaranteed by the extension of the Monroe Doctrine so that it covers all the world." It was easy to dispose of this.

It was still easier to dispose of "open covenants, *openly arrived at*," through the expert reasoning of M. Clemenceau. What inquisitive reporter could quarrel with the decision of that "Tiger" among the lions or lambs of the press who had boldly exclaimed:

> If I could but tear off their masks, expose these people naked to the world, tell what impulses brought each one here, reveal the inner truth, the awakening desires, the intrigue, the low greed, the sterility of their minds, the poverty of their hearts! Ah!

M. Clemenceau devoted himself with

skill and vigor to the task of smothering the protests of the newspaper rebels—the American reporters and the Northcliffe and one or two other independent British correspondents. Virtually all the French accredited reporters and the majority of the British journalists in Paris were docile servants of their governments. They were content to write what they were told to write. Several of them were members of the British secret service, devoting most of their time to finding out and reporting important information for the British delegation. It was quite different at 4, Place de la Concorde, where the American newspaper "soviet" held stormy sessions and told the Terrible Ten a thing or two. William Allen White presided at the most memorable of the meetings when the last losing stand was made for "open covenants." Mark Sullivan and Berton Braley of "Colliers" and Laurence Hills of "The Sun" carried a "no surrender" motion, recorded by one of the fair reporterettes who acted as secretary. M. Clemenceau was as good as his word to Mr. Wilson. He gave the American correspondents a brief appearance of victory. They were admitted to the picturesque pantomime of the Hall of the Clock, where their presence could do no harm, but they were "shooed" away from the meetings where actual business was done. It was M. Clemenceau who dictated the final word to the press, pronounced by the Supreme Council as follows:

Mrs. William Morris Hughes, who is a great aid to her husband

> The proceedings of a peace conference are far more analogous to the meetings of a cabinet than to those of a legislature. Nobody has ever suggested that cabinet meetings should be held in public, and if they were so held, the work of government would become impossible.

This shrewd decision by M. Clemenceau may have saved Mr. Wilson's face and shut up the newspaper rebels; but nobody could shut up Mr. Hughes.

On January 28 the British war cabinet accepted and approved the mandatory principle. Next forenoon the delegation of the British Empire was summoned to meet at Mr. Lloyd George's rooms in the villa at 23 rue Nitot. In addition to the British premier, there were present: Mr. George N. Barnes, labor member of the cabinet; Sir Robert Borden and Sir George Foster for Canada; Mr. Hughes for Australia; General Smuts for South Africa; Mr. Massey and Sir Joseph Ward for New Zealand; Sir William Lloyd for Newfoundland, Mr. E. S. Montagu, the secretary for India, the Maharajah of Bikanir, Lord Sinha, Sir Maurice Hankey, and three subordinate secretaries. The meeting was opened about eleven-thirty, dangerously close to tiffin-time. Mr. Lloyd George explained the reasons why the war cabinet had decided to accept the mandatory principle. All was going nicely when Mr. Hughes got upon his feet. What he said, I am told, blistered the ceiling of the Villa Nitot.

It was all very well for Mr. Wilson to

breathe fine phrases about mandatories and Utopia, but was that to be Australia's recompense for bleeding herself white in defense of the empire? The prime minister asked Australia and New Zealand to consent to suicide. The Anglo-Japanese Alliance was being favored at the expense of the safety of the empire. Japan was being brought to their shores, under cover of the Alliance, and they were not to be permitted to fortify the islands given them and then snatched out of their hands under the paw of an Utopian experiment!

That was the substance of the Australian's argument. Mr. Hughes was angry, and when this little man is angry he can talk the hind legs off any donkey.

Mr. Massey and Sir Joseph Ward supported Mr. Hughes, but Mr. Lloyd George insisted that he had no choice in the matter. If the delegation of the British Empire could not see its way to sustain the war cabinet, that of course would create a situation which he would be bound to lay before others. Mr. Wilson was insistent. He had felt it necessary to concede this point to the President; and, after all, it was only a question of shadow and not a question of substance.

Mr. Hughes had been listening with both hands clapped over his best right ear. He caught the word "shadow." Jumping to his feet, he drew a lurid picture of "yellow shadows in the South Seas." Again, he charged that Australia's and New Zealand's interests were being sacrificed at the command of Japan. Every time Japan was mentioned, Premier Hughes "saw red."

Mr. Lloyd George snatched victory by his hint at the danger of collapse of the coalition cabinet. Mr. Hughes was defeated, and that made him more defiant. He set out to oppose the Japanese all along the line and to lift Mr. Wilson's scalp and hang it on his very yellow watch-chain. The Northcliffe newspapers, although friendly to the Japanese, extended a kindly ear to the stormy petrel of the Pacific. The Paris correspondent of "The Times" summarized the situation as follows:

Australians do not view with any satisfaction the approach of Japan to their shores, and while they have been pleased by the great and successful effort of the Imperial government to obtain adequate representation of the Dominions in the Conference, they feel that in this matter European opinion does not properly appreciate their point of view. In accordance with the arrangement come to between Great Britain and Japan, the Equator would form the limit of Japanese extension to the South. This would therefore confirm the Japanese in their possession and administration of the Marshall and Caroline Islands. These islands, several hundred in number, consist for the main part, of little coral atolls, and are a sort of dust of the Pacific Ocean. What advantages, asks Australia, can Japan be seeking in the possession of territories where there is practically no Japanese population; where indeed there is practically no population at all to make them desirable as a market and which produce but very little for export purposes? The strategic importance of these two groups of islands has, with the growth and possible development of the submarine, become very considerable, indeed.

The American point of view—and America is concerned because of her interest both in the Panama Canal and the Philippines—is that the (British) Imperial Government should take over the whole of the German colonies in the Pacific and administer them under the League of Nations.

The attitude of Great Britain would seem to be that she is more or less bound by agreements with Japan to hand over to Japan the Caroline and the Marshall Islands, and that the rest of the German Colonies should become the direct possessions of the Dominions.

This despatch was filed before Paris was apprised of the decision of the war cabinet. That was announced immediately after the meeting of the delegation of the British Empire, and the "Daily Mail" of January 30 printed the storm clouds in purple ink. It declared that the war cabinet's acceptance of Mr. Wilson's theory

Involves an admission that the treaties made with Japan regarding her retention of the North Pacific Islands, with the Arabs regarding Syria, and the understanding

with the French regarding the Cameroons, must be arbitrarily modified if not torn up.

General Botha was outspoken in predicting a dangerous encouragement of rebellion in South Africa. The Italians began to be impatient about Fiume. The Japanese stood upon the letter of the secret treaties. Borden spoke up for the President, and said very quietly, "Canada has no secret treaties."

These were the circumstances in which Baron Makino, the Japanese leader, asked the conference and the world to set aside all out-of-date prejudices, "including race prejudice." He proposed an article for the covenant intended to guarantee all aliens against unjust discrimination. Mr. Hughes vetoed it. To prevent a rupture in February, Mr. Wilson had to drop his covenant article protecting religious minorities. Baron Makino very cleverly had tacked the racial rampart to the religious safeguard. Both had to be adopted or dropped.

On the morning that the draft covenant was ready for the plenary session of the conference, and while Mr. Wilson was polishing off his speech and getting ready to leave for home and Mr. Lodge, Baron Makino and Viscount Chinda dropped in at the Crillon for a friendly chat with Colonel House. While Makino was talking with the colonel, Chinda ran his eyes over the freshly printed covenant. He missed the racial religious clause.

"It is not here," he said. "Perhaps it is a printer's error?"

House sighed with deep sympathy.

"I 'm sorry," he said. "It was dropped out at the last moment."

The baron and viscount took their defeat gracefully. They continued to preach the gospel of racial and national equality. Mr. Hughes kept up his campaign, "Australia for Australians, and keep your eye skinned for the Jap."

The covenant that Mr. Wilson offered to Mr. Lodge and the American people was a dead horse. It was killed under the wire by Hughes. Now, the little Australian beat his opponents like a gentleman. He trimmed the President to the king's taste. This was how he did it:

He never forgot the way in which David Lloyd George forced his Australian hand on January 29. So the Pacific petrel had a bone to pick with David as well as with Wilson. Like his pet aversion, the Japanese baron, he bided his time. Every now and then, just to show that he was alive and kicking, he took a quiet fling at the "Japanese peril." Germany being a dead issue, "Slap the Jap" was already the vogue. Makino and Chinda had two strings to their bows, racial equality and Kiao-chau, pledged to Japan by England, France, Russia, and Italy. They insisted upon keeping the two subjects apart. They saw themselves defeated on the mandatory principle and compulsory reduction of armaments. The President's attitude on Fiume presaged a similar attitude on Kiao-chau. The same principle was at stake, with these two important distinctions: Kiao-chau is a port in China, an ally, even though, as alleged, "a lame duck ally," and the Japanese had captured Kiao-chau from the Germans. Fiume was in enemy territory. It was an Allied conquest, not an Italian conquest. Kiao-chau had not been captured by the Chinese, who had gone to war among themselves instead of helping to defeat the Germans. The Japanese held Kiao-chau and insisted upon doing business with China directly. Obviously, if the conference was to demand of Japan the surrender of Kiao-chau to China, there must be some attempt to meet the Japanese in a spirit of justice. The racial equality proposal offered the only opportunity. Peacemakers friendly to all sides endeavored to hammer that into the hard heads of American delegates. It was the one particular move from the mere suggestion of which the Japanese shied. They were wise enough to know that it would place them at an immediate disadvantage. Mr. Hughes saw the danger.

The Pacific petrel flapped his wings and flew over to the African and Anglo-Indian experts. He taught them to crow his own "Slap the Jap" songs to the morn. With this coalition behind him, he delivered his ultimatum to Lloyd George:

"If you consent to Japanese equality, I leave the conference, and the other dominions will follow me."

Lloyd George was driven into a corner. The Japanese were permitted to be defeated on racial equality on April 11. Two weeks later the Italians screamed themselves out of the conference. The Japanese demanded a decision on Kiao-chau. Were they to be defeated on everything?

"No Japanese Government could stand up under such humiliation," said Viscount Chinda to one of the American delegates. The Hara cabinet was already tottering under the pressure of adverse news from Paris.

Mr. Lloyd George told Mr. Wilson that he would not oppose Hughes or break the British agreements with Japan. If he could have patched up a peace with Hughes, he might have arranged a satisfactory compromise with Makino. If the Japanese and Australians, or either of them, left the conference, there would be only one thing for England to do. England, imperial sovereign of Australia, must stand by her Pacific commonwealth; England must stand by her ally, Japan. The President sighed, and threw up the Kiao-chau sponge. Little Mr. Hughes won the final bout.

It was late afternoon in a long, narrow salon of the Quai d'Orsay, not the Hall of the Clock, but a more modern room. The day was Monday, April 28. The League of Nations was being born without a racial or national equality hair on its head. Mr. Wilson had made public confession of the fact that it was the proudest and happiest moment of his life. M. Clemenceau was sitting back in his chair, grinning like an aged imp of mischief. Mr. Balfour was endeavoring not to look bored. Lord Robert Cecil was shaking hands with very common persons. Baron Makino, dignified, debonair, agreeable, arose and glanced over at the empty places left vacant by the angry Romans who had crossed their Rubicon and returned to the Tiber. The baron bowed to M. Clemenceau and the President, and in delicate, carefully chosen English sentences told the Conference of Paris that it had outraged the honor of Japan. His people would continue to urge racial equality. The speech was one of the shortest and most memorable of the great congress. It made a profound impression. There was a picturesque scene at the close.

William Morris Hughes, Premier of Australia, got up from his chair. In one hand he had a handsome morocco-bound book, in the other a gold fountain-pen, made in the U. S. A. He strolled down the table until he was just behind Marquis Saionji and Baron Makino. He whispered something to the baron, extending the book and pen. Makino smiled, and bowed low with true Japanese courtesy. He spoke in Japanese to Saionji, took the book and the pen from Hughes, and set them in front of the marquis. The marquis beamed upon the leading "Jap Slapper" in Paris, took the pen in his hand, and signed "Saionji" in the book. Makino added his autograph, and passed pen and book to Chinda, Matsui, Ijuim, and General Nara. All the Japanese signed their names, and bowed to the South Sea statesman. Each bow was a low, court courtesy of the Meiji period. William Morris Hughes bent his back until his spine creaked, returning bow for bow. He went to his chair as happy as a boy just out of school, and glanced proudly at the pages of the little book.

Mrs. Hughes wanted the Japanese signatures for her autograph-book. She got them. She can get anything under the sun from her "own little man," the petrel of the Pacific, and she is the one person in the world who can.

Window-Yearners

By EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

Illustrations by John R. Neill

"Maybe this window magnetism is older than I know. Perhaps, on incredibly dark nights when the stars were bright holes over the howling black forest, the Pilgrim Fathers unconsciously started window-yearning."

MY brother is a pleasant person, with a splendid big face like that of an amiable pirate. He roars out his beliefs and disbeliefs in a hearty manner, yet he is the victim of restraints and modesties not at all in keeping with the rest of his bucaneering ways.

One inhibition of this vigorous person is his attitude toward his neighbor's window. Here he accentuates the sophistication, or delicacy, which makes him, for me, too pious. The window of any house, no matter how detached and inviting, no matter how ingratiatingly the curtains are pulled aside, no matter how far the shades may be snapped up, is holy ground to my brother. The top floors, for his eyes, are taboo; the middle floors, sacrosanct; the ground floors, sanhedrim.

I am not like that; the watery-green glare of a parlor Welsbach is to me vision; the old-fashioned, glass-dripping chandeliers, the new-fashioned, bulb-enmeshed "indirect lighting" are all devices that reveal me warm, comforting pictures of indoor humanity. In summer a misty lamp seen through the crepuscle of wire mosquito-netting is my dim moon of poetry, and in winter the red-shaded electrolier, slanting on powdered faces and "permanent waves," gives me spicy morsels of cherry-colored life. I do not share the lofty detachments of my brother.

Maybe this window magnetism is older than I know. Perhaps, on incredibly dark nights when the stars were bright holes over the howling black forest, the Pilgrim Fathers unconsciously started window-yearning. Perhaps as they in their stern, tranced bravery read the great Word by the flare of the pine-knot, some inquiring little Indian stole away from the parental wigwam and moccasined down to the stockades to see what the pale-faces were like, anyhow. Then if Mrs. Pilgrim Father had been unwise enough to leave the wooden shutters unbarred, who knows but that this little Indian radical got that first gleam of other times, other manners, that led him away from the "narrowness" of his scalping and war-dance fathers. Wit-

nessing the broad, free life of the Pilgrim children reading the Bible with their muskets in their hands, the Indian perhaps went back to the wigwam and told his father he "could n't stand it any longer," so to please let him have his allowance of wampum, and he would cut loose and see life as it was. That would have been the effect of window-yearning on the first yearner.

It is a somewhat similar feeling that makes me love, on winter nights, in one of those light, delicious falls of snow, to look through my neighbor's window into the comfortable heart of civilization just so savingly withdrawn. For the illusion is always there. As the pedestrian flits along the pavement in elastic rubber-shoed tread, he reads the house windows as he would read a fairy-tale, unquestioningly, and with as much sense of magic. It is poetry to peer into these warm human nests of one's neighbors as one hurries by to a warm human nest of

"If my neighbor pulls down his shades, well and good"

one's own. At the Juretts they are wiggling a planchette. See young Dr. Jurett laugh! See his wife's pretty, wondering face! Who is that other young man? The dog is rather cunning; I did n't know their aunt had come yet. The house-light splashes on the books; there is shine of silver on the dining-table, a clean, withheld, sacred look in the home arrangements. She does her own work, they say. On such occasions my brother sets his face dead ahead; he pulls me by the coat-sleeve; he is afraid, he says, that some one will catch me at it. No matter how I pause and plead and delightfully whisper, my reproving brother will not look.

I exhort my brother that if we only had just these detached window glimpses of one another's lives, we would all be more charitable and optimistic for the human race. It seems to me that one's raised window-shade reveals one properly and complacently with a mellow sort of shine on one. Now, my acquaintance Mr. Brend, who on the morning train I count a dull man, invariably leaves his living-room window-shades up; and to what everlasting profit! Between the white ruffled curtains made by Mrs. Brend you can see the little Brends at their evening hour around the living-room-table. There is a nickel lamp with a green glass globe; it is a good thing to see. Little Mabel Brend has a large pink bow on her head; this bow nods and flops and gives one a sense of Mabel's well being and comfort. It would be a pity if the passers-by could not register that pink bow. Young Paul Brend, animal book in hand, is sliding up and down his father's fat legs with the absorbed enjoyment of the monkey which Paul for the moment really believes he is. Somehow I think the street outside gets a new warmth over Mr. Brend's placid endurance of Paul's slides. And there is David Brend (Lord! how intelligent-looking!), with his shell-rimmed spectacles reading some scientific magazine. The street sees what sort of eldest son Mr. Brend will live up to. If the shades were pulled down, one could not get this picture of average American felicity. True, the upraised shade reveals Mr. Brend's bald spot. But he is not sensitive about it at church, at the movies; why should he be in his own home?

In the Flavver home there are three front bay-windows that have purple-and-yellow stained-glass borders, very rich to see. One catches sight of a chenille portière that is the supreme glory of the department-store elegance of the

Flavver "residence." It has large tassels, like the old-time netting funeral horses used to wear. But there is nothing funereal about this portière; if my brother does not drag me by too quickly, I am sometimes able to distinguish, through its bosky plushiness, two young heads very close together. It is reasonable to believe that this is the regular night of Nordice Flavver's young man.

One assumes that everything is going on well, and hopes they will live to a good old age and achieve a gas-range, a fireless cooker, a vacuum-cleaner, and a mangle. The sight of Paw and Maw Flavver listening to the phonograph in the "front" room proves that people do sometimes stay married. The phonograph is now rendering to maw's critical ears the last expensive, mellow shriek of the latest prima donna. Paw Flavver, moist with emotion, stares into the occult machine whence issue the oily shrieks. Paw Flavver is trying to visualize the opera lady. He concludes that she is a fine figure of a woman; that she, at the moment of singing, is wearing a scarlet satin gown and a "rope of pearls," with a black picture hat, and carries a green feather fan. No one but the window-yearner can guess what all this means to Paw Flavver, who, occasionally rising, arranges, like a pie in a refrigerator, a cylinder that will give forth another more mellow and still more expensive shriek.

In a wide, low house set well back from the street the windows are lancet-shaped and the lights are an orange glow. Through the trees this light streams rich and alluring, and calls to me like a full contralto voice. I halt by iron gates where, amid a clump of bushes, a little globe is blown like a fiery bubble through the long tube of a lamp-post; the cedars near by make on the driveway a pointed cave of shadow.

The doors of the house suddenly swing open, and one sees for a second into a hall, where there is a glimpse of broad stairs and a fire with snapping logs. I catch a bar of music; it is a boy's strong handling of the sunstruck chords of "To a Wandering Iceberg." I do not know this boy; he may be a dreadful little snob, but in that one second he has shot his arrow of music into the depths of me. I, for the moment a sort of wandering iceberg myself, stand and guess at the fullness of the life behind those windows of orange light. The patch of reddish luster on the snow, the flakes that flicker softly down, bring back to me a childish sense of wassail,

"Toddling little window-yearners getting the quality of that cat"

of Yule logs, and winding horns of adventure. The toppling chords of the "Iceberg" take me under the ice-maiden's white wing. I think of Kay and Gerda, and then curiously enough of "La Cigale," dying, poor dear, lost in the winter just outside of the well-stored house of the comfortable "Fourmi."

How is it possible to be human and not yearn over the interiors of other peoples' houses? For therein one sees the graphic embodying of the life we have all been more or less concerned with. If my neighbor pulls down his shades, well and good. I respect his action; maybe he has a headache or a bottle of gin or money-bags, a scolding wife or shirt-sleeves or poor relatives. One understands his modest wish to be left alone with any of these. But if he leaves his window-shade up, what is it but an invitation to me? Then I know he wishes to take me into his confidence, and knows that I will understand the sentiment of those two decanters on the sideboard. If there is the white shine

of a new little crib in that pink-ceilinged room up-stairs, he has no objection to my seeing; if there is new linoleum in the kitchen, he *wants* me to care. Window-yearning is the most sympathetic

"The doctor's shades are flung up to the four winds of criticism"

pastime in the world, the most ungrudging. One could n't bear to have one's acquaintance tell one all about the new gas-range; it would bore one to hear his detailed brag: but if, when turning a corner, you see it, pompous black and shining nickel, with all its ivory handles like stops on a sort of cooking organ, you carry the triumphant news home to your wife. "And the new kitchen sink is white porcelain," you add; "and I see they now have a fireless cooker and a mangle," and are rewarded by her stimulated smile.

I think my brother ought to amend his amendment to this window-yearning. I swear it 's not curious or malicious or prying or trivial, as he seems to think. One brings the heart of a child to it; it 's the lovingest, most trusting pastime in the world. Life, normal and well rounded, shimmering through well-cleaned windows, makes a pleasant motion-picture of itself; windowed-indorsed persons are so far subordinated to the unconscious art of the window-yearner that their identities are no longer purely local; one beholds through the enchanted glass not Mr. Brown, Mr. Smith, Mr. White, all rather difficult and trimming persons, but one beholds humanity, the citizen, the American.

In the casements of a fine, solid house, conventional and correct in every inch of its well-groomed expansiveness, there are no window coquetries; but toward the back, in a basement window, there is a little gray calico cat that sticks out its tongue at the world. I love to think of toddling little window-yearners getting the quality of that cat.

Here is the home of an artist, a spinster with a rich nature; maternal, tender, as few married women know how to be. This is not a young woman, but her heart is a rose of dawn, her hands are always out in greeting, and her dark near-sighted eyes see only well enough to get the general smile and wisdom that is back of things. Why does this dear soul have gold curtains, rich and silken, in her dark-paneled rooms? They are never drawn. There is a candle that burns all evening before her glowing paintings of rolling moors; and the flowing lines, the bursts of ecstatic sky and field, give to the passer-by the elemental joy that she is generous enough not to shut away for the mere buyer of canvases. Many an evening have I stealthily crept along the narrow streets and leaned on the fence to gaze through her windows. They are to me a kind of Song of Solomon.

And this kind of thing goes on even in the professions, to whose frank window-admissions I direct other yearners. Through my lawyer's conventional écru curtains I caught the other night the smiling cheek of a Sicilian head, a sweet, wind-blown dancing bit of girl to comfort poor logical Mr. Blackstone amid his dreary deductions. The doctor's shades are flung up to the four winds of criticism. There he sits, once in a while, tired-faced, smiling over the last detective-story, all his library of diseases at his back, his golf-sticks ready for the first hint of a few days off. And the minister—well, you must know that the minister is in secret a lover of ceramics; this might not be judicious to tell his congregation, who

have always understood that there is something shameful about a Greek shape, even that of a bowl. But the naughty minister! He loves that old clay-colored, faintly painted crock! He proudly puts it on a shelf near the window!

In Contradictory Town, a place rose-twined and honeysuckled, where the old white doorways are exquisite panel and pilaster, and the sound of the sea beats in from the "North Shore," there is a spirited little window coquetry, a narrow-paned display of window flowers that is as delicate and fugitive as the sentiment of the Japanese flower ceremonies. In a way it has kinship with the ikons of Russian windows, the little window shrines of Italy, and the wreaths that keep evil spirits from the doorways of Thessaly and the Peloponnesus; only here, in Contradictory Town, the thing is spicily furtive, almost stealthy in its rivalry. If fine old Mrs. Barton puts a potted white lily on the window-ledge that all the world may see, Mrs. Morsell, her trim neighbor, instantly plants on her sill the sauciest little geranium. Then Mrs. Nabob, as one who should say, "I still have my conquests," displays between her blazoned lace curtains a pink azalea, sent down from the city. But the pink azalea, in its gilded basket, with the gorgeous satin bow, does n't efface the poetry of Mrs. Skrimshander, who lives opposite; that spry little lady hies her out to the swampy fields of a wet spring day, and brings home a few brown rods that she sticks in a glass bottle and props up between the dictionary and the cook-book in her kitchen window. In a few days the passing school-children, seeing the first silver glint of furry "pussies," register Mrs. Skrimshander as a person of comprehensions.

There are, I am glad to say, so few people like my brother in his sad and virtuous abstemiousness from window revelations that I like to think that nearly the whole world is secretly or openly on my side, and here I take my chance of forming a society of window-yearners. It is agreeable to think how far our circle might extend; for when one comes to inquire into the thing, there are a great many windows in the world. Are there as many yearners? Shall we not organize? In this paragraph I greet window-yearners, past, present, and future, known and unknown. We shall be for our contribution to psychology as impudent and daring as the futurists and vers-librists; we shall peer and prowl and exultingly imagine. We shall wallow in sentiment. We shall read into, elaborate, and divine.

But my brother has a way of coming back at me. Sometimes as we have motored together over brown country roads he will see my eyes straying windowward and as we pass gaunt farmhouses anemic of paint, gray and haggard before approaching winter, but surrounded with flowing fields of stacked color and piled fruitage, he will point to a lean-to window where a row of green tomatoes and green peppers sun behind the dingy glass, remarking

"The sauciest little geranium"

sentimentally, "Doubtless his wife is fond of piccalilli."

Window-yearning was stimulating, if stereotyped, during the Great War. Here the confirmed miser had his difficult path unmistakably blazed in the windows of his friends. The fly-specked

certificates, the passionate service flags, the braggart posters—all gave sense of an enormous window unity, an assembling that shall have been achieved, please God for a less wasteful and less cancerous growth than war.

Another solemn kind of window-yearning may be indulged in from the elevated roads, from the windows of those strange serpents that crawl through city cañons bearing their load of humanity. Where the trains coil and crawl around the corner of tall buildings, the yearner has both sweet and bitter nourishment. Sometimes he is aware only of the pert insistence of the business idea, in its thousands piebald dresses, its tongue-in-the-cheek insistence upon his need or his desire; but sometimes the city windows are human to an awful degree. As the yearner peers into city tenements, rooms wedged between cindery heat and black narrowness, he is suddenly brought face to face with that side of poverty which the most scorching word or pen has never been able to make him feel. As he peers along these honeycombed vaults and cañons, he apprehends such squalor, such crowdedness, such helplessness of washing hung out in the cinders to dry! He sees such defrauded children peering from tenth-story windows to the streets that are their strange book of knowledge, such young people trying to make the best of that "antique universe" which is to be their lasting habitation! All such discouraging and sordid sights are there for the window-yearner, who, try as he will, has no formulated attitude to these swift visions of tousled heads on filthy pillows; pathetic beds draped in coarse, cindery lace; a half-nude, rolling body sick with heat; staring, bloated, desperate faces; little pale eyes looking out between paler, more disinherited plants.

"Defrauded children peering from tenth-story windows"

One may grow ashamed of such windows, ashamed of looking, ashamed not to look; but on certain nights in early October, when the whole outlying, frost-smelling country-side is shot with opal fires, the windows of these same city windows are also shot with poetry such as could have come only from the Orient. Yom Kippur, with its sacred observations, glows like a coal carried from the altars of the lost tribes down hundreds of years to the modern tenement. The Jewish home, amidst all its cheapness and shrewd money-getting, becomes mystical and holy.

Here the passing yearner has his grand opportunity, for in these windows he finds what he has missed at all the other windows, the quality of ancientness. Sweet-smelling woods, myrrh, and spices, the purple and scarlet curtains, gold, silver, and brass—how vividly he sees the poetry of the building of the tabernacle in these sordid New York burrows! The dingy city windows sparkle with colored tapers, the tables are spread with fast-breaking delicacies.

Of course, it is the unconscious quality of the glimpse that makes its charm for the professional yearner; yet once in a while one comes across the confession, made through a pane of glass, that the window-owner would like to challenge the attention of those who pass his home. No reference need be made here to the dreary reasons for certain tawdry window-signals; Algiers and Chinatown have their sad window beckonings, and I saw once in a mountain village of Greece the red cord of Rahab hung out by a Turkish woman.

But it is with a smile of tender sympathy for justifiable ego that one remarks the star hung in a child's window, showing how well some little girl has behaved at Sunday-school.

One used to pass the home of an old scholar, a Frenchman, whose Paris garret was not far from the square named

after Voltaire, who kept pasted up in his window the certificate of the only academic honor he had ever won. Here, as under a tree of life, the old fellow used to sit, sunning himself, as it were, in the glow of single accomplishment. To the passing world he seemed only a snuffy old gentleman dubiously poring over the evening "Figaro," but to one who passed this window in the starred lilac of a Paris twilight it was holy ground. One saluted the dear white scholar's head, one saluted the fellow-fighter who had succeeded in grasping one leaf from the great sweet-smelling pile of laurels piled ever higher and higher by a lavish, yet grudging, world.

If one were deliberately to prepare one's window for passing yearners, it would be with a lamp-shade that would give the color of grapes and topazes and light seen through toppling waves and the quiver of sun through a glass of wine. For the day there would be a copy of one's favorite poem. Once in a while, for the sake of auld acquaintance, one would put up a gingerbread man; a Jim Crow, like Miss Hepzibah's, a raisin-eyed gentleman of the old school. Maybe one would have a little cluster of flowers in a glass like the dear coquetries of Contradictory Town; a sprig of lemon verbena, a bit of wild thyme, or once in a while, to give tone and subtlety to one's pane, a great blinking, creamy lotus. On the upper ledge, for the sake of classic significances and for the further beguiling of little boys, one would keep always one big round, sound apple, which, as long as the light lasted, would show fat and spicy and rosy, endowed with that good comfort and cheer which is the apple's own, but which only little boys' eyes can perfectly see.

I tell all this to my brother.

"Hum," he grudges, reading the thermometer—"hum, it 's going to be five below to-night. I 'll shake the furnace."

Gladys

By LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

The difficulties in establishing a temporary household in London are described by Mrs. Hale. American women have discovered that the "Gladys" type is not peculiar to London.

IT is hard to say why one feels induced, immediately upon arriving in London, to go to housekeeping, unless that great gray town is really the City of Homes, more compelling in its call than the tree-shaded habitations of our country that frequently claim that gentle appellation.

Perhaps I should amend the statement (showing my usual infirmness of purpose) to say that it would be hard to find in normal times why we feel the urge of rushing into the labyrinth of inventories and wordy leases attendant upon the unpacking of one's trunks in one's own English castle. But since the war, to that hothouse plant the American, housekeeping is the only way to keep decently comfortable.

Beechey, who, as ever, had met me at the boat train when our little theatrical company arrived at Euston, was to share in my venture—I then called it adventure—among strange customs and peoples. I found her in a barn of a studio, where all living models, even British models, refused to pose for her with the exception of an Eskimo dog that enjoyed himself hugely under the impression that the model stand was an ice-floe.

It was she who discovered the maisonnette, and stood firmly in front of it until the tortured tenants decided to move. She did not define to me this naughty and gay-sounding domicile, and upon gathering the number from her, vaguely, I took Bus 19 out to the square where the maisonette lived, and discovered for myself that its deceptive name was only the basement and main floor of a little house, elsewhere inhabited by an aristocratic landlady.

Still, it looked upon some fine, if bleak, trees and had a garden in the rear, the bath-room giving access to this pleasant region, and I was assured of a mysterious "geezer," which turned out to be the British pronunciation of "geyser," in the bath-room that streamed hot water after various preliminaries with "taps." Moreover, as Mrs. Wren, my dresser in the theater, declared, it was a good address, "and it was most necessary to have a good address, for then any one can do anything one pleases, madam." I therefore believed myself among the lucky. But that was before the advent of Gladys.

Gladys was Beecher's choice—also Hobson's. My friend and I had made a business arrangement. She liked to call it that, but it is difficult to connect her with anything that has to do with dollars and cents. That my housekeeping would have to do with pounds and pence I thought would make her all the more valuable, for she was to look after the "general" in the kitchen and pay my bills in exchange for a place by my fireside and what the general cooked and served.

I remember with what an air of triumph she bounced into my dressing-room on the eve of the day she had secured Gladys from the registry where I had entered my name and, alas! deposited my fee. In response to a call sent out by the manageress of the intelligence office, so called, two generals had responded: Gladys, who would stay with us all the time, and another, who could come only "now and then like."

My friend admitted that she had engaged Gladys before asking for her character; in fact, she never thought of it at all, as her artistic associates had but few characters among them. And she sought out the blonde manageress

when the maid said she would come for sixteen shillings a week, to whisper that she thought that was too little. The manageress had stared, and when she was sure she had heard aright, advised Beechey to keep the raise for a little encouragement when the range broke down or the sewer backed up.

"Then what did you really learn about her?" I ventured to inquire.

"I learned that she had a beautiful complexion and that she is a soldier's daughter. Her father is in France."

"Oh, well, why did n't you say that before?" I exclaimed, completely satisfied.

The next night I was to move in, and the morning after that, at eight-thirty, Gladys was to be received by Beechey and introduced into the mysteries of studio coffee-making, which my friend contended was best accomplished in a saucepan. All this time I was to be asleep, scarcely awaking as Gladys would creep in noiselessly and start a fire in the drawing-room. Not until my breakfast-tray was brought to my bedside by Gladys, with a pleasant, but deferential, "good morning, madam," was I luxuriously to arouse myself.

BOOM! And yet not a boom. *Bang!* And yet not a bang. Iron upon iron, but with no metallic reverberation; the echo only in my frightened brain as I sat up in bed in the gray of the morning light and tried to define the assault. Again it came, and I knew it to be a knock on the knocker of the front door. I don't know how the door felt about it, but it had the effect upon me of a blow; to combine the two, a knock-out blow directed at me.

I appreciate now that I should have received the knock-out blow as would a pugilist. I should have fallen straight back upon my pillows and lapsed into unconsciousness. In that fashion I would have demonstrated that I was in no way concerned with the front door and the knocks thereon; that the front door led to the maisonnette, but was not the maisonnette, and that it was the duty of the landlady, snug and warm with her Pomeranians in the room directly above me, either to answer knocks or to discourage them.

But I can never resist an appeal at a front door. I suppose I was a lackey in some earlier period, for I hastily threw a dressing-gown about me, went to the door, and received from the postman a parcel of obviously dying flowers addressed to the lady sleeping above. I put the parcel down on the antique wedding-chest in the hall, and flew back to my cooling bed. I shut my eyes. I put a stocking over them. "You are asleep," I said.

"Blump!" cried a woman's voice down the street. "Blump!" It came nearer. There was a sudden barking. At first it seemed to be the Pomeranians, but, on analysis, it was one large bark rather than two small ones. It was the dog next door protesting at "Blump." Soon the noise came to our door, accompanied by a knock, a different kind of knock, but just as imperative as the postman's, and throwing a fur coat over the dressing-gown, I again answered it. There was no one at the door; nothing but one quart of milk looking up at me boldly (whoever said "as mild as milk"?), with the milk-girl going her wretched way down the street. Once we had milkmaids in the country and milkmen in the city. Now men look after the cows, and girls peddle their commodity; but no matter what the sex, the London street-cry of "Blump," horribly corrupted from "Milk below," continues to add to the horrors of rising. Do you remember in the dead-and-gone days *Trilby* and her "Milk below," in the actress's best diction? What if *Trilby* had made her entrance on the stage with "Blump!" like a trained bullfrog! The play would have been a failure; as life at the maisonnette was going to be? I would not admit this.

The milk joined the dead flowers on the chest, and the fur coat, the dressing-gown, and I retired. We filled up the bed. "You are asleep," I again told myself.

"Bing!" at the door, followed by *tat-tat;* then a scuffling sound, as though rats were endeavoring to get through the keyhole. I put the eider-down quilt over the fur-coat over the dressing-gown, and went to the door. The paper-boy had gone on to exasperate further the dog in the next house, and through

the letter-drop had been shot the morning papers. All of us, including the papers, crowded back into my narrow bed. I put the stocking over my eyes. "A maisonnette is that portion of a house rented by the householder in order that the tenant may answer the door," I chanted in the fond hope of putting myself to sleep with the idea.

The rage that this thought developed warmed only my head. My feet were freezing. I was too cold to get up and light the oil-stove, and the only picture which soothed my mind, and finally sent me off in a doze, was that of Gladys—Gladys, who would soon be deftly laying the fire for me. How Gladys was to get in I did not know or care. I certainly was not going to let her in. That she did force an entrance, I learned later, was due to her arrival at the same time with the landlady's maid. But from that moment on until I first beheld Gladys kneeling at the grate, my dozing dreams were perforated by staccato whispers in the hall and thousands of feet going up and down the basement steps.

I removed the stocking from my eyes when I was sure Gladys was kneeling at the hearth, and elevated myself upon the pillows to greet her. I saw a young head, wearing an evening coiffure, bound low on the brow with a black velvet ribbon. She was singing "Over There."

"Is that you, Gladys?" I asked by way of greeting, just hoping it might not be.

"Huh?"

"Is this Gladys?" Faintly from me.

"Ung-huh."

"Very well, then," I returned firmly, sticking to my original formula. "Good morning, Gladys."

She settled back on her haunches and looked at me; then she candidly gave to an icy world evidence of her first limitation.

"I never could build a fire," confessed Gladys.

I and my wrappings retired under the coverlet for a space, again to emerge; and with a mighty summoning of early Indiana days I arose and showed my handmaiden how to lay the sticks. I also produced the fire-lighter, soaked it in the paraffin, and applied a match. The charm worked. Gladys was yawning at it.

"You need not watch it," I said, for I was proud of the thing. "You can bring up the breakfast."

"Huh?"

"Where did you come from?"

"From Canada, and I wisht to God I was back there."

"So do I." I was very fervent.

She thought I liked Canada, and grew more sociable.

"I am going to a dance," banging the coal-scuttle against the Queen Anne furniture.

So far as I was concerned, she could have left immediately, but fear of Beechey in the kitchen held me in bounds. "Get the breakfast first."

"All rightee." She made her exit.

After a while the coffee came up, Beechey just behind it, beaming at me. "She 's splendid," whispered Beechey. Then I appreciated what I should have known before—that my friend will never see straight, and that she will never suffer greatly from the annoyances of life because of this. That quality is the real "treasure of the humble." If a thing is hers, it is all right. It is all right because it is hers, and Gladys was hers.

We had a few days of horrible cookings and worse service before I returned to the registry to report on the lemon-grove for which I had paid a half-crown and a twenty-shilling fee besides. This was done by stealth, for Beechey implored me not to let the girl go until we were sure of some one to take her place. At least she could carry the coal, sweep and dust after a fashion, and do up the dishes at night before going out to her evening dance. That is, she would do them up if Beechey kept her eye on her, I having departed to the theater; but she never went through a motion in the kitchen that could be avoided, although I suppose if a pedometer were strapped to her body, one would learn that at least five miles of lost motions in jazz-steps were recorded every night.

Yet I do not regret the experience with this problem in economics that Great Britain has for the moment to deal with. For the first two years of

the war the fighting Colonials were allowed to bring their families over. So the father of Gladys, a man nearing fifty, and probably of not much use as a warrior, came across, and with him, or after him, in hot pursuit, I imagine, came the useless mother and six children. Three of the children were so young they had to go to school; of the other three one went into the Land Army, and two into service, or such service as they could secure, for they had never been taught anything remotely relating to usefulness of any kind. I could not imagine from what stratum of life they came until my landlady told me that Gladys told her she also was an actress. Then I knew that she belonged to that mean type who hang about the theaters in America in the capacity of supers. I have never known one who has an ounce of real worth in her make-up.

That she and her sister ever went into service at all was because they were starved into it. The glorious color which had so impressed Beechey naturally would impress her, for it was paint. When once besought to rub it off, she did so for the moment, and presented to us a hollow-eyed, gray-faced girl who, as she argued, would never get a job, much less hold it. She knew she was rotten,—that was one of her charms,—but her indifference to adopting methods that might make her of value rendered this charm evanescent.

While she was exceptionally inadequate, she is one of the thousands of girls of the same estate in America. They are not brought up with the idea of going into service, therefore they learn nothing of housekeeping, and the net they prepare for the ensnaring of a husband is seldom stronger than a hair-net decorated with ribbon. It was with a deep-burning shame that I, who had come from the United States to escape the endless love lamentations of my youngest woman friend, should be dangling possibilities of a successful catch before the girl if she would only learn from Beechey something of cookery. To be sure, most of the dishes Beechey knew she prepared in a chafing-dish, but they could just as palatably and much more easily have been done on a range. "I ain't a-goin' to cook forever," was our maid's hopeless reply. And while I might have responded that she was not a-goin' to cook for us as soon as we could better our condition, I did not presume to be saucy until the dream became a business.

This looking forward to marriage and an immediate hired girl of her own is not the evil of England, but that of my country, where we are all ladies, or expect to be, and therefore never cook. And it has little to do with this story beyond, as I have said, that there are hundreds of just such girls now in England, eating food and disseminating their "just-as-good-as-you-and-a-little-bit-better" notions without any evidence that they are good for anything beyond a good time. These girls now want to go back; they are cold and underfed. As Gladys herself said, "I 'll cut my throat if I gotta stick it." But the steamer passage is now too high, and the British Government does not appreciate that dipping into their treasury and sending them home might bring a greater return to the nation than the monetary expenditure would mean a loss.

We kept Gladys on from day to day for several reasons. One was that we could n't do better, another that her father was a soldier, another that Beechey's life was one continual triumph of hope over experience, and the last that Gladys had turned her bedroom into a bower of beauty with a sad little view to remaining permanently.

She undoubtedly liked her place, and we thought at times she might make an effort to earn the money I was expending upon her. But her efforts were ever limited to personal adornment, at its best at a dance, and sadly out of place in a kitchen. She did the entire embellishing of her own room. The piece of carpet to stand upon that my landlady had promised me was never brought down from her stores, and no bit of cracked mirror was ever supplied. I myself brought home from the theater a dressing-room mirror, and took a useless rug from my bedroom to place at her wash-stand. But the landlady, who, if she had not been a lady, I would say "snooped," brought it up-stairs

again. And my curiosity was so great to see when she would really look after a servant's comfort that I made no further effort toward exacting it from her.

Yet, snooping myself one day, I found the room hung with pennants on which were lettered the names of Canadian towns Gladys might have passed through *en auto*, or might (mighter, in fact) have bought in a Toronto ten-cent store. There were bits of cretonne cushioning, picture-postcards of lovers, artificial flowers, and cracked mugs, and a shell from Catalina Island. It made me sigh to step from that room, in which she took so much pride, into the filthy kitchen, which also belonged to her. The kitchen had pretty blue-check curtains at the window. It had a high mantel-shelf, with old copper jars on it which would have shone with beauty if polished. The long dresser of dishes was attractive, and the whole would have presented a pleasant room to learn to be a good wife in if it had been looked upon as anything but a prison-cell.

One of our guests at one of Beechey's luncheons commented with aptness upon this discrimination of Gladys between beauty that had to do with her and that which pertained to hated service. Beechey burst into luncheons as soon as my trunks were unpacked and the sparse linen purchased. She sweetly wished to share her friends with me, and she had every reason to be proud of them. It is one of the charming traits of the English that, no matter how poor you are, if they like you, they will come any distance, climb any number of stairs to see you, and they will invite you to their houses, no matter how shabby you are, to meet their very best-dressed acquaintances. If they smiled at Beechey, they smiled indulgently, and never seemed to show the social exhaustion I felt at the close of a luncheon which was to have been served at one and came staggering up on a tray at two.

Naturally, I would be the more exhausted, as it was my maisonnette, and I had to struggle with the added responsibility of making conversation with strangers, while Beechey directed below-stairs, and trying to remember the hyphenated names. It was of no assistance to me that I knew their husbands' names. I would have to know their father's name as well, or their mother's name, or some family name that they sought to keep green by placing it just before the last, or one of the last, of their husbands' names. And to this day I don't know whether I should address them by the last name or the whole combination, or, as they playfully seem to, drop the last altogether, and concentrate on the first in the arrangement. We Americans have one advantage, two in truth: we can do anything wrong and not be thought any more dreadful than usual, and we can always begin a conversation with "Say." As I grow older, I stick more and more firmly to being an American, and I frequently "say-ed" these pleasant women.

I remember it was one of them—she knew everything and everybody, and was writing a book about those things she knew which could decently be put down in a book—who, with an author's eye, watched Gladys as she recklessly served the delayed luncheon. When it would seem that she had permanently withdrawn, the guest dared to comment upon the appearance of our general, or, rather, to respond to my own *coup d'œil* and my whispered, "Did you see her apron?"

"Yes, and I saw her hair," the guest replied.

Gladys, although provided with aprons by me, had on as filthy a one as I have ever met. But her hair was coiffed, and the black velvet ribbon was lower than ever on her forehead. Cap? Well, rather not. Canada?

"What intrigues me," continued the hyphenated lady who bore her first and third husband's name, "is her vast interest in her hair and her indifference to the apron. She is wearing it. It is part of her."

"It is n't part of her," spoke up another woman. "That 's just it. It 's part of Mrs. Closser-Hale"—they hyphenate me over here, do it firmly; protest is useless—"and she does n't take any interest in it at all."

"But she would look smarter, I dare say she would be prettier, if her apron was nicer," continued another one of

these amazing people. Not that I discouraged their frankness. I was grateful for this impersonal view, their criticism in no way including me. I felt no responsibility for our servant. As the woman said of her husband, "Thank God! we are no blood relation."

"It 's a badge of servitude, an apron. They have that in their heads, and if they can discredit it, they will do so. My maids won't step to the corner with their caps on any more."

We still talk of servants in America, but long ago they stopped this in England, and now they have begun again. So, after all, it was not because it was low to talk of servants, but for the reason that it was not really part of the issue of living. But it is very much part of the present issue, and I find that the great ladies over here enjoy it as much as the Dorcas Society does in an Idaho village. I sat forward, for I wished to get into the talk again, if only as a member of the Dorcas Society.

"Why won't they wear their caps?" I asked.

"I wanted to know that, too. Bowen —that 's my parlor-maid—said she would lose her chances."

"Chances for what?"

"Chances to get married, of course. Possibly to the ironmonger's son near by, or some one who is in trade."

My brain whirled.

"Then this scarcity of servants can be traced back to mere sex," I shouted.

"*Mere* sex!" exclaimed the lady with the names of two husbands and who was writing a book about them.

They all looked at me, and there fell one of those embarrassing British pauses which I have learned is embarrassing only to the American. We fly into words to fill it, saying nothing, while they are just leisurely thinking things over. My words flew about wildly, but they were not as senseless as they appeared on the surface:

"I did n't come over for this!"

Then they all laughed, because when in doubt it is safe to show appreciation of what Americans say. The chances are we are trying to have our little joke.

After they had left, falsely pretending I was going to take a walk that I might look at the tablets and the tombs of Chelsea, which always delights Beechey, I flew up to the registry. The blonde was not at all glad to see me, as she had my money and no more servants; but since those conditions endured, I thought the least she could do was to talk to me.

"Oh, they will go back into service," she said crossly,—she was always cross with me after I had paid my fee, but, then, she had many Gladyses to contend with throughout the day, and I had only one,—"but they won't as long as they can draw the out-of-work donation."

"Out-of-work donation?" I echoed respectfully.

"Yes, madam," banging desk-drawers full of names of cooks who would n't cook, "the government donation. Domestic servants went into munitions, motor-driving, into the Land Army, into all sorts of high-paying positions during the war. And with the money they bought gramophones and fur coats and lessons in jazzing, and when the war suddenly ended, the Government, out of recognition of their services, arranged to pay these workers four-and-twenty shillings a week for fourteen weeks, or until they could find work at their old pursuits. The same thing held good for the men. You should see them on Fridays, drawing their money. 'Silver queues,' they are called."

"Can't they find work?"

"Most of them can, but they won't look for it until the donation ceases."

"I thought they went into war work for patriotic reasons," I said bluntly.

"Did they in the States?"

"No," I admitted. "They took the job because the pay was higher."

"So they did over here. Don't let us deceive ourselves. The ladies of the upper classes worked for patriotic reasons or for excitement or to get away from their homes; but to thousands of our women it has been one huge holiday. Gramophones and fur coats!"

I could not respond to her impatience over the music-boxes and the warm wraps. There was something pathetic to me in these first purchases made by girls who lived in carpetless basement rooms, with no music for them save from the pianos of their betters above, and never entirely warm when out in

the raw air until the war and its vast emoluments made fur coats possible. Many of them have no longer these treasures in their possession. In the north of England the pawnshops bear placards in the windows that no more fur coats will be accepted, and gramophones bring only a few shillings.

The sister of Gladys, who worked in the Land Army, was drawing an out-of-employment donation, and refusing to live at home or contribute to her mother's support so long as the twenty-four shillings weekly was paid her. Gladys herself said it was "fierce" to take money one did n't earn, but that it was awful hard to go back to a kitchen.

"But if it 's a nice kitchen?"

This was false in me, for I don't think any kitchen is really very nice except to learn to be a good wife in. And this sympathizing with one side and then with the other is going to end in a very bad article, with no proper deductions drawn, and the reader left all up in the air with me and the rest of the world. Gladys forbore to comment on kitchens.

"'T ain't that. You can't get in the right set if you 're working private. When you 're in a factory, you go in a good set. A non-com., even a private, won't look at a hired girl if he can get somebody working, say, in a candy-factory. I was in a chocolate-factory oncet, and was in a dandy crowd."

"Why did n't you stay in the factory?" I suddenly prodded. She evaded the question. Of course she had lost her job, incapable, as ever. So I continued: "What difference does it make whether you 're in a candy-shop or a kitchen? You 're the same girl."

Gladys was standing by the table, eating the crumbs on the cloth in lieu of brushing them up.

"You 're the same girl all right, but we ain't got no standing. Kitchen work is work in a kitchen, and a factory job is a business."

She went out, catching her apron on the door-knob, uttering a "Damn!" and dropping my minute ration of butter on the floor. But I did n't care. She had hit it. Any work on top of earth is looked upon as a business except domestic service, and until that time comes when it will be a business, women of to-day, tortured by the wave of feminine unrest that has come sweeping over us, will avoid it. If we could make the world over, and sponge from the brain all meaning of the word service save its most beautiful significance, the intelligent girl who has a special aptitude for housework (and I still think this type predominant) will continue to strive for a place in some black factory by day to earn a blacker hole to sleep in by night. And she is unhappily right, for this poor striving is only her way at maintaining her self-respect. She will no longer be a serf.

Good comes out of evil. This alarming refusal to return to domestic service now that the necessary curtailment of the personnel of English houses, great and small, has lessened, has caused the sober-minded men and women of Great Britain to treat the domestic problem as thoughtfully as the other huge labor conditions which have ever confronted them. Scared into it, as I have said, but at any rate really endeavoring to recognize menial work as a business. But the point is that they do not call it a business. They still call it domestic service.

Some committees have made no wiser concessions than the adoption of a handle to the names of their employees; they are called Mrs. or Miss. Others, however, are arranging with them hours for work as definite as those in a factory. Hostels are being established, that they may not "live in" if they do not want to; uniforms are taking the place of caps and aprons. Maids are sent in by the hour, at tenpence—twenty cents—an hour, and at Highgate a club has been opened which all of England is watching. I know the woman who started this club, and how she has planned it for years. It is amusing that she has accomplished at Highgate what I suggested at Kennebunkport, Maine, and was sneered at for my efforts.

But all women of all countries must have discovered by now that, in the new order of things in this world, they must put others at ease if they mean to be at ease themselves. For I believe this rebellion would have come among domestics even had there been no world

embroilment. The war brought to them, as well as deep grief and quickly forgotten losses, a period when they were just as good as anybody, and they are loath to return to a condition undeniably held in poor esteem by their fellow-creatures.

Just at present, as I have outlined before, we are in the worst stage of all, for the English servant will not work for those who are n't kind to her, yet despises those whose sway is gentle. I wish a woman's brain could be entirely taken apart, like a watch, thoroughly cleaned, and the good little jewels of the works set to gleaming again. I wish I were wise enough to do it. But, there, I can't clean a watch, much less a girl's brain.

So far I have terribly muddled it. My landlady is out a very good maid because of the present of four shillings from me. In my quaint desire to be loved I gave her this money, and as it was just one dollar more than she had calculated on to eke out her scanty existence, she decided to dispose of the vexatious sum as soon as the nearest pub was open. It opened at twelve, and she fled, but to return. To return and create a mild scene by standing in front of my window and railing at me for "swanking about with my money."

It was very "tiresome" to my landlady, who had found her a good servant up to the dollar spree, and it was very embarrassing to me, as I feared the girl had lost her place. If a maid drinks in America, out she goes; but my landlady had no thought of dismissing her. The patient householder is accustomed to half-pint sprees, if not to two-quart ones, and we saw the maid no more because some other anxious housewife snatched her up, profiting, no doubt, by the enervation following the party.

"It does n't do to be too nice to them," said my landlady, which showed a great deal of restraint. "Now, about this mouse-trap—"

But I continued silently mutinous as she explained the vagaries of the mouse-trap. It is the last clutch of the feudal system, this control by fear. The servant still vaguely recognizes it, even as she resents the system; it keeps what poor wits she exercises under the ordered sway which we all need to preserve our balance. But it clamps down the best of her, for the overlord of old was intent only upon the discipline that brought immediate results to him. Planning a future for his vassals was never one of the aims of the baron.

As I say, to all intent I was confining my attention to the mouse-trap furnished by the landlady. With the coming of Gladys we had grown even more popular with rodents in our neighborhood. Word went round among the mice that two Americans and a Canadian were living up the street, and that what the Americans did n't eat above-stairs the Canadian left on the floor below-stairs as she hurried out to her evening jazz. Properly speaking, it was not a mouse-trap. But the landlady, with that curious attention to pennies and indifference to pounds which marks the aristocrat who goes into business, had it stored among her effects and thought it might be used. It was really a rat-trap, a very large one, and if a mouse once moved into it the little creature could roam very comfortably through its long galleries for the rest of its life, and make itself a decent home. If bored, Mr. Mouse need not trouble to go out the main entrance, but could exit between the wires, which were wide enough.

Yet it was brought to us to catch mice in, and we were besought, if we did catch one, not to kill the little thing, but to carry the trap and all over to Battersea Park, a distance of about a mile, and let it out. She had tried it herself with a string bag, but, curiously enough, there was no mouse upon her arrival. Yet this was the lady who would not furnish me with a scrap of carpet for my maid's room!

Now, who is to solve the servant question over here when no one has begun to solve the mysteries of the mistress who engages the servant?

Where is America Going?

By WEBB WALDRON

A series of letters by an American journalist to Bernard Roberval, French historian and philosopher.

Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A.,
January 15, 1920.

My dear Roberval:

You remember that last day after luncheon at your delightful club, as we sat on the terrace looking down into the gardens that stretch to the Avenue Gabriel?

You speculated on what impressions America would make on an American who had been away through the most exciting period of her history—an American who saw the armies in action, who saw Germany and Hungary in revolution, who was bored and disillusioned by the bickerings and intrigues of the peace conference, who saw Europe everywhere on the brink of economic smash-up, and who through it all had looked back to America as a comparative heaven of sanity, health, and safety. You wondered whether the war had affected America essentially or only superficially. You wondered what America was thinking about, where America was going. You said that was the most important question in the world.

Well, I 'm going to give you a picture of America as I find it. Perhaps, after I 've seen a little more of my country, I 'll be able to tell you where it is going.

I do not think I could begin any better than with probably the most amazing city in America—Detroit.

One day last summer I heard an American officer in Paris say to a prominent French woman: "You 'd enjoy America. We are n't so crude, you know. We have several cities with distinctive atmosphere; San Francisco, for example, and New Orleans, and that charming old French town, Detroit." Maybe the American's reference to Detroit was facetious. Maybe, on the other hand, he had never been in Detroit. Charming old French town! When I saw Detroit first, in 1899, it was a sleepy middle-Western city, rather like an overgrown village; possibly a whiff of its eighteenth century French atmosphere did cling somewhere about it. But to-day! There is atmosphere, yes; but its single characteristic is a smell of gasolene. Imagine this. A cluster of new sky-scrapers thrusting gawkily up out of a welter of nondescript old buildings. A big open square crowded with automobiles; great radi-

ating streets teeming with crowded trolley-cars, radiating outward like the fingers of a Brobdingnagian hand through a vast dreary waste of criss-cross streets lined with rows of soot-blackened wooden houses, on and on, mile after mile, till they reach stupendous palaces of steel and glass that suck in and disgorge hundreds of thousands of workmen morning and night. Automobiles are everywhere—automobiles in solid ranks along the curbs, automobiles parked solidly in public squares and vacant lots, automobiles rushing up and down in unbroken streams. Automobiles! automobiles! Such is Detroit. Yet, despite all this, Detroit is still in many ways a village. It has a village transportation system, village newspapers, a village society, a village point of view. This is a very typically American thing, Roberval, that villages become metropolises and yet remain villages. A village of one million people! For Detroit is making over half the world's automobiles.

What are these people thinking who rush up and down in trolley-car and motor, who crowd these sidewalks and shops, who pour in and out of these steel-and-glass palaces where automobiles are wrought? What has the war done to them? I fought my way into a trolley-car that already contained twice as many people as it was built to carry.

"We thought they 'd sold us out to the bosses," one workman was explaining to another.

"How 's that?" asked his companion.

I edged nearer, listening. It seems that the men in the department of the automobile plant in which the first speaker was employed recently decided to ask for an increase of wages. The entire department belonged to the union; so the men asked their union officials, "What increase shall we demand?" "Demand an increase to one dollar an hour," was the reply. The men delegated the union officials to put this demand up to the plant management. But before the demand had been passed upon, the men made a startling discovery. The non-unionized employees of another plant, doing exactly the same kind of work, were already getting a dollar and a half an hour. The unionized men turned on their union representatives and charged them with treachery. But there had been no treachery. The non-unionized men had simply asked for a dollar and a half, and got it without question.

"What 's the good of belonging to the union?" the speaker concluded.

I dropped off the car. That phrase, "What 's the good of belonging to the union?" stuck in my mind. Let me explain, Roberval, that I 've come back to an America torn by industrial conflicts. Strikes, rumors of strikes, industrial conferences that more often fail than succeed, fill the newspapers. From the newspapers one gets the impression of two giants, the labor union and the capitalist, facing each other with set jaws and bared teeth.

In a telephone-book I found the address of the headquarters of the Auto Workers' Union, whose full title is the United Automobile, Aircraft and Vehicle Workers of America. In a small office I discovered William A. Logan, international president of this organization.

"What are your aims in Detroit?" I inquired. Mr. Logan, in answer, started to lecture me on the iniquities of the new law of the State of Michigan which forbids sabotage, and exclaimed that the courts will probably interpret sabotage to mean striking or anything they please.

"But," I insisted, "what are your specific aims and grievances in Detroit?"

He hesitated.

"Well," he said finally, "I guess we have n't anything to complain of. Everything 's all right."

Think of it! Could any one go into the offices of any labor organization in any other industrial capital of the world at the present moment and get such an answer? Perhaps one could. I do not know. Here in Detroit, at least, labor organizations are apparently unable to raise an issue because they know that any group of men, unionized or not, can go to an employer and get almost anything they want. Why?

I took a car for one of the steel-and-glass palaces.

"Labor troubles?" the manager repeated in answer to my question. "In the ordinary sense, no. We have n't time to fight out wage disputes. Good Lord! man, we 're six months behind in our orders!"

"What do you mean by in the ordinary sense?"

"Why should we pay twice as much as before the war for men who do only a little over half as much work?" he demanded. "That 's what hurts. Do you know that labor efficiency has slumped thirty-five per cent. in this plant in the past year?"

Employers in England, France, Germany, and Hungary complained to me of a like slump in labor efficiency. Over there the explanation I got was "war weariness." But was America in the war long enough to grow "weary"?

"Why the slump?" I asked.

"During the war," the manager replied, "the Government spread posters broadcast telling the working-classes they were 'it,' that victory over Germany depended on them alone. Well, that propaganda simply gave them a realization of their own power, and they 're acting on it. They work at the rate they please."

No labor troubles, but plenty of troubles with labor, I saw. Detroit emits a cry of industrial discontent, but it comes almost entirely from one end of the horn—the employers'.

I went on to another plant.

"Yes, we have a serious loss in efficiency," the president of the company admitted. "Almost forty per cent. in some departments. Cause? The war, of course. But I could n't agree that it is conscious shirking. Here 's an incident that illustrates what I mean. The boy who was my chauffeur before the war came back a few weeks ago and took his old job. I 'd had seven or eight different drivers in the last year, and now I congratulated myself. Ken was a good, skilful man; he 'd been with us for years, was like one of the family. But I realized immediately that he was n't doing his work as he should. And a couple of days ago he came into my library, deeply troubled. 'I want to work for you,' he said. 'The wages are right, and you treat me fine; but I 'm doing my work rotten, and I know it. I 've had about fifty jobs since I got out of the army, and either got fired or quit every time. Now I 've got to quit you. If I don't, you 'll fire me sure. I 'm sorry. I don't know what 's wrong.' I urged him to give the job another chance, but he would n't. He 's a perfectly honest, ambitious fellow; but the war did something to him; he does n't know what, I don't know what. It 's done something vital and destructive to a lot of us." He mused a moment. "Maybe," he said at last, "that very restlessness is the sign of some ultimate good. How can we tell?"

I went on to still another office, and here I got data about the alarming increase in the waste of material.

"For every dollar we spend on productive labor," the president of this third plant read from a report of his controller, "we must set aside forty cents for scrapped material due to careless workmanship." He looked up from the paper. "You can't discipline a workman any more," he explained. "If you do, he quits. He knows he can get another job right away, and you know you have to have another man right away, a man who may not be as good as he is."

This company builds one of our highest-grade automobiles; careful workmanship is imperative. Some time ago the company erected and equipped an apprentice school at a cost of $350,000. Here a boy got a course of expert shop instruction; he was paid at the full rate for work he did while training. The company figured that the school would pour a constant stream of expert workmen into the plant, men trained on just its type of work, and that these graduates would be attached to the plant by a certain loyalty, thus reducing the labor turnover. "Every time a new man comes on a machine, there is almost sure to be a temporary drop of efficiency on that machine," the president reminded me. "The first output of the machine may be unfit to pass our inspection, even if the man is a conscientious worker, because he is n't accustomed to our standards yet."

Recently, however, this concern found that its apprentice school was costing eight hundred dollars each for every

graduate who stayed with the plant. "Some of the graduates never entered the shop at all," the president said. "Others would stay a few weeks, then drift on to another plant. Sometimes they had no apparent reason for quitting, sometimes they went because another plant offered half a cent or a cent more an hour, for the time being, on a certain class of work. So we 've shut down the school. We could n't afford it."

It must be explained that the working conditions in this shop are excellent, and the wage-scale quite up to the high average in Detroit. In New England I have visited machine shops where a large number of the workmen have, as it were, grown up with the plant. Such a condition is almost unknown in Detroit. Few of the automobile shops are more than ten years old, of course, but you would n't find many mechanics who have been continuously in the same shop through even half of the shop's history. Workmen move restlessly from shop to shop as the mood strikes them or as this or that concern bids slightly higher. In a plant like Ford's, where multiple manufacture has been pushed to the last degree, so that most men's jobs consist in performing one very small operation over and over in endless monotony, the sense of attachment to the concern is naturally at a minimum. "Nobody would work for Ford's five minutes except that he pays a little more," a workman informed me. "Ford's makes a machine out of a man."

Watching the driving routine on the assembly-floor at the Ford plant, one is reminded of the protest put into the mouth of the French workman *Pierre*, in Brieux's new play, "Les Americains chez nous": "L'économie des mouvements, le rendement maximum, le taylorism, comme vous dites—moi, j'appelle ça le *terrorisme*. . . . Toujours et toujours faire le même mouvement, prendre un bout de métal par ci, le donner à la bête, en reprendre un autre et le lui redonner et toujours, toujours, toujours. Je vous ai dit que c'est à devenir fou!"

Later in the day I interviewed the manager of still a fourth plant.

"They 're talking down in Washington about restricting immigration, especially alien enemy immigration. Do you know what we 'd do if we were wise? We 'd offer a bonus of a hundred dollars to every German workman who would come to this country and settle. One German is worth half a dozen Polacks or Dagoes. Dangerous? Nonsense! Think of the trouble the Germans in this country could have kicked up during the war if they 'd wanted to! But they did n't. The trouble was all made by a few hired agitators. The German, next to the Anglo-Saxon, is the best citizen in the world, and the best workman."

"What do you think of the League of Nations out here?" I asked irrelevantly.

"Oh, it 's all right. We 're for it. And we wish those fools down in Washington would hurry up and ratify the peace treaty so we could cut loose from Europe for good."

You, Roberval, one of the few men I met in France to whom the League of Nations seemed a realizable or even a reasonable idea, how often you emphasized your belief that if the League of Nations was a reality to America, America could impress that idea on the world!

"The really important thing"—the manager came back with relief to more vital matters—"is the question whether we can get enough labor to fill our orders."

He, too, is swamped with orders. He, too, is crying for men, men, men.

Some of the results of this demand for men will astonish you, as they astonished me. And here comes a matter that has never been fully realized—the profound effect of the machine tool. It is n't an industrial effect only; it is ultimately an economic, social, and political effect, also. The same effects have been observed in Europe, I imagine, but probably not to the same degree. I am not saying, mark, that all jobs in automobile plants are machine-tool jobs; rather, I want the machine tool to typify the vast majority of jobs in these plants. They are highly specialized jobs on expensive material, where the profit is high to the employer even at the amazing wages paid here, and they are jobs which may be learned in a

few days or a few weeks at most by any man of ordinary intelligence.

Now, why should a man dig sewers, even at seven dollars a day, when in a few days or weeks he can learn a job in an automobile plant and earn almost twice as much with half the exertion? The city government of Detroit has been offering seven dollars and more per day for men to dig trenches for sewers and water-mains, with no comers, or else with "comers that might as well be goers," as one city official puts it. Why should a man work for an ice company? Why should a man get up at three o'clock in the morning to drive a milk-wagon? People in Detroit complain that their ice and milk fail to come half the time because the men do not stay on the job long enough to learn the routes. Why should a man work on a farm when he, too, can get a job in an automobile shop and triple his pay? I remember that ten or fifteen years ago twenty-five dollars a month was thought good wages for a farm-hand in southern Michigan. Eighteen dollars was often the year-round wage. One day a man who had been working on a Dakota ranch turned up at one of my uncles' farms and ask for a job; he wanted thirty dollars a month. "Go chase yourself!" my uncle exclaimed. "No mother's son 's worth thirty dollars a month." Now, farmers around Detroit and Jackson and Flint are offering seventy-five and one hundred dollars a month and board for help, also with no comers or else "comers that might as well be goers." A farmer near here told me that he is paying his man four dollars a day, and not only boarding the man, but the man's driving horse as well. "And he ain 't worth shucks," the farmer added. Farmers in this district say that this year they 're going to farm only what they can care for with their own hands without hired help. This draining of the farm is happening everywhere in America around industrial centers, but probably nowhere so acutely as here. And the natural query is, What will happen if even one quarter of the country's farmers act on that principle this year? That again leads on to another question. If farming is a business, as its defenders say it is, why can't it compete with other businesses in the labor market? Is the price of the farm product too low, or is there something the matter with the farmer? The man who answers that question must fix his eye on the machine tool and what the machine tool typifies.

But is labor any better off in Detroit with all these soaring wages?

"It 's harder to live on seventy dollars a week now than on thirty-five before the war," a die-maker at the Ford plant told me.

There 's a curious compensation in these things. High wages draw swarms of people; a congestion of people brings profiteering in food and property values and rents. Government statistics show that the cost of living has gone higher in Detroit than in any other American city. And it 's not only the high cost of living, but the inability to find any roof at all under which to live, that confronts thousands of people here. Housing is a world problem. A distinguished Japanese told me a few days ago that it is as acute in Tokio as I found it in Paris and Berlin and Budapest, but Detroit has the worst situation of any city in America.

Mayor Couzens, the Jim Couzens of Ford fame, tells me he is in favor of building a wall around Detroit and keeping people out for six months, or, at least, of strongly advising people to stay away. "Of course," he said, "it would be hard to get the newspapers to handle any such appeal, because the merchants and their advertisers would n't like it." He added: "Human nature 's such a contrary thing, that we 'd probably have twice as many people piling in here just to find out why we did n't want any more people."

Neither merchants nor industrial men can see the Chinese wall idea, but they have evolved another idea—"The Detroit Idea," the House Financing Corporation.

Once you called my attention to the impossibility of Bolshevism or any sort of revolution in France, because you are preëminently a nation of small landowners. Detroit's business and industrial leaders know that individual ownership is the surest way of making social and political conservatives out of their men,

of quieting the restless spirit that is undermining their efficiency. Besides, there is a real desire among Detroit mechanics, as in most American industrial centers, to own their own homes; the desire needs only stimulus and direction. The House Financing Corporation is a sort of specialized bank whose sole aim is the rapid building of houses and individual ownership of houses. The $3,000,000 capital stock has been subscribed by Detroit employers on the basis of $25 per employee for concerns having up to 500 on the pay-roll, and a decreasing scale down to $10 for concerns employing 20,000 or over. It is no more a charity affair than a bank is; it returns six per cent. on all money put into it.

To understand its working, let me explain how houses are usually built in American cities. A builder buys land and puts up a house or a block of houses, then sells them on the instalment plan. Suppose the builder sells a certain house for $6000. The buyer signs a contract to pay, perhaps, $1500 down and the remainder in monthly fractions. You assume, I suppose, that this $6000 is the cost of the house and land to the builder plus the profit he wants to get out of it; but it includes much more than that. Let us see. After the builder has made his contract with the buyer and received his $1500, his next move is to get all the rest of his money out of the house, for he is usually a man of small capital. So he secures a mortgage on the contract; for $1500, maybe. Then he takes the contract, with the mortgage attached, to a concern that buys such contracts and sells it, probably at an enormous discount, perhaps fifteen or twenty per cent. I should interpolate that it is very difficult to sell these contracts even at such discounts. As a result he may get $4500 cash out of a house that he has sold for $6000. The land and house may have cost him $4000. But if he had n't put the price up to $6000, he would n't have made any profit at all. Who loses? The buyer, of course.

Now, the House Financing Corporation is backing responsible builders so that they can erect houses rapidly. As soon as a builder finishes a house or a block of houses, he can get all of his money out of them through the House Financing Corporation, and so go right on building. The price of the houses to buyers includes only building price, plus a reasonable builder's profit. Also, the House Financing Corporation advances to individual owners up to four fifths of the value of their land and prospective house; banks and trust companies will advance only one half. By enabling the home-builder to pay cash, the contractor in turn can pay cash, get material cheaper, and so make a better price on the house.

But it 's in the promotion of rapid building rather than in the saving of money that this scheme has been serviceable in helping solve the housing problem in this amazing city. Despite complaints about the high cost of living, no one seems very much interested in trying to force prices down.

"People don't ask the price any more," a Gratiot Avenue merchant declared. "They just say, "Send up the goods.' " A friend of mine was waiting one day in a cigar store near one of the automobile shops. During that time about twenty mechanics came in.

"Only six of the twenty bought two-for-a-quarter cigars," he said; "the rest took twenty-five-cent cigars." If capitalists smoke twenty-five-cent cigars, why should n't mechanics smoke them, too? No reason in the world; and yet this free, lordly attitude to the humble "fifty-cent" dollar is n't likely to decrease the dollar's humility. Rather the opposite, don't you think? You know, Roberval, what effect our doughboys' loose and easy way with their money had on prices in French villages.

Make, spend—that is the spirit of the moment. How dumfounded a French mechanic would be at a glimpse into the home of the lathe-hand I am just visiting. In the parlor are a new piano and an expensive talking-machine. In the dining-room a new and expensive set of silver dishes. In the kitchen a new electric washing-machine that cost over one hundred and fifty dollars. When the mistress of the house goes out calling or shopping, she wears a new sealskin coat. The master of the house rides to and from his work in his own automo-

bile; on holidays the family motors to the country. Is this man interested in national, political, social, or economic problems? He is not. He is interested in making all he can now, while the making is good.

"Bolshevism?" he says. "I think it 's mostly a lot of newspaper bunk. But if Bolshevism is coming, I guess it 's up to me to make all I can before it arrives."

And making means spending.

There seems to be no immediate danger of an end to the opportunities for making. Once some very, very wise men set 1909 as the date of automobile "saturation." By that time, we were told, every one in the world who could possibly afford an automobile would have one, and the only thing necessary henceforth would be to manufacture enough cars to take the place of those that wore out. Then the saturation date was advanced to 1912, with appropriate explanations. The war advanced it still further. Now wiseacres equally wise fix 1921 or 1923 as the period of saturation.

But the automobile men I talked with in Detroit are n't so wisely sure as all that. When I asked Roy D. Chapin, president of the Hudson Company, about saturation, he drew my attention to the billions that will be spent on highways in America in the next ten years, "every mile of which will mean more cars and a greater intermingling of people," and then spoke of the export field "in which America will always be able to undersell foreign builders because our vast production will keep our costs down." When I asked Alvan Macauley, president of the Packard company, he called me to the window of his office and pointed to a whole city block adjoining his plant parked solidly with cars of every kind and price.

"Do you know whom those belong to?" he asked. "Mechanics in this plant. The day is coming when every mechanic and every farmer and every professional man in this country will have his car." (All except editors, school-teachers, and preachers, I mentally reserved.) "That day is a long time off."

Yes, it is a long time off, even in America, to say nothing of Europe, and then Siberia, Nigeria, and Polynesia.

Automobiles and washing-machines and sealskin coats as antidotes for Bolshevism—this seems to have become the theme of my first letter. What is the significance of Detroit? Is all this half-satisfying plenty in the midst of a world that has destroyed and wasted and underproduced only a strange local magic? Is the peculiar chance for profit in automobile production, in contrast to the food production and clothes production by which communities live, alone responsible? Yet the demand which makes automobile production profitable comes from the food-producers and clothes-producers of those other communities. Then what, if any, relationship is there between plenty in Detroit and want in Vienna? Are they facets of the same phenomenon? And what, if any, relationship is there between the things which force themselves upon me here—these expensive, sometimes evil-smelling, but exceedingly comfortable things—to our dreams and our fierce concern over international policies and national ideals?

My next letter will treat of an altogether different phase of our life, as I find it now. In the meantime, from this city of conspicuous peace, I send you greeting. Who would have thought that four thousand miles or so of water and land could make me feel so far from the Avenue Gabriel!

Yours sincerely,

WEBB WALDRON.

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THE ROMANCE OF NATURE

Eight Paintings

by Eliot Clark, A.N.A.

"The Portals of the Eternal"

GRAND FALLS PUBLIC LIBRARY

"The Valley of Mists and Forgetfulness"

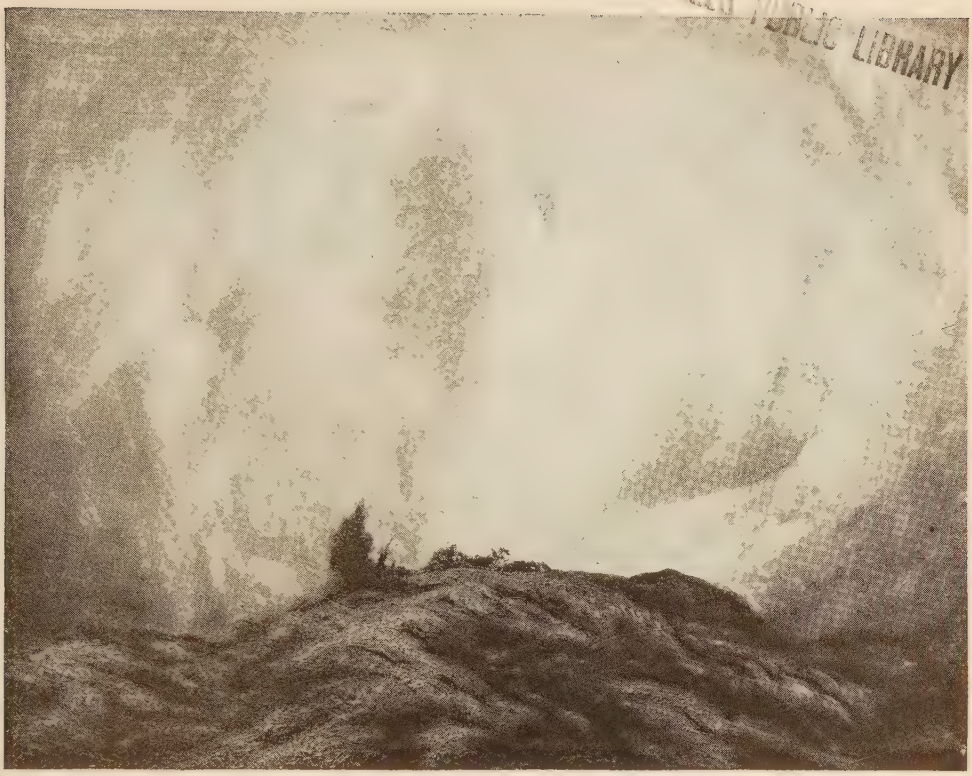
Hillside, New Hampshire

IDAHO FALLS PUBLIC LIBRARY

Upland country

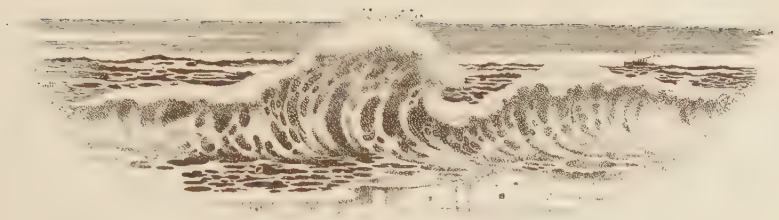
Cloud glory

IDAHO FALLS PUBLIC LIBRARY



Upward and beyond

Apple-blossoms



The Tide of Affairs

Comment on the Times

By GLENN FRANK

LONG LIVE THE OLD ORDER—WHITE AUSTRALIA CHALLENGED—GOOD NEWS ABOUT PHYSICAL AMERICA—A NEW SORT OF PULPIT—AN IRISHMAN LOOKS AT HIS WORLD—THE NATIONALISTS—THE UNIONISTS—THE THREE FEARS OF ULSTER—WHY ULSTER WINS—HOPE IN PARLIAMENT DIES—SINN FEIN ENTERS—FOUR AIDS TO SINN FEIN—AN IRISH MONROE DOCTRINE—THE HEALTH OF THE WICKED CITY—IMPERIAL BOLSHEVISM—IS OUR GOVERNMENT IRRESPONSIBLE?

LONG LIVE THE OLD ORDER!

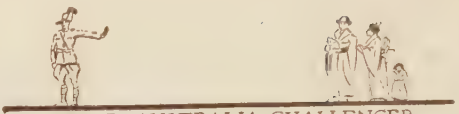
THE peace conference might well have ended its sessions with the toast: "The old order is dead! Long live the old order!" For while the negative result of the conference may have been to loose in the world resentments that will one day wreck the old order, its positive result was to give the old order a temporary new lease upon life. Signs multiply in sickening accumulation that the post-war world is very much like the pre-war world. The luminous words of the new diplomacy have struck a stubborn darkness that they essay in vain to penetrate. The high audacities of a new internationalism have been checkmated by the high ambitions of a new imperialism. The ancient parable of "The Sower" is re-ënacted with the world for a field.

Behold, sowers went forth to sow, at Paris, seed-bearers of a new order; and as they sowed, some seeds fell by the wayside, and the birds, ravenous vultures of a narrow nationalism, came and devoured them. And others fell upon the rocky places, where they had not much earth, where statesmanship displayed a stony indifference to fresh ideals, and straightway they sprang up, because they had no deepness of earth, only the passing repentant mood of wartime, and when the sun had risen, when the Parisian council was challenged to turn the dream into deed, they were scorched, and because they had no root they withered away. And others fell upon the thorns, and the thorns grew up and choked them, the seed-principles of a new order were choked by the thorny mass of detailed problems in which a thousand piece-meal compromises obscured the avowed ideal. And others fell upon the good ground, and yielded fruit, some a hundredfold, some sixty, some thirty. Only here the parallel grows dubious.

It may be said, however, that the peace conference revealed the old order for what it is. Imperialism may find it more difficult in the future to masquerade as an international evangelism. The masses have learned from the sophistries of Paris to distinguish between propaganda and a new heart in diplomacy. The mind of the masses is the good ground that may yet yield thirty, sixty or a hundredfold.

But the old order is still about us, with its cunning calculations for a balance of power that will tip in the right direction at the right time, with its sterile and trouble-making doctrines of economic exclusion, with its fatalistic clash of races. All this is obvious, perhaps obvious beyond the need of statement, but it is important to remember in reading the current news of foreign affairs and in making up our minds about American foreign policy. It is impossible to pass just judgment upon national policies to-day unless the judgment is based upon a sun-clear recognition of the fact that the nations are still operating under the old international order that existed before the war, not under the new order foreshadowed by the prophetic writings of Mr. Wilson and the pre-conference concurrence in them by Allied statesmen. Even international idealism cannot dispense with justice in its judgments.

All thinking about international affairs to-day must in justice begin with the fact that as long as the present every-nation-for-itself-and-the-devil-take-the-hindmost system prevails, there will be ugly and reprehensible policies that call not so much for our impugning the motives of the nations holding to them, as for our indictment and reform of the system that makes them apparently inevitable. We may as well face the facts. Until we effect a more decent and statesmanlike ordering of the political and economic relations of the world, imperialism, the outward urge of crowded races, immigration, tariffs, armaments, sea mastery, and the problem of subject races will harass us with their old and sinister implications. The evils of the old order cannot be exorcised by the holy water of state papers. Nothing but a new and better organization of the world will do that. Nations will not lightly cast aside the policies and weapons of the old order, the only protection they have, until there is at least a gambling chance that the new order is to become effective fact. All this is said in the hope that the idealist, as he reads the discouraging news of foreign policies, will be driven not into cynicism, but rather into a new determination to work for a better international order.



WHITE AUSTRALIA CHALLENGED

IT would be difficult to find a more apt illustration of the contentions of the preceding editorial than the present Australian-Japanese relations and outlook. There we have both the old-type conflict and the old-type reactions to the situation. On the one hand we find the outward urge of Japanese expansion; on the other hand the lure of Australia's vast and undeveloped expanse. But Japanese emigration to Australia runs full against the "White Australia" doctrine. Let us examine a typical Australian reaction to the problem, and set against it a typical Japanese retort.

Prime Minister Hughes of Australia makes no attempt to reinforce the "White Australia" doctrine with elaborate biological arguments. He has doubtless followed the literature of special pleading for the white races to present a solid front against a menacing encroachment of color. But he speaks to the Japanese with a very direct simplicity. He says in effect that Australia is the Australian's home, and that the Australian reserves the right to say who shall reside therein. He tells the Japanese that he will not say that Australian blood and ideals are better than Japanese blood and ideals; he will content himself with saying that they are different. He contends that the Japanese have no grounds for charging the Australian with racial discrimination as a result of this attitude, for, he contends, a man may conceivably hold in high respect the abilities of a man he would not care to have live in the house with him. The *Verboten* sign is up, Australia has the right to put it up, and that is all there is to the matter. Behind this simply stated attitude there are, of course, a whole complex of considerations, strategic, economic, and racial, but this is the popular form of the "White Australia" doctrine that threatens to turn the Pacific into a witches' caldron.

But Japan refuses to accept this simple Australian logic. Mr. H. S. Gullett,

an official Australian war correspondent, states the Japanese attitude very pointedly in his report of certain conversations with members of the staff of the Japanese delegation to the peace conference and with Japanese journalists. Speaking to a group of manufacturers in Victoria, Mr. Gullett said:

> Japan in Paris definitely and strongly challenged the "White Australia" policy. She did not officially make special reference to Australia in her demand for racial equality, but the members of the staff of the Japanese delegation, which was a particularly strong one, displayed an extraordinary interest in the affairs of the Commonwealth, and a disquieting intimate knowledge of this country.
>
> In conversation which I had with members of the staff and with very well-informed Japanese journalists, they discussed our Australian barrier against the Asiatic in a very friendly way, but at the same time in the frankest manner. They contrasted overcrowded little Japan with this vast, sparsely populated continent, and they said in effect: "We are at present fighting for the principle of racial equality. But this is only the beginning. We intend to fight for free reciprocal immigration. We are a great, proud people. We are very congested. We can admit your claim to the possession of all Australia only when you have made that claim good. It is the duty of every fertile part of the world to-day to carry its fair proportion of the world's population and to produce its proper proportion of the world's necessities. Australia is not doing that." That is the opinion of all educated thinking men in young Japan.

By virtue of the Versailles settlement, Japan is in a better position to take action in pressing her contention, if it should come to that, than ever before. She can, in defiance of the mandate, it is true, fortify the Marshall and Caroline Islands, which she now holds; she can construct a naval base there; and from there she can operate a great air fleet within easy striking distance of Australia. The settlement brings the Japanese frontier three thousand miles nearer to Australia. These facts bring a shiver to Australians as they remember the announcement of plans for a great extension of the Japanese navy, hard upon the heels of Viscount Jellicoe's proposal for a British Empire fighting fleet in the Far East.

All the earmarks of the old order attach to the Australian-Japanese situation. We have in Japan much the same problem that we had in Germany before the war: a people with a marked racial pride and coherence, a crowded people, looking with envious eyes at land-sated states and empires, and a national policy of combing the world for ideas and principles of organization to be correlated in the building of a powerful national machine. The basic elements of the problem are population, room, and sustenance. Japan's birth-rate is excessive. Birth control has made little headway in Japan. She is yearly producing a human surplus in an already crowded country. This surplus cannot be absorbed by assimilation into other races. The other races have put up the bars against that. Unhindered access to raw material and their sources is vital to Japan's industrial future.

It may be doubted whether Japan would ultimately be satisfied merely with the freedom to migrate and merge with other races in other lands, were that freedom granted. We remember that the war just ended was a protest from Germany against that method of caring for a racial overflow. Germany contended that the very freedom with which the German could settle the world over meant a draining of much of the best German blood from the veins and arteries of the German state. The reasons back of a crowded nation's unwillingness to accept freedom of migration to other countries as a solution has been well stated by Mr. H. H. Powers as follows:

> Surplus population is after all the growth of a people. To dispose of it by emigration to other countries is simply to give away and waste what ought to make the home country great. It costs a great deal to raise a man from infancy to manhood, and when he is grown and able to work, he ought to be worth something to his own people. . . . The race that consents easily to expatriation and assimilation may multiply and replenish the earth, but as a race and as the

exponent of a distinctive culture, it will perish. . . . Half a century ago the older peoples viewed with little apparent concern the wastage of their human surplus, and even encouraged it by fostering emigration. . . . The old wasteful days, when nations looked on with indifference at the loss of the most enterprising of their citizens, are past and an era of culture thrift has begun. The emigrant goes out with a string to him.

This is, in our judgment, the statement of a fundamental law in the development of peoples. Japan's present high concern with the right to migrate to other lands does not necessarily mean that she will be satisfied with that as a final solution, no more than Germany was satisfied with her right to migrate. On Japan's side, then, we have the unsatisfactory condition of the old order breeding the national ambitions that have all along marked the old order and brought on its recurrent wars. Her mouth's watering at the sight of Australian acres is only a symbol of the larger Japan problem that concerns the whole world.

In Australia we find no frank facing of the realities of the problem; only a dogmatic assertion of the "White Australia" doctrine, and a plain trust in the weapons of the old order. We find Prime Minister Hughes saying at one time, as with a touch of sadness that the new order has not appeared, that the failure of the League of Nations casts upon Australia heavy additional burdens for military and naval defense, and that Australia must, as in time past, depend alone upon the British Empire as the only League of Nations that can effectively keep the world's peace. But at another time we find him frankly choosing the policies and weapons of the old order in preference to the policies of a newer order.

Mr. Catts, labor representative from New South Wales in the Federal Parliament, took Mr. Hughes to task for turning down the American scheme for internationalizing the Marshall and Caroline Islands. Mr. Catts contended that Mr. Hughes, in assenting to the Japanese occupation of these islands, had himself struck a body blow at the "White Australia" doctrine which the prime minister so stoutly upholds. Mr. Hughes, in making answer to this charge, clearly reveals his international outlook, his frank preference of the old order. He said:

What does international control mean in relation to immigration, in relation to trade, and in relation to navigation? This is the only country in the world that has carried the "White Australia" policy to the lengths to which we have gone . . . in the League of Nations Commission, when the question of equality of racial treatment was considered, an overwhelming majority was recorded against us on the last and crucial vote. Nothing is surer in this world than that international control would mean the complete demolition of the "White Australia" policy.

Do you realize that we are 5,000,000 people, and that we say to the whole world, "You shall not come in here," into a country capable of holding 200,000,000 people? You cannot expect people who do not understand our ideals and our conditions to support that attitude. Then you have to consider the open-door policy, which is a *sine qua non* of the mandates of the second and third classes. If we had the open-door, where would be our trade? How would we protect ourselves? It would be impossible. And what about navigation? It is of vital importance to us that the ships trading to these islands should fly our flag and give employment to our seamen. Under international control that would not be so.

All this is said not to indicate that Mr. Hughes is at all cheerful over Japanese occupation of these islands. He claims that he only bowed to Great Britain, saying, "we were told by the British Government, upon whose shoulders rested a crushing weight of responsibility, to act in a certain way, and we acted in that way." He asserts that he protested such solution in 1916 and again in 1918, when in a memorandum Mr. Bonar Law, then secretary of state, stated that "Mr. Hughes had only acquiesced in that which was already done." The point of significance in the utterance of Mr. Hughes is the way in which the old order saturates his whole thinking about the future.

That forces are shaping a conflict in

the Pacific cannot be scouted. What about it? For one thing, we shall not help the situation by growing cynical or hysterical about Japan as the potential Prussia of the Far East, although Japan is all that. It will help little to satirize the stone age economics of Mr. Hughes, although he displays a singular density to creative politics. Again, then, what about it? Shall we throw down the bars of immigration restrictions the world over, and permit colored and white peoples to intermingle without let or hindrance? Peace does not lie in that direction. With the colored races numerically on the increase, and the white races on the decline, we do not want further to foster a colored ascendancy. Shall we send birth-control missionaries into Japan? Would this gospel of restriction gain proselytes quickly enough to forestall difficult times?

There is, in our judgment, only one thing that will lead us out of the present tangle of race conflicts. That one thing is an intelligent readjustment of international relations and holdings that will actually provide outlets for all crowded races, and give ample opportunity to every race to express itself in its own peculiar way in a home of its own. This doubtless means marked territorial readjustments. Territories now held by white races might need to be allocated to colored races, enough to take care of their legitimate expansion. And the economic relations of the world must be freed from the handicap of artificial restrictions and placed upon the basis of a competition in excellence alone.

This may be said to be a highly idealistic and extremely difficult program. But in the absence of such a program, can we hope for other than continued friction and periodic wars? It is not simply a question of nicely weighing and bitterly denouncing imperialism. In addition to attacking the inflated ambitions of this nation or that, we must contrive a "moral equivalent" of imperialism. If we do not want other nations to dream the Germanic dream of world domination, we must remove the actual geographical and economic conditions that can be made, by an astute government, to lend the show of validity to a program of conquest.

GOOD NEWS ABOUT PHYSICAL AMERICA

WE have an aversion to lending our ears to prophets of disaster or to irritating critics who insist upon cataloguing our manifest faults. We may half accept the truth of the adage that "the public usually sides with the prophets of bliss, while time and fate invariably decide in favor of the prophets of evil," but we are nevertheless pleased when the statistician records our progress in some field in which solicitous guardians of our manners and morals have warned us that we were violating the laws of healthy growth. By this sign the young women of America, in particular, should feel kindly toward Dr. Dudley A. Sargent, who has issued certain gratifying statistics regarding the physique of the American youth.

The American girl has long been belabored by her guardian spirits for her reckless disregard of her health. Separate and detailed indictments have been drawn against her late hours, her improper dancing, her diaphanous dresses, and her cigarettes. It has been proved in the most scientific fashion that the dinner dance was ruining her digestion, and that her décolleté was a sure recipe for influenza.

Now, into the midst of these indictments and proofs Dr. Sargent, who is at the head of a physical training school for girls, throws a statistical bombshell. Dr. Sargent has issued a report that parallels a report compiled for the World's Fair in 1893. The present report shows that since 1893 the average height of American girls has increased one inch, and that the average weight has increased ten pounds. From now on solicitous chaperons may expect to hear these statistics quoted over and over again when good counsel on dress and demeanor is offered to the American girl.

The report also shows that the average height of students in our men's colleges has increased two inches since 1893, and that the average weight has

increased nine pounds. It is interesting to note this fact in the face of the demagogic charges that are now and then launched against our colleges as incubators of vice and training schools for fast living.

Such physical statistics for all classes, rich and poor, young and old, idle and active, professional folk and workingmen, can show, as nothing else can show, the ultimate effect of our social, educational, and industrial life. Comparative statistics of this nature, covering all nations, can throw much light upon the matters of international relations. We can never free the economic relations of the world of their artificial restrictions and put them upon the basis of the competition in excellence suggested earlier in these columns as long as certain nations produce goods at low cost by stunting their workmen with long hours, low wages, and pernicious working conditions. Physical statistics uncover just these things. Here may be one that the League of Nations can do—without reservations. The League of Nations might greatly expand and better correlate the statistical work of the world, particularly as it relates to the blighting or bettering of the races.

A NEW SORT OF PULPIT

MR. CHARLES BRANDON BOOTH proposes a very interesting pulpit experiment in Los Angeles. He has suggested a liberal interdenominational church in which he would serve as pastor. It is designed primarily to serve the vast mass of non-church-going folk. Mr. Booth does not want it to be merely another of the many experiments in independent churches that have ministered only to the intellectual pleasure of a select group, enjoying brief lives and depending for their vitality upon the heavy drafts they have made upon the memberships of existing denominational churches. The proposal has certain interesting aspects.

Although Mr. Booth be pastor of the church, he purposes to speak only occasionally from its pulpit. He may speak not more than three or four times a year. Instead of himself speaking every Sunday, he intends to comb this and other countries for the men and women, clerical and lay, who can speak the luminous word on the issues that underlie religion and life. The persons brought to Los Angeles to speak from his pulpit would be utilized for series of addresses during the week in Los Angeles and the surrounding territory. Thus the pulpit would not only draw audiences to the church, but would itself go to audiences in the clubs and organizations of the city and State. From the information available at the moment of writing, it seems that Mr. Booth, in planning the program for his pulpit, has visualized religion in its broadest sense. Nothing that concerns life or conditions individual and social conduct will be considered outside the jurisdiction of his concern. The fact that Mr. Booth would seldom speak from his pulpit does not mean that he would merely play the rôle of a leisurely toast-master to the succession of men and women addressing his audiences. He has an ambitious civic and social program which, presumably, he would administer as its active executive. If the Los Angeles experiment succeeds, Mr. Booth sees possibilities of its extension to still other cities. If Mr. Booth has inherited a good measure of General Booth's vision and executive ability, the experiment may prove more than contagious.

Mr. Booth conceives this interdenominational church as a supplement to the activities and influence of the regular churches, in nowise as their competitor or substitute. The plan, whether it succeeds or fails in this instance, has in it the elements of a highly intelligent attempt to meet in a constructive manner a fundamentally important problem that has arisen in the regular churches. That problem and its probable solution is the concern of this editorial.

The pastorate of churches and the presidency of colleges have been undergoing a like development. The demands of administration have been slowly crowding the scholar out of the presidency and the prophet out of the pastorate. The sheer magnitude of the

modern educational and ecclesiastical machines demands the executive, with the result that in too many instances we have the careful educational administrator where we need the creative educational leader, and we find only the faithful shepherd where we need the flaming prophet.

The plain fact is, although it may be a thankless task to record it, that the average modern college president is not a creative educational leader, and the average modern pastor is not a creative and inspiring religious leader. This is not merely a fault-finding comment by an outsider; it is only a restatement of what forward-looking college presidents and ministers are themselves saying with even greater emphasis. This regrettable fact is not due primarily to the shortcomings of individual college presidents and ministers; it is the inevitable outcome of a system that, in the church, has united the offices of prophet and executive. Under the present system of church organization, two factors constantly work against the minister's power and opportunity to become the creative ethical and spiritual leader of his parish or community. These two things are, first, the increasing grind of administrative duties that the modern church throws upon his shoulders, and, second, the fact that he is expected to speak with the accent of authority and inspiration once or twice every Sunday to the same audience. These two facts of distraction and routine will in time kill any prophet who is not an exception proving the rule.

It would be difficult to imagine a Milton writing a "Paradise Lost" or a Bunyan producing a "Pilgrim's Progress" while carrying the responsibilities of the executive head of the United States Steel Corporation. Yet that is, on a smaller scale, what we are asking of the American minister. The prophet and poet are at least half-brothers in the conditions required for their best work.

It would be equally difficult to visualize the Founder of Christianity speaking on schedule time, twice every Sunday, to the same group of listeners. The greatest religious leaders, the prophets who have stirred the world and changed the current of affairs, have always been something of free-lances, itinerants, speaking when they were moved, not when they must. Even when they have spoken almost constantly, as John Wesley, they have not been tied to the schedule of one pulpit, obliged to prepare one or two distinct themes every Sunday for the same audience. The routine of the pulpit inevitably begets a measure of artificiality in mood and moral passion save in the highly exceptional case. The very fact that the audience knows the minister is speaking at eleven o'clock on Sunday morning, just as the Twentieth Century Limited leaves the Grand Central Station at two-forty-five o'clock in the afternoon, because the schedule is so arranged, dulls the alertness of attention that the spontaneous or occasional message secures.

It is interesting to note that the keenest students of the place of the minister in modern life invariably comment upon the fact that much of the best preaching is to-day done outside the pulpit in spontaneous and un-scheduled fashion. President Faunce of Brown University, in his illuminating Yale lectures in 1908, made the following observation:

> Preaching is at last getting outside the churches, as it always has done in ages of great moral advance. The preacher is not always or usually an ordained official. He is a college professor, a political leader, a judge of the Supreme Court, a diplomat, or the governor of a state. . . . This modern preaching has shaken off the shackles of the homiletic "firstly" and "secondly"; it has escaped from surplice and pulpit and dim religious light; it has ceased to care for metaphysical formula, and girding itself with the weapons of the time, it sallies forth in broad daylight into market-place and mill and legislature and court, to do battle for the moral ideals of the race. And the multitudes throng and crowd to hear it. Preaching out of date? There is more eagerness to hear a worthy appeal to the sense of duty than ever before since Miles Standish stepped on Plymouth Rock. . . . The labor leaders, speaking in dingy halls or on the public square, often show as much love for humanity and devotion to its uplifting as can be easily discerned in our "masterpieces of pulpit eloquence." Indeed, our

pulpits are sometimes put to blush by the fervor and conviction of men who breathe an ampler ether and speak in more convincing tones.

Mr. Booth's proposal seems to be based upon a frank recognition of the importance of this non-ecclesiastical preaching and an attempt to harness it to the service of the church itself.

To stand before the same audience twice, or even once, every Sunday and say things that interest, inspire, and lead is a challenge that might well tax a superman. Now and then a great man arises who can do that, but the pulpit system makes that demand of every minister, mediocre or brilliant, educated or uneducated. May not Mr. Booth be suggesting how a church can be organized so that there will be an intelligent division of labor between a settled pastor, the man who will shepherd the flock and administer the collective religious, charitable and civic undertakings of the parish, and a succession of prophet-preachers who will revive the great itinerant-tradition? With these itinerant preachers may be joined a great body of laymen who may speak with authority and helpfulness on the issues of our times. It will be a matter of regret if Mr. Booth's church becomes merely another "forum" and fails to rise to the dignity and importance of a real experiment in creative church organization.

AN IRISHMAN LOOKS AT HIS WORLD

UNDER this title, George A. Birmingham has written a series of papers about the tangled issues of Ireland that for acute analysis in thought and clear, simple beauty of diction are a delight to any one accustomed to shouldering through the turgid mass of propaganda and the labored pages of men who seem to think scholarship and obscurity are synonymous. Just when we are listening to the appeals of Eamon de Valera, president of the unrecognized Republic of Ireland, and watching with interest British statesmen as they again shuffle the cards in the Irish game, is a good time to follow Mr. Birmingham's lead and try to clear our minds about what has happened in Ireland to bring about the present state of affairs.

Foreign affairs have not been a regular diet with the rank and file of Americans. Our geographical isolation accounts for much of the provincialism of American information on foreign affairs. Some one has said that at the beginning of the war the average American was not quite certain whether the Ukraine was a nation or a musical instrument. Certain it is that on most foreign questions, whether the Ukraine, Czecho-Slovakia, Esthonia, Latvia, Bessarabia, or Thrace, most of us find it necessary to fill in a background of elementary information before we can follow with ease and understanding the daily news of these territories.

The familiar problem of Ireland is no exception to this rule. It might be thought that the wide-spread enthusiastic interest in Ireland displayed throughout the United States would mean an equally wide-spread knowledge of Irish affairs. That this is not true is doubtless due to the fact that Irish affairs bulk large in American discussion not entirely because there is a greater intellectual interest in Irish than in other foreign affairs, but chiefly because the very large Irish vote in the United States leads every politician to manifest a peculiar interest in the Irish question. The unvarnished fact is that the average American politician is interested in Ireland's political future not so much as an Irish question, but as an American question. In sketching the background of the Irish problem, we cannot do better than to follow the simple sequence of Mr. Birmingham in the earlier papers of his series.

Under the medley of group opinions in Ireland, back of the divers proposed solutions for the political status of the island, there are two grand divisions of political thought. These two divisions are represented by the Nationalists and the Unionists. Thinking of these terms as representing political ideals rather than political parties, all political

thought in Ireland can roughly be classified under one or the other of the two. Under such classification, each group would of course contain many variations of views. Ignoring for the time these variations, let us broadly visualize these two camps of political conviction.

I. THE NATIONALISTS

The Irish Nationalists, even considered strictly as a party, have never enjoyed any deep-going unity. Here again ignoring the many shades of variation, it may be said that the Nationalists fall into two quite distinct types or groups. Their difference does not lie primarily between moderation and excess in their demands, nor yet in relative emphasis upon political action and physical force as means to their ends. Both groups of Nationalists have arrived at the conclusion that the union between Ireland and England should be broken, but they have arrived at this conclusion by different routes of reason. They agree in their aim; they differ in the reason for their aim. A good way of defining their difference is to call one group the practical Nationalists, the other group the idealistic Nationalists.

The practical Nationalists want the union between Ireland and England broken for the practical reason that it has not worked or, if it may be said to have worked, that it has worked to the ill of Ireland. At bottom this is a Nationalism of expediency, and if it ran true to form and really represented the major Irish opinion, there would be grounds of hope for British statesmen that a wise and constructive and thoroughly sincere policy of conciliation could effect a solution of the Irish problem without severing the ties between Ireland and England. That is to say, if British statesmen so administered the union that it worked, removing one by one Ireland's specific grievances, bringing a popularly enjoyed prosperity, settling Ireland's economic problems in justice, basing the union upon a deal square beyond the critic's assault, the ground would be cut from under a Nationalism that based its claim upon the failure and injustice of the union. But, unfortunately for British optimism, the practical Nationalist does not tell the whole story. The second type of Nationalist must be reckoned with, although many students of the Irish situation contend that under the skin most Irishmen are practical Nationalists; that even the Sinn Feiners will in the end accept a workable compromise. Whether this be true or false, the second type of Nationalist has been a stubborn factor in the situation.

The idealistic Nationalists want the union between Ireland and England broken for the idealistic reason that Ireland is a nation and is, therefore, entitled to the imprescriptible right to be the captain of its own soul. This group bases its claim not so much upon Ireland's hapless present as upon Ireland's distinctive past. The idealistic Nationalist is inspired by pride in the civilization, the language, and the jurisprudence of ancient Ireland. He is impatient at peacemeal reforms granted by England, for he fears that such reforms might bribe the Irish soul into content with a union based upon conquest rather than upon consent. Plainly this reason for their Nationalism gives the idealistic Nationalists a greater firmness and consistency of attitude than the practical Nationalists. The practical Nationalist is out for what will work best for the practical good of the Irish people. If some form of Home Rule did this, he might support Home Rule. If the status of a self-governing dominion did this, he might support that plan. If nothing short of an independent Irish Republic will fill the bill, he will be for that. But the idealistic Nationalist apparently is for a completely independent Ireland first, last, and all the time.

We have here discussed the Nationalists not in the sense of the old Nationalist party, but as one general type of political mind in Ireland. We have used the term broadly enough to cover all the new insurgent ideas making for a break with England. We shall a little later trace the recent developments of Irish Nationalism in the Sinn Fein party and in the contradictory nationalistic leanings of Irish labor, but for the moment we are concerned only with a type of mind.

II. THE UNIONISTS

The second grand division of the political mind of Ireland is represented by the Irish Unionists. The Unionist attitude is not so wide-spread, but that its discussion must deal rather definitely with the Unionist party as such. The Unionist group falls into two distinct classifications. On the one hand we have the Northern Unionists, and on the other hand, the Southern Unionists. For still clearer distinction, we might refer to the strong Unionists of northeast Ulster, and the weak Unionists of the rest of Ireland. The Unionist mind in Ireland has been all for a continuance of the union between Ireland and England. The Southern Unionists, essentially a party of gentlemen, are a more tractable group than the Ulster Unionists. But they cut little figure in the larger affairs of Irish destiny, and we are justified in confining our examination of the Unionist attitude to an analysis of the Unionists in Ulster, who have so long been able to impose their absolute will on the Irish situation, despite the fact that they are only a small minority. Let us see upon what grounds these Unionists of Ulster have based their inflexible opposition to Home Rule, to independence, or, in fact, to any weakening of the ties that bind Ireland to England.

III. THE THREE FEARS OF ULSTER

There is a loose popular conception among many American supporters of the Unionist point of view that Ulster is Protestant, industrial, and hard-working, while the rest of Ireland is Catholic, agricultural, and happy-go-lucky; that this Protestant minority does not want to get into the clutches of the Catholic majority, this industrial minority into the hands of the agricultural majority, this hard-working minority into the hands of the happy-go-lucky majority. The case is not so simple as that. The province of Ulster is not completely Protestant and industrial, comprising one-third of the Irish population, with its back to the wall, opposed by the three other provinces completely Catholic and agricultural. In some of the Ulster counties there are strong Catholic and Nationalist groups. In fact, the 1911 census recorded about 700,000 Catholics as against 900,000 Protestants in Ulster.

But the Unionist Ulster we are here studying, in an effort to get at the mind of the Ulster devotion to union with England, is the section centering around Belfast and Londonderry, which is predominantly Protestant, industrial, and hard-working. It is there that Ulster Unionism is found in its greatest purity and greatest strength. These Ulster Unionists entertain the three fears just mentioned.

The men of northeast Ulster fear that Home Rule would mean "Rome Rule" to the extent of decided discrimination against and persecution of Ulster Protestants by the Catholics who would predominate in any Parliament of a home-ruled or independent Ireland. For this reason they dread withdrawal of the protecting arm of Protestant England. As a corollary to this religious domination, they fear that the Catholic majority would, through its control of any Irish Parliament, throw the educational system into the hands of the Jesuits and its other teaching orders.

They also fear that Home Rule would mean "Farm Rule" in the sense that the agricultural masses throughout the rest of Ireland, through their majority representation in the Parliament of a home-ruled or independent Ireland, would discriminate in legislation against prosperous industrial Ulster. They fear that the representatives of the agricultural majority, inspired by the old dislike of Ulster and envy of Ulster's rapid strides in prosperity, would make Ulster hold the bag in the matter of taxation.

And finally they fear that Home Rule would mean the "Rule of Incompetence," because the agricultural majority would have neither the experience nor the knowledge that would enable them wisely to legislate for an industrial region like Ulster. They have long feared what they regard as the sinister political tactics of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and the United Irish League.

Here then are the three fears of Ulster: (1) The fear that Catholic Ire-

land would discriminate against Protestant Ulster; (2) the fear that agricultural Ireland would over-tax and otherwise unfairly legislate against industrial Ulster; (3) the fear that an Irish Parliament would be packed with members unqualified to handle the problems of a modern industrial community. It has been said that the men of Ulster know that they have had the best end of the bargain to date, that they simply do not want to change from a position of superiority to one of equality with the rest of Ireland, and that their fears are trumped-up fears to lend the look of logic to their intransient attitude. There is little to support this charge. Although many of their fears might prove groundless in the end, the men of Ulster undoubtedly believe that independence would not mean real self-government for them. Were these fears dissipated, tens of thousands of Ulster Unionists would probably go over to the camp of the Nationalists.

IV. WHY ULSTER WINS

But the thing that has bothered American readers has been the difficulty in seeing how such a small minority, whatever their fears and however good their reasons, could absolutely dominate the entire Irish situation. The plain fact that the union with England still stands is the sign of Ulster's successful opposition. There are those who say it is not so much that Ulster is strong as it is that England has never really intended to extend any marked measure of Home Rule, that her movements in that direction have been merely opportunist gestures, that it has been with relieved gladness rather than reluctance that she has made Ulster the excuse for repeated postponements of Home Rule. One big factor that has ministered to the success of the Ulster opposition to Home Rule has been the unwillingness upon the part of many Nationalist leaders to permit the exclusion of any part of Ulster from Home Rule, fearing that the exclusion of such a wealthy, even though small, part of Ireland from an Irish government might mean the failure of the experiment. Thus the old contest between state rights and secession, which we knew in the Civil War period, operates in Ireland. But Ulster Unionists have succeeded not only because of these factors, but also because Ulster Unionism is a party of unusual strength through the fact that it has united all classes of its people on its program of opposition. The composition of Ulster Unionism is a unique story.

Ulster Unionism has united three classes that are normally at one another's throats, the aristocracy, the trading class, and the laboring class. These three classes are alike in their almost fanatical devotion to the union with England, but each favors the union from a different motive. The Ulster aristocrat favors union with England for imperial reasons. This Irish aristocracy has, by long tradition, a knowledge of large affairs and marked qualities of leadership. These Irish aristocrats in Ulster have an undying pride in the British Empire and are inveterate imperialists. It is not Catholic Ireland or agricultural Ireland or incompetent Ireland that they fear primarily. They fear a Nationalist Ireland that would disrupt the British Empire. The leadership of this group gives marked strength to Ulster Unionism. Yoked with these aristocrats are the business and manufacturing classes of Belfast. These men of trade favor union with England more from economic than imperial reasons. They think profits and prosperity safer under British guidance than under the guidance of an inexperienced Irish Parliament. To these men of aristocracy and industry are joined the Protestant laboring men of Ulster. They favor union with England not from imperial or economic motives, but from a religious motive. Their basic fear is of Catholic domination. Simply as working-men they are independent and radical, but their fear of the pope is so much stronger than their fear of the capitalist that they are unswerving in their coöperation with the aristocrats and the business men.

It will now be of interest to trace the developments that have resulted in the present wide-spread unrest and virulent passion that has of late swept Ireland in the interest of separation from England.

V. HOPE IN PARLIAMENT DIES

There has been a long and steady preparation for the present outburst of fresh Nationalistic ambition in Ireland. One of the things that has prepared the way has been the gradual destruction of the average Irishman's hope that progress toward self-government could be secured through the work of an Irish party in the British Parliament. The Irish party in Parliament has tried in turn three policies, and each has signally failed. Butt, the leader of the first real Nationalist party in Parliament, tried a policy of argument. He found that in Parliament members are more recorders of party policies than individual statesmen to be convinced by sound arguments. He failed. Then Parnell tried a policy of assault. He gathered strength, and then threatened to obstruct legislative business unless he got what he was after. That failed. He tried to threaten party leaders. Straightway political enemies closed ranks and defeated Parnell's tactics. Then Redmond tried a policy of alliance. He bargained with the Liberals and promised to support them if they would support his demands. The Liberals failed to deliver fully on their promises. Redmond failed. The successive failures of these policies of argument, assault, and alliance convinced Irishmen that no hope lay in an Irish party in Parliament. They began to cast about for tactics that would promise greater success, and their casting about has ended in the present vogue of the Sinn Feiners.

VI. SINN FEIN ENTERS

Who are the Sinn Feiners, and how did they rise to power? There is in many minds a vague notion that the Sinn Feiners were, in the beginning, a small band of Irish anarchists or Celtic Bolshevists who started out one evening with torch and gun and inflammatory words and overnight roused all Ireland to a fever-heat of sentiment for their independent policies. The story, of course, is not as dramatic as that. The words "Sinn Fein" means "ourselves" and when joined, as they sometimes are, with a third word, we have the phrase "Sinn Fein Amhain," which means "ourselves alone." This is the name chosen by the new party which Mr. Arthur Griffith, the editor of "The United Irishman," founded. Defining the aim of the party, Mr. Griffith said: "The basis of the policy is national self-reliance. No laws and no series of laws can make a nation out of a people which distrusts itself." The party was at first only a group of young intellectuals who felt that Ireland's best future demanded her cutting free from all foreign entanglements, notably British, and basing her development upon self-reliance, self-help, and self-sacrifice. Skipping past details, it may be said that the new Sinn Fein party jogged along slowly, as most ready-to-wear manufactured parties do, as our Bull Moose Party did, gathering to itself individual minds that agreed with its policies and point of view; but it did not sweep the country. For ten years after the beginning of the agitation that produced the party it cut only a slight figure in Irish politics.

VII. FOUR AIDS TO SINN FEIN

But, independent of specific Sinn Fein agitation, a combination of circumstances was forming that turned the party from a pet project of a group of intellectuals into the dominant factor in Irish politics. The more important elements of this combination of circumstances favorable to Sinn Fein may be listed as four in number.

First, there was going on a genuine non-political awakening of national consciousness throughout Ireland. The men and women behind this movement probably did not dream that they were forging weapons for a Sinn Fein party. This awakening of national consciousness expressed itself in three directions, cultural, industrial, and agricultural. The Gaelic League worked to revive the Irish language, customs, and folk-lore to their pristine purity. The townsfolk labored in the interest of an industrial revival. The Agricultural Coöperative Society preached the gospel of an agricultural renaissance for Ireland. All these forces were making appeals for

Irish self-reliance, and it was but natural that these forces should become friendly toward the Sinn Fein ideals of self-reliance, although full assent to the party's entire program might be withheld.

Second, there was a growing unrest throughout Ireland over the failure of every effort to get Home Rule through constitutional means. The old Nationalists parties had fallen down. By a process of elimination, the Irish mind turned toward Sinn Fein as another hope for achieving Nationalism.

Third, there was the organization of the Volunteers, which originally had no connection with, but which was later to become "the striking arm" of, Sinn Fein. This was an organization that was planned in imitation of the Volunteers of 1778, who were officered by the Irish gentry. The organization was for the purpose of maintaining a drilled force in Ireland. They were Nationalists, but of a strange type. Mr. Birmingham states that they seemed to have no bitter hatred of the Unionist Volunteers of Ulster, that they even cheered Sir Edward Carson at times, on the general principle that he was defying English law, and that any defiance of England was worth applause, that the early Volunteers were a motley band that might have become the protégés of any one of a number of groups, the official Nationalists, the Irish gentry, or even of the Allies in the Great War. But nobody seemed to hanker after the job of shepherding this volatile crew, and so, more by drift than design, they became allied with Sinn Fein.

Fourth, there was a growing class consciousness in the ranks of Irish labor. The story of how Irish labor, when it became class-conscious, turned to the intensely nationalistic Sinn Fein instead of to an anti-national and international program is an interesting study in paradox. It was Jim Larkin, bold and picturesque, who struck the new note in Irish labor. He went past the ancient gilds and the modern trade-unions and welded the lowest labor of the island into a class-conscious unity. But Larkin was not enamoured of Sinn Fein Nationalism. He was not primarily anti-Catholic or anti-British; he was primarily anti-capitalist. Had Larkin held control of the labor situation, there might never have been an alliance between labor and Sinn Fein. But Larkin was succeeded by James Connolly, who, to a marked degree, at any rate, threw labor into the Sinn Fein camp. How the normally international mind of labor could ally itself with a narrow nationalism is a puzzling question, but that is another story for another time.

The point is that these four developments created great reservoirs of power that were tapped by Sinn Fein. The facts that such diverse elements have joined the ranks of Sinn Fein makes any prophecy of the future development of the Sinn Fein program a difficult undertaking. It all depends upon the element that develops strength sufficient to dominate and direct its development.

The purpose of this survey is not to recount the recent political history of Irish politics, but simply to describe the forces at work. We have to-day in existence an "Irish Republic" asking recognition. England is proposing two parliaments for Ireland, one for Ulster and one for the rest of Ireland, with a single council for all Ireland that will have such powers and duties as the two parliaments may see fit to grant it as the situation develops. Carson is reported as advising Ulster to face about and yield to this plan. But the one thing England insists upon is that complete separation from the British Empire is out of the question. Sinn Fein demands complete independence. The outcome is in the lap of the Gods.

VIII. AN IRISH MONROE DOCTRINE

One of the main arguments of England is that Ireland is so strategically located that the security of England demands union. Eammon de Valera answers this argument by proposing a Monroe Doctrine for the British Isles in which he asserts the Sinn Fein Republic would coöperate. He asserts that England can grant independence to Ireland and at the same time guarantee her security by such procedure. He asks why Great Britain cannot do with Ireland as the United States did with Cuba.

THE HEALTH OF THE WICKED CITY

POETS and politicians have long idealized the barefoot boy of the open country. The health and happiness and untarnished naturalness of the country that "God made" have been set against the health-destroying and genius-blighting artificialities of the city that "man made." Like so many truisms, this is not true.

Life is healthy and happy and conducive to the best development of mind and body in the country, the same as in the city, only when life is intelligently ordered. Poverty and ignorance and indifference leave as black trails of broken bodies and stunted minds in Possum Hollow as in Paris. A pointed illustration of this occurred in a recent address on "Better Health for Rural Communities" by Dr. George E. Vincent, President of the Rockefeller Foundation. In this address Dr. Vincent contrasted the results of recent investigations of city high-school pupils and of the pupils in a typical rural school. The comparative statistics are illuminating.

It was found that fifty-two per cent. of the rural pupils give evidence of malnutrition, while only two and one half per cent. of the city pupils so suffer. Fifty-eight per cent. of the rural pupils suffer from eye defects, while only five per cent. of the city pupils show similar defects. Fifty-one per cent. of the rural pupils are subject to anemia, while only twenty per cent. of the city pupils show a like weakness. Only ten per cent. of the rural pupils use tooth-brushes, as against eighty-nine per cent. of the city pupils using this instrument of civilization. The illness rate is higher among rural pupils than among city pupils. The rural population seems more subject to crippling diseases.

Is it any wonder that there is a drift from the country to the city? The drift will continue until rural life is organized at least as intelligently as city life. Pamphlets on "Back to the Farm" and panegyrics on country air, green hillsides, and lowing kine will not stop the drift. The total life of rural America must become the serious concern of statesmanship.

The centralized rural school must be lifted to the plane of the city school. The pay of rural teachers must be made high enough to attract the best minds. The rural theater must be organized. Rural play must be given thought, and the country-side be given a real recreational life. The principles of scientific agriculture must be made the possession of every American farmer. A vast and comprehensive rural health service must be organized. The library must turn itinerant, and minister to every rural household. The route between farmer and ultimate consumer must be straightened, and many of the toll-gates that have been erected along its course must be demolished. Inventive genius and distributive economy must place modern light and water systems within the reach of every American farm home. And so on *ad infinitum*.

To-day many rural communities and small villages and towns throughout the nation represent nothing so much as "fished out ponds, inhabited only by bull-heads and suckers." This is not because the country boy is blind to the beauties of nature and turns with a sort of moth-madness to the flame of city life; it is because there is behind him the push of bad rural conditions and before him the pull of better city conditions. All this can be changed not by damning city life, but by redeeming rural life.

IMPERIAL BOLSHEVISM

THIS paradoxical title is perhaps misleading. It is not intended to suggest that soviet Russia has hypocritically thrown overboard all her numerous disavowals of the old imperialistic claims of czarist Russia. It is used only as a catch-phrase to head a reference to a despatch, which may or may not be accurate, to the effect that a Bolshevist pamphlet, presumably issued by Lenine and received at Geneva,

asks why the Allies are taking it upon themselves to discuss the future of Constantinople, "which belongs to Russia under a promise made by the Allies in 1915 as recompense for the Russian effort." The pamphlet is reported as expressing the determination of the Bolshevists to secure Constantinople even at the cost of conflict, if necessary. All of which is interesting in the light of former repudiations of Constantinople, and all other imperialistic claims by the Bolshevists.

The report of this pamphlet may be only another piece of manufactured news about Russia, designed to make the Bolshevists out as czarist imperialists in masquerade. That is neither here nor there. The fact is that, as long as the old international order exists, Russia, whether Bolshevist or Bourbon, must concern itself with the Baltic and Black seas and aspire to control them. Before the Revolution, the reactionaries of Russia used the legitimate desire of the Russian people for a warm-water exit to the ocean through the Black Sea as an excuse for furthering a crassly materialistic Panslavism. This old imperial concern with Constantinople, the Turkish straits, and the Black Sea was a constant threat to the peace of Europe. Now, it was only natural that, in the first rush of revolutionary enthusiasm, a clean sweep should have been made of all the ambitions that marked the old régime. A Bolshevist reassertion of the claim to Constantinople is equally natural. We should not forget that Allied statesmanship, in the fever heat of its war-time idealism, renounced many things that it later reclaimed.

As the Russian domestic situation becomes composed, and the hour draws nearer when Russia will be readmitted to the family of nations and her relations with the rest of the world reconstructed, we may expect Russian revolutionists, however sincerely anti-imperialistic they may be, to reassert claims to every port and territory that, in a competitive world, is essential to the economic life and the defense of the Russian nation. In the absence of a workable new international order, who can arise justly to blame them?

The fact is that Russian interest in Constantinople has all along been a sincere concern of the Russian people as well as a sinister design of a few Russian imperialists. Two facts in support of this have been brought out in recent despatches.

First, it is pointed out that the czar announced to the Russian Duma the secret treaty of 1915, in which France and England agreed that Constantinople and the Turkish straits should go to Russia, because the czar's position was daily growing weaker, and his advisers thought that if the Russian people knew they were to get Constantinople, with all that meant to the economic and defense interests of Russia, they would more willingly continue in the war. This does not mean that the Russian masses were interested in the imperialism that had grown up about the Constantinople issue; it means simply that they did not want to be in dangerous dependence upon Turkey or any other power that might close the straits against them and shut them off from the sea.

Second, it is pointed out that during the peace conference many representatives of Russia, not men of the old régime, but men of liberal, democratic, and socialistic leanings, while reversing the old Russian attitude on the question of a free Poland and showing utter fairness on the problem of nationalities, stood like flint on the necessity for a settlement of the question of Constantinople and the Turkish straits favorable to Russia.

There is no sane man who does not wish for an international order under which it would be unnecessary for individual nations to covet, fight for, and jealously guard strategic frontiers and economic rights of way; but as things stand, Russia's inevitable attitude on the matter of Constantinople and the straits is a good example of what we may expect in the world politics of the future. What are the facts in the case as a patriotic Russian sees them?

First, Russia is interested in Constantinople and the Turkish straits as an economic right of way. Prior to 1914, over half of Russia's maritime export trade reached the ocean through the Black Sea. It was through the

Turkish straits that Russia sent seventy-four per cent. of her grain, eighty-eight per cent. of her oil, sixty-one per cent. of her iron ore, and ninety-three per cent. of her manganese.

Second, Russia is interested in Constantinople and the Turkish straits because they are the key to the defense of her Black Sea coast territory. Her Southern territory involves her vast grain-fields and certain industrial centers. This coast territory has cities that will again hum with industry, commerce, and export activities. These demand protection from attacks from the open sea. Before the war, Russia had to worry about Turkish attacks only, for the straits were closed to foreign war-ships. This meant that Russia did not feel obliged to maintain costly fortifications and a large fleet in this quarter. Plainly, unless a League of Nations ushers in the reign of lasting peace, Russia cannot view without concern any settlement that will open the straits and the Black Sea to the war-ships of any nation, although the settlement be couched in the most righteous terms.

We have in Russia, despite its revolutionary régime, the normal nationalistic interests that will sooner or later assert themselves. Any settlement of the problem of Constantinople and the Turkish straits, therefore, that does not take into adequate account Russia's security and access to the sea will be only a temporary settlement awaiting the time when a strong and stabilized Russia will be able to challenge it.

IS OUR GOVERNMENT IRRESPONSIBLE?

SOME weeks ago, when the Lansing episode raised an acute political controversy throughout the nation, one of the by-products of the discussion was a fresh inquiry upon the part of many minds into the rigid and somewhat irresponsible character our American Government has been taking on in its development.

There is no escaping the fact that the executive branch of the American Government is subject to the well-nigh irresistible temptations of isolation and autocracy. It is not simply a question of Mr. Wilson's temperament or of the strength or weakness of any particular secretary of state. It is a question of fundamental political organization. Our governmental system inevitably works toward personal government, and the abler the President, the more likely he is to become autocratic.

Our Government is more rigid and less responsive to the current state of the national mind than is the government of almost any other self-governing nation. In countries like England, where ministerial or cabinet governments are in theory dependent upon a "vote of confidence" from the country for their existence, whenever a vital issue is before the people, the rigidity of our Government is a matter of wonder. It is said that Lloyd George and Clemenceau, during the peace conference, frequently referred to Mr. Wilson's asking the country for a Democratic Congress in 1918 and his meeting with a popular refusal. The vote of the November, 1918, elections would have meant a new government in France or in England. Here it meant only a widening breach between the executive and legislative branches of our Government, and a consequent clogging of the channels of public business.

Under our system, it matters not what changes of sentiment may sweep the national mind, it is impossible, barring the difficult feat of impeachment, to change Presidents save at the end of the stated four-year periods. It would require two years to change the present political character of the House of Representatives and four years to make a like change in the Senate, regardless of the changes that might occur in public opinion. The President is in no wise responsible to our popular house in the sense of the British premier's responsibility. There are advantages as well as weaknesses in our more rigid forms, but we are clearly facing the time when we must examine and frankly reform those features of our system that involve essentially undemocratic tendencies.

The Calm One of Fatuhiva

By FREDERICK O'BRIEN

"In the humid air of that tropical parallel he made pass before me a panorama of fantastic tragedy as real as the mysterious life about me, but as astounding and as vivid in its facts and its narration as the recital of a drama of ancient Athens by a master of histrionics."

TATTOOING, the marking of designs on the human skin in life, is an art so old that its beginnings are lost to records. It was practised when the caveman went out to club his fellow, and drag in his body to the fire his mate kept ever burning. Its origin, perhaps, was contemporaneous with vanity, and that was in the heart of man before he branched from the missing limb of evolution.

In the Marquesas islands, that most distant and most mysterious of South Sea archipelagos, tattooing reached its highest development, and there it was the most beautiful form of art known to the most perfect physical people of the world.

To achieve a fairly complete picture upon one's body meant many months of intense suffering, the expenditure of much wealth, and a decade of years of very gradual progress toward the goal after manhood was attained; but for a man to lack the Stripes of Terror upon his face, to have a bare countenance, or one not yet marked by the initial strokes of the hammer of the tattooer, was to be a poltroon, and despised of his tribe.

Such a one must expect to have no apple of love thrown at him, to awaken no passion in womankind, nor ever to find a wife to bear him children. He was as the giaour among the Turks. He had no honor in life or death, no foothold in the ranks of the warriors, or place among the shades of Po.

So when white men were cast by shipwreck in those wondrous isles of the far Pacific, or fled from duty on whalers or war-ships, and sought to stay among the Marquesans, they acceded to the honored customs of their hosts, and adopted their facial adornment, and often in the course of years their whole bizarre garb. The courage that did not shrink from dwelling among cannibals could not wilt at the blow of the *hama*.

The explorer in the far North who lets his face become covered with a great growth of hair, when he intends to return to civilization can with a few strokes of a razor be again as before. But once the curious ink of the tattooer has bitten into the skin, it is there forever. It is like the pits of smallpox; it can never be erased. Through all his life, and into the grave itself, the human canvas must bear the pictures painted by the artist of the needles. It was a chain as strong as steel, riveted on him, that fastened him to those lotos isles. So men of America or Europe did not return to their native land from the Marquesas, but died there. The whorls and lines in the *ama* dye wrote exile forever from the loved ones at home.

Is that wholly true? Had not science or sorcery nepenthe for the afflicted by such a horror—horror if unwanted? Is there not one who has escaped such a fate when life had become fearful under it?

In the valley of Hanavave, in the island of Fatuhiva, where I lived among the Marquesans, an aged tattooer, himself a sorcerer of power, told me the

story. It is not mine, but his, and it has in it all the strange flavor of those exotic gardens of mystery. It is true, and I have often thought of the man most concerned in it.

We were seated, Puhi Enata and I, upon the *paepae* of his home, the platform of huge stones on which all houses in the Land of the War Fleet are built.

In the humid air of that tropic parallel he made pass before me a panorama of fantastic tragedy as real as the mysterious life about me, but as astounding and as vivid in its facts and its narration as the recital of a drama of ancient Athens by a master of histrionics. I laughed or shuddered with the incidents of the story. He spoke in his native tongue, and I have given his words as they filtered through the screen of my alien mind, not always exactly, but in consonance with the cast of thought of that far-away and unknown land.

"We had no whites here when he came, this man of your islands. Other valleys had them, but Hanavave, no. Few ships have come to this bay. Taiohae, a day and a night and more distant, they sought for wood and water and now for copra, but Hanavave was, as always, lived in by us only. Yet we ever welcomed the *haoe,* the stranger, for he had ways of interest, and often magic greater than ours.

"He came one day on a ship from far, this white man I tell about, and of whom even now I often meditate. He was not of the sea, but on the ship as one who pays to move about over the waters, looking for something of interest. That thing he found here. He brought ashore his guns and powder, his other possessions of wonder, and let the ship go away without him. He had seen Titihuti, and his *koekoe,* his spirit, was set aflame."

I needed no description by the *tuhuka* to bring before me Titihuti, to see that maddening, matchless child-woman, nor to know the desperate plight of a white who fell in love with her. She must have been the Helen of these Pacific Greeks, for men came from other islands to woo her, fought over her, and embroiled tribes in bloody warfare at her whim. Her affairs had been the history of her valley for a brief period, and were immortalized in chants and in legends though she still lived. Many had related to me stories of her beauty, her spell over men, and her wicked pleasure in deceiving them.

She was the daughter of a chief, of a long line of *hakaiki,* of noble mothers and of warriors, and an adept in the marvelous cult of beauty, of sex expression, which to the Marquesan woman was the field of her dearest ambition, the professional stage and the salon of society.

"The day he came to this beach," said the sorcerer, "was the day she first danced in the Grove of the Mei, at the annual gathering of the tribe. All the people of the ship were invited, and not least he who had no duties but his desires, and who brought from the vessel a barrel of rum as his gift to the people. It was as rich as the full moon, as strong as the surf in storm, and in every drop a dream of fortune. It made that foreigner of note at once, and he was given a seat at the *Hurahura,* the Dance of Passion, in which Titihuti for the first time took her place as a woman and an equal of others. She was then thirteen years old, a *moi kanahau,* her form as the bud of the *pahue* flower, her hair red-gold, like the fish of the lagoon, and her skin as the fresh-opened breadfruit. The Grove of the Mei you have been in, but you cannot imagine that scene. A hundred torches of candlenuts, strung on the spine of the palm-leaf, lit the dancing mead. The grass had been cut to a smoothness, and all the valley was there. As is usual in these annual débuts of our girls, at the height of the breadfruit season, a dozen were allowed to show their beauty and skill. These danced to the music of drums and of handclapping and chanting before the entire tribe seated on the grass."

The old man lit the pipe, which had gone out, and puffed out the blue clouds of smoke as if they were recollections of the past.

"Finally, as the custom is, the plaudits of the crowd narrowed the contest to three. Each as she danced appealed for approval, and each had followers. By the judgment of the throng all had retired but three after a first effort. These began the formal *titii e te epo.* This is

the dance of love, the dance we Marquesans have ever made the test of the female's fascination.

"Before the first of the three danced, the rum was passed. It was drunk from cups of leaves, and each in turn drew from the cask. It ran through our veins like fire through the pandanus. The great drum then sounded the call.

"Tahiatini came from the shadow of the trees. She wore a dress of *tapa,* made from the pith of the mulberry-tree, and as the dance became faster, she tossed it off, until she moved about quite nude. For this, of course, is part of the test. A hundred men, mostly young, stood and watched her, and watching them were the judges, the elders of the race, men and women. For, Menike, in the expression, the heat, or the coolness of those standing men was counted the success or failure of the dancer. And they were taught by pride and by the rules of the event to conceal every feeling, as did the warrior who faced the launched spear. They were to be as the stones of the *paepae.*

"Tahiatini passed back into the trees, and Moeo succeeded her. She seemed to feel that Tahiatini had not scored heavily. She danced marvelously for one who had never before been in the Grove of the Mei, and the shrewd judges reckoned more than one of the silent hundred who could not restrain some mark of approval. There was, when she fell back, a shout of praise from the crowd, and the judges conferred while the rum was handed about for the second time.

"Then Titihuti was thrust out from the darkness, and from her first step we realized that a new enchantress had come to torment the warriors. I have lived long, and many of those dances in the Grove of the Mei I have seen. Never before or since that night have I known a girl to do what she did. Her *kahu* of *tapa* was as red as the sun when the sea swallows it, and hung over one shoulder, so that her bosom, as white as the ripe cocoanut, gleamed in the light of the burning *ama.*

"Her hair was in two plaits of flame, and the glittering ghost flowers were over her ears. You know she had for months been out of the day, and under the hands of those who prepare the dancers. Her body was as rounded as the silken bamboo, and her skin shone with the gloss of ceaseless care.

"She advanced before the silent hundred, moving as the slow waters of the brook, and as she passed each one she looked into his eyes and challenged him, as the fighting man his enemy. Only she looked love and not hatred. Then she bounded into the center of the line, and casting off her *kahu,* she stood before them, and for the first time bared her beautiful body in the *titii e te epo,* the Dance of the Naked. She fluttered as a bird a few moments, the bird that seeks a mate, the *kuku* of the valley. On her little saffroned feet she ran about, and the light left her now in brilliancy and now in shadow. She was searching for the way from childhood to womanhood.

"Then the great *pahu,* the war drum of human skin, was struck by O Nuku, the sea-shells blew loudly, and the *Hura-hura* was proclaimed. You know that. Few are the men who resist. Titihuti was as one aided by Veinehae, the Woman Demon. She flung herself into that dance with madness. All her life she and her mother had waited that moment. If she could tear the hearts of those warriors so that their breasts heaved, their limbs twitched, and their eyes fell before her, her honor was as the winner of a battle. It was the supreme hour of a woman's existence.

"The judges seized the flambeaux and scrutinized closely the faces of the men. First one yielded and then another. Try as they might to be as the rocks of the High Place, they felt the heat and melted. A dozen were told off in the first few minutes of Titihuti's dance, though Tahiatini and Moeo had won but two or three. Faster grew the music, and faster spun about her hips the torso of Titihuti. The judges caught the rhythm. They themselves were convulsed by the spell of the girl. The whole line of the silent hundred was breaking when, as the breadfruit falls from the tree, suddenly sprang upon the mead the foreigner who had come but that day. Though others of the ship tried to hold him, he broke from them, and, clasping Titihuti in his arms, declared that she was his, and that he would defend his

capture. The drums were quieted, the judges rushed to the pair, and for the time of a wave's lapping the beach spears were seized.

"But the ritual of the rum began, and in the crush about the cask the judges awarded Titihuti the Orchid of the Bird, the reward of the First Dancer. She stood in the light of the now dying torches, and when the foreigner would embrace her and lead her away, she turned her laughing eyes toward him, and called out so that many heard:

"You are without ornament, O Haoe. Cover your face as do Marquesan lovers, or get you back to your island!"

"Then she hurried away to receive the praise and to taste the glory of her achievement among her own family."

The *Taua* took his long knife and with repeated blows hacked off the upper half of a cocoanut to make ready another drink. I had a very vivid idea of the situation he had described. That handsome young man of Europe, belike of wealth, seeking to surrender to his vagrant fancies in this contrasting environment, and finding that among these savages he had position only as his rum bought it with the men, and was without it at all among the women. One could fancy him all afire after that dance of abandon, ready on the instant to yield to that deepest of all instincts, and surprised, astounded, almost unbelieving at his repulse. He might have learned that such repulse was not even in the manners of the Marquesans, but solely the whim of Titihuti, the beginning of that career of whimsical passion and insouciance which carried her fame from island to island and fetched other proud whites from afar to know her favor. He himself had come a long way to be the unwitting victim of the most prankish girl and woman who ever danced a tribe to death and destruction, but who withal was worth more than she who launched the thousand ships to batter Ilium's towers.

"And did he cover his face?" I demanded, hurrying to follow the windings of Fate.

"E!" said the sorcerer. "He gained the friendship of chiefs. He let his ship sail away with but a paper with words to his tribe, and he stayed on. He hunted, he swam, and he drank, but he could not touch his nose to the nose of Titihuti, for his nose was naked. Weeks passed, but not his passion. He hovered about her as the great moth seeks the fireflies, but ever she was busied with her pomades and her massage, the *ena* unguent and the baths, the *omi-omi* and the combing of her red-gold tresses. She had set him aflame, but had no alleviation for him.

"And then when the moon was at its height she danced again, this time alone, as the undisputed *vehine haka* of Fatuhiva. The foreigner sat and gazed, and when Titihuti glided to where he was, and planting her feet a *metero* away, addressed herself to him, he shook with longing. She was perfumed with the jasmin, and about her breasts were rings of those pink orchids of the mountains. The foreigner felt the warmth of her presence as she posed in the attitudes of love. He bounded to his feet, and clasping her for the second time to him, he shouted that he would be tattooed, he would be a man among men in the Marquesas.

"There was no delay; I myself tattooed him. As always the custom, I took him into the mountains and built the *patiki*, the house for the rite. That is as it should be, for tattooing is of our gods and of our religion before the whites destroyed it. I was and am the master of our arts. I did not sketch out my design upon his skin with burned bamboo, as do some, but struck home the *ama* ink directly. My needles were the bones of one whom I had slain, an enemy of the Oi tribe. I myself gathered the candlenuts and, burning them to powder, mixed that with water and made my color. My mallet, or *hama*, was the shin of another whom I had eaten."

Such a man as Leonardo, who painted "Mona Lisa" and erected a hundred other beautiful things, or Cellini of the book and a vast creation of intricate marvels, would have understood the exactness of that art of tattooing in the Marquesas. Suppose "Mona Lisa" herself, an expanse of her fair back, and not mere linen, bore her picture. What infinite pains! Not more than took the *taua* in such a task. In his mind his plan, he dipped his needle in the *ama*

IDAHO FALLS ... BRARY

"Nature's mirror showed him why he could not leave"

soot, and placing the point upon a pore of the flesh, he lightly tapped the other extremity of the bone with his *hama* of shin and impressed the sepia into the living skin, for each point of flesh making a stroke.

Followed fever after several hours of frightful anguish. The dentist is the ministrant of caresses, his the loved hand of pleasure, compared with the suffering caused to the quivering body by the blows of those needles. A seance of tattooing followed, and several days of sickness. He had not the strength of the natives in pain, and often he cried out, but yet he signed that the tattooing should go on.

"Across his eyes upon the lids, and from ear to ear, I made a line as wide as two of your teeth, and I crossed lines as wide from the corners of his forehead to the corners of his chin. As he was to be admitted to the Lodge of Tattooers, I put upon his brow the sacred shark as big as Titihuti's hand. I was four moons in all that, and all the time he must lie within his hut, never leaving it or speaking. I handed him food and nursed him between my work. Upon our darker skin the black candlenut ink is, as you know, as blue as the deep waters of the sea, but on him it was black as night, for his flesh was white.

"He was handsome as ever god of war in the High Place, that foreigner, and terrible to behold. His eyes of blue in their black frames were as threatening as the thunders of the ocean, and above the black shark glistened his hair, as yellow as the sands of the shore. A breadfruit season had passed when we descended the mountain, and he was received into the tribe of Hanavave. We called him Tokihi for his splendor, though his name was Villee, as we could say it."

There is a curious quibble in the recital of the Polynesian. He arrives at a crisis of his tale, and avoids it for a piece of wit or an idle remark. Perhaps it is to pique the listener's interest, to deepen his attention, or it is but the etiquette of the bard.

"Titihuti?" I interposed.

"*Tuitui!*" he ejaculated. "You put weeds in my mouth. That girl, that Titihuti, had left her *paepae* and vanished. Some said she dwelt with a lover in another valley. Others that she had been captured at night by the men of Oi valley. It was always our effort to seize the women of other tribes. They made the race stronger. But Titihuti was not in Oi or with a lover. Her love was her beauty, and soon we learned that she was gone into the hills herself to be tattooed. You, American, have seen her legs, and know the full year she gave to those. They are even to-day the *hana metai oko*, the loveliest and most perfect of all living things."

"And Willie, the splendid Tokihi, what said he?"

"*Aue!* He dashed up and down the valleys seeking her. He offered gifts for her return. He cried and he drank. But the tattooing is *tabu*, and it would have been death to have entered the hut where she was against the wish of the artist. Then he turned on me and cursed me, and often he sat and looked at himself in the pool in the brook by his own *paepae*. That foreigner lost his good heart. No longer was he kind and gentle. It was he who led us against the valley of Oomoa, and with his gun wrought great harm to those people. It was he who was ready to fight at but the drop of a cocoanut upon his roof. He took no women, and he became the fiercest man of Hanavave. When the year had gone, and Titihuti came back, he would not see her in the dance, though in it she showed her decorated legs for the first time. He cursed her, too, and said she was a sister of the *feki*, the devil-fish. He dwelt among us for several years as one who leads the tribe, but is not of it. Often he but missed death by the breadth of a grain of sand, for he flung himself on the spears, he fought the sea when it was angered, and he drank each night of the *namu*, the wine of the cocoanut flower grown old, until he reeled to his mat as a canoe tossing at the fishing.

"Then one day came a canoe from Taiohae, with words on paper for him from his own people. A ship from his island was there and had sent on the paper. That was a day to remember. There were with the paper *tiki*, those faces of people you make on paper. Villee seized those things, and running

to his *paepae,* he sat him down and began to look them over. He eyed the words, and he put the *tiki* to his lips. Then he lay down upon his mat and wept. For much time he was like a child. He rolled about as if he had been struck in the body by a war-club, and at last he called me. I went to him with a shell of *namu.*

" 'Drink!' I said. 'It will lift you up.'

"He knocked the shell from my hand.

" 'I will drink no more,' he cried. 'My father is dead, and my brother. I am the chief of my tribe. I have land and houses and everything good in my own island, but, alas! I have this!'

"He pointed to the black shark upon his forehead, and then he shouted out harsh words in his own language. I left him, for he was like one from whom the spirit has gone, but who still lives. I thought of the strangeness of tribes. In ours he was a noble and honored man for that shark, and yet in his own as hateful as the barefaced man here. Man is, as the wind cloud, but a shifting vapor.

"Often, a hundred times, I saw him sitting by the pool and gazing into it as though to wash out by his glances the marks on his countenance. He was as deep in the mire of despair as the victim awaiting the oven. Nature's mirror showed him why he could not leave for his land and his chieftaincy. And, American, for a woman, too. I saw him many times look at that *tiki* and read the words. Maybe he had fled from her in anger. Now he was great among his people, and she called him. Maybe. My own heart was heavy for him when he fixed his eyes on that still water.

"After weeks of melancholy he summoned me one day.

" '*Taua,*' he said, 'is there no magic, no other ink, no bones, that will quit me of this?'

"He swept his hand over his face.

" 'I will give you my gun, my canoe, my coats, and I will send you by the ship barrels of rum and many things of wonder.'

"He took my hand, and the tears followed the lines of the tattooing down his cheeks.

" 'Tokihi,' I replied, 'no man in the Marquesas has ever wanted to take from his skin that which made him great to his race, yet there is a legend that wanders through my stomach. I will consult the lodge. It would be magic, and it may be *tabu.*'

"The next day I found him lying on his *paepae,* his face down. He was a leaf that slowly withers.

" 'Villee,' I said, and rubbed his back, 'there is for you perhaps happiness yet. I have talked with the wise old men of the lodge.'

"He raised himself, and fixed his dull eyes on me.

" 'One Kihiputona says that the milk of a woman will work the magic. I cannot say, for it is with the gods.'

"The foreigner sprang to his feet.

" 'Come, let us lose no time!' he cried. 'It is that or the *eva.*'

"Marquesans, when tired of life, eat the *eva* fruit. I made all ready, and taking my daughter and her babe, with food, and the things of the tattooing, we again went to the hut in the mountains. Together we built it over, and made all ready for the trial.

" 'Remember, foreigner,' I said, 'this is all before the *Etuá,* the rulers of each one's good and evil. I have never done this, nor even the wisest of us has aught but a faint memory of a memory that once a white man thus was freed to go back to his kin.'

" '*E aha a*—no matter,' he said. 'There is no choice. Begin!'

"I warned him not to utter a word until I released the *tabu.* I made all ready. Then I had him lie down, his head fixed in a bamboo section, and I began the long task."

The sorcerer sighed, and spat through his fingers.

"Two moons he was there, silent. I worked faster than before, because I had no designs to make. I only traced those of the years before. But the suffering was even greater, and when I struck the bone needles upon his eyelids he groaned through his closed mouth. Every day I worked as long as he could endure. Sometimes he all but died away, but the *omi-omi,* the rubbing, made him again aware, and as I went on I gained hope myself. His own skin was by nature as that of the white orchid, and the weeks in the *patiki,* out of the sunlight, with

the oil and the saffron, made it as when he was a child. The milk was driven into the thousand little holes in the flesh, and by magic it changed the black of *ama* to white. I think some wonder made it do so, but you should know such things. I left the shark until the last, but long before I came to it the gods had spoken. Faded slowly the candlenut soot, and crept out, as the silver fish in the caves of Hana Hevane, the bright color of that foreigner.

"Many times his eyes, when I let loose the lids, lifted to mine in inquiry, but I was without answer. Yet nearer I felt the day when I would possess that gun and canoe and the barrels of rum.

"It came. A week had gone since I had touched with the needles his face, and most of it he had slept. Now he was round with sleep and food, and one morning when he awoke, I seized him by the hand and said, *'Kaoha!'* The *tabu* was ended; the task was done."

"And he?" I said greedily.

"He was as a man who wakes from a dream of horror. He said not a word, but went with me and with my daughter and the babe down the trail to this village. Here he stole silently to his pool, and lying down, he looked long into it. Then he made a wild cry as if he had come to a precipice in the dark and been kept from falling to death by the mere gleam of fungus on a tree. He fell back, and for a little while was without mind. Awake again, he rushed about the village clasping each one he met in his arms, rubbing noses with the girls, and singing queer songs—*himenes te e aave*—of his island. His laughter rang in the groves. Now he was as when he had come to us, gay, kind, and without deep thought.

"The gods had for that moon made him theirs, for soon came a canoe with news that a ship of his country was at Taiohae. Never did a man act more quickly. He made a feast, and to it he invited the village. A day it took to prepare it, the pigs in the earth, the *popoi*, the fish cooked on the coral stones, the fruits, and the nuts. To it he gave all his rum, and he handed me his gun, the paddles of his canoe, and his coats.

"But Po, the devil of night, crouched for him. The canoe to take him to Taiohoe was in the water, waiting but the end of the *Koina Kai*. Plentifully all drank the rich rum, but Tokihi most. Titihuti even he had greeted, and she sat beside him. She was now loath to have him go; you know woman. She leaned against him, and her eyes promised him aught that he would. She was more beautiful than on that night when she had spurned him, and she struck from him a spark of her own wilful fancy. He took her a moment to his bosom, held her as the wave holds the rock before it recedes, and then as the madness she ever made crept upon him, he drew back from her, held her again a fierce moment, and dashing his cup to the earth, he turned upon her in fury.

"It was the evil noon. The eye of the sun was straight upon him, and as he cursed her, and shouted that now he was free from her, the blood rushed into his face, and painted there scarlet as the hibiscus the marks of the tattooing. The black *ama* the magic had erased now shone red. The stripes across his eyes and face were like the scars a burning brand leaves, and the shark of the lodge was a leper's sign upon his brow.

"*'Mutu!'* I cried, for I saw death in the air if he knew, and all the gifts lost to me. 'Silence!' And the tribe heeded. No quiver, no glance showed the foreigner that one had seen what he himself had not. Titihuti fastened her gaze on him a fleeting second, and then began the dance of leave-taking.

"We raised the chant:

'Apae!
Kaoha! te Haoe.
Mau oti oe anao nei.'

"To the canoe we bore him, and thrusting it into the breakers, we called the last words, *'E avei atu!'*

"He was gone forever from Fatuhiva. And thus I got this latter name I have, Puhi Enata, the Man with the Gun."

The old sorcerer rolled a leaf of pandanus about a few grains of tobacco.

"And you never had word of him?"

"*Aoe*, no," he said meditatively. "He went upon that ship at Taiohoe. But, American, I think often that when that man who was Tokihi came to dance in his own island, to sit at his own tribe's feasts, or when the ardor of love would seize him, always he studied to be calm."

Great Britain in Egypt

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

The American people has been asked to become a close partner with the British Empire in the League of Nations. Below is given one phase of that partner's imperialistic character.

A REVIEW of editorial comment of the London and Paris press upon the treaty deliberations in the United States Senate reveals the curious fact that nothing our senators have done has been more bitterly resented than the hearing of the claims of subject nationalities by the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. Our Allies assumed that the rôle of the Senate in ratifying treaties was purely perfunctory. Confronted with a *fait accompli,* they would of course sign on the dotted line. At any rate, it was not the business of the American Senate to investigate and discuss "the internal affairs" of the Allies of the United States. All controversial matters had been thrashed out during the peace conference and were settled to the satisfaction of the signatories of the Treaty of Versailles.

Fortunately, the majority of the members of the Senate did not take so lightly the obligation imposed upon them by the American Constitution. Nor did they lack what we Americans love to call "horse sense." The Treaty of Versailles created a partnership, and bound the "Principal Allied and Associated Powers" to pool their armies and navies in defending the status quo established by the treaty. Notwithstanding his denial of this interpretation of the treaty, when on his Western tour he begged the American people to ratify the treaty without reservations, President Wilson believed in Paris that he was contracting such a partnership, with equal and automatic responsibilities. According to the stenographic notes of the eighth plenary session of the peace conference, which I have in my possession, President Wilson said to Premier Bratianu of Rumania:

> You must not forget that it is force which is the final guarantee of the public peace . . . . If the world is again troubled, if the conditions that we all regard as fundamental are upset and contested, the guarantee which is given you means that the United States will send to this side of the ocean their army and their fleet. Is it surprising that, this being the case, we desire that the settlement of the different problems appear entirely satisfactory to us?

A partnership of this sort is not to be entered into lightly. It is not impertinence, as some British and French friends call it, but common sense, that has made the United States Senate examine in detail the contract it was asked to ratify and to weigh the liabilities of the partnership. Invited to enter a partnership, a business man does not come to a decision without making a careful investigation of the business methods of his proposed partners, as shown by the past management of affairs in which they were interested, and without questioning them and others narrowly as to the responsibilities he will be expected to share and the obligations in which he will become involved by entering the partnership.

The Treaty of Versailles, in Part IV, dealing with "German Rights and Interests outside Germany," provides for a new status quo which involves the United States in the betrayal of our principles and of our interests as well. Section VI (Articles 147-154) and Section VIII (Articles 156-158) are indefensible, whether we view them from

the point of view of international law and international morality or from the point of view of the particular interests of the United States. Section VI compels Germany to recognize the British protectorate over Egypt, and Section VIII to transfer her rights and concessions in Shan-tung to Japan.

Egypt and China were belligerent nations, drawn into the war on our side with the promise that their integrity and independence would be preserved. The League of Nations, in which all nations, great and small, strong and weak, would participate with equal rights and privileges, was held before them during the war as the reward of their sacrifices. But at Paris Egypt and China were not allowed to have any share or voice in the deliberations affecting the political status of the former and the territorial integrity of the latter. Much has been said and written in America about the Shan-tung deal. China has many and powerful friends, partly because of our distrust of Japan and partly because of our great and vital interests in the far East. Few have spoken up for Egypt. The facts in the case have been deliberately misrepresented, and there is a natural inclination to refrain from criticism of our British cousins. We want to believe in their good faith and honesty of purpose. We do believe in the straightforwardness and sincerity of our kinsfolk, whose culture and traditions and ideals are inseparable from our own. But it is for this very reason that I want to set forth the facts in the Egyptian question. Because I am myself of unmixed British blood, with eight generations of English Quakers who married in meeting behind me, I cannot believe that English public opinion, if fully and impartially informed, would indorse the policy of the British Government toward Egypt.

It has been charged that the Egyptians have been led on falsely to hope for their emancipation by the idealism of President Wilson, and that the agitation in Egypt is due to the denaturing by the American President and American writers of the objects of the war. In Egypt and at Paris British friends have not hesitated to point this out to me and to tell me that the British Government did not purpose to be bound by "the knight-errantry of you visionary busybodies," to use the exact words of a British official who had spent most of his career in Egypt. From my personal experience of the state of public opinion in Egypt before President Wilson made any speeches and before the intervention of the United States, and from a study of the official relations between Great Britain and Egypt, I am able to prove that this attitude is untenable. British officials who talk this way do not know what their own statesmen have said and what Egyptians were thinking long before they ever heard of President Wilson. At the beginning of 1916 I spent three months in Egypt in close contact with the sultan, the prime minister, and leading Egyptians, Christians as well as Moslems. I cannot recall that they ever mentioned President Wilson or the attitude of my country toward their problem, but they talked of nothing else but their complete emancipation as the result of the World War. My readers will have to bear with several quotations. I have to establish the fact that the Egyptians had reason to expect independence after the armistice, and that their demand to be represented at the peace conference was based upon Great Britain's own official statements.

On August 10, 1882, a month after the bombardment of Alexandria and the occupation of Egypt, Mr. Gladstone said in the House of Commons:

> I can go so far as to answer the honorable gentleman when he asks me whether we contemplate an indefinite occupation of Egypt. Undoubtedly of all things in the world, that is the thing we are not going to do. It would be absolutely at variance with all the principles of H. M.'s Government, and the pledges we have given Europe.

A year later, on August 9, 1883, Mr. Gladstone said in the same place:

> We are against this doctrine of annexation; we are against everything that resembles or approaches it; and we are against all language that tends to bring

about its expectation. We are against it on the ground of the interests of England; we are against it on the ground of our duty to Egypt; we are against it on the ground of the specific and solemn pledges given the world in the most solemn manner and under the most critical circumstances, pledges which have earned for us the confidence of Europe during the course of difficult and delicate operations, and which, if one pledge can be more solemn and sacred than another, special sacredness in this case binds us to observe.

British state papers and the records of the House of Commons and the House of Lords contain half a hundred categorical assurances to the same effect. Over a period of thirty years, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Granville, Lord Dufferin, Sir Charles Dilke, Lord Derby, Lord Salisbury, Lord Cromer, Sir Edward Grey, and Sir Eldon Gorst officially disavowed the intention of Great Britain to remain in Egypt, and promised the Egyptians specifically that their Government would never proclaim a protectorate. Nothing could be more concise and definite than the declaration of Lord Salisbury in the House of Lords on August 12, 1889:

> We cannot proclaim our protectorate over Egypt nor our intention to occupy it effectively and perpetually; this would amount to breaking the international pledges signed by England.

During the recent war those at the head of the British Government gave no less unreserved pledges to the Egyptians and to the civilized world. The British censorship, exceedingly rigorous in Egypt, allowed the native press to publish the successive declarations of British premiers and ministers. Without question these unqualified promises made the Egyptian people believe that the defeat of Germany, to accomplish which they were contributing in human lives and treasure as heavily as any Allied nation, would mean their independence. At the Guildhall on November 9, 1914, Mr. Balfour, speaking for the Government, said:

> We fight not for ourselves alone, but for civilization drawn to the cause of small states, the cause of all those countries which desire to develop their own civilization in their own way, following their own ideals without interference.

At the same place a year later Premier Asquith declared:

> We shall not pause nor falter until we have secured for the smaller states their charter of independence and for the world at large its final emancipation from the reign of force.

More emphatic still was the policy of Great Britain set forth by Mr. Asquith in the House of Commons on December 20, 1917. A Reuter despatch, given prominence in the Cairo press with the assent of the British authorities, quoted Mr. Asquith's words as follows:

> We ought to make it increasingly clear by every possible means that the only ends we are fighting for are liberty and justice for the whole world, through a confederation of great and small states, all to possess equal rights. A League of Nations is the ideal for which we are fighting, and we shall continue fighting for it with a clear conscience, clean hands and an unwavering heart.

This was at the time when Egyptian aid was essential, according to General Allenby, to complete the crushing of Turkey.

This ought to be enough to demonstrate the lack of foundation of the charge that the attitude of the Egyptian people toward the British Government since the armistice is due to a world-wide heralding of American idealism in the speeches of President Wilson. It is of course true that we Americans accepted in good faith the assurances of British statesmen and entered the war against Germany for the triumph of the war aims already set forth by them. But long before the World War the Egyptian nationalist movement was fostered and encouraged by Europeans who had no connection with and who were not under the influence of German imperialist propaganda or American "sentimentalism." The sole instance of

American intervention in the Egyptian question is that of Roosevelt, who certainly did nothing to encourage Egyptian aspirations.

I first became acquainted with the Egyptian nationalist movement in Paris salons at the time of the Boer War. French *intellectuels* and politicians were not under the influence of German propaganda in their hatred and denunciation of England as the power which aimed at world domination through hypocrisy and aggression against small nations. Resentment over Fashoda was still keen and brought back the bitter memory of how the British supplanted the French in Egypt and gained control of the canal that had been dug by French brains and enterprise. Every one sympathized with Egyptians and Boers who were resisting British imperialism. Mustafa Kamel, leader of the Egyptian nationalists, received more than simply moral aid from certain French circles, notably that dominated by the wonderful personality of Mme. Juliette Adam. But I was not greatly impressed, for I saw in French sponsorship of Egyptian nationalism prejudice against England rather than conviction of the justice of the Egyptian cause. Why? I am going to confess frankly. The same people who denounced Great Britain could not speak too bitterly about my own country's war against Spain and imputed to us the intention to remain in Cuba. That was too much for my Anglo-Saxon instinct. But when I returned to London, my attention was once more fastened on the Boer and Egyptian causes by the impassioned eloquence on behalf of subject races of a rising Welsh Liberal, David Lloyd George, who was tireless in protesting against his Government's policy of aggression and oppression.

French support for the Egyptian nationalist cause ceased after the Anglo-French agreement of 1904, just as Russian support for Indian nationalism ceased after the Anglo-Russian agreement of 1907. British statesmen, after a long period of uncertainty, chose what they considered the lesser of two evils, and compounded their colonial rivalries with France and Russia instead of with Germany. Left to themselves, as the Poles and other subject nationalities of Russia and Austria-Hungary were left to themselves, the Egyptians could do nothing. Between 1908 and 1914 I enjoyed the privilege of studying the various nationalist movements of Europe and the near East on the ground. The same factors worked everywhere against the success of these movements. As long as the great powers were agreed upon maintaining the status quo, there was no hope of emancipation. Internal agitation, inciting to defiance of constituted authority, could lead only to local outbreaks. These were easily suppressed, and the leaders were punished for "disorder" and "lawlessness." College professors, priests, lawyers, physicians, and students could alone afford to take the risk of espousing the national cause.

The Egyptian nationalist movement, frowned upon by European and American tourists because of its irresponsibility, its unreasonableness, and its menace to law and order, presented to the impartial and unhurried observer the same phenomena as the nationalist movements of races liberated and raised to the rank of sovereign states by the treaties of Versailles and St.-Germain. Russian, German, Austrian, and Hungarian military and civilian despots did not use different methods for checking nationalist aspirations or different arguments to justify their actions from those used by Cromer and Kitchener and others in Egypt. I make this statement, based upon personal investigation and observation, without fear of contradiction. The man who argues that "the case of the Egyptians is different" is on untenable ground.

Let us meet this issue squarely. The delegates of the Egyptian people were denied a hearing at the peace conference. While Poles, Czecho-Slovaks, Jugo-Slavs, and Arabs of the Hedjaz saw their countries emancipated and erected into sovereign states, the Egyptians, against their unanimous protest, were placed under a British protectorate. In excuse or explanation of this disposition of Egypt in the Treaty of Versailles several arguments are advanced.

We are told that the Conference of

Paris could not settle the destinies of the whole world, and that Egypt was an internal question of the British Empire. But if the status of Egypt, like that of India, Ireland, and other countries, was outside of the scope of the peace conference, and was an internal British question, why, then, was Egypt mentioned in the treaty at all? Reference to any manual of international law, to any history of the nineteenth century, to the declarations of British statesmen quoted in this article, will dispose of the contention that Egypt belongs to the British Empire. According to the Statesman's Year-Book for 1913, an English publication, Egypt is listed under "Turkey and Tributary States," whose "administration is carried on by native Ministers, subject to the ruling of the Khedive." According to a letter, published in the London "Times" on December 21, 1914, from King George to Sultan Hussein, who consented to succeed Abbas Hilmi, deposed by the British for favoring Turkey, the war-time protectorate was proclaimed by the British "to overcome all influences which are seeking to destroy the independence of Egypt."[1] Sultan Hussein told me that the British Government promised him that the Egyptians would participate in the peace conference and would have their say in establishing the new international status of Egypt.

But even if we do not admit that Egypt broke the tie of vassalage to Turkey when she refused to follow Turkey into the war on the side of Germany and did not thus become automatically a sovereign state, how can we ignore the explicit provision of Article XXII of the covenant of the League of Nations, concerning "territories which as a consequence of the late war have ceased to be under the sovereignty of the states which formerly governed them"? This article provides a mandatory régime for territories separated from the Ottoman Empire, with the express stipulation that "the wishes of these communities must be a principal consideration in the selection of the mandatary."

If Egypt is an independent and sovereign state, the British protectorate is null and void. If Egypt is a territory now separated from the Ottoman Empire, the maintenance of the British protectorate, temporarily declared as a war measure, is a violation of Article XXII of the covenant. According to international law, changes in the status quo made in war-time are valid only so long as the war lasts.

We are told that Great Britain cannot be expected to get out of Egypt because control of the Suez Canal is vital to her imperial interests and because she now has so much capital invested in Egypt. This argument for destroying the independence of a nation shows that the detested Prussian mentality is unfortunately not confined to Germany. Germany needed to control her outlet to the sea through Belgium, she needed to dominate the countries that stood between her and Turkey, she needed Schleswig because control of the Kiel Canal was vital to her imperial interests, and she had so much capital invested in her African colonies and Shan-tung! Now, did the Treaty of Versailles emancipate nationalities subject to Germany because they had the right to govern themselves and take away the African colonies because the natives did not want their rule and banish Germany from China because Germany had gained her foothold there by force and subterfuge? We answer affirmatively. It is our justification for having fought the war and dictated the Treaty of Versailles to our vanquished foe. In a dozen speeches during 1919 Premier Lloyd George gave these reasons for the stipulations of the Treaty of Versailles. Since we believe in his sincerity, we are sure that he will be the first to reject a Prussian argument for defending the British protectorate in Egypt.

We are told that the British have brought great blessings to Egypt, have made the country prosperous, have freed the common people from servitude to the ruling classes, and that if the

[1] In answer to a letter from Senator Owen asking for light upon the American Government's understanding of the situation in Egypt, Secretary Lansing replied on December 16, 1919, that "it is assumed that it is the purpose of Great Britain to carry out the assurances given by King George the Fifth of England to the late Sultan of Egypt, as published in the London 'Times' of December 21, 1914." In this letter Secretary Lansing qualifies the protectorate with the significant adjective "so-called."

British got out, Egypt would fall into anarchy, economic chaos, and "the old tyranny would be revived." This, after all, is the supreme justification of governing people by force against their will. It is the theory of the Imperial German Government, which we fought the war to refute. If we believe in it and advance it as a justification for the British protectorate over Egypt, then the treaties of Versailles and St.-Germain, in almost all of their provisions to emancipate subject races are crimes against civilization. For no intelligent man can deny the purely material prosperity of Alsace-Lorraine, Schleswig, Silesia, and Posnania under German rule. Alsatians, Lorrainers, Danes, and Poles, if we take the tests by which the Egyptians are told to count their blessings, enjoyed unrivaled prosperity and perfect security under the German yoke. As portions of a flourishing industrial state, they doubled in population and quintupled in wealth. Think of the railways, roads, canals, efficient administration, public buildings, admirable laws, social as well as agricultural and industrial, of imperial Germany! By the same token, the traveler in the Hapsburg Empire could not help admitting that Bohemia was one of the most flourishing countries of Europe, that Triest and Fiume were cleaner and better equipped and better managed than Italian ports, that the Jugo-Slavs had much more prosperity and material comfort than the Serbians, that the Transylvanians were largely free from the terrible state of ignorance and agricultural exploitation of the Rumanian peasants, and that the political and economic situation of the Austrian Poles was enviable in comparison with the oppression of their brothers under the rule of one of the Entente Allies.

Cold-blooded materialists, who measure happiness and contentment by dollars in the bank, public works, and a good police system, wonder at the stupidity of the Egyptians in demanding the right "to develop their own civilization in their own way, following their own ideals without interference," as Mr. Balfour defined the war aim of Great Britain in his famous Guildhall speech. But if they do this and are sincere and logical, they must deplore the defeat of Germany and Austria-Hungary. They must be pitying half a dozen emancipated races of central and eastern Europe for the mess our well-meaning, but foolish, war to liberate them has got them into. Of course Alsatians and Lorrainers, Danes, Poles, Czechs, Slovaks, Jugo-Slavs, Hungarian Rumanians, and Austrian Italians will deny that their unquestioned material prosperity was due to beneficent German rule, to German administrative ability, to having been included within the *Zollverein* of a populous and flourishing industrial state, to the advantageous markets open to their products through the prestige of Germany, the growth of her merchant fleet, and the protection of her navy. They point to other factors—native energy and industry, remarkable initiative and development before the German conquest, and above all to their geographical position, the rich production of their soil, and the world-wide phenomenon of increased productive wealth through improved and multiplied transportation facilities and greater scientific knowledge. What happened under German rule there is no reason for believing they could not have accomplished if left to themselves. And they point out to you convincingly how the conquerors did not forget to advance their own interests by reason of their political control.

The Egyptians use against Great Britain the same points which the races we have liberated use against Germany when they deny the assumption that they owe their material blessings to British rule and when they affirm that the Government which held them in subjection has exploited them. The Suez Canal was dug and the railway and irrigation system planned and partly constructed before the British came. Mohammed Ali and his successors were enlightened rulers, and they were responsible for the Europeanization of Egypt. They freed the country from the Turkish yoke, successfully defended its independence, and laid the foundations of the present economic prosperity. The British have reimbursed themselves richly for what they have done in developing irrigation and trans-

portation facilities. Not only have the Egyptian people paid in taxes every cent spent upon them, but they were mulcted for a large portion of the expense of the reconquest of the Sudan, and the graft of big salaries and pensions to British officials and of the maintenance of the British garrison and police system has come out of the pockets of the Egyptian people. An appalling sum in gold goes from Egypt every year to be spent in England by the families of British officials and by the large roll of pensioners. The story of how Great Britain has used her position in Egypt to prevent the establishment of a native cotton textile industry for the benefit of Manchester and to cheat the Egyptian peasants out of the open market price of their cotton for the benefit of Liverpool is a telling refutation of the smug and comforting theory that the British occupation of Egypt is an altruistic burden unwillingly assumed by the British Government for the benefit of the Egyptians.

We are told that it is impossible to grant independence or even self-government to a "backward race," which is unable to manage its own affairs, much less defend itself against enemies from outside. This excuse for the protectorate is given by many who admit frankly that all the other arguments for British rule are indefensible. It is the favorite plea of the imperialists. You may have answered their other arguments, but here they think they have you. And they have, if you are a follower of the philosophy of Bernhardi, Treitschke, and others who interpret historical evolution as inevitably limited by the law of force. Does *Macht geht vor Recht?* If so, Part I of "The Covenant of the League of Nations," in the Treaty of Versailles, is one of the most brazen and shameless cloaks of hypocrisy that has ever been written. But if the League of Nations was conceived in sincerity, British statesmen must be the first to admit that there is now in the world a possibility for the independent existence of small nations.

If the reader thinks that my argument is weak, because we must distinguish between a "small nation" and a "backward race" and because I have put European Christian races on the same plane with a non-European Mohammedan race, I have my answer in the Treaty of Versailles itself. Among the "high contracting parties" we read "His Majesty the King of the Hedjaz," whose representatives signed the Treaty of Versailles on behalf of a sovereign and independent state. In Article 434 Germany is forced to recognize the independence of the new states created during the war.

The "backward-race" argument is denied by the Treaty of Versailles itself. If, as the treaty provides, the Arabs on one side of the Red Sea are recognized as forming a sovereign and independent state, where does the disability of the Arabs on the other side come in? Puzzle over this question as much as you will; there is no answer. When we created the Hedjaz as a sovereign and independent state, we deprived ourselves of using the "backward-race" argument against Egyptian independence. When we consider that the Hedjaz never was a state and is not a geographical unity and that its inhabitants are mostly nomad Bedouins with no traditions or little education and virtually no trained leaders, when we realize that the Hedjaz was for a time during the last century a province of Egypt, how can we have the face to say to the Egyptians that the Treaty of Versailles put them under the British protectorate because they were not ready for statehood and could not possibly be expected to organize a self-governing state and manage their own affairs?

Finally, we are told that the Egyptians really do not want to have their independence, that if the British got out, the Mohammedans would massacre the Christians, and that the agitators for independence are irresponsible, self-appointed leaders, working for their own selfish ends or contaminated with Bolshevism. That is the last-ditch argument for the British protectorate. I heard it often at Paris. It has been given in official British statements, and crops up over and over again in the British and American press. Let me say very positively that those who use this argument do not know what they are talking about. If there is any na-

tive Egyptian who does not ardently desire to see his country independent, I have failed to find him. Nor has the British commission, headed by Viscount Milner, backed by a British army, and with the power to hand out attractive jobs at fat salaries, been able to get a single Egyptian to come out in favor of the British protectorate. When Viscount Milner suggested to the Grand Mufti that there were Egyptians eager to testify in favor of the protectorate, but did not, owing to intimidation, the religious head of the Egyptians gave to him Cardinal Mercier's answer to Baron von der Lancken, "Every country has its traitors."

The Egyptian nationalist movement has followed the evolution of other nationalist movements during the World War. Before the war it was weak and hesitating for the reasons I have given above. But between 1914 and 1918 the Egyptians, like other subject races of Europe and the near East, were awakened from unspoken dreams to the tangible hope of a glorious national revival. I had the privilege of spending several months in Egypt during this awakening. I saw people transformed from apathy or despair to living, burning hope by the promises of Balfour, Asquith, and Viviani. They were not hostile to the British. Far from it. They thought the great struggle of freemen all over the world against militarism and brute force, as symbolized by the German Kaiser, was causing the British to see a new light in the matter of their own dealings with subject races.

One day, after a luncheon at which the sultan gathered to meet me the members of his household and of the Egyptian cabinet, I persuaded Sultan Hussein to accord me an interview in which he would express his devotion to and faith in the Allied cause and would at the same time recognize the reasonableness of the British expectation to continue to control the Suez Canal and the foreign and financial affairs of Egypt after the war. I explained to him how helpful such a declaration would be to prevent false hopes on the part of Germany in regard to the nationalist movement. I told him frankly that I had been sent to Egypt by Mr. James Gordon Bennett to help the Allied cause, and that at that critical moment of the war a statement from him would render immense service to the British in the near East. Two days later the sultan sent Dr. Nimr, editor of a Cairo newspaper, to ask me to recall the interview. It was too late. I went to the palace to explain to the sultan that my cablegram had already gone. He sat for a moment in silence, and then his eyes filled with tears.

"I believe that we must agree to British control of our foreign affairs," he said, "or I should not have allowed the interview in the first place. But I fear a misunderstanding both on the part of my own people and of the British. The British Government asked me to take the sultanate when they deposed my nephew. I accepted the post and the war-time protectorate because we do not want the Turks and Germans in Egypt. Great Britain's interests and ours are identical when it comes to winning the war. But I do not want my people to think that I was unfaithful to the independence of Egypt. We have the definite promise of the British Government, only this is not the time to discuss the question in public. We shall have to wait until the end of the war."

The sultan requested his prime minister, Rushdi Pasha, to go into the matter with me in detail. I had several long talks with Rushdi Pasha. He explained to me why the war-time protectorate was established and why he, prime minister of the deposed Abbas Hilmi, had agreed to continue to hold office under the new régime. Rushdi Pasha feared the invasion of Egypt by the Turks and the Germans and believed that the Egyptians had every interest in not only keeping quiet during the war, but also actively coöperating with the British against what was a common enemy. In the presence of Adly Yeghen Pasha, minister of education, Rushdi Pasha outlined for me the grievances of the Egyptian people against the British, and the program of changes in the internal administration of Egypt which he proposed to present to the British Government in London when the

victory of Allied arms was assured. It was a reasonable program, and did not go so far as the unconditional independence of the Hedjaz or the implications in the repeated assurances of Allied statesmen. Rushdi Pasha wanted to get rid of the graft of English officials managing the internal affairs of the country in their own interest and in the interest of British manufacturers and merchants, and he demanded the recognition by Great Britain of Egypt's sovereignty over the Sudan and right to participate in any profits coming from the Sudan. The two Egyptians told me that only in this way would the Egyptians ever be masters in their own country. "We want for Egyptians the offices held by Britishers, and we want control of the revenues of our country, after foreign interest payments are guaranteed, so that we may educate our people. Our principal indictment of British rule is its utter disregard of the obligation of spending a fair part of the money derived from taxes on the education of the people. The British are deliberately keeping the Egyptians from getting an education, and then they tell the world that we are incapable of governing ourselves!"

What happened to the Egyptian nationalist cause between November 11, 1918, day of the armistice, and June 28, 1919, day of signing the Treaty of Versailles, demonstrates that the world was not made safe for democracy simply by our victory over Germany. A rigid control of all communications leaving Egypt and deliberate misrepresentation of the facts in the case were the two means British officials in Egypt hoped to use to annex Egypt to the British Empire. But the British in Egypt were poor psychologists. They overestimated the power of machine-guns and bayonets to stifle the voice of a nation. They did not realize that the civilized world had changed its ideas a bit since 1914. If they had kept the promises made to the Egyptians during the war and had acted in good faith, the Egyptian question could have been solved without damage to British prestige and to British imperial interests.

On November 13, 1918, Premier Rushdi Pasha, with the approval of the sultan, asked the British military authorities for passports for himself and Adly Yeghen Pasha to go to London to discuss the status of Egypt with the British Government. The request was flatly refused. Realizing that he had been deceived and was a prisoner in his own country, the premier resigned. So did Adly Yeghen Pasha. No attention was paid to the resignations. Thinking that he might be able to convince the British of the madness as well as the bad faith of the course they were following, Rushdi Pasha remained in office for several months. Despite the efforts of the military and police to prevent a vote, the Egyptian Legislative Assembly and all the leading men of Egypt balloted for and elected a national delegation to the peace conference. Premier Rushdi Pasha strongly advised the British high commissioner, Sir Reginald Wingate, to allow this delegation to go to London and there arrange with the British Government to participate in the peace conference. Sir Reginald, who had spent his life in serving British interests in that part of the world, felt that the delegation was representative and the wish to speak for Egypt reasonable. But neither the opinion of Rushdi Pasha nor of the high commissioner prevailed against the occult influences that were determined to use the victory in the World War to sanction definitely the British title to Egypt.

On March 8, 1919, after the British authorities had failed to secure the consent of any influential Egyptian to succeed Rushdi Pasha, they decided to employ intimidation. Saad Zagloul Pasha, Mohammed Pasha Mahmoud, Ismail Pasha Sidky, and Hamad Pasha El-Bassil, the president and three prominent members of the delegation chosen to represent Egypt at the peace conference, were arrested without warning and hurried secretly from their homes. They were not given a chance to say good-by to their families, arrange their business affairs, or even pack their clothing. Without any charge having been made against them, they were deported from Egypt on a war-ship and thrown into jail at Malta. The British authorities have had a year to justify

this act. They cannot do so. Not even by the widest stretch of imagination could they bring suspicion of conspiracy or disorder against these men, who had always been trusted by the British themselves. Saad Zagloul Pasha, president of the delegation, is the best-loved man in Egypt, and I have been told over and over again by the highest British officials who had known him for years that he is a man of excellent judgment, conservative temperament, and unimpeachable character. He is idolized by the fellaheen because of his lifelong devotion to their interests.[1] When the British arrested a lot of school-boys for expressing in an orderly manner the sentiment of love of country that is instilled into English school-boys in the same way they are taught to respect God, they gave their names as "Saad Zagloul" one after the other. And they persisted in this tribute to the hero of Egypt despite flogging and the withholding of food. Some of the little fellows were not more than eleven or twelve.

The three associates of Zagloul Pasha were men of the same high character. Mohammed Pasha is a graduate of Balliol College, Oxford. One of his friends of university days, a British official in Egypt, told me once that Mohammed Pasha was one of the finest and squarest fellows that had ever gone through Balliol. I can say the same of dear old Hamad Pasha, chief of the Bedouins of the Fayum, who has more personal power than any man in Egypt. He speaks French and English well enough to get along in a Paris salon, and until he espoused the nationalist cause, was the host and friend of English officials, archæologists, and sportsmen. The brutal deportation did not break up or intimidate the national delegation. Zagloul Pasha's place was temporarily taken by Sharawi Pasha. Sidky Pasha is a quiet gentleman of the old school, who would be in the House of Lords were he an Englishman. He is a great landed proprietor, generally respected for justice and fair dealing.

It was the deportation of these leaders of the Egyptian people that led to the so-called revolt. The British authorities tried to represent the troubles in Egypt as an uprising against public order that had to be suppressed, troubles instigated by Bolshevist agitators, and an example of what would happen if the mailed fist were removed for a minute. In response to this charge, the Egyptians published a White Book, giving documentary evidence concerning the promises and negotiations before the deportation of Zagloul Pasha and his associates, and extracts from official court proceedings and photographs to prove the atrocities committed by British troops against an unarmed population. They begged the peace conference to send an international commisison to Egypt to make an investigation and promised to stake their cause upon the report of such a commission.

When the British authorities realized that the Egyptian situation was getting out of hand and that the people could not be intimidated into giving up their demand for self-government without exterminating them, the national delegation was allowed to proceed to Paris, and the four leaders at Malta were released and dumped at Marseilles with no explanation or apology offered.

After Easter, the delegation finally arrived at the peace conference, but despite their letters to Messrs. Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and Wilson, their case was not heard. Their communications were ignored. Finally, the Treaty of Versailles was signed with the article arranging the British protectorate over Egypt.

The British speak of "the nationalist faction" in Egypt, and hint darkly at massacres of Christians and Europeans

[1] As an excellent illustration of how American public opinion is being misled, I quote from an otherwise excellent editorial on Foch in the New York "Times," February 8, 1920: "Contemptuous of the impertinent warning given him by one of those humbug 'Nationalist' Pashas who long to revive in Egypt unlimited taxation of the fellaheen and unlimited application of the bastinado, the Tiger sailed gaily toward Alexandria." A scholarly and thoughtful writer penned these lines, but his knowledge of the Egyptian nationalist movement has evidently been gained from a propaganda source, and this grotesque misstatement was worked into the editorial for propaganda purposes. I challenge the New York "Times" editorial writer to bring proof to sustain the charge he makes here against Saad Zagloul Pasha. The triumph of Egyptian nationalism means the betterment of the fellaheen, socially and economically as well as politically. Freedom from the burden of British rule will lessen taxation for the fellaheen and give him an opportunity to get an education, which at present is denied them.

if the British relax their strong military control. This can fool only the uninitiated. As far as I have been able to see, and I have enjoyed exceptional opportunities, the native Christians are fully as nationalist as the Mohammedans. If they have any fear of massacres, the high clergy of the Coptic Church and the intellectual elements among the Copts act most queerly. They have assured me that they are heart and soul with the Mohammedans in demanding independence; Christian priests have preached patriotic sermons in mosques; and hundreds of Coptic young men and boys defied the British machine-guns in the streets of Cairo and Assiut. When I visited the Presbyterian College at Assiut in 1916, one of the seniors, who had high standing, came to me secretly, and begged me not to believe the stories of religious antagonism. "It is the old trick of *divide et impera,*" he explained. "All educated Copts realize that our interests are with our Mohammedan fellow-countrymen against the British. As long as we are under the régime instituted by Lord Cromer, there is no hope of happiness for an educated Egyptian. The British are killing our souls. But with education we awake to self-respect, and we cannot help challenging foreign rule[1]. We are all willing to die for our freedom."

Viscount Milner's commission went to Egypt to investigate the "troubles." It did not occur to Viscount Milner and his associates that the British protectorate idea was dead, like many other provisions of the Treaty of Versailles. There is no longer the ghost of a chance of getting the Egyptian people to accept the disposition made of their country against their wishes and in violation of the British promises of forty years. The "nationalist faction" is the nation. The princes of the sultan's family have issued two addresses, signed by all the possible heirs to the throne. The first, to the Egyptian nationalists, declares their adherence to the program of independence; the second, to Lord Milner, warns him of their solidarity in the national demand for complete independence.

Lord Curzon, in a burst of indignation, cried out recently that it was intolerable to suppose that victorious Great Britain would give up her title to Egypt. But her title to Egypt depends solely upon a big standing army, and that standing army Great Britain no longer has to send to the banks of the Nile.

The last resort of the Milner commission was to attempt to convince the powerful religious authorities of the Mohammedans that it was to their best interests to join hands with the British commission in settling the "difficulties." The Grand Mufti replied:

"No Egyptian will accept the protectorate or enter into a discussion with you except on the basis of independence."

Lord Milner warned the Grand Mufti that Great Britain had the power to impose her will forcibly upon Egypt. Immediately the Grand Mufti rose, to signify that the audience was terminated, and said:

"As a religious chief I can only say and affirm that it is impossible to convince the nation of the utility of a thing of which I myself am unconvinced. The entire nation claims its independence, and it would, therefore, be useless to speak in any other language. I do not forget your power. But if Egyptians bend to-day before force, they will seize the first occasion to revolt. The guaranty of force is not eternal."

Is it?

[1] Do not weigh too lightly this argument about self-respect. Put yourself in the place of the educated Egyptian, who, in the Cromer system, is denied any real authority in the management of his country's affairs. There is always an Englishman over him. The Manchester "Guardian" of January 16, 1920, says: "It was assumed that the Administration was best fitted to decide what was for the good of Egypt, and that the Egyptian people would accept and obey without question, as it had done for nearly forty years. That delusion has gone, swept away by the events of last March." The "Guardian" goes on to demonstrate that the British are losing their hold on Egypt because British officials felt they could ignore "the natives" and run things as they pleased. Two specific illustrations are given. The new Penal Code was drawn up by British officials, and "it did not occur for a moment to the authorities that it was necessary for the Egyptians to have a primary part in shaping the law under which they were going to live." The new Constitution for Egypt under the British protectorate was drawn up without consulting a single Egyptian and presented to Premier Rushdi Pasha. He had known nothing about it. Told he had to accept it, he refused. Then he was threatened. He resigned, and the troubles broke out.

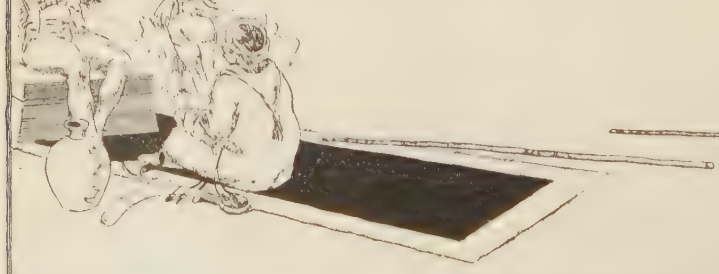
Birthday of Louis Eleventh
in
"Our Fayre Ville of Paris," A.D. 1461

By Leon D'Emo
Illustrations by the Author

Silk and steel and harness thongs;
Saddle, poignard, purse;
Soldiers, doxies, gentlemen,
Noblemen, and worse;
Poets, panders, peasantry;
Thief and nun and nurse;
Judge and priest and proctor,
Mass and sob and curse.

Riches, stenches, happiness,
Poverty and woe;
Men-at-arms at every gate,
Arquebus and bow;
Honesty and treachery,
Friend and bitter foe,
In "our fayre ville of Paris"
Four hundred years ago.

Natives of the Soldan's realm,
Saracen and Dane;
Picard and Burgundian
Plot and plot again;
Wheel and block and prison,
Hunger, death, and pain;
Shackle, rack, and torture-room.
Christ has died in vain.



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Alley, place, and palace,
River, dark and fell;
Tavern-den and bagnio
Anterooms to hell;
Beggars sore and lousy,
Lepers with their bell;
Bugle, horn, and tucket;
Tocsin, chime, and knell.

Ignorance, intolerance,
Superstition, hate;
Bigotry, hypocrisy
On lust and honor wait;
As though a demon serving mass
The sacred wafer ate,
The shining knights come riding to
The birthday of the state.

Power, lineage, and wealth,
Piety a-show;
The stained-glass of Our Lady's
Pictured windows glow,
As burly Louis goes to mass
His gratitude to show
In "our fayre ville of Paris"
Four hundred years ago.

The Thing They Loved

By MARICE RUTLEDGE

Illustrations by Dudley Glyone Summers

"They had vowed to live only for one another. The theme of their love was sublime enough, but the instruments were fallible. Human beings can rarely sustain a lofty note beyond the measure of a supreme moment."

WHEN she told her husband that David Cannon had arranged for her a series of recitals in South America, she looked to him for swift response. She was confident that anything touching on her professional life would kindle his eye and warm his voice. It was, in fact, that professional life as she interpreted it with the mind of an artist, the heart of a child, which had first drawn him to her; he had often admitted as much. During one year of rare comradeship he had never failed in his consideration for her work. He would know, she felt sure, that to go on a concert tour with David Cannon, to sing David Cannon's songs under such conditions, presented good fortune in more than one way. He would rejoice accordingly.

But his, "Why, my dear, South America!" came flatly upon her announcement. It lacked the upward ring, and his eye did not kindle, his voice did not warm. He himself felt the fictitious inflection, for he added hastily, with happier effect, "It 's a wonderful chance, dearest, is n't it?" His voice by then had gained in heartiness, and his smile, always worshipful when turned on her, contained this time something of apology. So close were they, though, in thought, spoken or unspoken, that he had sounded a tiny alarm. Her radiance perceptibly waned. A moment before she had stood, a glowing, vital creature, beside him, eyes and lips singing a duet of delight; now with questioning heart she leaned toward her loved one.

"What is it? Don't you want me to go? I thought you liked David. Can't you come, too, Oliver?"

"You know I can't, dear," she heard him say with an attempt at lightness. Then he added: "But it 's a great chance for you. You 'll take it, of course. It was only the thought of losing you even for a little while. What selfish brutes we men are!" He had recovered himself, had defined his passing reserve in loverlike terms, and was newly aware of unworthiness. The luxury of tender persuasion, of arguing her into a sense of sweet security, concerned him next. He could not say enough, and said too much.

They were mellow against an intimate background of yellow walls lit by fire and lamps. Myra's grand piano projected sleek and dark from a corner of warm shadow. The silver tea-set gleamed pale on a slender-legged table; a fragrance of narcissus spread dreamily. Oliver sank on the couch, drawing her down where she could become all feminine. She was that, and most adorably, her bright hair soft about lax brows, her full lips parted, her strong white hands lying in his like brooding birds. He talked on, and she played content for a while; but a moment came when with a sudden maternal gesture she drew his dark, willing head to her shoulder.

"Let 's forget South America for tonight," she said.

He would not, could not, drop the subject. He had been so clumsy in not realizing what it all meant to her; but her news had come as such a surprise. She had seen David Cannon, then, that afternoon?

Yes, he was on his way down to her to settle the date of their concert and to propose this South American scheme. But she need not decide immediately.

He protested that her triumph there would crown him. If he were not a poor young architect attached to his blue prints, he would follow her. As it was, his duller duty lay at home. She caught a flatness of tone, and met it with a vigorous profession of faith in his work. His art was more useful than hers, more enduring. His music was in stone; hers was no greater than the trilling of a bird. He thought this over, moved from her embrace, sat erect, and patted his tie. Well, he summed up, each had a working life converging to a common end. Let her sing Cannon's songs to South America. Her voice would reach him. Then let her come back quickly. He could not conceive of life without her. It would seem strange to be a bachelor again, he went on, with a sigh meant to be comical. He supposed he would eat at his club when he was not invited out. He hoped her friends would take pity on him.

"You mean our friends," she corrected.

"You 're the magnet, dear."

"I attracted you," she conceded happily. Then, with a start, she said: "Do you know what time it is? And we 're dining with the Wickeses at seven."

"I never have you to myself any more," he objected. "If I were an old-fashioned husband, I should be jealous of every one who sees or talks to you."

"But you 're not an old-fashioned husband," she reminded him.

"I try not to be." He had risen from the couch, and was making his way to the door, where he paused to look back at her. "Wear the blue brocade to-night, dear, and do your hair that new way."

"The way Martigues suggested? I thought you did n't like it."

He hesitated only a second.

"It 's a bit extreme," he had to confess, "but it suits you."

She came toward him then, laughing.

"You see, you give me over to them."

"I can afford to," he said.

They were late, of course, to the dinner. Despite her effort at brightness, Oliver felt her graver mood. He watched her with a shadowy anxiety. Her smile, when her glance sought him out among the chattering guests, did not entirely reassure him. He had never loved her more than this evening when she seemed so removed from him, so easily and brilliantly a guest of honor. What hold had these strangers on her? They could only misread the superficial sparkle of her eyes, the gracious movements of her uncovered neck and arms. He decided then that the blue brocade was too conspicuous. She must not wear it in South America. And her honey-colored hair, piled high, with a fantastic Spanish comb flaring above the topmost curls, struck him as needlessly theatrical. He blamed Martigues for that. His humor was not improved by the Basque painter's voluble compliments on the success of a coiffure he felt to be his own creation. The fellow was too familiar, thought Oliver, with increasing irritation. He darkened, grew glum and silent; and when, after dinner, Martigues approached him with a luckless tribute to Madame Shaw's superlative loveliness, he answered curtly, and turned on his heel. Myra witnessed the brief discourtesy, and later very gently taxed him with it. What had the unfortunate artist done? He faced her like a sulky boy and would not answer; but she was quick to penetrate his grievance. She laughed then, as a woman laughs who has nothing to conceal, declaring that Martigues's taste was not infallible, and that Oliver knew best what became his Myra. She soon wooed him back to his old charming self, and the incident passed. But there were others on the following days, and Myra grew thoughtful.

She and Oliver were seldom alone. Her joy of life, her vitality, her very talent depended on a multitude of impressions, on innumerable personal contacts. She belonged to a rich, throbbing world of emotions; she gathered passion for her song from the yearnings, the anonymous aspirations, even the

crudities of the human forces about her.

She was Oliver's most gloriously when most surrounded. His pride was centered on her; it was centered, however, on the brilliant returns of her actual presence—a presence which was never too far removed in flesh or spirit to deprive him of a certain naïve assumption of ownership. That she should continue all the dear, familiar fascinations beyond his sight or touch, in a far-away land, with David Cannon as a daily companion, was another matter. Not that he was jealous of David. No one man stood out as a rival. But Cannon traveling with Myra, sharing artistic triumphs with her, escorting her to entertainments given in her honor, Cannon, in fact, associated in foreign minds with the beautiful cantatrice, offended the inviolable rights of his lover's vanity. He would have her less beautiful, less gifted, not more faithful.

Exquisitely sensitive where he was concerned, Myra detected this subtle change in his attitude toward her and her work. The origins of the change, she knew, were obscurely lodged in the male egoism. He himself was not aware of them. He seemed nearer and dearer than ever, even more ardent. He wanted her constantly within range of his eyes and hands that he might in a thousand coaxing or, often, petulant ways assert a fond dominion. She yielded gladly to that sweet pressure. Strangely enough for a woman of her independent habits, to be so loved, roused elemental instincts the more powerful since she had never before given them outlet. So she allowed his illusions of mastery full play, which was dangerous, as gradually she altered the delicate balance of their relationship.

A restless month went by. It was February.

Unfortunately, Oliver's work failed to engross him. He grew moodier, more exacting. If Myra arrived home late, he wanted to know where she had been, whom she had seen. Were they dining out, he muttered unsociable objections; were people coming to the house, he complained of the lack of privacy. What a whirl they lived in! So they did, but what was the remedy? Myra herself felt helpless in a tangle of engagements. They overpowered her. She could not seem to cut her way through them. Then there were rehearsals for the concert. David Cannon came to her or she went to him nearly every day. Usually Oliver was present, putting in his opinion between each song. Did David think the South-Americans would appreciate that kind of music? How did he think they would like Myra? And so on and on.

David Cannon, never patient, a rough-tongued, self-absorbed genius, resented these interruptions, and was brief in his methods of expressing as much. Even Myra, the most tactful of diplomatists, could not smooth over occasional ugly moments between the two men. She understood Oliver better than he understood himself. His unreasoning love, his apprehensive vanity, would have unsettled a less maternal spirit; but she found a kind of mystic wonder in it, he battled so blindly for possession of her. He was in her way, and she could not advance without pushing him aside. Had he come to her and blustered, "You shall not leave me for any purpose whatsoever," she would have denied him the right of dictation; but there was no such conflict of wills. They were both involved in this love of their making—a love whose demands were treacherous. Each day brought up trivial attacks, fancied grievances, little fears unavowed; but when she sought to meet the issue squarely, it eluded her. Oliver's nightly repentance for his daily whims and suspicions drew her nightly into his arms. Enfolded there, she felt moored to his love; and, sleepless, she questioned any life apart.

Two days before the recital, David Cannon, with whom she was going over the program for the last time, turned suddenly from the piano with an impatient shrug of his shoulders.

"Rotten!" he said brutally, peering up at her. "You 're not doing yourself justice. What 's the matter with you?" Beneath the strong, overhanging brow his little eyes glowered fiercely.

They happened to be alone that afternoon in his great bare studio, where no soft background or dim lights conspired to hide her dejection. She had sung badly. She knew it, but she could not

"Oliver sank on the couch, drawing her down where she could become all feminine"

answer such a brusk attack, could not defend herself against harsh questioning.

"I don't know. Perhaps I 'm tired," she said.

David Cannon rose from the piano with the powerful lunging movement of a bull.

"You tired? Nonsense!" His charge sent him beyond her a pace. He wheeled and came up close. He was shorter than she, but the sheer force of the man topped her. His keen little eyes looked her over, took in her bright, drooping head and her sloping-shouldered, slim-waisted health. "Tired!" he grunted. "That 's an excuse, not a reason." He tapped his heart and forehead. "Your trouble lies here and here."

She tried to smile, with a lift of her eyebrows.

"What do you know about it?"

"I know more than you think I do," he flung at her, frowning. "You 're worried about something, and when you worry, you can't sing. You 're made that way, and I suppose you can't help it. Don't interrupt yet," he fairly shouted at her as she began to protest. "I 've watched over and taught you for three years. I ought to know."

"I owe you a lot," she said faintly.

"You owe me nothing," he snapped. "Your debt is to yourself."

She could not fend off that merciless look, which went through and through her. "If my debt is to myself, I need pay only if I choose," she tried to jest.

"Don't make that mistake," he warned. "Your work is your life. I tell you that, and I know."

"I wonder," she said more to herself than to him.

He looked at her grimly.

"Just as I thought. Same old question—marriage. You 're jealous, or he 's jealous of God knows whom or what. And your voice goes to pieces. Which is it?" he demanded. "Is Oliver misbehaving?"

"Of course not," she said indignantly.

"Humph! Well, he 's faithful, you 're faithful. You 've both got talent, friends, a home, a profession. What more do you want?"

"There are other—jealousies," she

said slowly, and with gathering passion she went on: "I suppose I owe you some explanation, David, though you won't understand. Oliver is the most wonderful person in the world. I never thought I could love any one as I love him. And it 's the same with him. But he wants me all to himself." Her hands fluttered together in nervous appeal. "Can't you see how it is? Since we 've been married we 've never been separated a day. And now this South-American thing has come up, and he 's felt—oh, I can't explain. But I 'm so afraid—"

"Afraid of what?"

"It 's hard to put into words," she said hopelessly. "I suppose I 'm afraid of losing my happiness. Oliver 's right in many ways. He never does have me to himself; I belong to so many people. It 's always been my life, you know. But I thought I could combine everything when I married, and I 'm beginning to see that it can't be done."

"He knew what your life was," said David.

"Does one ever know?" she said sadly. "This concert, you see, is my first important appearance since our marriage. And then my going away right after—"

David strode over to the piano and sat there silent, his head sunk on his chest, his short arms stiffly before him.

"I realize how absurd it is," she murmured; "but it is n't just those few months. He trusts me. It 's the feeling he has that this is only a beginning. I know what he means so well," she ended helplessly. David's short fingers moved over the keys. A music wild and pagan rose up, filled the room with rhythms of free dancing creatures, sank to a minor plaint, and broke off on a harsh discord as the door-bell jangled.

"There 's your Oliver," he said, and went to let him in.

It was the day of the concert, and Myra wanted above all to be alone. She had never felt this way before. She dreaded the evening, dreaded facing a critical audience; she had fretted herself into a fever over it. But when she tried to explain her state of mind to Oliver that morning at breakfast, he would not hear of any prescription for nerves which did not include his company. Why should she want to be alone? If she was ill or troubled, his place was beside her. He had planned to lunch and spend the afternoon with her. Her faintly irritable, "I wish you would n't," only wounded and shocked him. Her strength was not equal to discussion, and in the end she yielded.

For the rest of the morning he followed her about, tenderly opposing any exertion.

"I must have you at your best tonight, dear," he kept on saying. "I 'm going to be proud of my Myra." He was so eager, wistful, and loving, she could not resent his care. She gave in to it with a sense of helplessness.

Soon after lunch her head started aching. She suggested a brisk walk. The air might do her good. But he persuaded her to lie down on the couch instead. The touch of his fingers on her hot forehead was soothing, too soothing. She relaxed luxuriously, closing her eyes, subdued, indifferent.

He was saying:

"What will you do, beloved, if you are taken ill in South America? No Oliver to care for you. I can't bear to think of it." Suddenly, he laid his cheek against hers. "If anything happens to you, I shall go mad."

She sat up with a swift movement that brought back an almost intolerable pain.

"Nothing will happen," she tried to say, and found herself weakly sobbing in his arms.

It was time to dress. She did her hair, to please Oliver, in a girlish way, parted and knotted low. Her gown, designed by Martigues, did not fit in with this simple coiffure. She was aware of an incongruity between the smooth, yellow bands of hair meekly confining her small head and the daring peacock-blue draperies flowing in long, free lines from her shoulders, held lightly in at the waist by a golden cord.

"One will get the better of the other before the evening is over," she thought with a sigh, turning away from her mirror.

"My beautiful Myra!" Oliver said as if to cheer her.

"I have never looked worse," she re-

torted a trifle impatiently, and would not argue the point as they drove uptown.

"We 'll see what I really amount to now," she told herself.

She had never before so tensely faced an audience, but there was more at stake than she cared to confess, and she was not equal to it. She shone, but did not blind those thousand eyes; she sang, but did not cast enchantment. And David Cannon would not help her. He sat at the piano, uncouth, impassive, deliberately detached, as if he gave her and his music over to an anonymous crowd of whose existence he was hardly aware. There was something huge and static about him, something elemental as an earth-shape, containing in and by itself mysterious rhythms. His songs were things of faun-like humors, terrible, tender, mocking, compassionate. They called for an entire abandon, for witchery, for passion swayed and swaying; but although at times Myra's voice held a Pan-like flutiness, although an occasional note true and sweet as a mate-call stirred that dark fronting mass, she failed to sustain the spell. She was too aware of Oliver leaning forward in his box, applauding louder than any one. His loyalty would force out of this fastidious audience an ovation she did not deserve. She would not look his way. "I can't sing," she thought mournfully.

Had David Cannon shown any annoyance, she might have been goaded on to a supreme effort; but he avoided her. When once she went up to him during an intermission and said timidly:

"I 'm sorry, David; I 'm spoiling everything," he answered indifferently:

"My songs can stand it."

She wished then that she had not begged Oliver to keep away from her until the end. She felt lonely and near to tears. As the evening wore on, lightened by spasmodic applause, she became very quiet. She even sang better, and felt rather than saw Oliver brighten. But it was too late; she had lost her audience. There were now gaps in the earlier unbroken rows; a well-known critic trod softly out; little nervous coughs and rustlings rose up.

At last it was all over. She wanted only to hide, but she was not to escape another ordeal. She and Oliver had arranged for a supper party that evening. To it they had bidden many musical personalities and several of Oliver's architect friends. She had meant to announce then the South-American recitals. The prospect of such an entertainment was now almost unendurable. She knew well what these people would say and think. Driving home with Oliver, she relaxed limp against his shoulder, her eyes closed. That haven could at least always be counted on, she reflected with passionate gratitude. His voice sounded from a distance as he talked on and on, explaining, excusing what he could not honestly ignore. She had worked too hard. She was tired out. There was the headache, too. But she had sung wonderfully all the same.

"Please, Oliver!" she faintly interrupted.

"You made the best of it," he insisted. "David's songs, though, are beyond me."

She sat up very straight at this.

"My dear," she said in a cold voice, "I made a mess of it, and you know it. There *is* no excuse. David has every reason to be furious."

"I 'd like to see him dare—"

"Please, Oliver!" she said again on a warning note of hysteria. She stared out of the window at the blur of passing lights. It was misting; the streets gleamed wet and wan beneath the lamps.

Oliver's arm went around her.

"I 'm sorry, dear. Nothing matters, after all, but you and I together," he whispered.

"Nothing else does matter, does it?" she cried suddenly. "Love me a great deal, Oliver, a great, great deal. That 's all I ask."

They drove on in silence for a while. She sat very quiet, her face half hidden in the high fur collar of her cloak. Now and then she glanced at Oliver, her eyes wistful.

"Oliver," she said at last, "would it make any difference to you if I never sang again?"

"Never sang again," he echoed. "I don't understand."

"I want you and my home," came from her slowly. "I 've been wondering

for some time how much my singing really meant to me. To-night I think I 've found out. I can't seem to keep everything I started out with and be happy. I 'm not big enough," she added sadly.

He was startled, incredulous.

"Myra, you don't realize what you 're saying. You 're tired to-night. I could not let you give up your singing. You are an artist, a big artist."

She shook her head and sighed.

"I might have been, perhaps; but no, I 'm not. David could tell you that. He knows."

"It 's my fault, then, if you feel this way," he said in a melancholy voice. "I 've been selfish and stupid."

The taxi slowed down before the red-brick entrance of the apartment-house. She put her hand impulsively on his arm.

"Oliver, promise me something."

"Whatever you ask."

"Don't mention South America to any one. You promise?"

"But, Myra—"

"Promise."

"I won't, then. But—"

"I see Walter Mason and Martigues waiting for us," she said quickly. "Remember, not a word." She was out of the cab, hurrying forward to greet her guests. Oliver followed, his eyes mutely pleading. But she seemed her old self again, graciously animated, laughing at Martigues, who sulked because he did not like the way her hair was done.

Soon other guests arrived, and still others, all of them primed with compliments carefully prepared.

Last of all came David Cannon, who brushed away flattery with curt gestures and grunts. He sat heavily down in a corner of the room, a plate of cheese sandwiches and a frosted glass of beer before him, and turned an unsociable eye on all intruders. Myra, knowing his mood, left him alone.

"You are different, to-night," Martigues whispered to her. "There is something I do not understand. You have the Madonna smile."

"I am happy," she said, and her eyes turned to Oliver, who held the look and gave it back with deeper meaning.

When later Martigues asked her to sing, she glanced again at Oliver, who nodded and smiled.

"If David will accompany me," she said then. David left sandwiches and beer, but without enthusiasm. He crossed over to the piano, and peered up at her with a kind of somber malice.

"So you will sing now," he said. "Will this do?" He played a few notes softly, and she nodded with a little smile.

It was a song about the love of a white-throated sparrow for a birch-tree of the North. All summer long the bird lived on the topmost branch and sang most beautifully. The season of southward journeying came, but the white-throated sparrow would not leave her tree. She stayed on alone, singing while the leaves turned gold and fell. She sang more faintly as the land grew white with the first snows, and when she could sing no longer for the cold, she nestled down in a bare hollow of the white tree and let the driving flakes of the North cover her.

Oliver stood near the piano. Myra sang to and for him. She stood very tall and straight, her hair, loosened from its tight bands, soft around her face. Her voice thrilled out in the mate-call, grew fainter and sweeter as winter came on, grew poignant under the cold, quivered on the last note. As David Cannon ended with the fate theme of the tree, a genuine shiver went through the little group. There was no hesitation this time in the applause. They swept forward, surrounding her, begging her to sing again. But it was to Oliver that she turned.

"It pleased you? I 'm glad."

David Cannon said nothing. He sat, his shoulders hunched, his fingers on the keys until she had refused to sing again.

"I did n't think you would," he said then, and abruptly left his post to go back to beer and sandwiches. Soon after he slipped out. Myra went with him to the hall, where they talked for a while in low voices. When she came back into the room she was smiling serenely.

She and Oliver were alone at last.

"You glorious creature!" he cried. "I 'm so proud of you! Every one was crazy about the way you sang." She walked slowly toward him.

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"It was a song about the love of a white-throated sparrow for a birch-tree of the North"

"Oliver," she said, "I told David this evening that I would n't go to South America with him."

"You did n't!" His voice rose sharp and shocked.

She nodded, beaming almost mischievously.

"But I did, and nothing will make me change my mind."

"How could you be so impulsive, so foolish!" he cried.

She was looking at him now more soberly.

"Are n't you glad?"

"Myra, you must n't! I 'll telephone David at once. I 'll—you did this for me. I won't have it. You should have asked me—"

"It 's no use; I 'm not going," she said.

He dropped on the couch and hid his face in his hands.

"You 're giving this up because of me."

She went to him.

"Oliver, look at me."

Slowly he raised his head.

"I don't see why—" he began, but she was so beautiful, so radiant, that he caught his breath and faltered.

She sat down beside him.

"Ah, but you will," she said. "It 's very simple, dear. Even David understands."

"What does he think?"

"He thinks as I do," she said quickly. "He was quite relieved; honestly, dear. He did n't want any homesick woman spoiling his songs for him in South America. And then I suggested Frances Maury in my place. She has a lovely voice, and she 'll jump at the chance."

"I 've never heard her, but I 'm sure she can't sing as well as you," he said, with returning gloom. "And it was only for two months."

She laughed as at an unreasonable child.

"It is n't the two months, dear. It 's our whole life. There would be other partings, you see, other interests drawing me away. And if it became easier to leave you, then I should know that everything was wrong between us; but if it kept on being hard to divide myself between you and my work, then my work would suffer and so would you. Either way, it could n't go on. I 'm not big enough to do both," she said.

"I can't accept such a sacrifice."

"Don't you want me with you always?"

He seized her hands and passionately drew her close to him.

"Want you? I can tell you now. I 've been jealous, terribly so, of every one, everything that touched you."

"I knew it," she said. "That 's one reason why I did n't sing well to-night. Now I 'm free,"—she threw her arms out with the gesture of flying,—"I 'm free to love just you. We 'll start another life, Oliver, a life of our own. We 'll be fireside people, dear, homely lovers content to sit and talk of an evening. You 'll find me very valuable, really, as a partner," she said eagerly. "I 've never been near enough to your work. And it 's such wonderful work!" With an impulsive movement she went over and closed the piano. "I 'll only open it when you ask me to," she said.

THE process of elimination was simple enough. There was a touch of melancholy in Myra's measurement of relationships, in her consciousness of their frailty. People fell away easily, leaving her and Oliver to their chosen isolation. A dozen regrets or so to invitations, a week or two of evasions over the telephone, a few friends like Martigues turned away at the door when obviously she was at home, a refusal to sing at a charity concert and, most conclusive of all, David Cannon's advertised departure with another artist, and the thing was virtually done.

Then came a succession of long intimate evenings, she and Oliver left to their caprice, she and Oliver walking and driving together, wandering where their fancy took them in the springtime of city and country. She laughed sometimes at him, he seemed so dazed by the consciousness of utter possession. "You are sure you are not bored, darling?" he would often ask these first days. She could not reassure him enough; could not find ways enough to prove to him that when a woman like herself gave of body, mind, and spirit, it was a full giving. There was exquisite pain in that giving; it was almost a terrifying

thing. She was a vital creature, and must spend that which was hers, wisely or foolishly. Her ceaseless energy had always before found an outlet in her work. Now her only expression lay in Oliver. Her mind, never at rest, seized upon his working life, made it hers. But she soon learned that he regarded her self-appointed post of partner with a tender condescension edged with intolerance. She learned with a tiny shock that although in matters musical he trusted absolutely to her judgment, he did not consider the feminine intellect as equal to his own. Music, she discovered, had always been defined by him as something feminine in its application to the arts.

She became gradually aware that he objected to her visits to his office. His glance did not brighten at her entrance. He was not amused as he had been at first, when she bent over the sketches or ran her slim fingers along the tracery of blue prints, daring to question them. Sometimes she had a feeling that she did not entirely know Oliver; that there were plans of his, thoughts of his, which she did not share. She had not missed these before when her own life was full. She had time now during their long hours together to observe reactions of the cause of which she knew nothing. He was absent-minded, off on a trail that led away from her.

There came a week when he allowed her the brunt of wooing; a new dress failed to bring forth the usual compliment; a question lay unanswered where in pride she left it. Then one morning, with a new crisp note in his voice, he telephoned, telling her that he must meet a man at his club for dinner that evening. Mechanically she answered, dully heard his voice warm to a sweetness that should have comforted her.

"You know I would n't leave you unless it were important, dearest. I can't explain now, but I may have great news for you when I come home."

She hung up the receiver thoughtfully, and turned to an apartment which seemed suddenly dreary and empty. She had no purpose in her day. The twilight hour loomed in prospect an endless, dusky loneliness. For a moment she thought of ringing him up and proposing to meet him downtown for lunch; then restrained the impulse. Was she to turn into a nagging wife! She longed now for some friend with whom she could spend the day; but she could think of none. Since her marriage with Oliver she had not encouraged intimacies. On his account she had estranged the few women to whom she might now have turned. Oliver had never understood friendships among women.

The day dragged by. For the first time in months she found herself wishing that she were going out that evening. She thought almost guiltily of David Cannon and Frances Maury, imagining herself in Frances's place. She went to the piano, tried to sing, and realized with dismay that she was sadly out of practice. After all, what did it matter? she decided moodily. Oliver rarely asked her for music.

She took up a novel and dozed over it.

At eleven o'clock Oliver came home. She knew by the way he opened the front door that the news was good. She ran to meet him; her dullness vanished.

He took her by the hand and led her into the softly lit room, which seemed suddenly warm again with his presence. Then he whirled her, facing him. Her smile was a happy reflection of his own brightness.

"You 'll never guess what 's happened," he began.

"Tell me quickly!" she begged.

He waited a moment, with an eye to dramatic effect.

"Well, then," he said proudly, "I 've been appointed on a special committee of reconstruction in France. Malcolm Wild—you 've heard me speak of him—came down from Washington to-day to propose it to me. There are six of us on the committee, and I 'm the youngest."

"Oliver!" She put into the exclamation something of what he expected, for he seemed satisfied. He lifted his head with a young, triumphant gesture. "It is my chance to do a great and useful work," he said. "I need n't tell you what it means. I never hoped, I never dreamed, of such an honor."

"I 'm so proud of you!" she cried.

He hardly seemed to hear her.

"Think of it, just think of it—to be invited to go over there with five of the biggest architects here, American money backing us! We 've been given a whole section to rebuild; I forget how many villages. It 's like a dream." He passed his hand over his eyes.

"France!" she heard herself saying. "But, Oliver, it 's the work of months."

He nodded happily.

"That 's what it is."

"France!" she murmured in a kind of ecstasy. "I 'm just getting it." She clasped her hands together. "I 've always wanted to be in France with you. My dear, when do we start?"

He gave her a swift, bewildered look.

"Why, Myra, did n't you understand? I can't take you right away with me. Later, of course, you 'll join me. It won't be long; a few months at most."

"I 'm not to go when you go?"

Her voice, low and strained, drove straight to his heart.

"Myra, I never thought—it 's a man's trip just now, darling. I—could n't take you with me," he stammered miserably. "Passports are almost impossible to get; and, then, conditions over there—"

She backed away from him, her arms stiff at her sides. "When were you—planning to go?"

He stared at her pitifully.

"Beloved, don't look at me that way!"

"When were you planning to go?" she repeated.

"Next week," he said in an altered voice. "I never thought you would take it this way. I never thought—it 's a great chance."

"That 's what I once told you," she said slowly, and turned away that he might not see her face. "Don't touch me!" she cried as he came nearer. "Don't! I 've been nervous all day, and lonely." She tried to control herself, but as his arms went around her, she began to sob like a hurt child. "If you leave me, I shall die. I can't bear it. I know it 's wicked of me." Her words reached him brokenly. "It 's only because you 're all I have. I 've given up everything; and now—"

He stood very still, staring into space, his hold on her never loosening. She stumbled on, confessing what had lain hidden in her heart until this moment. She told him things she had never thought she could betray to any one—things she had never even dared formulate. When she had done, he said in a strange, gentle voice:

"I did n't know you depended so on me. But it 's all right; I won't leave you, ever. It 's all right. There, dear, I understand."

She struggled free from his hold, and dried her eyes with a sudden passionate gesture of scattering tears.

"You shall go," she said fiercely. "I hate myself for acting this way. It was only because—" She could get no further.

He did not attempt to touch her again. They stood facing one another, measuring their love.

"I might go," he said at last, as if to himself; "but in going I should spoil something very precious. You deny it now, but you would remember your own sacrifice. And then, of course, you would go back to your work. I should want you to. But it would never be the same again, never."

"I won't go back."

He shook his head.

"If you did n't, you would never forgive me. Every day you spent here alone and idle would break one of those fragile bonds that hold us so closely. If only you had n't given up South America!"

"I was wrong," she said drearily.

At last he held out his arms.

"Myra," he said, "you mean more than anything else to me. This offer pleased me; I admit it. But I can work on just as well here. I have the Cromwell house, you know, and the Newburghs may build soon. Don't let 's think of it again."

She held back a moment, afraid to yield; but there was no resisting her longing, and she ran to him with a little sigh, which he softly echoed as he took her and held her close.

THEY had vowed to live only for one another. The theme of their love was sublime enough, but the instruments were fallible. Human beings can rarely sustain a lofty note beyond the measure of a supreme moment. Emotional as

" 'Wives have too many duties for me. I shall never marry' "

she was in her gratitude, Myra would have kept on sounding that note through the days and nights. She would not allow Oliver to forget what he had given up for her sake.

More than ever she sought to associate herself with his work. He was forced to recognize her personality there. For when skilfully she led the talk on his plans, she hunted down elusive problems, grappled with them, and offered him the solutions of a sure instinct. She did not reckon with his vanity. She was too eager to make up for a lost opportunity, as she too often explained. He came gradually to brood over what he now consented to consider a sacrifice. In passing moments of irritation he even referred to it. He broke out occasionally in fits of nerves, certain that he would be humored and petted back to the normal. He knew well how a frown dismayed her, how deep a word could strike, what tiny wounds he could inflict. It would seem sometimes as if one or the other deliberately created a short, violent scene over a trivial difference just to relieve routine. The domestic lowlands stretched beyond the eye. He missed the broken country, the unexpected dips and curves of the unknown. Not that his heart went adventuring. He was faithful in body and spirit, but there was discontent in the looks he turned on her.

One afternoon she read in the papers that David Cannon and Frances Maury were back from South America after a triumphant series of recitals. They were to give a concert the following month. Her indifference to the news, she thought drearily, was an indication of how far she had traveled away from her old life. She did not even want to see David Cannon.

It was Oliver who brought up the subject that evening.

"David 's back. If you 'd been with him, how excited I should have felt today!" he remarked. "Odd, is n't it?"

"You would have been in France," she reminded him.

They sat on in silence for a while.

He laid his book aside with a sudden brisk movement.

"Myra, why don't you sing again?"

"For you, to-night?"

"I mean professionally," he blurted out.

She drifted across the room to a shadowy corner.

"I don't know," she said rather flatly, bending over a bowl of white roses. "I suppose I don't feel like it any more. It 's hard to take things up again."

He fingered his book; then, as if despite himself, he said:

"I 'm afraid, dear, that we 're letting ourselves grow old."

She swung sharply about, catching her breath.

"You mean I am?"

"Both of us." He was cautious, tender even, but she was not deceived. It was almost a relief that he had spoken.

"Tell me, dear," she said from her corner. "You 're bored, are n't you? Oh, not with me,"—she forestalled his protest,—"but just plain bored. Is n't it so?" Her voice was deceptively quiet.

He stirred in his chair, fidgeted under the direct attack, and decided not to evade it.

"I think we 've been buried long enough," he finally confessed. "I love our evenings together, of course; but a little change now and then might be agreeable. Perhaps it is n't a good thing for two people to be thrown entirely on each other's company. And I 've been wondering, dear"—he hesitated, carefully picking his words—"I 've been wondering if you would not be happier if you had other interests—interests of your own."

"Suppose I don't want any?" She did not give this out as a challenge, but he frowned a trifle impatiently.

"I can't believe it possible," he said. "Have you lost all touch with the world?"

She came slowly forward into the warm circle of light.

"I don't seem to care for people and things as I used to. Look at me. I 'm not the same Myra."

She stared at him with a deep, searching expression, and what she saw drew her up with a sudden movement of decision. Her voice, when next she spoke, was lighter, more animated.

"You 're right, dear. We 're growing poky. I tell you what we 'll do," she continued in a playful manner. Her lips smiled, and her eyes watched as she knelt beside him, her head tilted, her fingers straying over the rough surface of his coat. He never dressed for dinner in these days. "We 'll give a party, shall we?" she said. "And then every one will know that we 're still—alive."

If she had wanted to test his state of mind, she could not have found a better way. Instantly he was all eagerness. Nothing would do but that they should plan the party at once, set the date, make out a list of friends to be invited. She was ready with pad and pencil and her old address-book, which had lain for many days untouched in her desk.

"Shall we have Frances Maury?" she suggested. "She 'll remind you of me as I was before we married."

"What a gorgeous little devil you were!" he murmured reminiscently.

She wished he had not said that. Yet how absurd it was to be jealous of oneself!

Well, they would entertain again, since it pleased him. But she had lost her social instinct. This party seemed a great enterprise. She had to pretend to an enthusiasm which she did not really feel. "Am I growing old?" she wondered more than once. She had to confess to a panic of shyness when she thought of herself as hostess. That was all she would be this time. Frances Maury held the rôle of prima donna.

There were no regrets to her invitations. They came, these old friends and acquaintances, with familiar voices and gestures. They seemed genuinely glad to see her, but they did not spare her. She had grown a little stouter, had she not? Ah, well, happy people risked that. And they did not need to be told how happy she was. In quite an old-fashioned way, too. Myra domesticated—how quaint that was! Did she sing any more? No? What a pity!

Her rooms had lain quiet too long. So much noise deafened her. She was suddenly aware that she *had* grown

stouter. Her new gown, made for the occasion, should have been more cleverly designed. Martigues as much as told her so. She had, also, lost the power of attraction. She could not hold people's attention as she used to. She was sensitively aware of how readily one and the other drifted away after a few words. Had she not been hostess, she would often have found herself alone.

David Cannon and Miss Maury came late. Frances was fond of dramatic entrances; she had the stage sense. Myra hurried forward, aware, as she did so, that her greeting held a maternal note; that Cannon was looking through and through her with those small, relentless eyes of his. Then Oliver came up, and from the corner of her eyes she saw Frances attach herself to him. She had known that 'would happen.

Frances Maury was indeed a lovely creature, vivid, electric, swift, and free of movement, mellow of voice. She was like a bell. Touch her, and she chimed. Oliver on one side, Martigues on the other, she made her vivacious way through the room, and was soon surrounded. Very prettily she moved her court toward Myra, drew Myra into the circle of her warmth with a gracious friendliness.

Martigues, in raptures, explained that it was he who had designed the very modern jewel she wore, a moonstone set in silver. "Is n't she adorable!" he kept on repeating.

Oliver had bent over to look at this ornament and was fingering it, his dark head close to hers. She whispered to him, and he whispered back. They were already on the best of terms.

David Cannon trod up to Myra.

"What do you think of her?" he asked abruptly. "Her high notes are not as fine as yours were, but she is improving. If she does n't fall in love, I shall make something of her." He frowned at Oliver.

Myra flushed.

"She seems very clever," was all she could manage.

"I 'll make her sing," said Cannon, and elbowed a path to her side. She pouted a little, declared she could never resist him, and moved to the piano.

Myra drew a short breath. She herself had not intended to sing, but she had hoped that Oliver or David would give her a chance to refuse. She did not feel angry or envious of this girl, she was incapable of pettiness; but she felt old and dull and lonely. Her trained smile was her only shield. She held it while Frances Maury sang. She did not look at Oliver, but his delight reached her as if she had caused it. She felt him hovering close to the piano. She knew how he was standing, how his eyes were shining. She knew, because as the warm, rich voice rose up, as Cannon's strange rhythms filled the room with a wild pagan grace, she withdrew into her memory and found there all that went on. She herself was singing; she stood free and beautiful before them all; she met Oliver's eyes.

Frances sang again and again. Oliver led the applause, and Myra sat on, smiling, her steady gaze turned inward. When it was over, she took Frances by the hand, and it was as if she were thanking herself and bidding that self adieu.

Later in the evening David Cannon came up to her and gruffly suggested that she sing.

She shook her head.

"No, my good friend."

"Why not?" He stood over her, ugly, masterful.

Her smile softened to a sweet, sad flutter of lip.

"You know why."

"Nonsense!"

"You can't bully me any more, David," she told him gently. "That 's the tragic part of it," she added under her breath. She liked David, but she wished he would go. She wished they would all go. It must be very late.

It was still later, however, before the last guest departed. That last guest was Frances Maury, escorted by a glum David. Oliver had kept her on.

"Myra and I always get to bed so early that it 's a relief to stay up for once," he had said.

"Of course it 's much more sensible to go to bed early." Miss Maury's voice did not sound as if sensible things appealed to her.

"Oliver has to be at his office so early

in the morning," Myra put in almost as an apology.

"She sees to that," came from Oliver, with a humorous inflection.

Frances Maury playfully shuddered.

"Wives have too many duties for me. I shall never marry."

"Don't," said Oliver, and realized his blunder. He glanced quickly at Myra, and was relieved to observe that she did not seem troubled.

It was David, at last, who insisted on going home. Frances obeyed him with a laughing apology.

"You 've given me such a good time, I forgot the hour. May I come again?"

"Indeed you must," Myra answered hospitably.

She would not leave, however, until they had promised to come to her concert. She would send them tickets. And they must have tea with her soon. Would they chaperon her once in a while? Oliver eagerly promised to be at her beck and call. He followed her out into the hall, unmindful of David's vile temper.

Myra turned slowly back into the room, noting with jaded eyes the empty beer-bottles, crusts of sandwiches, ashes on the rugs, chairs pulled crazily about. The place still resounded with chatter and song. It no longer seemed her home.

Presently Oliver joined her.

"Well, I enjoyed that," he said with a boyish ring. "Come, now, was n't it jolly to see people again? Every one had a wonderful time." He hummed as he walked lightly over to the table and helped himself to a cigarette.

She drooped on the couch.

"I 'm a little tired."

He lit his cigarette, staring at her over the tiny flame of the match before he blew it out.

"Why, I never noticed. You do look all in."

She straightened with an effort, put a hand to her hair.

"I 'm afraid I 've lost the habit."

"You 'll have to get it again," he said happily. "We 're going to give lots of parties. It 's good for my business, too. Walter Mason brought a man here tonight who is thinking of building a house on Long Island. Walter tells me he went away quite won over."

She was all interest at once.

"Why did n't you tell me? I might have made a special effort to be nice to him."

"Oh, he had a good time," he said carelessly. "I say, Myra, your friend Miss Maury is fascinating. Sings divinely." He moved over to the couch and sat on the edge of it, absent-mindedly toying with her hand.

"She 's very lovely," Myra agreed.

"Why did n't you sing?" he suddenly asked.

"I did n't need to." The little smile was back, fastened to her lips. A certain unfamiliar embarrassment fell between them. She made no effort to dissipate it.

He yawned.

"Well, you should have. Heavens! it 's late! Two o'clock. I 'm off to bed." He kissed her lightly on the forehead.

"I 'll be along in a moment," she said.

She heard him humming in the next room, heard him moving about, heard the bump of his shoes on the floor. She lay, her eyes closed. Presently she got up, went to the piano and let her fingers wander over the keys. Then she began to sing softly. Her fine critical faculties were awake. She listened while she sang—listened as if some one else would rise or fall on her verdict. There was a curious lack of vibrancy in her notes. They did not come from the heart.

Suddenly she stopped. Oliver was calling "Myra."

She thrilled with a swift hope that brought her to her feet, flushed and tremulous.

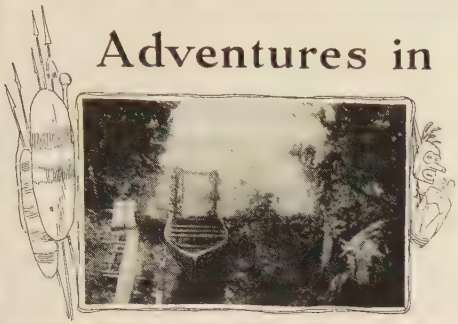
"Are n't you coming to bed soon? It 's too late for music," drifted faintly querulous down the hall.

The light went out of her face.

"I 'm coming." A leaden weariness was over her. Slowly she closed the piano.

He was already asleep when she tiptoed into the room. She stood a moment staring down at him.

"The worst of it is that I shall sleep, too," she thought.



Adventures in Central Africa

Hunting and Wild Life

By R. L. GARNER

The pursuit of wild animals, reptiles, and birds for museum purposes is exciting work, yet in this article Professor Garner shows us that there is a lighter side to the experience of a naturalist in the African jungle.

TO an African of the bush there is nothing remarkable about a white man killing wild creatures, but he does not sympathize with the naturalist who captures or purchases animals and seeks to bring them up by hand in order that he can take them to a land where the captives may serve to interest and instruct. A native boy often tires of the task of keeping clean the cage of some animal or bird, and, seeking a short way out of his dilemma, poisons the pet. It never seems to occur to the boy that he may give up his job or that, if his charge is removed, his own removal follows as a matter of course. He simply obeys the native instinct to do away with a living annoyance, beast or man, by the easiest means, and to a Congo native that is poison.

It may be stated almost as a rule that the Congo native will poison without compunction any man or beast that he wishes to get rid of. The sole exception to this rule lies in the white man, who is not to be poisoned with impunity, since a white man inspires a black with fear. But this fear does not extend to a white man's pets, and many a promising specimen for zoölogical parks lies buried in the bush because some native has tired of caring for its cage.

Nowhere does nature lend itself more kindly to the practice of the black art than in the African jungle, where poisonous herbs abound. Most common among those used by the natives are *mbundo* and *ogandga,* which are efficacious in ridding one of annoyances, while still more common among them is the drug *ebaca,* which they take for its stimulating effect.

And if the unlearned denizens of the bush know how to concoct deadly poisons and injurious drugs, they also understand how to distil from palms a wine that has no superior in its convivial and inebriating effects. Had I not known his abstemious habits, I might have suspected one of my party of over-indulgence in this wine when he reported to me that he had killed a distended snake that proved to have swallowed another reptile longer and thicker than itself. Naturally, I demanded to see this anomaly. The two creatures were laid before me, the shorter one slit open, and its victim intact. The latter was thicker and three inches longer than the snake that had swallowed it.

Farmers in the country know that reptiles are fond of a diet of chicken and eggs, and I attributed the loss of many of my hens to these silent thieves. At all events, I had little success in my attempts to raise chickens. In this respect I perhaps had the sympathy of my cat on an occasion when I happened to have both a cat and dog with me. It happened that two birds built a nest near my door, and in the second year of my stay four birds settled there, to be

followed, in succession, by a whole family colony. It was about this time that I had the cat, and she exhibited an earnest interest in the domestic habits of birds. Every now and then a young bird would drop from the nest, when the cat would instantly seize it. Just as quickly my dog, which would be close by, doing voluntary police duty, would pounce upon the cat, snatch the fledgling, and bring it to me.

A very interesting creature is the giant lizard, sometimes called the monitor lizard, which grows to a length of more than five feet. Its appearance is that of a slenderly built crocodile, and it is very active especially in the use of its powerful tail, which it uses as a weapon. With one slap of this tail it will instantly kill a full-grown chicken, and it occasionally strikes a human being. This reptile is an inveterate chicken thief, and has a method of waylaying fowls in the woods and grass, where they always manage to get a little more than their share. With such *bon-vivant* habits, the flesh of this lizard is naturally very good eating, and I myself have partaken of it.

If the hunting of wild life for museum purposes is serious work, there is a lighter side to the experiences of a naturalist in the jungle. One learns to catch words and phrases in the calls of feathered neighbors, and I was often entertained by the cries of a bird which resembled our mocking-bird of the South and uttered sounds like human words. One call that I entered in my note-book was: "Oh, my! Oh, my! Are you a stickler for this particular fritter?" To which this appropriate response came: "Quick! quick! There 's a nigger in the kitchen!" My colony at the door introduced themselves continually with "My name is Dicky Flickerty."

When one realizes that the wild things about me knew they were safe in my dooryard and that food was plentiful thereabouts, small wonder they sought its hospitality, although many ventured only at night to feast on mangos. This fruit always ripens in the early rainy season, being at its best in November and December and most fruitful in the latter month. Up on the west coast two crops of mangos are produced, where different varieties bear fruit about three months apart.

Africa is kind to its wild things; liberal of its fruits and generous in its gifts of roots and herbage, so that no beast or bird, whether it be vegetarian or carnivora, need ever lack for sustenance in the mysterious jungle.

Africa is the land of insect pests, and the endless numbers and varieties of these make existence on the Dark Continent a source of misery and danger at times, even when one has all the protection which human ingenuity can devise. Traveling is made difficult, and explorations are carried on only under great hardship largely because of the tiny winged demons of the jungle.

When traveling by canoe, which is one of the main means of transportation in central Africa, a human being is the object of attack from every side by numbers of tropical flies more vicious than any known to inhabitants of the temperate zones. One of these, *iboko*, bears a strong resemblance to the common horse-fly. There are several species, some of which are brilliantly colored and beautiful, but, as the saying in Africa goes, "they bite like a dog." As a carrier of disease it has yet to be accused of spreading germs; but as the enemy of passengers and crew of canoes it is almost as cordially hated and avoided as if its sting carried danger of sickness or death.

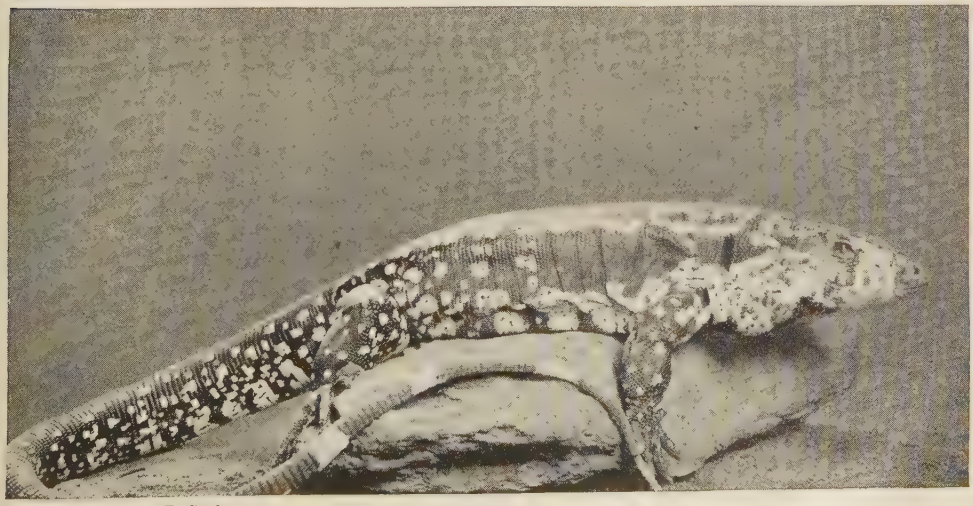
The dreaded tsetse-fly, called by the natives *obawli*, which carries the fatal sleeping sickness, prevails in countless numbers in the Congo. As a result of its bite, many natives and an occasional European have suffered and died from this insidious disease of the tropics. This fly is apparently increasing in numbers. Along the lower levels of the far interior thousands of people have died from the sickness, and here the tsetse abounds in the greatest proportion. Its victims are often infected for months before they know it. Local physicians, where there are any, which is rare, and some of the missionaries scattered throughout the Congo have been taught by physicians especially sent out by the French Government to

make a blood test by a simple method which definitely determines whether or not one has fallen victim to the disease.

Not every bite of the tsetse-fly, however, brings on the sleeping sickness, as is commonly believed outside of Africa. If this were the case, with the tsetse prevailing in such numbers, there would not be a human being left alive in central Africa, and new-comers would shortly perish. As a matter of fact, only once in a number of times—I might say a great number of times—does the bite of the tsetse prove to be infected with the virus of the sickness. No one in the Congo can escape being bitten occasionally, no matter how closely he may guard himself against it; and any one with a purpose such as study of jungle life is doubly exposed to its bites, and must trust to luck or Providence in the outcome.

The tsetse-fly is of a dark brown color, though it looks black. Its wings overlap on its back, and with its peculiarly formed body, it appears to have the shape of a catfish, only it is shorter in proportion to its width. It is, therefore, a villain that looks its part. It is very stealthy in attack; and almost as if it had a knowledge of human anatomy, it nearly always attacks a part of the body which one cannot conveniently reach. On the back and shoulders, and on the legs under the deck of the canoe, where it is able to ply its proboscis undisturbed and for a brief moment unnoticed, it attacks. The daylight variety of tsetse stealthily sinks its proboscis into the skin, causing no pain, and therefore seldom attracting the attention of the victim until too late. It fills up with the blood, and withdraws its proboscis. Then its victim feels the sting for the first time. The proboscis is shaped like a barbed spear, which tears the sides of the tiny wound, and the stinging and itching sensation continues for an hour afterward. When it has drunk its fill of blood, it is inclined to be a bit drowsy and slow of movement, and its human victim seeks vengeance by frantic blows about its line of flight. But the tsetse seems as tough as leather. One can strike it hard, and even roll it up in one's fingers, and it will fly away without injury, though, I fancy, a bit ruffled by its experience. This variety is the dreaded enemy of canoe-travelers, as it hangs about the rivers in the daytime, seeking whom it may devour.

Another and rarer variety of tsetse is a fiend of the night, differing somewhat from its river cousin. Instead of a noiseless method of attack, it comes with a headlong rush, buzzing like the monster that it is. One can sometimes hear it buzzing thirty feet away. It flies with such violence that it often hits a solid object and knocks itself almost senseless. But it never does itself much



Photograph by Elwin R. Sanborn

The giant lizard, sometimes called the monitor lizard

harm, for it recovers in a moment and starts again as viciously as ever. Its attack is of necessity swifter than that of the diurnal tsetse. It strikes the skin with force, sinks its proboscis immediately, and often makes its escape before one can return its attack. From the moment it alights its victim feels a violent stinging sensation, so that the tsetse must needs make its sojourn a short one in that particular locality for fear of an avenging hand. Its bite is even more painful than that of the daylight variety. It itself is bigger and darker, like the usual night-prowler, and far more vicious, more active, and quicker in its movements. Dr. Koch, who first discovered that the tsetse carries the sleeping sickness, thought that the fly acquired the germ from hippopotamuses and crocodiles that it had previously bitten. I have never heard it stated as to whether this germ-carrying trait is confined to one of the above varieties or common to both. My own opinion on this point is that the night-prowler is the carrier, since the daylight tsetse has too many victims for the disease to be as comparatively rare as it is.

Traveling by canoe, one of the main means of transportation in central Africa

Every one who lives in central Africa any length of time sooner or later becomes affected with the *filaria loa*, a worm which is about two inches in length and the size of a hair. Its larva is supposed to be taken into the body in drinking water, and, when incubated, it wanders through the body for a long period. At one time it may make its presence known in the forearm or the back of the hand by a painless swelling. At another time the same indications appear in a leg or about the lips or forehead. Missionaries tell me that I have several of them in my body, although, save for the indications described, they have caused me little or no inconvenience. The worm is supposed to end its career in the eye of the victim, and in Africa is commonly called the "eye-worm" because of this tendency. It then produces inflammation, and, unless skilfully extracted, it sometimes ruptures the delicate membranes, frequently causing great suffering and even blindness. The natives take it out with a bamboo splinter. But if the worm breaks in the eye, the virus is liable to poison the organ completely, frequently with the result of loss of sight. European surgeons, however, find little trouble in removing it successfully.

Africa has at least one anomaly in the mosquito family that is almost incredible. In certain areas a mosquito is found which flies about one's eyes, threatening attack, and yet seldom, if ever, bites. It is almost transparent, and has a skeleton-like appearance, which, with its slow movements, probably suggested its name to the natives, who call it *nkinda'nero,* which means "ghost of an old man."

Most interesting among the insect life of Africa are the driver ants, which seem to possess a system of living that is hardly short of a kind of civilization. They are the most industrious creatures

in Africa, man not excepted. The natives call them *ntyuno*, a word that is often heard as a cry of warning among them when they meet a column on the march. The drivers seem to be forever on the go from place to place, and when or where they rest is one of the secrets of the Dark Continent. At all hours of the day and night, rain or shine, they are hustling about at their daily tasks and wanderings. If they have permanent abodes, no one in Africa ever found them. So far as is known, they are nomadic, their huge colonies moving forward in long columns, seeking food and whatever else is necessary to them in their mode of life.

These colonies often number millions of ants, and each one, it seems, has his particular place and set of duties. Short of the human race itself, I have never seen any organization so complete and so closely resembling a miniature civilization as these colonies. The individual members of a colony are divided into three distinct kinds, and each is necessary to the welfare of the whole community. These apparently represent as many different castes of ant society. The smallest of the three types is about three eighths of an inch in length, of slender proportions, very agile in its movements, and with comparatively small mandibles. In their relations to the other classes of the colony these ants appear to be menials, or slaves. At any rate, they perform most of what may be called the menial work of the community and carry most of the burdens.

The ants next in size are about half an inch in length, of stouter proportions, with bodies more compactly built and mandibles somewhat larger than the lower class. These constitute the yeomanry, and they work as industriously as do the others; they direct the affairs of the community, control the movements of the colony, act as scouts in exploring for food, and lead the way to it when found. They seem aware of the fact that they are the mainstay of the colony, and take pride in their important duties. The building up or clearing out of the roadways forms part of their work also, and when the colony builds its wonderful trusses, or bridges, across narrow crevices, puddles, or streams, their bodies form the network of the structure. These bridges are the most ingenious and marvelous specimens of insect engineering anywhere in the world. When completed, one looks much like a telephone-receiver save that it has flares at both ends instead of at one. It is composed of the bodies of hundreds and thousands of ants clinging together to form the bridge over which the remainder of the community passes in safety. These bridges are made up of five or six sections, each requiring a few minutes to build. It is difficult to imagine anything more uniform in pattern or delicate in structure than these amber spans of living insects. I have seen these bridges hold fast for hours while the colony passed over. When the last ant has crossed, the bridge slowly begins to disintegrate, and the colony proceeds on its way, with the bridge-builders bringing up the rear.

The most picturesque and surprising ants in the colony are the soldiers. No one could possibly mistake a member of this caste or his function, for no insect more surely displays consciousness of its rank and responsibilities than does this fierce guardian of the community. The members of the military caste are especially provided by nature for their duties. They are five eighths of an inch or a trifle more in length, with enormous thorax, broad heads, and huge mandibles that nip like pliers and hold fast like ice-hooks. They are of amber color, like their fellows, but a shade darker on the sides, and these markings give them even more the impressive appearance of haughty militarists.

Along the line of march these soldiers take up their positions like guards on each side of the column, but whether to protect its flanks from possible enemies, or to restrain any wanderers from the ranks, it is impossible to determine. They stand facing obliquely toward the front, with their bodies at an angle of about thirty-five degrees to the line of march, in perfect double ranks, presenting a formidable line of threatening mandibles to the outside world as the column marches along in the space behind them. With heads erect and outspread mandibles, they present an excel-

Photograph by Elwin R. Sanborn

A crocodile taking a quiet rest on the bank

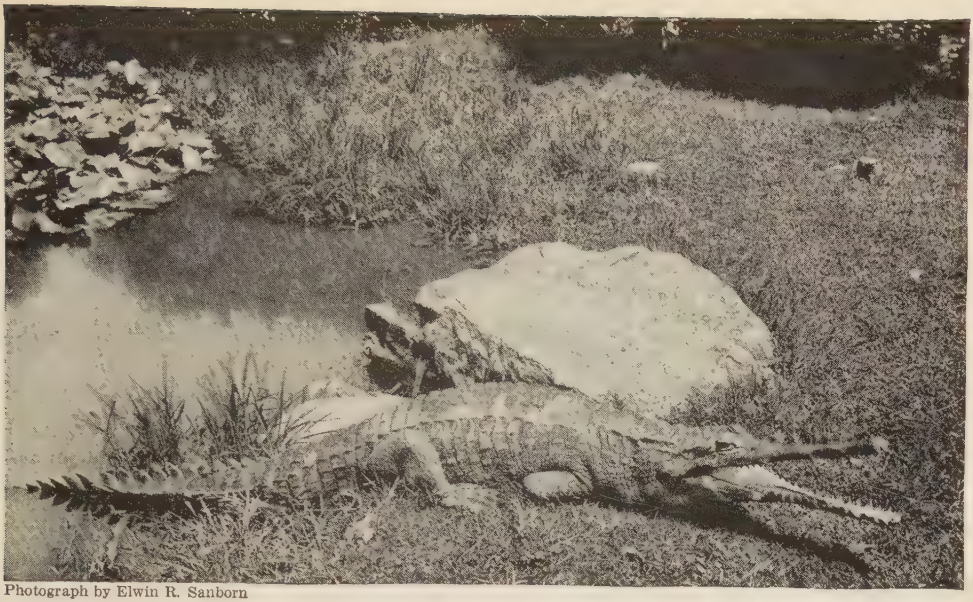
lent example of soldierly alertness and attention. While in this position they look from above like so many tiny longhorn cattle, their mandibles spread far apart in much the same manner as are the horns of Texan steers.

I have never been able to determine just why the soldiers take up their positions only at certain points along the line of march. From a number of observations it appears that points where the roadway is less distinct and not well outlined are most often chosen at which to form this double line of guards.

The marchers as they proceed on their endless journey do not hold a regular rank formation, although they usually keep in about four files. The roadway over which they pass undergoes constant improvement from them, although they may never pass along it again. It is the duty of every member of the colony to remove any obstruction in its path. A piece of twig, bit of leaf, or small pebble which lies in the roadway is immediately seized upon by the first squad of ants to come upon it, and is pushed or lifted out of the path of the oncoming hordes. By this method the road is soon lined on each side with a tiny wall of debris, and the space between is as smooth as if it had been raked over by a multitude of fairy hands.

Obstacles that successfully hinder do not exist in their philosophy. What they cannot remove or pass they avoid, but they never stop. When the sun is too scorching for them to bear its rays, they find the nearest shade and continue their labors as before. In the hardest downpour they are as busy as ever, although they are not good swimmers, and often suffer casualties in the puddles and tiny torrents about them. Many a time I have sat for hours under an umbrella watching them carry on in a pelting rain, which in itself seemed to hinder them little.

Estimates of the number of ants in a colony and in each class thereof are by no means accurate, but after many careful observations I concluded that the two smaller types of these ants are about equal in numbers in a given colony. Together they constitute about four fifths of the whole, while the military class forms about one fifth. Viewed as a column, including the soldiers and scouts, the average of six abreast is generally maintained. The column moves approximately twenty-eight inches every ten seconds of marching time, or fourteen feet a minute, at which rate it covers a mile in six hours



Photograph by Elwin R. Sanborn

A crocodile taking a sun-bath and siesta

and a quarter, or four miles in a day and night. A linear inch of column contains an average of twelve ants, or more than three quarters of a million ants per mile, and the usual marching column is two miles or more in length. Every second of marching time sees thirty-four ants pass a given point, or 2040 each minute, which is approximately 122,400 ants per hour. One colony I timed was more than thirty-two hours in passing the observation-post, and according to estimate it must have contained about 4,000,000 ants of the three classes described.

The most mysterious personage in a colony of driver ants is not a real ant at all. It is a creature from one and one fourth inch to one and one half of an inch in length and from five eighths to three fourths of an inch in height. So far as science is concerned, it is yet unclassified. In comparison with the ants with which it consorts, its size is enormous. There is only one to a colony. This creature looks for all the world like a tiny elephant in a circus parade as it lumbers along in the rear portion of the line of march. Its body is about as thick as one's finger, and its legs are proportionately heavy, helping to carry out the impression of resemblance to an elephant. There is always a body-guard about five or six deep around it as it marches.

What this thing is, or its particular function in an ant colony, no one knows. It is hardly a prisoner of any sort, as it has never been found anywhere save always singly in the column of driver ants. What its sex is, likewise, remains in doubt. Several of them were taken to Germany a few years ago and examined, but no important revelations were made concerning them. Personally, I have never captured one of these creatures, as I had no means of preserving it for future study and no equipment for the proper scientific investigation at the time. I strongly suspect that the animal in question is in reality the queen of the colony. For in all species of the *Hymenoptera,* which include ants, the queen appears to be an anomalous creature, many times larger than the other members of the colony and always different in form as well.

To observe the operations carried on by the drivers makes one feel like a *Gulliver* looking down on the activities of a Lilliput, so strikingly human and logical are the behavior and organization of these tiny toilers of the tropics. I have looked in vain, however, for a mili-

tary leader or field-marshal under whose orders the soldiery act, for I have found no evidence of there being such. The authority is surely well centralized, however, for such unity of action could come only from some single source.

Always on the move through the vegetation, evidently in search of food, they attack anything en route, dead or alive, that they can find to eat, human beings included. And having once opened their attack, they never desist or retreat from anything but fire. No living creature that cannot escape by fleeing or by fighting them with fire can survive their onslaught. It is almost incredible what big things they sometimes kill and how quickly they kill them. Any animal, large or small, even to the elephant itself, which is closely confined or lies helpless from wounds or sickness, falls an easy victim to their swarms.

A Pangwé

Often the drivers descend upon the house of a human being, and unless they are driven back with fire, they take the place by storm. We often fought them with torches of finely split bamboo, waving them over the advancing front ranks, killing the ants by the tens of thousands and putting their vast armies to utter rout. They are sure to make one's house a visit if one has anything spoiling in the cupboard. They know it before the householder does. I have sometimes been apprised of the condition of my cupboard by the advance of a host of raiders. A visit from the drivers is not without its benefits, however, once one gets accustomed to turning over his house to them for the time being. They are wonderful destroyers of the many kinds of vermin which infest the walls and bamboo roof-mats of a house. Our walls were lined with bamboo pitch and covered with newspapers, an arrangement which furnished unusual shelter for vermin despite all the measures I took to prevent it. But when the drivers came, they worked with the thoroughness of a vacuum-cleaner. They swarmed up the walls and roof into every cranny, however small, killing and eating any kind of vermin they found there, then passing on to the next hiding-place to do likewise. I would usually take a chair and move to the far part of the house from that upon which they began. When they had finished with the first room, I would move back into it and allow the ants free play in the remaining rooms. Upon their leaving a room there was always a number of skeletons of cockroaches, mice, an occasional small lizard, and other vermin left lying on the floor, the drivers having hunted them out and eaten them forthwith. Then for a short time at least we would be absolutely free of house pests of every description. It was a boon at times to have such a visit from these destroying hordes, inasmuch as my cupboard was beyond their reach. When, for any reason, we did not want to receive the house-cleaners, we had the native servants drive them back with the torches some hundreds of yards, so that the colony, when again formed and on the march, would take another direction from that in which my house lay.

It is uncanny, the way in which the drivers pick the bones of their victim, whatever the size of the animal. They eat every particle of grease from the hair as well as the bones, leaving only hair, bones, and the membrane which covers them, all as dry as paper. Not

the tiniest bit of flesh is left anywhere. They even consume any marrow that seeps through the bones. I have often turned this to advantage when coming into possession of the carcass of a chimpanzee or a gorilla when the skin had already begun to soften from the early decomposition in that climate. Placing the carcass in a box with cracks to admit the ants, but sufficiently strong to keep out other things, I would have it taken into the bush at some distance from the house and placed in the fork of a tree. On the ground it would be exposed to the inroads of white ants, which are not such clean workers as the drivers. In the course of one or two weeks I would return to find the skeleton completely cleaned save for the periostium and the dry hair. This proved a very convenient method of mascerating a skeleton. It is a common practice among traders when they wish to preserve the skulls of elephants, buffalo, hippopotamuses, or other animals.

The methods of fishing of the driver ants are unique. I have seen them spread out on the sand at low tide in a place where fresh water is seeping through. When a sand-shrimp or sand-flea, (which is a tiny white animal like a shrimp and about the size of a grain of rye, only thinner), hops upon the sand, the nearest yeoman or menial driver seizes it. Other yeomen and menials hurry to join in the attack. I have seen a shrimp leap short distances with one or two drivers clinging to it. But if it puts up much of a fight against the poorly armed yeomen and menials, the nearest soldier ant comes over and kills it in a twinkling with its huge hooked mandibles. Then the menials drag the victim up under the dense vegetation above the high-water mark, and all have a feast on the carcass. I have never yet seen them devour a sand-shrimp in the open. It is very singular.

The drivers are very wise about what they attack, in that they never attempt to kill a beetle or a large millipede that the natives call *nkongola*. This is surely because of the hard shell of the beetle; for the *nkongola* has a hard, segmented shell which makes it impervious to ant attacks when it rolls itself up, as it always does when in danger.

An ivory merchant

Among the former dangers of the jungle, indigenous to the soil of central Africa, that an explorer had to face, was that of being captured and eaten by cannibals. In the interior lies the territory of the Pangwé tribe of natives, who from time immemorial have been the most incorrigible cannibals in the world. And yet they are the most industrious, progressive, and certainly the most intelligent of any of the Ba-ntu races of central Africa. These natives are the shrewdest traders of all their kind in

dealing with every one. They out-Jew the worst Jews of fact or fiction. In their trading with Europeans they are as full of tricks as the most unscrupulous white man who has no law to restrain him. It is almost impossible to drive a trade with them without being cheated in some way or other before its conditions are fulfilled.

These people, while much modified in their modes of living in recent years, yet practise some truly revolting customs of cannibalism. It is true that some of the natives have come under the influence of the white man's code of morals sufficiently to deny that they eat human beings, but the denial is as far as they go with their reformation. The facts speak for themselves, and until recently it was extremely dangerous for a white man to venture into their country on any mission whatsoever. It is an undeniable fact that they eat their own dead, even those who die of natural causes.

In the matter of the capture of strangers and travelers for eating they formerly had a strange code of honor which has saved the life of many a victim. If one sought refuge or shelter in a village, one was as safe as if its inhabitants were one's own people. They regarded him as sacred so long as he called their village his home; they considered him a member of the family, which with its ramifications composed one or more villages. He was still in no danger if he went into the forest, provided he did so by consent of the chief and expressly stated that he still considered the village his real and continuous home, to which he would shortly return. But if he departed from the village for permanent residence elsewhere, he returned immediately to the status of a wild animal in their eyes, and was the lawful property of any one who found him, subject to capture without any of the protection he formerly enjoyed. They also had a ceremony of adopting a stranger into the tribe, which was a variation of the blood-brotherhood ceremony once practised in the Moyen Congo, only the Pangwés did not actually effect a transfusion of blood.

The custom in some tribes of acclaiming a visiting white man king of a family of one or more villages, and thereby imposing upon him the obligation of giving a great celebration, is a ludicrous commentary on regal honors. Twice in my African experiences I have been made a king, once of the Rokolo family of the Orungo tribe, and again of the Arunduma family of the Nkomis. The white man, as is expected, distributes tobacco, rum, and native wines, and a great festivity prevails in his domain. This, however, is only for a time, and everybody forgets about it in a few weeks at most. A village may thus have many successive kings, the former one enjoying a status technically known among more stable dynasties as "pretenders." As a matter of fact, it is an honor that carries with it some patriarchal or advisory prestige, but has no other significance save the desire of the natives for a celebration at the expense of a congenial white man.

The relations between the natives and white men vary widely in the different colonies of Africa. The Germans have succeeded in getting themselves generally hated and feared by the natives. The terror of the German name has been effectively spread in their holdings in Africa, even though it failed in Europe. At the beginning of the war the Germans hanged in Duala, the capital of the German Kamerun, eighteen natives, including old King Bell and most of the male members of his family. King Bell admitted some minor offense which merited no more than a reprimand or at most a short prison sentence. It appears that the greatest crime of which these men were guilty consisted in being able to speak English, and they would thus be able to give information to the enemies of the German Empire.

The brutality and trickery which the Germans habitually practised upon the natives employed on board ship was impressed upon me by an incident which occurred at Monrovia on the trip prior to the one just completed. The German ship on which I was sailing stopped at Monrovia, Liberia, and I desired to go ashore to visit the American consul there. The officers of the ship protested vigorously, telling me that any one who

went ashore from a German ship would be insulted and attacked because the Germans were fiercely hated by the natives, even in this colony of American negroes, because of their treatment of their black deck-hands. I learned that the Germans avoided the intercolonial agreement prohibiting flogging at sea by sending the guilty negro ashore at the first German port with a letter to the commandant, who had him flogged on land and sent back to the ship with a threat of worse treatment next time. The British and French, however, treat the natives fairly and justly in the main. In fact, I think the British pamper them too much.

The purpose of the expedition, save the moving-pictures, which depended on our colleagues who had gone into war service, was in time completed. The taxidermist had reached the end of his second period of assignment, and I had been repeatedly advised by my physician to leave the colony at once, so the expedition came to an end.

At Bordeaux, on the way home, an amusing incident occurred. The American consul there, Mr. Bucklin, gave me an introduction to General Rhodes, the American commandant of the department, or European port of embarkation. The general invited me to his headquarters and to go with him to inspect two steamers being loaded with American troops bound for home. A French field band of some sixty pieces was on the pier playing American and French national airs, with occasional bursts of American rag-time. When we stepped out of the automobile the general was explaining to me some aspects of the scene. Suddenly cameras began snapping furiously all about us, and I wondered why they were snapping the general so eagerly when he was permanently assigned there. A colonel approached and addressed the general in an undertone, whereupon the latter laughed and turned to me.

"They have mistaken you for Clemenceau," he said. "I have told them who you really are, and now I suppose you will have to submit to another volley of snap-shots."

The colonel went over and spoke to the men with the cameras. They all quickly readjusted their instruments and came closer than ever to photograph the stray American who, according to their way of thinking, closely resembled the French "tiger."

American Museum of Natural History

Tsetse-fly

Birdie Reduces

By HELEN R. MARTIN

Illustrations by George Van Werveke

"O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!"—HAMLET.

BEFORE it goes any furder, I got to break it to you, Birdie, that I—I ain't marryin' you; I changed my mind yet. I hope you won't take it very hard, but this good whiles back a'ready I did n't feel fer gettin' married to you; only I had n't the nerve to disappoint you so." Amos Newswanger faltered wretchedly as he and his "girl," seated side by side in two rocking-chairs on the front porch of Birdie's home, rocked monotonously, as every engaged couple in the village of Fokendauqua was rocking on a front porch on this mild September Sunday evening, the conventional courting time among rural Pennsylvanians.

"Yes, I seen it for myself a'ready that you was n't satisfied no more," Birdie mournfully admitted. "Is it that you 're takin' interest in some other one—or what?"

"No, I ain't got no other one in mind. It ain't that; it 's—well—" Amos floundered in painful embarrassment.

"Is it that you don't take to me no more?"

"No, it ain't that neither. I like you good enough so far forth as that goes. You 're the only girl I ever did take to. You 're nicer complected than most, and I like the color you wear your hair. But—well—say, Birdie, it ain't no use your keepin' up hopes. I 'm sorry, but I can't go it."

"Is it that you 're a-goin' to go to this here war?"

"No, it ain't. I ain't a-goin' to no war that was all brang about by no lady! Yes, where there 's ladies, there is trouble yet."

"What lady?" Birdie dully inquired.

"That there Alice Lorraine that the King of France and the King of Germany is scrappin' about. Don't you read the papers any?" he asked reprovingly.

"I don't read 'em much; and, anyhow, I skip the war part. It ain't none of my affairs. It don't do *me* nothin'. Say, Amos, it ain't no more 'n right for you to tell me what for you are throwin' me over," said Birdie, aggrieved. "That it *ain't.*"

"I know it ain't. Well, say, Birdie, I could n't stand it if my missus was so stared at by all the folks like what you always are. Why, when I took you along to the county fair here last week, just mind how the folks rubbered to look at you! Yes, it gim me a shamed face yet. And I misoverheard a gentleman and lady gigglin' at you and sayin', '*That* ought to take a fat prize at this here fair!' It stands to reason, Birdie, a man don't like it fer his missus to be sich a joke fer folks."

"But it ain't my fault. I would n't be so stout if I could otherwise help it," pleaded Birdie.

"That 's why I can't marry you, Birdie—because you can't help bein' fat."

"But, Amos, I got my *Aus Tire*[1] all ready. And no *other* man 'll want to marry me, as fat as what I am."

"That 's it. I 'm as good as other ones, ain't I? So why must I marry

[1]Household furnishings.

what them other ones would n't want?"

"Yes, well, but us we 're *promised*, Amos!"

"But I got took in. When I ast you to marry me, you was a wery neat figure. How could I know you was a-goin' to grow to weigh over two hundred pounds yet, Birdie? So that whenever you hurry a little, you 're got to act awful for breath? And so that I got to feel cheap when I travel out with you?"

"But look how cheap *I 'll* feel when it gets put out all over Fokendauqua that you throwed me over yet!"

"I 'll give you the dare to say you throwed *me* over, if that 'll make you feel not so cheap, Birdie."

"Yes, well, but no one would believe it, as well fixed as what you are, and as fat as what I am."

Amos sighed.

"I wisht we *could* get married together! If it was n't fer the folks rubberin' at you so!"

"If only you had n't never ast me to marry you, and us we had n't put it out that we was promised! I 'll feel awful' ashamed when folks knows we broke it off. You might of knowed before you begun to set up and keep comp'ny with me, Amos, that I would get stout like what I am. Look at what mom was and gran'mom!"

"If you 'd take Anti-Fat to reduce oncet," suggested Amos, tentatively.

But Birdie shook her head.

"So many of our fambly have died off from takin' that there Anti-Fat! First gran'mom was carried out, then mom she was carried out, and here last month, you mind, Uncle Joe he went out, too."

"Yes, a good many of your folks has been carried out a'ready," said Amos, and sighed.

"We seen a lot of trouble yet," said Birdie.

"And ain't trouble an awful thing?" Amos responded.

"Yes, ain't? But," added Birdie, piously, "if it has to be, then so it has to be. It is as it is."

"Yes," acquiesced Amos, his tone also pious; "as it goes, so it goes."

But Birdie suddenly turned upon him.

"Look-a-here, Amos Newswanger, if *you* was comic-lookin', so 's folks passed remarks on your personal appearance, I would n't throw you over, oncet I 'd passed my promise."

"Well, me, I don't like fer to have folks laughin' at my wife," Amos repeated.

"Just mind how the folks rubbered to look at you"

"If they laughed at *you,* I 'd stand by you all the more."

Amos hung his head abashed, while Birdie, looking injured, turned her broad back upon him, sitting sidewise in her rocking-chair. The silence between them seemed shouting at Amos, "Coward! Renegrade! Brute!"

"Say, Birdie," he presently said desperately, "if you have afraid of that there Anti-Fat, mebby old Doc Maus over at Hesswille, that cures by the power of prayer, could make you reduce. Why, here the other week my pop went to him to ast him about our cows that used to give a hundred dollars' worth of milk a month, and then after a while they give only forty dollars' worth. And Doc Maus he sayed to be sure he could fix that all right, and he took and wrote a text on a piece of paper, and put the paper under the barn-door-sill that the cows walk over. And now them cows is giving a hundred and twenty-five dollars' worth of milk a month! That 's what Doc Maus' prayin' done for our cows. So what might n't he do for your fleshiness, Birdie? *Try* him oncet."

"Would you marry me if he prayed my stoutness down?" Birdie challenged him.

"Sure I would. Glad to. If you can get Doc Maus to pray you thin, then you 're welcome to marry me as soon as you otherwise can."

"Well, Amos, I 'll get gran'pop to fetch me over to Doc Maus, and I 'll try out what his prayin' can do for me."

"All right, Birdie, you can leave me know how it works, and if—"

"No 'if' about it! I would n't marry you now, no matter how thin I got since I found out you ain't man enough to stand by me in trouble." Birdie unexpectedly turned upon her recalcitrant lover.

"I ain't any different to what any other man would be under the same circumstances, and you got to marry *some* one."

"No, I ain't got to. I lost faith in the male sek. If I get thin, I 'm a-goin' to be a movie actor," stated Birdie complacently, with the pathetic confidence of one who thinks that the only preliminary step necessary to the dazzling career of a Mary Pickford is the decision to adopt it.

"A movie actor! If you get thin! Birdie Dovewhite, you would n't up and jilt me like that, and us two promised a year a'ready till spring yet!" exclaimed Amos.

"Well, Amos Newswanger, if you ain't! It 's you that 's breakin' our promise, not me. If you break it now, you don't never need to come back no more."

"I 'll marry you if you reduce enough.

"No, I ain't takin' no such answer. You choose right aways. Either we go to town to-morrow to stand up before the preacher to say 'Yes,' or either I go to be a movie actor as soon as Doc Maus' prayin' gives me a neat figure again."

"Who 'd housekeep for your gran'pop if you 'd go to be a movie actor?"

"Aunt Katy 'd spare one of her girls for gran'pop. You 're got no need to worry about my gran'pop. Choose!"

"I purfer to see how Doc Maus' prayin' works out first."

"You 've chose!" Birdie rose heavily. "Good night, Amos Newswanger. I 'd as lief be a movie actor, anyways. They say that there Mary Pickford makes as high as thirty-five dollars a week some weeks."

"Yi! yi! that ain't right!"

"*I* won't feel conscientious about makin' big money like that," declared Birdie, turning away.

"But, Birdie, stop a minute till I explain you. I 'd sooner marry you, fat as you are, than see you go off to be such a movie actor. I 'd be too lonesome of you went off. And I have afraid I 'll never feel fer marryin' no other girl but you—and to be sure I can't stay single all my life."

Birdie, somewhat appeased, sat down again. She yielded, however, to Amos's urging that she give the praying doctor a trial.

THE next afternoon she succeeded in persuading her grandfather to take her over to Hessville to consult Doc Maus. A strong argument in favor of the experiment was that Dr. Maus charged no fees.

"You have the dare to give him just

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"Was your ancestry so fleshy, too, like yous all?"

what you think his prayin' is worth to you," Birdie explained.

They found the doctor to be an elderly man with long hair and a long beard and displaying a countenance so pious and saintly as to suggest hypocrisy; for it seemed as though no mere man *could* be as good as Doctor Maus looked.

The Herculean task of reducing Birdie's two hundred pounds to "a neat figure" did not stagger him.

"I will ast Gawd to reduce your flesh forty-five pounds at a time, and if you will only *believe,* it will be did; for all things is possible to him that believeth."

"I purfer that method to takin' Anti-Fat, fer that there Anti-Fat comes wery high by the bottle," said the grandfather, "and seems to kill 'em off so."

"And prayin' don't cost you nothin'.

"'Salwation's free;
That just suits me,'

as the poet says."

"And prayin' ain't dangerous, like that there Anti-Fat," added Mr. Dovewhite.

"Did your parents die off, too, Birdie?" inquired the doctor.

"Yes; my parents don't none of them live."

"And you ain't married?"

"No; I got my right name yet."

"Now, will you tell me," pursued the doctor, taking from his breast-pocket a professional-looking tablet and pencil, "what is your initial?"

"I ain't got none," replied Birdie.

"Ain't you got no Christian name?"

"Yes; Birdie."

"B," repeated the doctor, writing it down.

"Yi! yi! Birdie, did n't you know what your initial meant yet?" asked her grandfather, reproachfully.

"Was your ancestry so fleshy, too, like yous all?" asked the doctor, to cover Birdie's ignorance.

"Whether my ancestry was fleshy?" repeated Birdie. "Och, I don't know right. They never bothered me any—my ancestry."

"They was from out," explained her grandfather, with a backward twirl of his thumb to indicate Europe, usually referred to by the Pennsylvania Dutch as "out."

"Don't yous have such a fambly history traced?" inquired the doctor of Mr. Dovewhite.

"I believe there was one traced prior to my great-grandparents' ad*went* to America, but that I can't relate you. If missus had stayed livin', she could better relate you that—about our ancestry. I did hear a'ready that three Dovewhites come over from out in 1725. Not so, Birdie?" He appealed to his granddaughter.

"You can't prove it by me, Gran'-pop."

"Och, well," the doctor reassured them, "it makes nothing, your ancestry. Faith is what makes. That 's what will reduce your fleshiness, Birdie."

"Birdie she 's got it so in her nerves," said Mr. Dovewhite. "Her nerves is wonderful. And thinks I to myself, if the doc can pray off Birdie's fat oncet, so 's her nerves is more settled, I 'll leave him have a try at my eyes, too. My eyes ain't so good this while back, and I 'm only seventy-four, goin' on seventy-five. My missus she had so young glasses, too. Her and me was almost alike old, both seventy-four. This right eye is darker 'n what this here left eye is. You 're so cloudy, Doc, through this here right eye, I can't har'ly see you. I heared a'ready, Doc, you made wonderful cures. I heared you helped simple Sally Diffenderfer so good—her that was n't quite sharp. I heared you prayed her near as sensible as other ones."

"Yes, yes, prais-ed be Gawd!" exclaimed the doctor, fervently. "She was too dumb even to knit yet, and now she can knit just like other ones."

"It 's 'most a pity she got better, then; there 's too many at it—that there knittin'. They have so fond for it, they let their work," complained Mr. Dovewhite. "Kin you pray away old age, mebby, Doc? Me, I 'd sooner live awhile longer yet. You see, I don't know so much about the other world; I feel more at home in this here one."

"You just see to it, Mr. Dovewhite, that you are got faith enough, and it 's up to prayer to do the rest. Gawd ain't ninety-five billions of millions of miles behind the stars; He 's right here in this here room. *Right here!*"

Birdie shuddered, and her grandfather looked apprehensive.

"Mebby we better not stay so long; it gets late on us till we get home yet," he said uneasily. "Now that we are got our Ford, it is wery conwenient for us to come over here for the prayin'."

"And when it 's conwenient, it 's so much handier," agreed the doctor.

"Yes, ain't?" exclaimed Birdie.

"It 's twenty mile from Fokendauqua, and we made it in a hour and a half," bragged Mr. Dovewhite, "with our Ford."

"Whew!" cried the doctor.

"Yes, ain't?" said Mr. Dovewhite.

"Do you come often to Hesswille over?" asked the doctor.

"Sometimes we come often," answered Birdie.

"What 's the population, now, of Fokendauqua?" inquired the doctor.

"It ain't got none," said Mr. Dovewhite.

"It must be a lonesome place," said the doctor, thoughtfully.

"Yes, I do often have lonesome," Birdie complained, "and I guess that makes something, too, at the fat. Ain't, Doc?"

"Prayer with faith can remove mountains," the doctor encouraged her. "What do you eat mostly, Birdie?"

"Och, I eat 'most anything."

"Fried sauer-kraut, mebby, sometimes?"

"Whether I eat fried sauer-kraut? Well, I kin eat it, but I never get hungry for it. I have preference to fried pumpkin."

"She favors potatoes; she 's so much for smashed potatoes, with butter and milk at," said her grandfather. "But our potato crop this year give so many potato-bugs."

"Yes, there ain't no race suicide among potato-bugs, ain't?" said the smiling doctor.

"Well, I guess anyhow not!" cried Mr. Dovewhite, with a loud laugh. "Some joker you are, Doc, ain't?"

"Och, yes, I 'm always crackin' jokes."

"Yes, I guess. Well, now, Doc," Mr. Dovewhite concluded, rising, "I got to git back home till before dark a'ready, so I guess we better get busy at the prayin'. Does it take long, the prayin'?"

"I 'll make it a short and snappy prayer," said the doctor, obligingly. "And if at first you seem to be takin' on more flesh," he pursued, "three or four pounds or so, you kin know it 's only a trick of Satan's to weaken your faith. You persewere in prayer and faith, and till a little while a'ready you will look like the Venus de Medicine!"

"Must we come often over, or kin we do the prayin' at home?" inquired Mr. Dovewhite.

"When it don't suit to come, you leave Birdie send me her undershirt over, and I magnetize that undershirt, and then I send it back to her, and she puts it on, and her flesh reduces."

"But I like the ride over," said Birdie, rebelliously. "Our Ford automobile makes so quick, twenty mile' in an hour and a half yet! Gee! but she runs! Yes, I like to come. Fokendauqua is so slow. It has more lively here in Hesswille."

"Remember my warnin', Birdie. It makes Satan wery angry that you trust in prayer, and he 'll do his wery darndest to make you get heavier. But you persewere, and Gawd will give you the wictory."

IN the days and weeks that followed, Birdie did persevere so strenuously that Satan from the first had not the least show. Whether it was the power of faith or the exhausting mental strain of her constant appeals to Heaven or some occult power possessed by the doctor or her worry over the fickle affections of her lover, the fact stands that six months later Amos Newswanger led to the altar, or more strictly speaking, to the nearest minister's, a bride of as "neat a figure" as Fokendauqua had ever beheld.

Politics Up to Date

By FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

"The principal thing to bear in mind is that you must begin your campaigns noisily and end them so quietly that the sound of their ending is drowned in the noise of the next campaign's beginning."—The Old Politician.

"SO you 've come to me for advice, have you?" said the Old Politician to the Young Politician. "You want to know how to succeed in politics, do you?"

The Young Politician inclined his head.

"I do," he replied. "Will you tell me?"

The Old Politician was silent for a moment.

"Times change," he said at last, "and I dare say there are new issues now in politics that there were n't in the good old days. The technic is somewhat different, too. However, the basic principles remain the same, and, after all, the issues don't really matter; it 's what you say about them that counts, and I can tell you what to say about them. Very well, I 'll advise you. First of all, if you 're running for office in these days, you must run as a hundred-per-cent. American candidate."

The Young Politician's eye clouded with perplexity.

"What is Americanism," he asked, "and how does one figure it on a percentage basis?"

The Old Politician brought down his fist on the table with a crash.

"You aspire to political office, and ask questions like that!" he exclaimed in a voice of wrath. "Never question what hundred-per-cent. Americanism is even to yourself. If you do, somebody else will question, too. Nothing could be more fatal. Don't try to define it; assert it. Say you 're hundred per cent. and your opponent is n't. Intimate that if George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and Abraham Lincoln went over your opponent with a slide rule and an adding-machine, they could n't make him add up to more than ninety-nine per cent. If he 's out for a seven-cent fare or a new set of municipal waterworks, tell the people that such things are un-American. Say that he 's dodging the issue, and the issue is Americanism." He paused. "If you were my opponent, and asked what Americanism is, I 'd double you up. 'Think of it, my fellow-citizens! He does n't even know what Americanism is! Is that the kind of man to hold office in the country of Washington and Lincoln?"

The Young Politician looked round uneasily to make sure that they were indeed alone, for the Old Politician was almost shouting.

"Please," said the Young Politician, "not so loud. I won't ask that question again. I see your point. What else do you advise?"

"You must learn," continued the Old Politician, "to be a good denouncer."

"A good what?"

"Denouncer. Keep your eyes open for objects of popular disapproval, and when you 're sure you 've got hold of something that is heartily disapproved by the great majority of the people, denounce it. At present I should advise you to denounce the high cost of living, the profiteers, and the Bolshevists. Next year, of course, the list may be quite different, but for the present those three are the best objects of denunciation."

"What bothers me," suggested the Young Politician in a hesitating voice, "is that it may be rather hard to drag those things into the campaign. Suppose, for example, I 'm pledged to broaden the Main Street of the city upon my election to the city council.

"The Old Politician brought down his fist on the table with a crash"

Won't it be rather hard to tie the Main Street and the Bolshevists together?"

The Old Politician looked upon the troubled face of the Young Politician with disgust.

"You 're a great politician, you are," he said wearily. "Tie them together? Don't be so ridiculously logical." He rose to his feet, and as he did so he smote the table once more with his fist. "Gen-tle-men," he cried hoarsely, surveying an imaginary audience with his glittering eye, "there is a movement on foot in this very county, this very State, nay, this very city, to undermine our Congress, to topple over the Constitution, to put a bomb under our President! Confronted by such a menace to our democratic institutions, what, gentlemen, shall be our answer? Let us broaden Main Street, as Washington would have broadened it, as Lincoln would have broadened it, and let us put down the red flag wherever it shows its head!"

"Its mast," corrected the Young Politician, visibly moved. "Thank you for those courageous, those hundred-percent. words. I shall try to strike that note. But there is something else I want to ask. Suppose I am elected. What shall I do while I hold office in order that I may become ultimately eligible for still higher office?"

"In that case," replied the old man, who by this time had subsided into his chair, "you must not merely denounce the high cost of living, the profiteers, and the Bolshevists; you must campaign against them."

"But suppose I am a commissioner of roads or an attorney-general," queried the Young Politician. "In that case, clearly such things lie outside my province. How can I campaign against them?"

"My dear young man," said the Old Politician, with a weary smile, "don't bother about your province, as you call it. Your job will undoubtedly be uninteresting, and the public won't know anything about it or care anything about it, and the test of your success will be your ability to conduct campaigns which have nothing to do with your job, and therefore stand some chance of interesting the public. There is no reason why even an attorney-general should n't campaign against anything, provided he handle his campaign right.

"The principal thing to bear in mind is that you must begin your campaigns noisily and end them so quietly that the

sound of their ending is drowned in the noise of the next campaign's beginning. Let 's say you begin with a campaign against the high cost of living. First come out with a statement that you, as attorney-general or commissioner of roads or what not, are going to knock the high cost of living to bits, and the whole force of the Government will be behind you. That will put you on the front page once. Then send out telegrams calling a conference to take steps against the cost of living. That will put you on the front page again. Then when the conference meets, address them, and tell them they 've got to make conditions better, simply got to. By the way, you ought to have a couple of able secretaries to help you with these speeches, or, better still, to do the routine work of your office so that there will be nothing to divert your mind from your campaigns. Then, after you have the conference well started, step out. Don't stay with them; they may begin asking you for constructive ideas. Step clear out of the thing, and start a new campaign.

"I can't over-emphasize the fact that when the conference is well started, you must help the public to forget about it, and stir up interest in something new. Flay the profiteer for a month or two, and get a conference going on profiteers. Rap the Bolshevists, and telegraph for a crowd of citizens to come and probe the Bolshevists while you 're deciding what your next campaign shall be. Don't let the people's minds run back to the high cost of living, or they 'll be likely to notice that it has n't gone down. Refer constantly to the success of your own campaigns, and keep the public mind moving."

The Young Politician was visibly impressed, but apparently a doubt still lingered in his mind.

"There 's one thing I 'm afraid I don't quite understand," he said at last. "All this denouncing and rapping and probing—is n't it likely to look rather destructive? Will people want to vote for a man whose pleasantest mood is one of indignation?"

"My dear young man," replied the Old Politician, "I fear that you misunderstood me. A politician must be always pleasant to the people who are about him, and denounce only persons who are not present. You should compliment your audience when speaking. Be sure to make the right speech in the right place; don't get off your profiteer speech to the Merchants' Association, or they may begin to wonder whether they agree with you, but draw their hearts to yours with your anti-Bolshevik speech; assure them that you and they are going to save the nation from red ruin. Denunciation is pleasant if it 's somebody else who is getting denounced. Tell the merchants or the newspaper publishers or the party committeemen, or whoever it is that you are addressing, that they are the most important element in the community and that the war could not have been won if they had not stepped forward to a man and done their duty. That 's good to hear.

"Finally, give them a little patriotic rapture. Tell them this is a new age we 're in. Picture to them the capitalist and working-man walking hand in hand with their eyes on the flag. Make the great heart of America throb for them. Unpleasant? Why, if you top off with a heart-throb, you can make the most denunciatory speech delightful for one and all."

The Young Politician rose.

"I see," he said. "Thank you. Have you any other advice?"

"Merely one or two minor hints," said the Old Politician. "If the photographers want to take your picture teaching your baby to walk, let them do it; the public loves the home life of its leader. Always be affable to the reporters, but never state your views explicitly, or you may find them embarrassing at some later date. Stick to generalities. I think that 's all."

"Thank you again," said the Young Politician, putting out his hand. "You are very good. You 're—" An idea seemed to seize his mind, and his bearing perceptibly altered. "You, sir, are a good American. I 'm always delighted to have an evening with a man who is absolutely one-hundred-per-cent. patriotic American to the core."

"Good night," said the Old Politician. "You 're getting it very nicely. I think you 'll do well."

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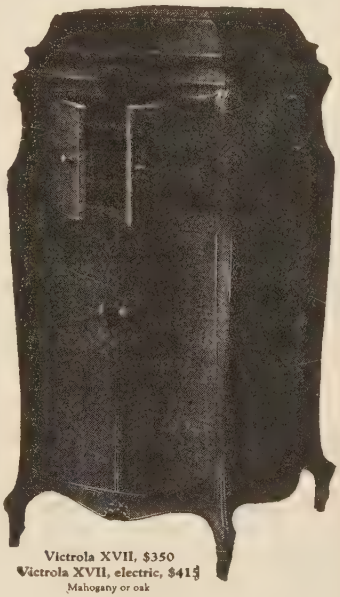

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"TO MEET THE DAWN"

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The Beloved Sinner

By AGNES REPPLIER

"The well-meaning ladies and gentlemen who flood society with appeals to 'open the prison door,' and let our good-will shine as a star upon political prisoners, seem curiously indifferent as to what the liberated ones will do with their liberty."

ALL the world does not love a lover. It is a cultivated taste, alien to the natural man, and unknown to childhood. But all the world does love a sinner, either because he is convertible to a saint, or because a taste for law-breaking is an inheritance from our first parents, who broke the one and only law imposed upon them. The little children whom Fra Lippo Lippi sees standing in a "row of admiration" around the murderer on the altar-step express their innocent interest in crime. Bayard *sans peur et sans reproche* has never stirred the heart of youth as has Robin Hood, that bold outlaw who "beat and bound" unpopular sheriffs and "re-adjusted the distribution of property" —delightful phrase, as old as the world, and as fresh as to-morrow morning. The terrible and undeserved epithet, "blameless," has robbed great Arthur of his just meed of homage. The "Master Thief" enjoyed, and still enjoys, unmerited popularity.

I sometimes wonder what a man aware of talent, like the Master Thief, would have thought if the simple criminologists of his day, who knew no subtler remedy than hanging, had confronted him with clinics and laboratories and pamphlets on the "disease of crime." I sometimes wonder how his able descendants, like the humorous rogues who stole the gold cup at Ascot, or the wag who slipped the stolen purses (emptied of their contents) into the pocket of the Bishop of Lincoln or the redoubtable Raymond (alias Wirth), who stole a shipping of Kimberley diamonds and a Gainsborough portrait, feel about their pathological needs. "The criminal is a sick man, the prison is his hospital, and the judge who sentences him is his physician," said Dr. Vaughan, dean of the medical school in the University of Michigan. "Does a hunting man give up riding to hounds because he has had a fall?" asked a stalwart invalid, serving a sentence for burglary, of the chaplain who had urged upon him the security of an honest life.

It is always animating to hear the convict's point of view. In fact, everything appertaining to criminology interests us as deeply as everything appertaining to pauperism bores and repels us. Some years ago the "Nineteenth Century" offered its pages as a debating-ground for this absorbing theme. Arguments were presented by Sir Alfred Wills, a judge of twenty-one years' standing; Sir Robert Anderson, author

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of "Criminals and Crime," and Mr. H. J. B. Montgomery, an ex-convict and a fluent writer, albeit somewhat supercilious, as befitted his estate. He took the bold and popular stand that society has created the criminal class, that its members detest the crimes they commit with such apparent zest, and that they should be "tended and cheered" instead of subjected to the "extreme stupidity" of prison life. Indeterminate sentences, which carry with them an element of hope, and which should be an incentive to reform because they imply its possibility, he condemned without reserve as putting a premium on hypocrisy. But the point which of all others aroused his just resentment was the demand made by the two jurists for restitution.

This is the crux of a situation, which in the moral law is simplicity itself, but which the evasiveness of the civil law has unduly complicated, and the random humanitarianism of our day has buried out of sight. Every crime is an offense against the state; it is also in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred an offense against a fellow-creature, which fellow-creature is called a victim, and interests nobody. Sir Alfred Wills and Sir Robert Anderson both held that thieves, big thieves especially, should be compelled to say what disposition had been made of stolen property, and that they should be imprisoned for life if they refused. Anderson was firm in his insistence that the act of thieving alienates such property actually, but not legally or morally, from its owner, and that serving a sentence for robbery does not clear the robber's title to the goods. He also pointed out that the most heartless thefts are committed daily at the expense of people in decent, but narrow, circumstances, because such people are compelled to leave their homes unprotected. He instanced the case of one woman robbed of her scanty savings, and of another who lost her dead soldier husband's medals and the few poor cherished trinkets he had given her.

In the matter of restitution Mr. Montgomery stood fairly and squarely for the felon's rights. "The law," he said, "has nothing to do, and ought to have nothing to do, with the disposal of the booty"; and he was happy in the conviction that it would never go so far as to deprive the thief of the reward of his labor, of the money stolen by the sweat of his brow. As for staying in jail until such restitution was made, that was as ridiculous as the suggestion sometimes offered that the convict's wages should be paid over to the man he has robbed. Nobody cares about a man who has been robbed. The interest felt in the criminal extends itself sometimes to the criminal's family, but never to the family he has wronged. In the United States, where robbery is the order of the day, there is n't sympathy enough to go round among the many who play a losing game. Chicago alone boasts a record of one hundred and seventy-five hold-ups in two nights, an amazing tribute to industry and zeal. Many of the victims were stripped of their coats as well as of their valuables, there being plenty of time, and no need on the thieves' part for hurry or disorder. The Chicago Crimes Commission put the case with commendable brevity when it said, "Crime is a business here."

An interesting circumstance recorded in Anderson's volume is the reluctance of professional burglars to ply their craft on very cold and stormy nights. It would seem as though bad weather might be trusted to stand their friend; but the burglar, a luxury-loving person, dislikes being drenched or frozen as much as does his honest neighbor. Happily for his comfort and for his health, a high-speed motor now enables him to work on sunny days at noon. It is pleasant to reflect that the experts who robbed three Philadelphia jewelers at an hour when the shops were full of customers and the streets were full of pedestrians ran no risk from exposure. They may have been sick men from the psychologist's point of view, but they were as safe from bronchitis as they were from the Philadelphia police.

It is an age of specialism, and the criminal, like the scientist, has specialized. Stealing Liberty Bonds is a field full of promise for youth. Apparently nothing can shake the confidence of brokers in the messengers who disappear with one lot of bonds, only to be

released on a suspended sentence, and speedily intrusted with a second. The term "juvenile delinquency" has been stretched to cover every offense from murder to missing school. A fourteen-year-old girl who poisoned a fourteen-month-old baby in Brooklyn, in the summer of 1919, and who was tried in the Children's Court, was found guilty of juvenile delinquency, and committed to a home for delinquent girls. It is hard to say what else could have been done with a murderess of such tender years, but the New York authorities must see to it that Solomon Kramer is the last baby whom Frances Sulinski kills. She poisoned this one with the single purpose of implicating in the crime a woman of seventy with whom she had quarreled. The poor infant lingered in pain twenty-four hours before released by death. It is not easy to throw a kindly light upon the deed, and while a baby's life is of small value to the state ("as well be drowned as live to be a tinker," said Sir Walter Scott), civilization means that it has a right to protection. The law exists not for the punishment of the offender and not for his reformation, but that the public may be safe from his hands.

A robust sense of humor might help to straighten out the tangles which have deranged the simple processes of jurisdiction. When the court rendered a decision freeing the prison authorities of Tacoma from all responsibility in the event of a hunger strike, a light dawned on that stricken town. The members of the I. W. W., who had refused to eat because they objected to being detained in the county, instead of in the city, jail, were accorded liberty to follow their desires. A threat which for years had sufficed to throw British and American prisons into consternation was suddenly found to be harmless to all but the threateners. What really agitated the citizens of Tacoma just then was not so much whether demagogues would consent to eat the food provided for them, as whether free and loyal men could afford to eat.

A comic opera might be staged with Ellis Island as a *mise en scène*. The seventy-three "reds" detained on that asylum as undesirables who sent an "ultimatum," modeled on the Berlin pattern, to the congressional committee would have charmed Gilbert and inspired Sullivan. The solemnity with which they notified the indifferent congressmen that at half-past eight o'clock, Tuesday morning, November 25, 1919, they would declare a hunger strike, the consequences of which "shall fall upon the head of the administration of the island," was surpassed by the calmness with which they gave warning that they would no longer attend the hearings of the committee. Like the heroine of Mr. Davidson's ballad, who told the devil she would not stay in hell, these gentlemen registered themselves as outside the pale of coercion. They seemed to think that by refusing to eat they could bend the law to their will, and that by refusing to have their cases heard they could stop the slow process of deportation.

It is painful to record this lack of healthy humor on the part of political offenders. Ordinary criminals are, as a rule, neat hands at a joke, a practical joke especially, and convicts respond alacritously to all intelligent efforts to amuse them. Comedians who from time to time have offered their services to relieve the sad monotony of prison life have found their audiences alert and responsive. Not a joke is lost, not a song or a skit but wins its way to favor. It is this engaging receptiveness which has made our captive thieves and cutthroats dear to the public heart. They dilate with correct emotions when they hear good music, and in the dearth of other diversions they can produce very creditable entertainments of their own. The great Sing Sing pageant in honor of Warden Osborne was full of fun and fancy. It would have done credit to the dramatic talent of any college in the land. No wonder that we detect a certain ostentation in the claims made by honest men to familiarity with rogues. The Hon. T. P. O'Connor published a few years ago a series of papers with the arrogant title, "Criminals I have Known." Could he have attracted readers by boasting the acquaintanceship of any other class of fellow-creatures?

The sourness incidental to a grievance deprives the political offender of

this winning vivacity. He is lamentably high-flown in his language, and he has no sense of the ridiculous. The Sinn Feiners who wrecked the office of a Dublin newspaper because it had referred to one of the men who tried to kill Lord French as a "would-be assassin" should expend some of the money received from the United States (in return for burning our flag and stoning our sailors) in the purchase of a dictionary. Assassin is as good a word as murderer any day of the week, and a would-be assassin is no other than a would-be murderer. The Sinn Feiners explained in a letter to the editor that the calumniated man was really a "high-souled youth," but this goes without the saying. All political offenders are high-souled youths. It is their subtitle, eligible in oratory and obituary notices, but not in the simple language of the press.

Mr. W. C. Brownell refers casually to the social sentiment which instinctively prefers the criminal to the police, but he declines to analyze its rationale. Perhaps, as I have already hinted, we may inherit it from our father, Adam, who could have felt no great kindness for St. Michael, the first upholder of the given law. Justice is an unaccommodating, unappealing virtue. Deep in our hearts is a distaste for its rulings and a distrust of the fallible creatures who administer it. Mr. Howells, writing ten years ago in "The North American," condemned without reserve the authority which, however assailable, is our only bulwark against anarchy. "The state," he said, "is a collective despot, mostly inexorable, always irresponsible, and entirely inaccessible to the personal appeals which have sometimes moved the obsolete tyrant to pity. In its selfishness and meanness, it is largely the legislated and organized ideal of the lowest and stupidest of its citizens, whose daily life is nearest the level of barbarism."

I am not without hope that the events of the last ten years have modified Mr. Howells's point of view. If the German state revealed itself as something perilously close to barbarism, the Allied states presented a superb concentration of their peoples' unfaltering purpose. That the world was saved from degradation too deep to be measured was due to individual heroism, animated, upheld, and focused by the state. Though temperamentally conservative, I feel no shadow of regret for the "obsolete" and very picturesque tyrant who softened or hardened by caprice. I would rather trust our stupid and venal authorities, because while each member of a legislative body is kind to his own deficiencies, he is hard on his neighbor's. Collective criticism is a fair antidote for collective despotism, and robs it of its terrors.

If we were less incorrigibly sentimental, we should be more nobly kind. Sentimentalism is, and has always been, virgin of standards. It is, and it has always been, insensible to facts. The moralists who in the first years of the war protested against American munitions because they were fresh made for purposes of destruction would have flung the victory into Germany's hands because her vast stores of munitions had been prepared in times of peace. When the news of the Belgian campaign sickened the heart of humanity, more than one voice was raised to say that England had, by her treatment of militant suffragists (a treatment so feeble, so wavering, so irascible, and so tender-hearted that it would not have crushed a rebellious snail), forfeited her right to protest against the dishonoring of Belgian women. The moral confusion which follows mental confusion with a sure and steady step is equally dangerous and distasteful. It denies our integrity, and it makes a mock of our understanding.

An irritated Englishman, who must have come into close quarters with British pacifists, the least lovely of their species, has protested in "Blackwood's Magazine" that the one thing dearer than the criminal to the heart of the humanitarian is the enemy of his country, whose offenses he condones, and whose punishment he sincerely pities. Thus it happened that the Hon. Bertrand Russell, whose regret at England's going to war deepened into resentment at her winning it (a consummation which, to speak truth, he did his best to avert), regretted that the sufferings of Belgium should have been mistakenly

attributed to Germany. Not Berlin, he said, but war must be held to blame; and if war were a natural phenomenon, like an earthquake or a thunder-storm, he would have been right. The original Attila was not displeased to be called the "Scourge of God," and pious Christians of the fifth century acquiesced in this shifting of liability. They said, and they probably believed, that Heaven had chosen a barbarian to punish them for their sins. To-day we are less at home in Zion, and more insistent upon international law. The sternest duty of civilization is the assigning of responsibility for private and for public crimes as the rules of evidence direct.

In the Christmas issue of "The Atlantic Monthly," another Englishman of letters, Mr. Clutton-Brock, preached a sermon to Americans (we get a deal of instruction from our neighbors), the burden of which was the paramount duty of forgiveness. Naturally he illustrated his theme with an appeal for Germany. That he made no distinction between the injuries which a citizen of Lille or Louvain and the injuries which a reader of "The Atlantic Monthly" has to forgive, was eminently right, forgiveness being due for the greatest as well as for the least of offenses. The Frenchman or the Belgian who forgives "from his heart" reaches a higher standard than we do, but the ethics of Christianity bind him to that standard. It is his supreme spiritual test.

What was less endearing in Mr. Clutton-Brock's sermon was the playful manner in which he made light of wrongs which, to say the least, were not matters for sport. We are called on to pardon "not as an act of virtue, but in good-humor, because we are all absurd, and all need forgiveness. . . . We all fail, and we have no right to say that another man's, or another nation's, failure is worse than our own. . . . We must govern our behavior to each other by the axiom that no man is to be judged by his past."

These sentences aptly illustrate my contention that the sentimentalist is as unconcerned with standards as with facts. "Absurd" is not the word to apply to Germany's campaign in France and Flanders. A man whose home has been burned and whose wife has been butchered cannot be expected to regard the incident as an absurdity, or to recall it with good humor. The sight of a child bayoneted on the roadside (seven wounds in one poor little body picked up near Namur) arouses something deep and terrible in the human heart. To say that one man's failure is no worse than another man's failure, that one nation's failure is no worse than another nation's failure, is to deny any vital distinction between right and wrong. It is to place the German Kaiser by the side of Belgium's King, and George Washington by the side of George III.

And by what shall men be judged if not by their past? What other evidence can we seek? What other test can we apply? A man who has run away with his neighbor's wife may not care to repeat the offense, he may be cured forever of this particular form of covetousness; but he is not welcomed in sedately conducted households. A defaulter may be converted to the belief that honesty is the best policy, but few there are who will entrust him with funds and fewer still who will receive him as a gentleman. If such behavior is, as Mr. Clutton-Brock authoritatively asserts, opposed to "a Christian technique," it defines the value of facts, and it holds upright the standard of honor.

The well-meaning ladies and gentlemen who flood society with appeals to "open the prison door," and let our goodwill shine as a star upon political prisoners, seem curiously indifferent as to what the liberated ones will do with their liberty. There are few of us so base as to desire to deprive our fellow-creatures of sunlight and the open road. There are not many of us so unpractical as to want to keep them a burden upon the state if we have any assurance that they will not be a menace to the state when released. Sufficiency, security, and freedom have been defined as the prerogatives of civilized man. The cry of the revolutionist for freedom is met by the call of sober citizens for security. Sympathy for the lawless (the beloved sinner) is not warranted in denying equity to the law-abiding, who have a right to protection from the republic which they voluntarily serve and obey.

The Clam Broth House. The oldest house in New York

Vanishing New York

By ROBERT AND ELIZABETH SHACKLETON

Photographs by Gardner Hazen

What is left of old New York that is quaint and charming? The New York of the eighties and earlier, of Henry James, of Gramercy Park, Washington and Stuyvesant squares, quaint old houses on curious by-streets? The period of perhaps a more beautiful and certainly a more leisurely existence? All places of consequence and interest that remain to-day are herewith photographed and described.

TO one, vanishing New York means a little box garden up in the Bronx, glimpsed just as the train goes into the subway. To another, it is a fan-light on Horatio Street; an old cannon, planted muzzle downward, at a curb-edge; a long-watched, ancient mile-stone; a well; a water-tank bound up in a bank charter; a Bowling Green sycamore; an ailantus beside the twin French houses of crooked Commerce Street. And what a pang to find an old landmark gone! To another it is the sad little iron arch of the gate of old St. John's, at the end of the once-while quaint St. John's Place, all that is now left of the beautiful pillared and paneled old church and its English-made wrought-iron fence. To many it is the loss of the New York sky-line, one of the wonders of the world—lost, for it has vanished from sight. Now the sky-line is to be seen only from the water, and the city is no longer approached by water except by a few; but is entered under the rivers on each side, by tunnels down into which the human currents are plunged. A positive thrill, a morning-and-evening thrill that was almost a worship of the noble and the beautiful, used to sweep over the packed thousands on the ferry-boats as they gazed at the sky-line.

It is extraordinary how swiftly New York destroys and rebuilds. There is the story of a distinguished visitor who, driven uptown on the forenoon of his arrival, was, on his departure in the late afternoon of the same day, driven downtown over the same route in order that he might see what changes had meanwhile taken place. The very first vessel built in New York—it was three

hundred years ago—was named in the very spirit of prophecy, for it was called the *Onrust* (*Restless*).

Yet it is astonishing how much of interest remains in this iconoclastic city, although almost everything remains under constant threat of destruction. Far over toward the North River is one of the threatened survivals. It is shabby, ancient; indeed, it has been called the oldest building in New York, though nothing certain is known beyond 1767. But it is very old, and may easily date much further back. It is called the Clam Broth House, and is on Weehawken Street, which, closely paralleling West Street, holds its single block of length north from Christopher. It is a lost and forgotten street, primitively cobblestoned with the worst pavement in New York, and it holds several lost and forlorn old houses—low-built houses, with great broad, sweeping roofs reaching almost to the ground, houses tremulous with age. Of these the one now called the Clam Broth House, low, squat, broad-roofed, is the oldest. In a sense the fronts are on West Street, but all original characteristics have there been bedizenedly lost, and the ancient aspect is on Weehawken Street.

These were fishermen's houses in ancient days, waterside houses; for West Street is filled-in ground, and the broad expanse of shipping space out beyond the street is made land. When these houses were built, the North River reached their doors, and, so tradition has it, fishermen actually rowed their boats and drew their shad-seines beneath this Clam Broth House.

Of a far different order of interest is a demure little church, neat and trim, on Hudson Street. It is built of brick, bright red, with long red wings stretching oddly away from the rear, with a low, squat tower of red, and in the midst of gray old houses that hover around in fading respectability. It is St. Luke's, is a century old, and with it is connected the most charming custom of New York.

In 1792 a certain John Leake died, leaving a sum to Trinity Church for the giving forever, to "such poor as shall appear most deserving," as many "six-penny wheaten loaves" as the income would buy, and this sweet and simple dole has ever since been regularly administered, and it will go on through the centuries, like the ancient English charity at Winchester, where for eight hundred years bread and ale have been given.

But there is one strictly New York feature about this already old Leake dole that differentiates it from the dole of Winchester, for it is still at the original wicket that the Winchester dole is given. There the custom was instituted, and there it has continued through all these centuries. But in New York the dole began at Trinity, but after something more than half a century, as population left the neighborhood of Trinity, the dole was transferred to St. John's, on Varick Street, once known as "St. John's in the Fields," and now, after more than another half-century, there has come still another removal, and the dole is given at quaint old St. Luke's. Thus it has already had three homes, and one wonders how many it will have as the decades and the centuries move on. One pictures it peripatetically proceeding hither and thither as further changes come upon the city, the dole for the poor that never vanish.

A short distance south from St. Luke's, on the opposite side of Hudson Street, is an open space that is a public playground and a public garden. It was a graveyard, but a few years ago the city decreed that it should vanish, with the exception of a monument put up to commemorate the devotion of firemen who gave their lives for duty in a fire of the long ago. It was not the graveyard of St. Luke's, although near, but of farther away St. John's; and it is pleasant to remember that it was in walking to and fro among the now vanished graves and tombs that Edgar Allan Poe composed his "Raven."

Cheerful in its atmosphere—but perhaps this is largely from its name—is short little Gay Street, leading from Waverley Place, just around the corner from Sixth Avenue. Immediately beyond this point—for much of the unexpected still remains in good old Greenwich Village—Waverley becomes, by branching, a street with four side-

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St. Luke's Church

walks; for both branches hold the name of Waverley. It is hard for people of to-day to understand the power of literature in the early half of the last century, when Washington Irving was among the most prominent citizens, and James Fenimore Cooper was publicly honored, and admirers of the Waverley Novels made successful demand on the aldermen to change the name of Sixth Street, where it left Broadway, to Waverley Place, and to continue it beyond Sixth Avenue, discarding another name on the way, and at this forking-point to do away with both Catharine and Elizabeth streets in order to give Waverley its four sidewalks. Could this be done in these later days with the names, say, of Howells or of Hopkinson Smith! Does any one ever propose to have an "O" put before Henry Street!

At the forking-point is a triangular building, archaic in aspect, and very quiet. It is a dispensary, and an ancient jest of the neighborhood is, when some stranger asks if it has patients, to reply, "It does n't need 'em; it 's got money."

Gay Street is miniature; its length is n't long and its width is n't wide. It is a street full of the very spirit of old Greenwich, or, rather, of the old Ninth Ward; for thus the old inhabitants love to designate the neighborhood, some through not knowing that it was originally Greenwich Village, and a greater number because they are not interested in the modern development, poetic, artistic, theatric, empiric, romantic, sociologic, but are proud of the honored record of the district as the most American ward of New York City.

In an apartment overlooking a Gay Street corner there died last year a man who had rented there for thirty-four years. There loomed practical difficul-

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Patchin Place

ties for the final exit, the solution involving window and fire-escape. But the landlord, himself born there, said, "No; he has always gone in and out like a gentleman, and he shall still go out, for the last time, as a gentleman," thereupon he called in carpenter and mason to cut the wall.

Then some old resident will tell you, pointing out house by house and name by name, where business men, small manufacturers, politicians, and office-holders dwelt. And, further reminiscent, he will tell of how, when a boy, at dawn on each Fourth of July, he used to get out his toy cannon and fire it from a cellar entrance (pointing to the entrance), and how one Fourth the street was suddenly one shattering crash, two young students from the old university across Washington Square having experimentally tossed to the pavement from their garret window a stick of what was then "a new explosive, dynamite." No sane and safe Fourths then!

It is still remembered that some little houses at the farther end of Gay Street, on Christopher, were occupied by a little colony of hand-loom weavers from Scotland, who there looked out from these "windows in Thrums."

Around two corners from this spot is a curiously picturesque little bit caused by the street changes of a century ago. It is Patchin Place, opening from Tenth Street opposite Jefferson Market. The place is a cul-de-sac, with a double row of little three-story houses, each looking just like the other, of yellow-painted brick. Each house has a little area space, each front door is up two steps from its narrow sidewalk. Each door is of a futuristic green. Each has its ailantus-tree, making the little nooked place a delightful bower.

Seventh Avenue and Greenwich Avenue

Immediately around the corner is the still more curious Milligan Place, a spot more like a bit of old London than any other in New York. It is a little nestled space, entered by a barely gate-wide opening from the busy Sixth Avenue sidewalk. Inside it expands a trifle, just sufficiently to permit the existence of four little houses, built close against one another. So narrowly does an edge of brick building come down beside the entrance that it is literally only the width of the end of the bricks.

In an instant, going through the entrance that you might pass a thousand times without noticing, you are miles away, you are decades away, in a fragment of an old lost lane.

Near by, where Sixth Avenue begins, there is still projective from an old-time building the sign of the Golden Swan, a lone survival of long ago. And this is remindful of the cigar-store Indians. Only yesterday they were legion, now a vanished race. And the sidewalk clocks that added such interest to the streets, they, too, have gone, banished by city ordinance.

The conjunction of Seventh Avenue and Greenwich Avenue and Eleventh Street makes a triangle, at the sharp point of which is a small, low, and ancient building, fittingly given over to that ancient and almost vanished trade, horseshoeing. A little brick building with outside wooden stair stands against and above it as the triangle widens, and then comes an ancient building a little taller still. And this odd conglomerate building was all, so you will be told, built in the good old days for animal houses for one of the earliest menageries! Next came a period of stage-coaches, with horses housed here. And, as often in New York, a great shabbiness accompanies the old. Within the triangle, inside of a tall wooden fence, are several ancient ailantus-trees, remindful that long ago New York knew this locality as—name full of pleasant implications—"Ailanthus Gardens." And every spring Ailanthus Gardens, oblivious to forgetfulness and shabbiness, still bourgeons green and gay.

An old man, a ghost-of-the-past old

Seventh Avenue, between Twelfth and Thirteenth Streets

man, approached, and, seeing that we were interested, said abruptly, unexpectedly, "That 's Bank Street over there, where the banks and the bankers came," thus taking the mind far back to the time of a yellow-fever flight from what was then the distant city to what was in reality Greenwich.

Only a block from here, on Seventh Avenue, is a highly picturesque survival, a long block of three-story dwellings all so uniformly balconied, from first floor to roof-line, across the entire fronts, that you see nothing but balconies, with their three stories fronted with eyelet-pattern balustrades. In front of all the houses is an open grassy space, and up the face of the balconies run old wistaria-vines. Each house, through the crisscrossing of upright and lateral lines, is fronted with nine open square spaces, like Brobdingnagian pigeon-holes.

On West Eleventh Street is a row almost identical in appearance. If you follow Eleventh Street eastward, and find that it does not cut across Broadway, you will remember that this comes from the efforts of Brevoort, an early landowner, to save a grand old tree that stood there. And then Grace Church gained possession, and the street remained uncut.

A most striking vanishing hereabouts has been of the hotels. What an interesting group they were in this part of Broadway! Even the old Astor, far down town, has gone, only a wrecked and empty remnant remaining.

But a neighbor of the Astor House is an old-time building whose loss, frequently threatened, every one who loves noble and beautiful architecture would deplore—the more than century-old city hall, which still dominates its surroundings, as it has always dominated, even though now the buildings round about are of towering height.

Time-mellowed, its history has also mellowed, with myriad associations and happenings and tales. That a man who was to become Mayor of New York (it was Fernando Wood) made his first entry into the city as the hind leg of an elephant of a traveling show, and in that capacity passed for the first time

West Eleventh Street

the city hall, is a story that out-Whittingtons Whittington.

And noblest and finest of all the associations with the city hall is one which has to do with a time before the city hall arose; for here, on the very spot where it stands, George Washington paraded his little army on a July day in 1776, and with grave solemnity, while they listened in a solemnity as grave, a document was read to them that had just been received from Philadelphia and which was forever to be known as the Declaration of Independence.

It used to be, three quarters of a century ago, that people could go northward from the city hall on the New York and Harlem Railway, which built its tracks far down in this direction. It used the Park Avenue tunnel, which had been built in 1837 for the first horse-car line in the world. After the railway made Forty-second Street its terminal, horse-cars again went soberly through the tunnel. What a pleasure to remember the tinkle, tinkle as they came jerkily jogging through, from somewhere up Harlemward, and, with quirky variety as to course, to an end somewhere near University Place! A most oddly usable line.

A few minutes' walk from University Place is one of the most fascinating spots in New York—"St. Mark's in the Bouwerie," although it is actually on Second Avenue and Stuyvesant Street.

The church was built in 1799, but it stands on property that the mighty Petrus Stuyvesant owned, and on the site of a chapel that he built, and his tomb is beneath the pavement of the church, and the tombstone is set in the foundation-wall on the eastern side. There is an excellent bronze close by, fittingly made in Holland, of this whimsical, irascible, kind-hearted, clear-headed captain-general and governor who ruled this New Amsterdam. Nothing else in the city so gives the smack of age, the relish of the saltness of time, as this old church built on Stuyvesant's land and holding his bones. For Stuyvesant was born when Elizabeth reigned in England and when Henry of Navarre, with his white

St. Mark's in the Bouwerie

plume, was King of France. The great New-Yorker was born in the very year that "Hamlet" was written.

He loved his city, and lived here after the English came and conquered him and seized the colony.

This highly pictorial old church, broad-fronted, pleasant-porticoed, stands within a great open graveyard space, green with grass and sweetly shaded, and its aloofness and beauty are markedly enhanced by its being set high above the level of the streets.

On Lafayette Street, once Lafayette Place, a quarter of a mile from St. Mark's, still stands the deserted Astor Library, just bought by the Y. M. H. A. as a home for immigrants, built three quarters of a century ago for permanence, but now empty and bare and grim, shorn of its Rialto-like steps, with closed front, as if harboring secrets behind its saddening inaccessibility. Once-while stately gate-posts and gateway, now ruinous, beside the library building, marked the driveway entrance of a long-vanished Astor home.

All is dreary, dismal, desolate, and the color of the Venetian-like building has become a sad combination of chocolate brown and dull red.

The tens of thousands of books from here, the literature and art of the Lenox collection, and the fine foundation of Tilden are united at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street. From what differing sources did these three mighty foundations spring! One from the tireless industry of a great lawyer; one from a far-flung fur trade that over a century ago reached through trackless wilderness to the Pacific; one from a fortune wrung by exactions from American soldiers of the Revolution, prisoners of war, who paid all they had in the hope of alleviating their suffering —a fortune inherited by a man who studied to put it out for the benefit of mankind in broad charity and helpfulness, in hospitals and colleges, and in his library, left for public use.

With the old Astor Library so stripped and deserted, one wonders if a similar fate awaits the stately and palatial building to which it has gone. Will the new building some day vanish? And

The New York City Marble Cemetery, East Second Street

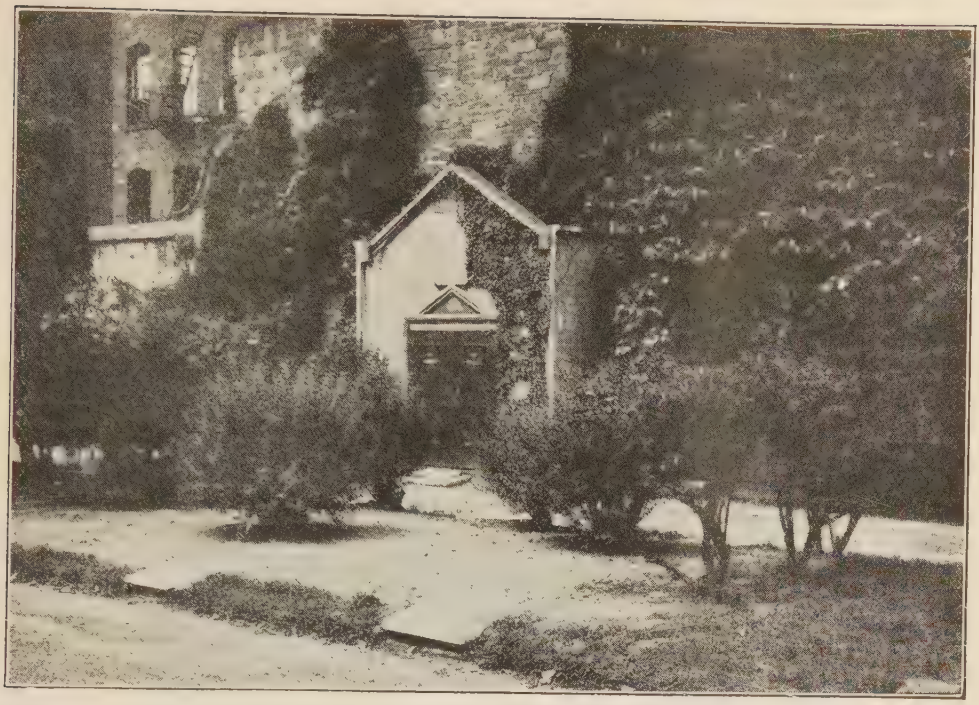
similarly the superb and mighty structures that have in recent years come in connection with the city's northern sweep?

A curious fate has attended the Lenox Library property. Given to the city, land and building and contents, the land and building were sold into private ownership when the consolidation of libraries was decided upon. The granite stronghold, built to endure forever, was razed, and where it had stood arose the most beautiful home in New York, which, gardened in boxwood, its owner filled with priceless treasures. And now he is dead, and again the land, a building, and costly contents are willed to the city.

Across from the old Astor Library stood Colonnade Row, a long and superb line of pillar-fronted grandeur; but only a small part now remains, with only a few of the fluted Corinthian pillars. All is shabby and forlorn, but noble even in shabbiness. And the remnant, one thinks, must shortly fall a victim to the destructive threat that hangs over everything in our city.

Colonnade Row was built in the eighteen twenties. Washington Irving lived there. One gathers the impression that Irving, named after Washington, lived in as many houses as those in which Washington slept. In the row occurred the wedding of President Tyler, an event not characterized by modest shrinking from publicity, for after the ceremony the President and his bride were driven down Broadway in an open carriage, drawn by four horses, to the Battery, whence a boat rowed them out to begin their married life on—of all places!—a ship of war!

It is interesting to find two Virginia-born Presidents of the United States coming to Lafayette Street; for here dwelt Monroe, he of the "Doctrine," during the latter part of his life, at what is now the northwest corner of Lafayette Street and Prince; and he died there. Long since the house fell into sheer dinginess and wreck, and a few months ago was sold to be demolished; but New York may feel pride in her connection with the American who, following Washington's example, de-



The East Second Street Marble Cemetery, looking north

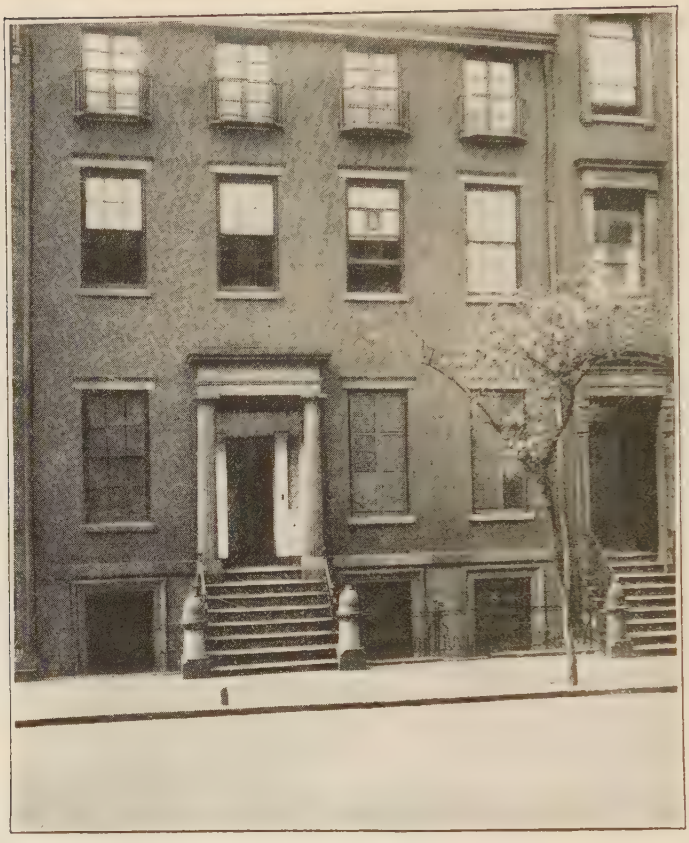
clared against "entangling ourselves in the broils of Europe, or suffering the powers of the old world to interfere with the affairs of the new."

Near this house Monroe was buried, in the Marble Cemetery on Second Street, beyond Second Avenue, a spot with high open iron fence in front and high brick wall behind, with an atmosphere of sedateness and repose, although a tenement district has come round about. Monroe's body lay here for a quarter of a century, and then Virginia belatedly carried it to Virginian soil.

Close by, entered through a narrow tunnel-like entrance at 41½ Second Avenue, is another Marble Cemetery (the Monroe burying-place is the New York City Marble Cemetery, and this other is the New York Marble Cemetery), and this second one is quite hidden away in inconspicuousness, as befits a place which, according to a now barely decipherable inscription, was established as "a place of interment for gentlemen," surely the last word in exclusiveness!

Across the street from the entrance to this cemetery for gentlemen is a church for the common people, one of the pleasant surprises of a kind which one frequently comes upon in New York —a building really distinguished in appearance, yet not noticed or known. A broad flight of steps stretches across the broad church front. There are tall pillars and pilasters, excellent iron fencing and gateway. The interior is all of the color of pale ivory, with much of classic detail and with a "Walls-of-Troy" pattern along the gallery. There were a score of such classic churches in New York early in the last century.

Always in finding the unexpected there is charm, as when, the other day, we came by the merest chance upon "Extra Place"! What a name! It is a little court nooked out of First Street, —how many New Yorkers know that there is a First Street in fact and not merely in theory?—between Second and Third avenues. Extra Place is a stone's throw in length, a forgotten bit of forlornness, but at its end, beyond sheds and tall board fencing, are suggestions



Edwin Forrest's house, West Twenty-second Street

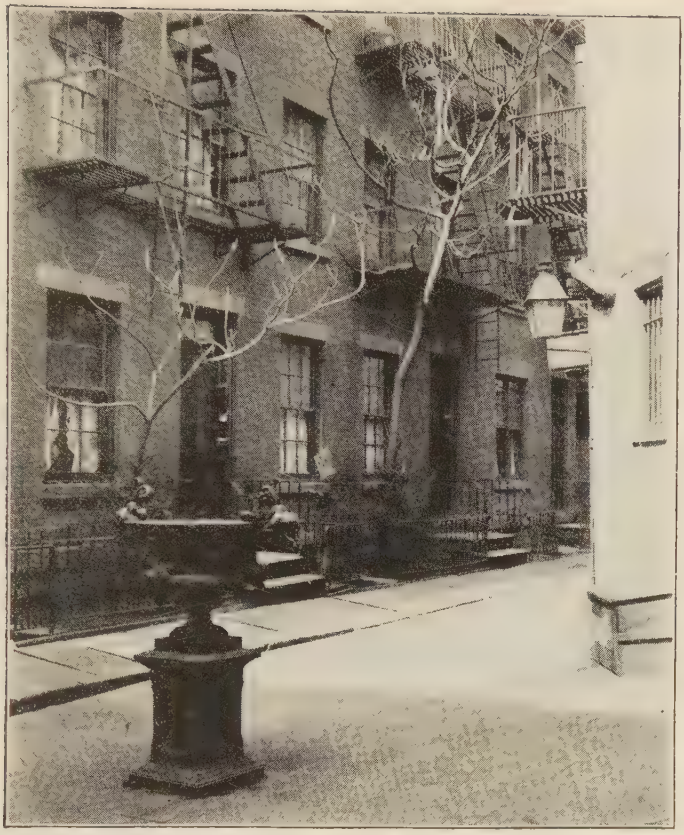
of pleasant homes of a distant past, great fireplace chimneys and queer windows, and an old shade tree, and under the tree a brick-paved walk, formal in its rectangle, where happy people walked in the long ago, and where once a garden smiled, but where now no kind of flower grows wild.

The tree of the New York tenements is the ailantus, palm-like in its youth, brought originally from China for the gardens of the rich. It grows in discouraging surroundings, is defiant of smoke, does not even ask to be planted; for, Topsy-like, it "jest grows." Cut it down, and it comes up again. It is said to have no insect enemies. An odd point in its appearance is that every branch points up.

The former extraordinary picturesqueness of the waterfront has gone; but still there is much there that is strange, and a general odor of oakum and tar remains. And, leading back from the East-Side waterfront, narrow, ancient lanes have been preserved, and by these one may enter the old-time warehouse portion of the city, where still the permeative smell of drugs or leather or spice differentiates district from district.

Vanished is many a delightful old name. Pie Woman's Lane became Nassau Street. Oyster Pasty Alley became Exchange Alley. Clearly, early New Yorkers were a gustatory folk.

A notable vanishing has within a few months come to Wall Street itself—the vanishing of the last outward and visible sign of the feud of Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr. Hamilton was the leading spirit in establishing one bank in the city, and Burr, through a clause in a water-company charter, established another, and through all these decades the banks have been



Milligan Place

rivals. Now they have united their financial fortunes and become one bank.

An interesting rector of Trinity Church, which looks in such extraordinary fashion into the narrow gorge of Wall Street, became over a century ago Bishop of New York, Benjamin Moore, and he is chiefly interesting, after all, through his early connection with the then distant region still known as Chelsea, in the neighborhood of Twenty-third Street and the North River, where he acquired great land-holdings that had been owned by the English naval captain who had made his home here and given the locality its name.

Chelsea still holds its own as an interesting neighborhood, mainly because of its possession of the General Theological Seminary, which has attracted and held desirable people and given an atmosphere of quiet seclusion.

The seminary buildings occupy the entire block between Ninth and Tenth avenues and Twentieth and Twenty-first streets. They are largely of English style, and there are long stretches of ten-foot garden wall. Now and then a mortar-boarded student strides hurriedly across an open space, and now and then a professor paces portentously. The buildings are mostly of brick, but the oldest is an odd-looking structure of silver-gray stone. The varied structures unite in effective conjunction. It may be mentioned that, owing to a Vanderbilt who looked about for something which in his opinion would set the seminary in the front rank, its library possesses more ancient Latin Bibles, so it is believed, than does even the Bodleian.

The chapel stands in the middle of the square, and above it rises a square Magdalen-like tower, softened by ivy; and, following a beautiful old custom as

London Terrace, West Twenty-third Street, between Ninth and Tenth Avenues

it has been followed since the tower was built, capped and gowned students gather at sunrise on Easter morning on the top of this tall tower and sing ancient chorals to the music of trombone and horn.

Chelsea ought to be the most homelike region in New York on account of its connection with Christmas; for a son of Bishop Moore, Clement C. Moore, who gave this land to the seminary, and made his own home in Chelsea, wrote the childhood classic, " 'T was the night before Christmas."

In this old-time neighborhood stand not only houses, but long-established little shops. One for drugs, for example, is marked as dating back to 1839. But, after all, that is not so old as a great Fifth Avenue shop which was established in 1826. However, there is this difference: the Chelsea shops are likely to be on the very spots where they were first opened, whereas the great shop of Fifth Avenue has reached its location by move after move, from its beginning on Grand Street, when that was the fashionable shopping street of the city.

In Chelsea are still to be found the old pineapple-topped newel-posts of wrought iron, like openwork urns; there are old houses hidden erratically behind those on the street-front. One in particular remains in mind, a large old-fashioned dwelling, now reached only by a narrow and built-over passage, a house that looks like a haunted house, from its desolate disrepair, its lost loneliness of location.

Chelsea is a region of yellow cats and green shutters, shabby green on the uncared for and fresh green for the well kept. Old New York used typically to temper the dog-days behind green slat shutters, or under shop awnings stretched to the curb, and with brick sidewalks, sprinkled in the early afternoon from a sprinkling-can in the 'prentice hand.

One of the admirable old houses of Chelsea is that where dwelt that unquiet spirit, Edwin Forrest, the actor. It is at 436 West Twenty-second Street, a substantial-looking, square-fronted house, with a door of a great single panel. And the interior is notable for

East Nineteenth Street, between Third and Fourth Avenues

the beautiful spiral stair that figured in court in his marital troubles.

There are in Chelsea two more than usually delightful residential survivals, with the positively delightful old names of Chelsea Cottages and London Terrace. The cottages are on Twenty-fourth Street, and the Terrace is on Twenty-third, and each is between Ninth and Tenth avenues, and both were built three quarters of a century ago.

The cottages are alternating three-story and two-story houses, built tightly shoulder to shoulder, astonishingly narrow-fronted, each with a grassy space in front. Taken together, they make one of the last stands on Manhattan of simple and modest and concerted picturesque living.

The Terrace is a highly distinguished row of high-pilastered houses, set behind grassy, deep dooryards. There are precisely eighty-eight three-and-a-half-story pilasters on the front of this stately row. The houses have a general composite effect of yellowish gray. They are built on the London plan of the drawing-room on the second floor, so that those that live there "go down to dinner." The drawing-rooms are of pleasant three-windowed spaciousness, extending across each house-front.

The terrace is notable in high-stooped New York in having the entrance-doors on virtually the sidewalk level. That the familiar and almost omnipresent high-stooped houses of the nineteenth century ought all to have been constructed without the long flight of outside stone steps characteristic of the city is shown by a most interesting development on East Nineteenth Street, between Third Avenue and Irving Place. There the houses have been excellently and artistically remodeled, with highly successful and highly satisfactory results. With comparatively slight cost, there has been alteration of commonplaceness into beauty.

The high front steps have been removed, and the front doors put down to where they ought to be. Most of the house-fronts have been given a stucco coat, showing what could be done with myriad commonplace houses of the city.

Friends' Meeting-House, Stuyvesant Square

The houses are colorfully painted tawny red or cream or gray or pale pink or an excellent shade of brown. You think of it as the happiest-looking street in New York. Solid shutters add their effect, some the green of bronze patina. There are corbeled gables. Some of the roofs are red-tiled. Two little two-story stables have been transformed by little Gothic doors. There are vines. There are box-bushes. There are flowers in terra-cotta boxes on low area walls. Here and there is a delightful little iron balcony, here and there a gargoyle. On one roof two or three storks are gravely standing! There are charming area-ways, and plane-trees have been planted for the entire block. And here the vanishing is of the undesirable.

On Stuyvesant Square, near by, are the Quaker buildings, standing in an atmosphere of peace which they themselves have largely made—buildings of red brick with white trimmings, and with a fine air of gentleness and repose; a little group that, so one hopes, is very far indeed from the vanishing-point.

And there is fine old Gramercy Park, whose dignified homes in the past were owned by men of the greatest prominence. Many of the great homes still remain, and the central space, tall, iron-fenced, is still exclusively locked from all but the privileged, the dwellers in the houses on the park. And there, amid the grass and the trees, sedate little children, with little white or black dogs, play sedately for hours.

We went for luncheon, with two recent woman's college graduates, all familiar with New York, into the club house that was the home of Samuel J. Tilden. Our companions were unusually excellent examples of the best that the colleges produce; they were of American ancestry. But any New-Yorker will feel that much of the spirit of the city has vanished, that much of the honored and intimate tradition has gone, when we say that, it being mentioned that this had been the Tilden home, it developed that neither of them had ever heard of Samuel J. Tilden.

The Closed Road

By IRMA WATERHOUSE

Illustrations by R. M. Brinkerhoff.

"Big tragic things give you a kind of reflected glory, or perhaps it 's just that they mellow your spirit. But little things don't count enough to do that. They count only enough to wear away something in you, your faith or your illusions, like drops of water on a stone."

THE conversation that afternoon had taken a startling turn. Mrs. Butler had, without warning, put down her knitting and said:

"I would give anything to have known Terry."

Leila Stanton had been idly turning the pages of a new magazine. She looked up quickly.

"Terry!" she ejaculated. "What in the world ever made you think of him?"

Marjorie Butler did not answer immediately. She picked up a shapeless, flame-colored piece of knitting that was eventually to be a sweater.

"Let me see, how long ago is it, Leila?"

Leila threw the magazine on a nearby table.

"Ten years, nearly. You have n't answered my question."

"I think he 's the reason you don't marry."

Leila gasped.

"Marjorie Butler, how perfectly ridiculous! Whatever started you on such a train of thought?"

"I don't know. I think it was listening to you talk to John Emory over the 'phone just now. You know I 've always hoped you would marry him. Well, I suddenly had the feeling you never would. And for no particular reason, I thought of Terry."

Leila leaned down to recover the ball of wool that was rolling rapidly toward her. She dropped it in Marjorie's chair and walked on to the window, where she stood in silence looking out. She always claimed that her apartment had the most unparalleled view of roofs in New York City. After a minute's frowning contemplation of the familiar view, she turned.

"I wish you 'd try to make up your mind to my not marrying, Marjorie," she said. "Marriage needs to catch you young, while you 're still dreaming dreams and before you know what a good thing it is just to be comfortable. I 'm thirty now and—terrifically comfortable."

She smiled a little at her choice of an adverb, her eyes resting on the cozy living-room: her piano, with its music scattered on the rack; her books lining the wall at the end of the room; the etchings of places she loved, and one or two good copies of masters; and the photographs of a few friends whose faces were particularly associated with certain well remembered high lights in her rather colorful life. Her glance came back to Marjorie.

"The trouble with you is, you want too much," Marjorie was remarking.

"So a man told me once a long time ago."

After a pause Marjorie said:

"Leila, why did n't you marry Terry?"

Leila straightened the window-shade with meticulous care. The early afternoon sun was pouring into the room.

"It 's a pretty long story," she finally answered.

"Oh, yes, I know," Marjorie replied. "Even if I was a thousand miles away from you in those years, it was n't so far I did n't know all about Terry. But my memory is hazy; I can't seem to remember just what it was that finally

decided you not to marry him, after all."

There was a half-smile on Leila's lips.

"Oh, what you want is the clinching reason in half a dozen words." She dropped down on the piano-bench, and sat for some seconds in reflective silence.

"I am trying to remember just what I did tell you about Terry," she finally said. "I have an impression I gave you all to understand I went through something rather tragic. But I did n't. It might have been easier to bear if I had."

She paused to consider this.

"Big tragic things give you a kind of reflected glory, or perhaps it 's just that they mellow your spirit. But little things don't count enough to do that. They count only enough to wear away something in you, your faith or your illusions, like drops of water on a stone. But if you think he broke my heart or anything dramatic like that, you 're very wrong."

"I don't think he did," Marjorie answered. "I think he left you cynical about marriage."

Leila shook her head.

"No. Marriage is all right for other people. It is n't only that I have never found just the right man. Men come along more or less all a woman's life, and every so often I still imagine for a little that I may have found him. But I 'll never be able to believe for very long that any man loves me, and will continue to love me, enough to marry me. I believed it once, but I 've never been able to again." She shrugged. "Silly notion, I grant you, since men *do* love women no better-looking or more amusing than I. Still, the fact remains."

A silence followed in which Leila ran her fingers softly over the upper register of the piano, and Marjorie knit steadily. Leila broke the silence.

"You must n't get notions about me, Marj dear," she said, "that I 'm nursing a secret unhappiness or anything like that. That 's a fault all happily married people seem to have. They invariably think there can't be much in life for any one else. And as a matter of fact, there 's been a good deal in life for me so far."

Marjorie put down her knitting, and rested her head against the back of her chair.

"Yes, I know there has. You 've done more than any one of us. Perhaps I 'm just envious of you."

"Oh, no, you 're not. You would n't want to be mixed up in politics, for instance, because Bob would n't like having you. I don't blame him particularly. Politics is like war; the farther away you are from it the nobler it appears."

"Well, perhaps I don't envy you the politics so much, but I do wish I could go all over the world the way you 've been, and know all the unusual people. Even during the war, when all kinds of uninteresting people were doing interesting things, all I could do was knit endless sweaters. And at the same time you were being forewoman in a munition factory, touring all over the United States lecturing for the Food Bureau—"

"Yes, but I worked for pretty nearly everything I had," Leila replied. "And you don't really envy me. Why, Marjorie Butler, in spite of everything I 've done or may do, you know in your heart you pity me because I have n't got a husband as nice as Bob."

"No, that is n't fair." Majorie Butler flushed. It 's only that I want you to be thoroughly happy. Two people can't be as close as you and I without each feeling pretty clearly the kind of thing that would really make the other happy. I know you so well, Leila!"

"Yes, you 'd be pretty sure, would n't you, Marjorie, that you knew most of the nooks and crannies of my mind—that at least there was n't any stretch of road down which my thoughts had ever consistently traveled where you had never been. Just as you 're perfectly sure you know the story of Terry. Yet you don't really know it at all."

Marjorie Butler gave a gasp of incredulity.

"I don't know it! Why, Leila, what do you mean?"

"Just what I say. It was a thing I could n't possibly have put into words ten years ago. Perhaps I could n't even yet. I don't know, because I 've never tried."

She read Marjorie's eyes correctly.

"No, I 'm not sure I 'm going to tell

it to you. In the first place, it really *is* a long story, and I have some one coming to tea at four; in the second place, if I tell you, you 'll probably be more certain than ever that I 'm not truly happy."

Marjorie Butler did not make the mistake of protesting.

"And yet," Leila continued, "it 's a temptation. There 's a strange kind of satisfaction in letting your memories slip back to travel minutely again over the road you did n't take. Perhaps it really goes deeper than that. Roads that lead nowhere can be troublesome things when they become too crowded with memories. An outlet once in a lifetime—" She broke off abruptly. "Do you want to hear it?" she demanded.

"Of course I do, Leila."

"Well, let me get comfortable first and nearer you." She pushed a large willow chair opposite to Marjorie's. "Go on knitting while I think where to start. You must keep on knitting. I don't want you to look at me too much. I can think better if you don't. Let me see.

"The roots go back ever so far, I suppose, to a time when I did want to marry. You and I know every normal girl wants to at some time, whether she admits it or not. The glamour of the thing is too strong for us—immensely stronger than it could ever be for a man."

Marjorie knitted obediently.

"I suppose you recall that about the time we got through being educated I was consumed with a burning desire to do something. Yet I played through the summer frivolously enough. You may remember hearing about a violent flirtation with an Amherst man, whose name I 've forgotten, that was too fast and furious to end in anything but a smash. But in the fall I was going to New York to put away childish things and work. A few days at the end of the summer changed everything."

Marjorie nodded. Leila was getting on familiar ground now.

"It was the day that Emily arrived to visit me. I was in despair, because you know yourself you had to have men to entertain Emily. That 's why it seemed particularly a godsend to have the manager's wife come to me that night when we had put on our suits and resigned ourselves to the thought of the movies and ask if she might present some engineers who were dining at the hotel and wanted to dance. It seemed they were camping near by."

"Oh, is that how it happened?" interrupted Marjorie.

"We thought it was a lark, and hurried up-stairs to change and prink. A lark!" Leila repeated. "And yet when I think what that chance incident did to my life! Does n't it seem strange to you that times like that don't inevitably cast their shadows before?

"Well, one of the men danced with me, not Terry, for he danced with Emily. In fact, afterward on the piazza, I had a queer sensation that Terry did n't like me. I caught him looking at me once so fixedly without the faintest glimmer of sympathy. But he asked me for the next dance, and when it was over, he walked on the terrace high above the lake and talked about—love.

"You know there are some people—they 're rare, I admit—with whom you never go through unimportant conversational preliminaries. From the very first you plunge right into the heart of things." She smiled. "Do you remember how you used to tease me by saying that I could get any strange man to tell me what he really thought about life in the same time in which another girl was finding out where he lived or whether he had been to college?"

"I certainly do," Marjorie replied. "You were a marvel."

"At any rate, Terry and I talked about everything under the sun in the days that followed. He may not have had responsive eyes, but he certainly had a responsive mind.

"He had a few parlor tricks, too. I remember he read all of our palms that first night when we were in the grill-room having something to drink. I mention it because a rather strange thing happened. I sat next to him, and when he picked up my hand he took one look at it, then said, 'I would n't marry you for anything; you *think* too much!' Of course there was a howl of laughter at that. Yet it proved ultimately not

to be so very funny, after all." Leila was looking at her friend musingly as she spoke.

"You 've always had the idea that it was a case of love at first sight, but it was n't. I was absolutely stunned when Terry told me, some nine days later, that he loved me. All I had said of him to Emily was that I would rather talk to him than to any one I had ever met, and that is not being in love. But I was finding it a very thrilling feast of reason, probably because it was n't all reason. Of course I know now what I did n't know then—that to the imaginative, mental sympathy and closeness are the most dangerously seductive things in the world."

Marjorie put down her knitting, but turned her eyes to the view of roofs.

"Of course I immediately told Emily. At that age you and Emily and I told one another everything. Emily was thrilled. You can imagine her yourself.

" 'You 're the first of us all to be engaged,' she exclaimed in rapture.

" 'But I 'm not engaged,' I answered rather weakly. 'I can't be. He 's so old!'

"Terry was somewhere in his early thirties. Can you remember what that seemed like to you when you were twenty-one?

"Emily insisted that he was not old. 'Besides,' she would add, 'you need an older man. We 've all said so. And think how exciting it will be to marry an engineer and go all over the world building things. When you 're in some wild out-of-the-way place I 'm coming to visit you. It will be so exciting!' "

"It sounds to me," Marjorie observed, "as if Emily talked you into it. Of course you began to get excited."

"Yes," Leila answered. "I suppose I was flattered by my new importance; I 'm sure I cast a thought or two on all of you who would envy me and think it 'romantic.' I would be the first, as Emily said, to be engaged. It 's hard at this distance of time to tell how great a part all that played. I wonder sometimes how great a part it generally plays.

"At any rate, I was too confused to answer at once, though gradually in the next few days we began to discuss things tentatively, much as if we were engaged. Two nights before I left, Terry reached over and brushed his finger-tips across my cheek. We were sitting well down the steps that led to the lake. I shrank back against the wall, and he drew away his hand; but the last night I did n't shrink. It was the first time I ever knew what it meant to kiss."

She put a hand over her eyes, perhaps to try to shut out the pictures of her memory, perhaps to keep herself from meeting the eyes of her friend. In a moment she shifted her position so that she could look directly out the west window.

"As you know, we became engaged."

"I have your letter somewhere yet," Marjorie said.

"I saw Terry only five times after that, but we wrote daily. For six months the happiness of my life depended on the arrival of Terry's letter. If it did n't come in the early mail, I waited home all morning for another mail. If it did n't come then, I lost my appetite for going out in the afternoon. Of course I had given up all idea of doing anything. You know that no woman can do anything with her heart as full of a man as that. If the letter did n't come at all, what terrific sharp pangs of disappointment I used to suffer! I could n't go to bed soon enough, so it might be another day! There 's no philosophy to youth, is there? Who says youth is the happiest time? I would n't relive that period of my life for anything. Yet neither would I give it up."

She sat for some moments reflecting. Whatever her thoughts were, they brought shadows to her face.

"I don't seem to know just what point I had reached," she said in a minute.

"Terry's letters," Marjorie replied.

Leila moved.

"Oh, yes. Well, we two who actually knew each other so little set ourselves to the difficult task of bridging the gap by letter. We wondered sometimes if any other two people ever wrote each other the kind of letters we did." She half smiled. "Yet I 've wondered since, too, for I 've had letters from other men

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" 'It seems to me I 've been through every phase of that torture of just waiting and wondering and not knowing' "

and written them, but never like those.

"Terry was so remarkably imaginative, and of course he called it out in me. We began to write each other pictures of our life together as we dreamed it—what we actually said to each other, how we played, teased, quarreled, and loved; more and more how we loved." She stopped speaking and sighed.

"That 's only a kind of inner side. I 've neglected the others entirely—how I did not announce my engagement. You remember you all thought it was so queer, and I pretended I did n't want to. In reality it was Terry; he did n't believe in long engagements. I was in an anomalous position the three times he came to New York. All my friends knew I was engaged. His friends knew nothing of me. Since he thought it best not to explain me to them, they had to be given some of his time. And his time was all too short, three days, five days, once seven days.

"Yet I think it was I who had laid down the dictum that we must n't feel we had to entertain each other all the time. But in the innocence of my heart I had supposed Terry would not be really contented away from me long. It did n't seem possible there could be any parties he would care about without me. Yet there were, a good many. I never told you that, did I? And I never knew when he left me just when I 'd see him again; he never wanted to be pinned down. So I learned not to ask, but I felt shut out and slighted even though I defended him valiantly to my mother when she insinuated with lifted brows that it was strange he went to so many places without taking me.

"You can see very easily that writing about being together was not the same thing as being together. There were moods, strange, silent moods, that I could not get through. Once I could never have told this to any one; it hurt me too much.

"There were other difficulties, too, that are harder to talk about. Terry was so much older, he had seen so much more of life, that he believed in it very much less than I. He chilled and hurt me sometimes with all the things he knew. I could not help but realize from what he told me that he was the kind women had always liked, and that his life must have given him a glamour in their eyes. For my own peace of mind I tried to adopt a point of view in which I explained to myself very carefully that, after all, it was n't what a man did that mattered so much as the kind of person it left him." Again she stopped and sighed.

"No matter how true that may be, it 's a hard truth for twenty-one to have to recognize. A girl could never be quite so young again.

"Terry was not particularly affectionate. He was analytical, playful, or passionate. And I—well, I have always been quick to respond to the things and the people that touch me closely, and Terry aroused such tremendous new feeling in me that I could n't for the life of me have helped responding.

"Too intense feeling is apt very suddenly to leave one cold. We had horrible reaction times. I 'd feel sometimes as if I did n't know Terry at all. He was very difficult."

Marjorie made an impatient sound.

"In March he went to South America. I could not bring myself to marry him, as he wished, before he went. There were too many things to be made over because they were not as I had dreamed. But the last time he was in New York things worked to a crescendo of perfection. I remember on the eve of his sailing how tremendously in love with me he was.

"It was nearly a month before his first letter came. It seemed the longest period I had ever known, and all the while my letters kept going into the all-engulfing silence that had swallowed Terry.

"Of course we immediately saw there could be no more nice chattiness between us. In fact, from then on we suffered from the constant crossing of moods. Any one who has ever had to write to a person she loved, a long way off, knows what it is. The letter that comes when you are most lonesome is the one that sounds as if he were forgetting you. And *vice versa*. When those cross-currents once start, there is no stopping them. They go on endlessly.

"Terry was to come up in the fall to

marry me. He had given me a ring before he left, and I had begged to announce our engagement. It was hard for me when so many people knew. Terry very reasonably argued me out of it, and yet at this distance I can feel anger at him about that. It 's a queer kind of love that won't stand back of a girl and keep things from hurting her.

"Meanwhile there were other men; that was as Terry wanted. He said I was young and ought to have every chance to compare him with others. What he did n't take into account was the fact that I had given up the opportunity of comparing him with other men when I let him take me in his arms and put his lips against mine. When a girl's whole heart cries out for one man as her mate there 's mighty little room for any other man to make an impression.

"That summer I made plans for my wedding. You remember all that, of course, because you were going to be a bridesmaid. I had consulted with my father as to where I would hold my wedding reception. I was stocking up with summer dress goods, ordered from New York by mail, that I could have made up in the fall for my trousseau. It would be summer in South America.

"Then the letter from Terry came. He said it looked as if there would be no wedding for us that fall, because of some set-back in his finances. He did not really explain, and it was never clear to me. And I let a good many things like that stay hazy in my mind because I dreaded to seem prying or suspicious.

"The next day an impassioned letter came, saying that perhaps, after all, it could be arranged. But it was too late then. I had told my father and written back the best kind of letter I could. I felt so keenly that my whole family, except my young sister, to whom he fed candy, distrusted Terry. It was particularly hard to have my brothers know. I tried not to think he did n't know his own mind. I tortured myself wondering if this was n't welcome as a further breathing space. Terry had once said that the thought of a big wedding 'scared him stiff.'

"And meanwhile I can't tell you of the pressure on me from all sides. I had all of you to write to. Did you really believe the poor explanation I gave you or did you in your hearts speculate and wonder? Oh, the lying explanations I had to make to keep you and other people from probing too far and suspecting, and perhaps pitying me! And all the while my heart aching with doubts!

"In October a letter from Terry said he expected to come up the following month, even though it was foolishly extravagant. It was the month we had planned to be married. Two succeeding letters said no more about coming. The day when he had spoken of arriving came. I waited home all day in a state of jumping nerves. There was no word from Terry.

"It seems to me I 've been through every phase of that torture of just waiting and wondering and not knowing.

"Four days later he came. It was the night before Thanksgiving. We were all going to my aunt's for dinner. I invited him eagerly. I was so glad I was going to have him with me. To my unspeakable disappointment, he refused. He said he was going down to Philadelphia to see the Cornell-Penn game. Cornell was his alma mater. I had to tell my family that, and find excuses why he did n't take me with him. And I had to stand my brother Walter's scathing words, 'Gee! he 's a hot kind of lover!'

"I came home that night to find orchids and violets waiting for me. They did n't make up for Terry's absence. The worst of it was he never went to the game at all!

"Things went very wrong between us much of the time. There were miserable days of arguing interminably and never getting anywhere. The last three days were different. Terry suddenly wanted me to marry him. He had a friend who was a minister and would marry us if we 'd just drop in there. Why did n't we do it without fussing any longer?

"I could n't see my way to being that casual about it. If there was any wavering in my mind, my brother Jim's words added the finishing touch by fiercely stinging my pride.

"'He 's finally made up his mind to take a chance, has he?' he asked me. 'Well, I did n't think you 'd fall for it; I thought you had too much spirit. You can't ever tell about girls.'

"Terry went back to South America, and we were still engaged. He was to come up again in the spring, this time to marry me. His letters were burningly lovelike. It seemed to me he was never so much in love with me as when he had just left me!

"I did n't see Terry again for one year," she said slowly. She shut her eyes, and there was a silence. "I 'm trying to make that year into words," she said at last. "It 's the hardest part of my story, for in that year I was living two separate lives.

"As I look back on that time I see myself outwardly going through the motions of an every-day New York girl with her every-day engagements and diversions, and all the while there was this other life going on in my imagination—a life of tremendous emotional power.

"I cannot help thinking a little ironically of the amazing gaps in what passes for close human intercourse when my family and best friends, even you, Marjorie, knew literally nothing of all that was raging inside of me. I sometimes wonder now as I look into friends' faces if they, too, are living hidden lives that I touch at no point.

"I cannot put that inner life of mine very clearly to you, but you need n't minimize it on that account. It 's a thing no nice girl would talk about, because it 's supposed to be quite outside her experience, and girls are taught that between niceness and honesty, it 's better to be nice. Yet perhaps even the people who uphold that code are n't such fools that they don't know in their heart that a good many nice girls, if scratched, would bleed good red blood.

"You must n't let me ramble like that. After all, all I 'm trying to say is that it was a very hectic time. By and by it began to react on my health. No ordinarily normal person could live with as highly colored a point of view as that and not have it hurt her health. 'As a man thinks,' you know. I had to go to an oculist about my eyes. I suppose they had grown weary of lying. There were other troubles, too. It was all agreed to be nerves.

"You see, Terry did not come back as he planned, though he wrote me the last of January to get ready, as he would be in New York before the twentieth of March. I heard from him infrequently through February. He went on map-making trips in a virgin piece of forest through which they eventually hoped to run a railroad.

"The two letters I had in February did not mention his coming. I was a little troubled, yet I went on with my preparations. I had learned that he thought that to tell me a thing once was to tell me for all time.

"A letter that came in March casually remarked that the job he was on seemed to be without end. He hoped some time in the summer might see it finished; no more than that. I began to wear my trousseau clothes.

"But in May, when Terry's letters continued impassioned and still no word was said as to the future, I wrote him things could not go on like that any longer. I must either know when he was coming up or we must break the engagement.

"I broke the engagement, and yet as I look back on it I can see that it was more or less of a farce, because we both kept a string on it. In the first place we continued to write in friendly vein. Terry said he knew the uncertainty was damnable, but it could make no ultimate difference in our marrying. Gradually we slipped back into the old vein.

"The next fall Terry again came to New York. We knew nothing would ever be really settled until we saw each other again. He telephoned me on a Sunday, about two o'clock, I remember, and wanted to come to see me that evening if he might. It was all I could do to ask why he did n't come *then!* I hung up the receiver with a queer feeling, and avoided the eyes of my brother Jim, for whom I was keeping house in the city that year.

"In our letters we had discussed what our attitude to each other was going to be, and I had insisted we must eliminate the lover side of it. I argued, I remember, that we had leaped

from being acquaintances into being engaged, and that we had never tried just being friends. Being friends was my remedy for the indecision we both must have felt. I thought three weeks of chumminess ought to show us quite clearly where we stood. It was a nice theory, but, like most nice theories, it did n't work. Unfortunately, life is not that simple.

"Did you ever think how strange are some of the things you remember with the most shame? They 're so seldom the things in your life that ought to make you feel the worst. For instance, I wish, oh, how I wish, it had not been I who paved the way for us to stop being friends. I went over in a few minutes that night and sat on Terry's knee and took hold of the lapel of his coat. I probably said I could n't talk to him so far away. A girl can always find some compelling reason like that! Besides, I 've wondered since a good many times how much longer he could have held out!

"It was a torturing three weeks. We did not trust ourselves alone. Most of the time we spent in restaurants and the theater. I met many of Terry's friends, now that we were no longer engaged. Am I being cynical when I say that? For of course now there were no inconvenient explanations to make about me.

"The days went on, and Terry did not mention marriage. I would have died rather than mention it myself. I always spoke of my life as quite separate from him. I think I wanted to stab him into some kind of remonstrance. Sometimes I did, but it never led to anything. So I let things go on, determined that I would not be the one to recognize that things had still to be settled between us.

"The climax came at a dinner party that Terry and another bachelor gave together. The cards were placed so that I did not sit by Terry. He growled about it to me when we danced later. I said nothing. It seemed to me there was more than one way in which he might have easily made sure beforehand. We went to another place to dance. I danced with Terry once or twice. It was hot and crowded, and there was no pleasure in dancing. Terry had become irritable. He sat diagonally across the table from me, obviously moody and out of sorts. I stole one or two glances at him. There was a feeling like lead in my heart. I think it was there, in the midst of the heavy smoke of that low-ceilinged, crowded room, with laughter on all sides of me and wine bubbling up in my glass, that I admitted to myself for the first time that I should never marry Terry.

"It gave me a feeling of faintness and nausea, for it was an admission whose consequences I could not face in that atmosphere where I must be gay. I turned to the man next to me—it was nearly two-thirty—and asked him if he would be good enough to take me home.

"I 'll never forget that night. I suppose there are some nights like that in every one's life, perhaps there have been even in yours, where you lie wide-eyed, staring into the darkness and try to think of just one little thing to lessen the pressure on your heart. There was n't anything in life that looked important or interesting to me that night. It was all grayness and flatness and emptiness ahead.

"And yet I know now that it was n't so much Terry as the loss of my beautiful dream about Terry.

"Of course Terry never knew the aftermath of his party, but the question of our marriage was not delayed much longer. It came up one night shortly after, when he had brought me home from a hotel where we had been dancing. I made him come in with me, though it was late. He had been madly in love with me all evening. He had spells like that when he was so perfect a lover that he would have satisfied any one of us. I don't know what it was about him. I don't think it was only because it was my first man love.

"I remember that evening so well. Terry came over and sat on the arm of my chair and ran his hand caressingly up and down my arm. A moment later he burst out: 'Leila, why do you keep putting me off this way? In the name of heaven, why don't you marry me *now?*'

"I studied him a second before that remark became clear.

"'You mean—before you change your mind? Oh, don't you see, I *can't* if you don't want me more than that!'" She made a gesture.

"I 'm not going to linger over that or retrace for you the ground we covered, for of course we went over and over the same arguments, Terry urging the things we both wanted to believe, and I for a little while having the courage to say the things I had suppressed so long. Mercifully, I was able to think without feeling until right up to the very end, as if my mind and my feelings were in separate air-tight compartments. It 's the leakage of one to the other that spoils such a lot of thinking. My figure is a little mixed, but you get what I mean.

"What shall I tell you about the things we said that night? Of course you want to hear something. Terry said there would never be any one like me, that he could not believe that I could ever quite forget him. He spoke with some feeling about our letters.

"'Do you think two people who did n't love each other could write the kind of letters we have written?' he asked me.

"I remember replying very soberly that our letters were a long way from proving anything. 'How do you know,' I demanded, 'that you love *me* at all? You might easily only love the *me* you have made in your letters and I the *you* I have made in mine.'

"I can hear Terry's 'Good God!' now and see the way he flung himself from my chair.

"'Leila, you 'll drive me mad with your analyzing. You 'll never be happy as long as you 've got to prove everything. Can't you ever let yourself just feel?'

"At this distance I began to feel a sneaking sympathy for Terry. I was such an incorrigible mixture of a longing for perfection and a determination to have it that it killed my sense of humor deader than the proverbial doornail.

"Terry went very soon after. I was feeling enough then, for the leakage had started. You see, I knew it was the end. He continued to deceive himself by refusing to believe that things were over and all our dreams in vain. In four months he was coming back, he vowed, when I had had time enough to see through the curtain of the silence that we truly loved each other. I knew it was n't true; that he 'd never come back, and that whether the dent he left was in my heart or in my imagination, it was going to take a long time to fill in." She stirred a little. "But it 's filled in now, Marjorie. You must believe that. Why until to-day I 've hardly thought of Terry in years!"

Marjorie studied her hands frowningly.

"And you 've never seen him since, have you?" She looked up. "Oh, I want you to see him again, Leila!"

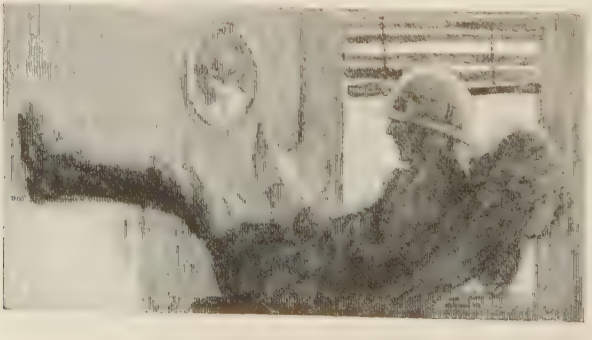
A smile flitted across Leila's face.

"Why?" she asked. "It would only be disappointing. Too much water has gone under the bridge since then."

"Yet, after all—" Marjorie began.

Leila shook her head.

"No, you 're quite wrong. You see, there 's one thing more you don't know. I could never tell you, but four months later Terry was married to another girl."



Under the Palm-Tree of Haiti

By HARRY A. FRANCK

Photographs by the author

Haiti, primitive in spirit, and with the exception of its capital city, Port-au-Prince, a country which still possesses little more than native African spirit, is here described by Mr. Franck in interesting detail and with delightful illustration.

WE sailed away from Cuba on the Haitian Navy. It happened to be our good fortune that the fleet in question put into Guantánamo Bay to have something done to her alleged engine at a time that happily coincided with our own arrival at the eastern end of the island. Otherwise there is no telling when or how we should have made our second jump down the stepping-stones of the West Indies, for Cuba and Haiti do not seem to be particularly neighborly.

The once proud *Adrea* of the New York Yacht Club is a schooner of almost a hundred tons, and still preserves some of her aristocratic features despite the lowly state to which she has fallen under her new name of *L'Indépendance*. Time was when the fleet of the Black Republic boasted more than twice its present strength; but the larger half of it was sold one day to the "slave trade," as they still call the carrying of negro laborers to the sugar-mills of Cuba, and on the two masts of *L'Indépendance* has fallen the entire burden of preserving the Haitian freedom of the seas.

Eleven wild men, all of them, except one yellow fellow for contrast, blacker than the shades of a rainy-season midnight, made up her crew, and the deep-blue-and-maroon flag of sovereign Haiti flew at her stern. But there was a lighter tint superimposed upon this dark background both of flag and crew. The former bore the white shield which announces a white man in command, and her three officers, averaging the advanced age of twenty-five, were as Caucasian as a New England village. In real life they were a bo's'n of the American Navy and two enlisted men of the far-flung Marine Corps, hailing from such quaint corners of the world as Cape Cod, Toledo, and Indianapolis; but in that topsyturvy fairy-world of the West Indies they were all first lieutenants of the "Gendarmérie d'Haiti."

By noon of a midsummer day in December *L'Indépendance* was rolling across the Windward Passage in a way out of all proportion to her importance or to the mere playfulness of the Caribbean waves. When morning broke, the two horns of Haiti loomed far in the distance on each horizon, and we had already covered some two thirds of our journey.

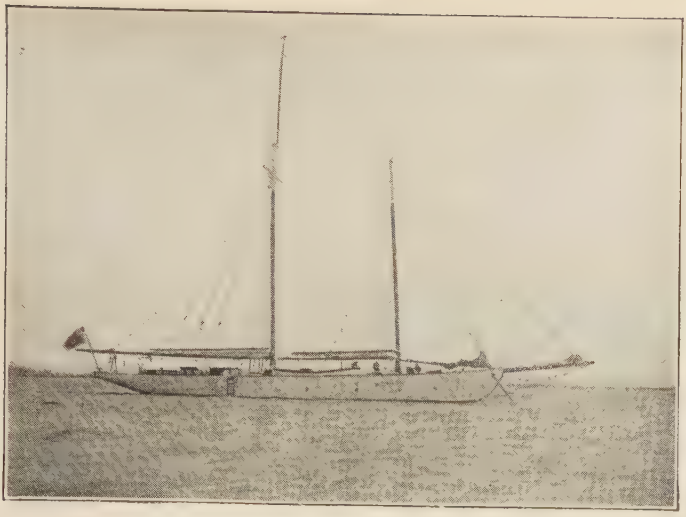
But not so fast, lest the inexperienced reader get too hasty and optimistic a notion of wind-wafted travel. A schooner is a most romantic means of conveyance —when there is something to fill her sails. I can imagine no greater punishment for American impatience than to be sentenced to lie aimlessly tossing through the hereafter in tropical doldrums where even the fish scorn to bite. Evidently the winds within the gaping jaws of Haiti are as erratic as the untamable race that peoples its mountainous shores.

However, let us avoid exaggeration. We did move every now and then, sometimes in the right direction, occasionally at a spanking pace that sent the blue waters outward in two white furrows along our bows. Yet the mountainous ridges on each hand crept past with incredible leisureliness. All through the second night the tramp of hurrying bare feet and the stentorian "French" of the officers sounded about the deck cots we had preferred to the still-luxurious cabins below, and by sunrise we had covered nearly twenty miles since sunset! Gonave Island, with its alligator snout, floated on our starboard all that day with a persistency which suggested we were towing it along with us. Brown and seeming almost bare at this distance, it showed no other signs of life than a few languid patches of smoke, which the mulatto cabin-boy explained as "Burn 'em off an' then make 'em grow." It was well that he had picked up a fair command of English somewhere, for the mere fact that we both prided ourselves on the fluency of our French did not help us in any appreciable degree to carry on conversation with the black crew. The youthful officers, with that quick adaptability which we like to think of as American, had mastered their new calling even to the extent of acquiring that strange series of noises which is dignified in the French West Indies with the name of "creole," but it would never have been recognized even as a foster-child on Parisian boulevards.

Before the third day waned, our goal, Port-au-Prince, was dimly to be seen with the assistance of our glasses, a tiny, whitish, triangular speck which seemed to stand upright at the base of the hazy mountain-wall stretching across the world ahead. The wind, too, took on a new life, but it blew squarely in our faces, as if bent on refusing us admittance to our destination. The shore we were seeking receded into the dusk, and the men of endless patience which sailing-vessels seem to breed settled down to battle through another night, with little hope of doing more than avoid retreat. We were rewarded, however, with another of those marvelous West Indian sunsets which only a super-artist could hope to picture. Ragged handfuls of clouds, like the scattered fleece of the golden-brown *vicuña*, hung motionless against the background of a pink-and-blue-streaked sky, which faded through all possible shades to the blackening indigo of the once more limitless sea.

How long the winds might have prolonged our journey there is no knowing. Out of the black night behind us there appeared what seemed a pulsating star, which gradually grew to unstar-like size and brilliancy. Excitement broke out among the three white mariners. One of them snatched an electric lamp and flashed a few letters of the Morse code into the darkness. They were answered by similar winkings on the arc of the approaching star. This shifted its course and bore down upon us. The captain caught up a megaphone and bellowed into the howling wind. The answer came back in no celestial tongue, but in a strangely familiar and earthly dialect: "Hello! That you, Louie? Tow? Sure. Got a line or shall I pass you one?" A searchlight suddenly revealed the navy of Haiti like a star in the center of the stage; a submarine-chaser snorted alongside us with American brevity; our sails dropped with a run, and a few moments later we were scudding through the waves into the very teeth of the gale. When I awoke from my next nap, *L'Indépendance* was asleep at anchor in a placid little cove.

Port-au-Prince is not, as it appears from far out in the bay, heaped up at the base of a mountain-wall, but stretches leisurely up a gentle, but constant, slope that turns mountainous well

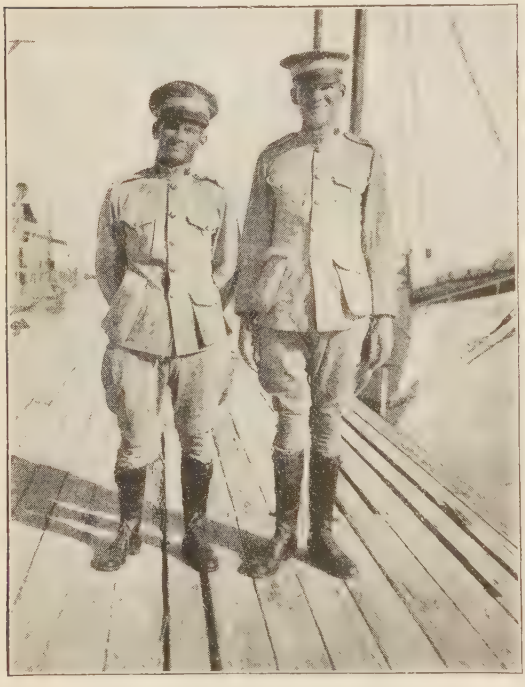


The Haitian Navy

behind the city. Off and on through the night we had heard the muffled beating of tom-toms, or some equally artistic instrument, and occasionally a care-free burst of laughter that could come only from negro throats had floated to us across the water. The first rays of day showed us a stone's-throw from a shore, which the swift tropical dawn disclosed as far denser in greenery than a Cuban coast. The city lay three miles away across the curving bay. Two slender wireless poles and the stack of a more distant sugar-mill stood out against the mountain-range behind, while all else still hovered in the haze of night. Then, bit by bit, almost swiftly, the details of the town began to appear, like a photographic plate in the developer. A cream-colored, two-towered cathedral usurped the center of the picture; whitish, box-like houses spotted the slope irregularly all about it, and the completed development showed scores of little hovels scattered through the dense greenery far up the hillsides and along the curving shore. Then all at once a bugle sounded, an American bugle playing the old familiar reveille, and full day popped forth as suddenly as if the strident notes had summoned the world to activity.

Two blacks, manning the schooner's tender, set us ashore in the Haitian "navy-yard," a slender wooden pier along which were moored three American submarine-chasers. An encampment of marines eyed us wonderingly from the doors of their tents and wooden buildings, beyond which a gateway gave us entrance to a thoroughly Haitian scene. A stony country road, flanked by a toy railway line, was almost thronged with the children of Ham. Negro women, with huge bundles of every conceivable content on their heads, pattered past with an easy-going, yet graceful, carriage. Others sat sidewise on top of assorted loads that half hid the lop-eared donkeys beneath them. Red bandanas and turbans of other gay colors showed beneath absurdly broad palm-leaf hats. Black feet, with the remnants of a slipper balancing on the toes of each, waved with the pace of the diminutive animals. The riders could scarcely have been called well dressed, but they were immaculate compared with the throngs of foot travelers. A few scattered patches of rags, dirty beyond description, hung about the black bodies they made no serious effort to conceal. Men in straggly Napoleon III beards clutched every few steps at the shreds which posed as trousers. Stark-naked urchins pattered along through the dust; more of them scampered about under the palm-trees. Bare feet were as general as African features. More than one group sidled crabwise to the edge of

the road as we advanced and gazed behind them with a startled expression at the strange sound made by our shod feet. Scores of the most primitive huts imaginable, many of them leaning at what seemed a precarious angle, lined the way. Before almost all of them stood a little "shop," a few horizontal sticks raised off the ground by slender poles and shaded by a cluster of brown palm-leaves. Vacant-faced negro men and women, none of them boasting a real garment, tended the establishments by squatting or lolling in the patches of shade which the early morning sun cast well out into the roadway. The stock in trade of the best of them would not have filled a market-basket. A cluster of bananas; a few oranges, small, but yellower than those of Cuba; bedraggled-looking alligator-pears; dust-covered loaves of bread, no larger than biscuits, made up the most imposing arrays. Many of the "merchants" had not advanced to the stick-counter stage, but spread their wares on the ground—little handfuls of tiny red beans laid at regular intervals along a banana-leaf, similar heaps of unroasted coffee, bundles of fagots, tied with strips of leaf, that could easily have gone into a coat-pocket. Now and again some black ragamuffin paused to open negotiations with the lolling shopkeepers, who carried on the transaction, if possible, from where they lay, rising to their feet only when the heat of the bargaining demanded it. The smallness of each purchase was amusing, as well as indicative of Haitian poverty. One orange, a single banana, a measureful of a coarse, reddish meal tinier than the smallest glass of a bartender's paraphernalia, were the usual amounts, and the pewter coins that exchanged owners were seldom of the value of a whole cent. With rare exceptions the purchasers at once wolfed what they had bought as they pattered on down the road.



The commander of the Haitian Navy and his mate, enlisted men in the American Navy and Marine Corps respectively, but first lieutenants in the Gendarmérie d'Haiti

For all their poverty, the inhabitants seemed to be frankly happy at life. They had the playfulness of children, with frequent howls of full-throated laughter; they seemed no more self-conscious at the super-tattered state of their garments than were the ambling, over-laden donkeys at the ludicrous patchiness of their trappings. That lack of the sense of personal dignity characteristic of the African came to their rescue in the abjectness of their condition. For they *were* African, as thoroughly so as the depths of the Congo. We had strolled for an hour, and reached the very edge of the city itself, before we met not a white man, but the first face that showed any admixture of Caucasian blood. Compared with this callous-footed throng the hodgepodge of Cuban complexions seemed almost European.

As we neared the town, a train as primitive as the scene about us clattered round a bend in the tunnel of vegetation, the front of its first-model engine swinging like the trunk of an excited elephant. The four open, wooden cars that swayed and screamed along behind it were densely packed with passengers,

yet even here there was not a white face. The diminutive tender was piled high with cordwood little larger than fagots, and the immense, squatty smoke-stack was spitting red coals over all the surrounding landscape. As the train passed, the negro women along the road sprang with a flurry of their ragged skirts upon the track and fell to picking up what we took to be coins scattered by some inexplicably generous passenger. Closer investigation showed that they were snatching up live coals with which to light the little brown clay pipes which give them a flitting resemblance to Irish peasants.

A lower-class market was in full swing in a dust-carpeted patch of ground on the city waterfront. Here the wares were more varied than in the roadside "shops", but sold in the same minute portions. American safety-matches were offered not by the box, but in bundles of six matches each, tied with strips of leaf. Here were "butcher-shops," consisting of a wooden trough-ful of meat, which owed its preservation to a thorough cooking, and was sold by the shred and consumed on the spot. Scrawny, black old hags, who had tramped who knows how many miles over mountain-trails with an ox-load of oranges or coarse tubers on their heads, squatted here all the morning selling a pennyworth of their wares at a time, the whole totaling perhaps forty cents, to be squandered for some product of civilization, and carried home in the same laborious fashion. The minority of the women venders had come on donkeys and were frank in impressing upon their more lowly sisters the aristocracy which this sign of wealth and leisure conferred upon them. A native gendarme, dressed in a cheap-looking imitation of the uniform of our own marines, but as African of soul beneath it as the most naked of his fellow-citizens, strutted back and forth through the throngs of clamorous bargainers. Now and again, when a group grew too large for his liking, he charged into it, waving a long stick and striking viciously at the legs and backs of all within reach, irrespective of sex or age. Far from fighting back or even showing resentment, the childlike blacks fled before him, often with shrieks of laughter. Ours were the only white faces within the inclosure, yet we were given passage everywhere with an unostentatious consideration that in less primitive societies would be called extreme courtesy.

The American residents of Port-au-Prince complain that visitors of scribbling propensities have given too much space to its comic-opera aspect. It is hard to avoid the temptation. The ridiculous is constantly forcing itself into the foreground, innocently unaware of distracting attention from the more serious background. For there is such a background, and one which should in all fairness be sketched into any picture of Haiti which makes pretense of being true to life. If there has been a constant tendency to leave it out, it is probably due to the fact that the average

The crew of *L'Indépendance*—and the entire enlisted personnel of the Navy of Haiti

wanderer over the face of the earth finds most "interesting" the incongruous and the ludicrous.

To close our eyes, then, for the moment to the more obvious details, the capital of the Black Republic is by no means the misplaced African village which common report would indicate. Its principal streets are excellently paved with asphalt; scores of automobiles honk their way through its seething streams of black humanity. Even along the waterfront the principles of sanitation are enforced. Barefooted "white wings," distinguished by immense green hats of woven palm-leaves worn on top of their personal headgear, are constantly sweeping the city with their primitive bundle-of-grass brooms. A railroad, incredibly old-fashioned, to be sure, but accommodating a crowded traffic for all that, runs through the heart of town and connects it with others considerable distances away in both directions. An excellent electric light service covers all the city. Its shops make a more or less successful effort to ape their Parisian prototypes; its business offices by no means all succumb to the tropical temptation to sleep through the principal hours of the day. The French left it a legacy of wide streets, though failing, of course, to bequeath it adequate sidewalks. Its architecture is a surprise to the traveler arriving from Cuba; it would be far less so to one who came direct from Key West. Wooden houses with sloping roofs are the almost general rule, thin-walled structures with huge slatted doors and windows, and built as open as possible to every breeze that blows, as befits the climate. There are neither red tiles, strangely tinted walls, nor Moorish *rejas* and patios to attract the eye. Indeed, there is little or nothing in the average street vista to arouse the admiration, though there is a certain cause for amusement in the strange juxtaposition of the most primitive African reed huts with the attempts of Paris-educated mulattoes to ape, with improvements of their own, their favorite French châteaux.

Only two buildings in Port-au-Prince —one might perhaps say in all Haiti— boast window-glass. One is the large and rather imposing cathedral, light yellow both outside and within, and flooded with the aggressive tropical sunshine in a way that leaves it none of the "dim and mystic light" befitting such places of worship. The other is the unfinished, snow-white presidential palace, larger and more sumptuous than our own White House. The cathedral looks down upon the blue harbor across a great open square unadorned with a single sprig of vegetation; the palace squats in the vast sun-scorched Champs de Mars, equally bare except for a Napoleonic statue of Dessalines, his tell-tale complexion disguised by the kindly bronze, and attended by a modest and deeply tanned Venus of Melos. The absence of trees in the public squares gives assistance to the wooden houses in proving the city no offshoot of Spanish civilization. The tale runs that the Champs de Mars was once well wooded until a former president ordered it cleared of all possible lurking-places for assassins.

But Port-au-Prince is by no means unshaded. The better residential part up beyond the glaring parade-ground makes full use of the gorgeous tropical vegetation. Here almost every house is hidden away in its grove of palms, mangos, breadfruit, and a score of other perennial trees and flowering bushes, ranging all the way from our Northern roses to the pale-yellow of blooming cotton-trees and enormous masses of the lavender-purple bougainvillea, crowd their way in between the tree-trunks. Oranges, bananas, and the pear-shaped grape-fruit of Haiti hang almost within reach from one's window; alligator-pears in their season may be had for the flinging of a club; and he who cares to climb high enough can quench his thirst with the cool water of the green cocoanut. The dwellings here are spacious and airy, their ceilings almost double the height of our own, and if they lack some of the conveniences considered indispensable in the North, they have instead splendid swimming-pools and, in many cases, such a view of the lower city, the intensely blue bay, and the wrinkled brown ranges of the southern peninsula as would make up for a scarcity of the stereotyped comforts.

It is a leisurely, but constant, climb from the waterfront to these forest-embowered dwellings. Port-au-Prince is not blessed with a street-car system, and its medieval railroad staggers only to the upper edge of the Champs de Mars. Moreover, the painted drygoods-boxes on wheels are invariably so densely crammed with full-scented blacks that not only the white residents, but even the haughty yellow ones, rarely deign to patronize the spark-spitting conveyance. Long-established families have their private carriages; the parvenus from foreign lands own, borrow, or share automobiles; mere clerks and bookkeepers jog homeward on their diminutive Haitian ponies; and chance visitors trust to luck and the oily-cushioned wrecks that ply for hire, finishing the journey on foot from the point where the bony and moth-eaten caricature of a horse refuses longer to respond to the lashings and screams of the tar-complexioned driver. Fortunately, it is perfectly good form for a wearied pedestrian to "catch a ride" with any car-owning member of one's own race.

Let me not leave the impression, however, that the majority of those who ascend the city depend on gasolene or horseflesh. At least two thirds of them walk, but it is the two thirds that do not count in polite parlance. All day long, though far more incessantly, of course, in the delightful coolness of early morning or the velvety air of evening, processions of black people of varying degrees of raggedness plod noiselessly up and down the stony streets of the upper town. Noiselessly, that is, only in their barefooted tread; their tongues are rarely silent, and frequent cackles of unrestrained laughter sound from the bundles beneath which their woolly heads are all but invariably buried. For be it large or small, a mahogany chest of drawers or a tin can three inches in diameter, the Haitian always bears his burdens on his head. *Her* head would be more nearly the exact truth of the case, for the women rarely permit their lords and masters to subject themselves to the indignity of toil. But the merest child of the burden-bearing sex is rarely seen abroad except under a load that gives her the appearance of the stem of a toadstool. Some of these uncomplaining females serve the more fortunate residents on the hill; most of them trot to and fro between the market and the tiny thatched cabins sprinkled far up the range behind the city like rice grains on a green banana leaf. Where the streets break up beyond the last man's-size dwellings, narrow trails tunnel on up through the prolific greenery to these scattered huts of the real Haitian, among which it is easy to imagine oneself in the heart of Africa.

Five years ago there were barely a score of white men in Port-au-Prince, and not many more than that in all Haiti. To-day there are perhaps three hundred American residents, without counting a large force of occupation and their families, and to say nothing of a considerable sprinkling of French, the remnants of what was a flourishing German colony until an epidemic of internment fell upon it, and a scattering of Italian, Syrian, and similar tradesmen. The Americans of the first category are carrying on or opening up new enterprises that promise to offer Haiti a prosperity not even second to that of Cuba. No one who has visited the island can question the extraordinary fertility of its soil. The overwhelming portion of it is as virgin as if the French had never exploited what was once the richest of their colonies; revolutions have become, by *force majeure*, a thing of the past. Every new undertaking must, to be sure, be built or rebuilt from the ground up. During their more than a century of freedom the negroes have done nothing but destroy. They have not even exercised their one faculty, that of imitation, for they have been too much shut off from the rest of the world to find anything to imitate. Though the sugar-cane was introduced into Cuba by the French refugees from Haiti, the entire country cannot at present compete with the largest single sugar-mill in the prosperous island to the west. The Haitian laborer has lost all knowledge of the sugar-making process except his own primitive method of producing *rapadoue*. He must be taught all over again, and he is not a

particularly apt pupil; moreover, complain the men who are striving to make Haiti bloom once more with cane, no sooner is he taught than the Cuban planters entice him across the Windward Passage with wages ten times as high as he receives at home. But capital is beginning to recognize that despite its obvious drawbacks Haiti offers a rich future, and several syndicates have already "got in on the ground floor."

The man who treacherously killed a United States marine, backed by a large collection of "Cacos," or Haitian bandits

The American residents of Port-au-Prince, men, women, and children, swear by it. I have yet to meet one who is eager to leave; many of those who go North for extended vacations cut them short with a cry of "Take me back to Haiti." To the misinformed Northerner its very name is synonymous with revolution and sudden death. Outside the field of romance there is about as much danger of meeting with violence from the natives as there is of being boiled in oil at a church "sociable." There is not a deadly representative of the animal or vegetable kingdom on the island; except for some malarial regions of rather mild danger the climate is as healthful as that of the best State in our Union, with due regard, of course, to the invariable rule that white women should season their residence with an occasional invigorating breath of the North. The Americans have acquired one by one, as some yellow politician has lost his grasp on the national treasury, the grove-hidden houses in the upper town, some of them little short of palatial. There they live like the potentates of the tropical isles of romance. The blacks are respectful, childlike in their manner, and have much of the docility of the negroes of our South before the Civil War. They work for wages that, as wages go nowadays, are less than a song. Servants receive from five to eight dollars a month, with some twenty cents a day for food. Families that could scarcely afford the luxury of a single "hired girl" in the land of their birth keep five servants in Haiti, a cook, a butler, an upstairs maid, a laundress, and a yard boy; for the Haitian is strictly limited in his versatility, and a cook could no more serve a dinner than a laundress could give the yard its daily sweeping. They are commonly stupid beyond words, with the mentality of an unintelligent child of six, but between them they swathe the existence of their masters in the comfort of an old-time Southern plantation. All this is but half the story of contentment with Haitian residence, for the mere fact that the sun is sure to break forth in all the splendor of a cloudless sky as often as the morning comes round is sufficient to make the cold and dismal North seem a prison-house by comparison.

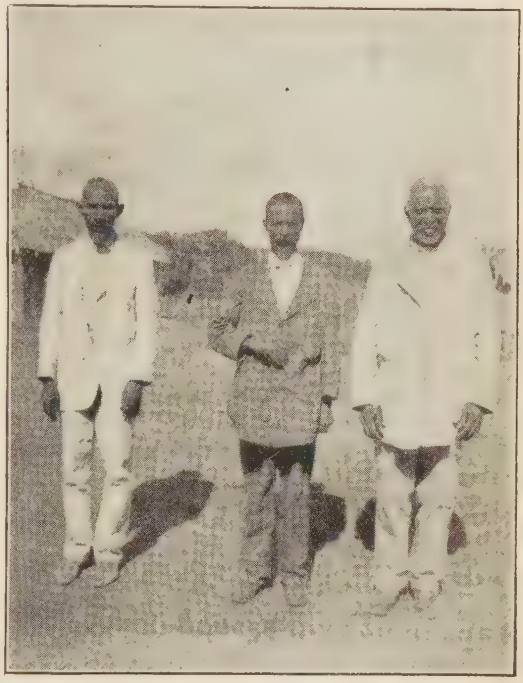
AS EVERY American should know, but as a great many even of those who pride themselves on keeping abreast of the times do not, Haiti has been an American protectorate since the summer of 1915. There is a native Govern-

ment to be sure, ranging all the ebony way from president to village clerks, but if it functions efficiently, and to a certain degree it does, it is thanks to a few hundred of our own marines and certain representatives of our navy. How this strange state of affairs, so contrary to the forgiving spirit of the present administration, came about is a story brief and interesting enough to be worth the telling.

The Spanish discoverers—for one must be permitted a running start if one is to race through the reeking fields of Haitian history—soon wiped out the native Indian population in their usual genial, but thorough, way. Fields will not plant, or at least cultivate, themselves even in so astonishingly fertile a land as the island that embraces the republics of Haiti and Santo Domingo. Hence the Frenchmen to whom the western end of the island finally fell, after varying vicissitudes, followed the custom of the time and repopulated the colony with negro slaves. Prosperity reigned for a century or more. There are still jungle-grown ruins of many an old French plantation mansion to be found not merely within the very boundaries of the Port-au-Prince of to-day, but in regions that have long since reverted to primeval wilderness. Unfortunately, for the French at least, the slave-traders supplied this particular market with members of some of Africa's more warlike tribes, the descendants of whom, taking the theories of the French Revolution *au pied de la lettre,* concluded to abolish their masters. Under a genuine military genius with the blood of African chieftains in his veins, one Toussaint l'Ouverture, and his equally black successor, Dessalines, the slaves defeated what was in those days a large French army, commanded by the brother-in-law of the great Napoleon, and drove the French from the island. New Orleans and Philadelphia received most of the refugees, whose family names are still to be found in the directories of those cities. Except for a few persons the French never returned, and Haiti has been "the Black Republic" since 1804.

The result was about what our Southern statesmen would have prophesied. In theory the Government of Haiti is modeled on that of France; in practice it has been the plaything of a long line of military dictators of varying degrees of color and virtually all rising to power and sinking into oblivion—usually of the grave—on the heels of swiftly succeeding revolutions. There have been a few well-meaning men among them, the last of whom, named Leconte, was blown up in 1912, palace and all. Most of them were interested only in playing Cæsar, or, more exactly, Nero, over their black fellow-citizens until the time came to loot the national treasury and flee, a program which was frequently cut short by appalling sudden death. The detailed recital of more than a century of violence, of constant bloody differences between the mulattoes and the genuine blacks, would be a tale too long for the modern reader.

In 1915 the presidency was occupied



The judge, alcalde, and richest man of a Haitian town

by a particularly offensive black brother named Guillaume Sam. Though it has not been so recorded, Sam's middle name was evidently Trouble. Foreign war-ships took to dropping in on Port-au-Prince and demanding the payment of debts to foreigners. Up in the northern peninsula, as usual in mango-time, when the trees of the island constitute a commissary, revolution broke out, and to top off his woes, Sam was busy marrying off his daughter and enstalling her in a new palace. In his wrath at being disturbed at such a time Sam passed the word to his chief jailer to clean out the penitentiary, some of the political prisoners in which were no doubt in sympathy with the revolutionists, but many of whom were there merely because they had aroused the personal enmity of Sam or some of his cronies. The sentence was carried out more like a rabbit hunt than an execution. In an orgie in which the primitive instincts of the African had full play the two hundred or more prisoners were butchered in circumstances better imagined than described. Among them were many members of the "best families" of Port-au-Prince. It is not recorded that any of this class took personal part in the revenge that followed, but they undoubtedly instigated it. The rank and file of the town, those same more or less naked blacks who are ordinarily docile and childlike, surrounded the palace. Sam had taken refuge in the French legation. For the first time even in the troubled history of Haiti the sanctuary of a foreign ministry was violated by the voodoo-maddened mob. Sam was dragged out, cut to pieces, and tossed into the bay. Then the marines landed and, in their own words, "the stuff was all off."

American control is due to continue for at least twenty years from that date. A treaty drawn up soon after the occupation, and subsequently renewed, provides for that. An American financial adviser, who is far more than that in practice, an American receiver of customs, and heads of the engineering and sanitation departments, are specified by the terms thereof, and the final decision in most matters of importance lies with the American minister. Unlike the Republic of Santo Domingo, in the eastern end of the island, Haiti still retains her native Government, but its acts are subject to a relatively close supervision despite the pretense that our advice is only "advisory."

Next to the cleaning up of Port-au-Prince, the most important job on hand was the building of roads. If Haiti is to take her place even at the tail end of civilized nations, she must become self-supporting, in other words, able to pay her foreign debts, both public and commercial. The prosperity of French days, when the island exported large quantities of sugar, coffee, and cotton, had as completely disappeared as had the old plantations under the militant jungle. What little the country might still export, consisting chiefly of coffee, could not get down to tide-water for lack of highways. These had been fairly well developed under the French, but had gone the way of all such things under the anarchy of the blacks.

The new road-builders began by resurrecting an old law, copied from the French, called the *corvée*. We still have something of the sort in many of our own rural districts—the requirement that every citizen shall work a certain number of days a year on the roads. But there is a wide difference between the public-spirited American and the wild black men into which the mass of Haitians had degenerated. Neither they nor their ancestors for several generations had needed roads, at least anything more elaborate than trails wide enough to chase their donkeys along. Moreover, this forced labor, under new-coming foreigners with white skins, recalled the bitter traditions of the old slavery days. Last, but not least, though there are indications that the small educated class, of honest motives, rather prefer the occupation, there are the yellow politicians to urge on the illiterate masses to revolt. The result was that a certain percentage of the forced laborers, joined by others for reasons of hunger, persuasion, ambition, ignorance, or pure cussedness, caught up any weapon at hand and took to the hills as *cacos*. The *corvée* has been discontinued, but the scattered revolt persists, and in the opinion of all but a few temperamentally

optimistic residents, either Haitian or American, is due to continue for some time to come.

Though I cannot vouch for it, the orgin of the word *caco* is said to come from the likeness of the bandits to a native bird of that name. Several shiploads of Africans arrived in Haiti after the French had been driven out and, finding no owners to receive them, took to the hills, free as the birds. They are still that, for the hardy semi-savages flit at will through the rugged interior of the country, indifferent alike to the thorny jungle and the precipitous mountains. It has become a question of hunting them down almost literally one by one. With the exception of a few ephemeral leaders with more or less of the rudiments of education, the *cacos* are a heterogeneous mob of misguided wretches who have been cajoled or forced into revolt by circumstances or ambitious rascals of their own color. If they have any definite policy it is to imitate their forefathers and drive the white men from the island. One chief has announced the program of killing off the few American men and carrying off their women to the hills. The mass of Haitians believe that the world's supply of white men is well nigh exhausted; it is far beyond their conception that there are many fold more of them where these came from. Their ancestors drove out the French, and they not only did not come back, but the blacks were never subjected to any punishment—at least any they could recognize as such—for their revolt. Why cannot a new Toussaint l'Ouverture accomplish the feat over again?

A native gendarmerie of 2500 men, modeled on the Marine Corps and officered by marine enlisted men, has been recruited by the forces of occupation. For a long time they were efficient against the bandits only when personally led by Americans. Merely to shout the word *"Caco!"* has long been sufficient to stampede a Haitian gathering of any size. Bit by bit, however, the gendarmes have been taught by practical demonstration that they are better men than the *cacos*, and the immediate job of hunting them down has now been largely turned over to these native soldiers. American supervision, nevertheless, will certainly be necessary to eventual success for a long time to come.

THERE are men who contend that Haiti is fully capable of governing itself if the white men will go away and let the natives alone. The following simple little anecdote is not without its bearing on the subject.

The Rotary Club of Port-au-Prince decided in the fifth year of American occupation to assess every member five dollars for the purpose of providing a community Christmas for the poor children of the city. Never had a Christmas-tree been seen in Haiti outside the homes of American or other foreign residents. The vast majority of Haitians had no conception that so benevolent a being as Santa Claus existed.

The Port-au-Prince branch of the club had been very recently organized. Its membership included not only the representative business men of all grades in the foreign colony, but it had made a special point of overlooking the color line and admitting as many Haitians as white men. A little closer intercourse now and then between the two races, it was felt, would do no one any harm, and the experience of similar clubs in Cuba suggested that it might do considerable good. The military colony, of course, took no part in this flagrant violation of its strict Southern principles beyond granting its official blessing, but the civilians had long contended for a broader-minded attitude.

There was no difficulty in finding representative Haitians of sufficient culture to be worthy a place in such an assembly. Men educated in Paris, graduates of the best universities in other European capitals, men who spoke the French language more perfectly than the French themselves, men who could give the average American business man cards and spades in any discussion of art, literature, and the finer things of civilization, were to be found in the best Haitian homes. The native membership as finally constituted included cabinet ministers, former ambassadors to the principal world capitals, lawyers famous for their oratory, and men who

had produced profound volumes on important subjects, to say nothing of very tolerable examples of lyric poetry. The club did not, it is true, completely obliterate the color line. It merely moved it along. A complete sweep of the crowded

One of the many great aqueducts built by the French in Haiti more than a century ago

table at the weekly club luncheons, with whites and Haitians nicely alternating, did not disclose a single jet-black face. But that was not the fault of the club; it was due to the fact that the benefits of higher education have seldom reached the full-blooded Africans of the island, as distinguished from what are known locally as the "men of color."

The wives of the white club members took up the task of providing a suitable Christmas where the men left off, and pushed the matter with American enthusiasm. They canvassed the white colony for additional funds; they solicitated contributions in kind from the merchants of Caucasian blood. Their evenings they spent in making things that would bring joy to the little black babies, in putting the multifarious gifts in order, in laying new plans to make the affair a success. By day they drove about in their automobiles through all the poorer parts of the city, distributing tickets to the swarms of naked black piccaninnies. Mobs of harmless, clamoring negroes surrounded their cars, holding up whole clusters of babies as proof of their right to share in the extraordinary generosity of the strange white people. Seas of clawing black hands waved about them like some scene from Dante's Inferno in an African setting. A tumult of pleading voices assailed their ears: "Cartes, mamá, donnez-moi cartes! Moi deux petits, mamá! Non gagner carte pour petit malade, mamá?"

The "ladies of color" of the other club members formed a committee of their own and lent a certain languid assistance, but the brunt of the work fell on the incomprehensibly generous whites. The men of yellow features were even more willing to leave matters to their Caucasian associates. The latter were more experienced in the arrangement of Christmas-trees; moreover, they could descend to vulgar work, which the élite of Port-au-Prince could not indulge in without losing caste. Curious creatures, these whites, anyway; let them go ahead and spread themselves. The men of color were quite willing to sit back and watch *les blancs* run the whole affair except in one particular, the distribution of tickets. In that they were more than ready to coöperate. They even made the generous offer of attending to all that part of the affair. The minister of public instruction came forward with a plan in keeping with his high rotarian standing. If the bulk of the tickets, say two thirds of them, for instance, were turned over to him, he would personally accept the arduous labor of distributing them to the school-children. Now, you must know that the school-children of Port-au-Prince constitute a very small proportion of the young population, and that they are exactly the class which the sponsors of the

Christmas-tree were *not* trying to reach. Furthermore, do not lose sight of the fact that the men of color must be constantly on the *qui vive* to keep their political fences in order. Even the ladies of the Haitian committee advised against the minister's proposition. He, they whispered, would divide the tickets between his favorite teachers, who in turn would distribute them to their pet pupils.

Meanwhile Christmas drew near. A band of black men were sent far up into the mountains to fetch down a pine-tree. They are numerous in some parts of Haiti, occasionally growing side by side with the palms. The blacks could not, of course, understand why they must lug a tree for two or three days over perpendicular trails when trees of a hundred species abounded in the very outskirts of Port-au-Prince; but this was not the first time they had received absurd orders from the incomprehensible *blancs*. They selected as small a tree as they dared and started down the mountain-side. As the wide-spreading branches hindered their progress, they lopped most of them off. How should they know that the inexplicable white man wanted the branches to hang things on? The gentleman of color, right-hand man of their great national president, who had transmitted the order to them, had said nothing about that, nor explained how the branches might be bound close against the trunk by winding a rope around them.

The ruins of Christophe's Sans Souci Palace, Haiti

Christmas morning came. Several Americans defied the tropical sun to direct the labors of another band of blacks engaged in planting a diminutive pine-tree with a few scattered twigs at its top, and to hide its nudity beneath another tree of tropical luxuriance, out on the glaringly bare Champs de Mars before the grand stand from which the élite of Port-au-Prince watches its president decorate its national heroes after a successful revolution. The rotarians of color could not, of course, be expected to appear at such a place in the heat of the day.

The ceremony was set for five o'clock, and was expected to last until nine. The American electric light company had contributed the illumination, and its manager had installed the festoons of colored lamps in person. The American chief of police had assigned a force of native gendarmes to the duty of keeping order. It would be almost their first test in handling a friendly crowd in a friendly manner. Hitherto their task had been to hunt down their *caco* fellows with rifle and revolver, an occupation far better fitted to their temperament and liking. An American of benevolent impulses had consented to play Santa Claus, and give the little black urchins a real Christmas, with all the trimmings.

Poor Santa Claus did not get time even to don his whiskers. By two the crowd began to gather. By three all the populace of Port-au-Prince's humble parts had massed about the tree that the incomprehensible *blancs* had planted

for the occasion instead of performing their strange rites under one of the many live trees with which the city abounded. Word had been sent out that full dress was not essential. Old women who had barely two strips of rag to hang over their dangling breasts, boys whose combined garments did not do the duty of a pair of swimming-trunks, had tramped up from their primitive hovels on the edges of the city. If they were ragged far beyond the Northern meaning of that term, at least their strings and tatters were as clean as water and sun-bleaching could make them. The women and most of the men carried or dragged whole clusters of black babies, most of them as innocent of clothing as a Parisian statue. As they arrived, the children were herded within the roped inclosure that formed a wide circle around the tree. Only adults with infants in arms were permitted inside the ropes; the jet-black sea of small faces was unbroken clear around the wide, seething circle. It was hard to believe there were so many piccaninnies in the world, to say nothing of the mere half-island of Haiti. Outside the ropes an immense throng of adults, mingled with better-dressed children without tickets, was shrieking a constant falsetto tumult that made the ear-drums of those in the focus of sound under the tree vibrate as if their ears were being incessantly boxed. A "conservative estimate" set the number present at ten thousand.

Up to this point the gentlemen of color, even those who had been appointed on the original committee, had kindly refrained from interference with their more Christmas-experienced white associates except in the aforementioned matter of tickets. Now they appeared en masse to give the distinction of their presence and the sanction of their high caste to so praiseworthy an undertaking. Cabinet ministers, newspaper editors, the bright lights of the Haitian bar, the very president of the Republic, strutted down the human lanes that were opened in their honor and took the chief places of vantage on the distributing-platform beneath the tree. Their dazzling *dernier cri* garments made the simple American committeemen look like the discards of fortune. Their features were wreathed in benign smiles. They stepped forth to the edges of the platform and waved majestic, benevolent greetings to their applauding constituents outside the ropes. Some one handed the president a toy horn. He put it to his lips and blew an imaginary blast to prove what a *bonhomme* he was at heart and how thoroughly he entered into the prevailing spirit. The other gentlemen of color assumed Napoleonic poses; they raised their voices in oratorical cadences and, when these failed to penetrate the unceasing din, they waved their hands at the heaps of gifts about them with sweeping gestures that said as plainly as if it had been couched in their impeccable French, "See, my beloved people, what *I*, in my bounty, have bestowed upon you!"

Soon after four the minister of public works snatched up a bundle of presents and flung them out into the sweltering sea of upturned childish faces. That was neither the hour nor the manner of distribution that had been agreed upon, but what should a great political genius know of such minor details? Besides, there was no hope of delaying the ceremony much longer. The surging throng was in no mood to watch the absurd antics of the unfathomable white people, with their patched-up tree and their queer ideas of order and equal distribution. What they wanted were the presents, and at once. Those behind were already climbing over those in front in an effort to get at the heaped-up wares. If the original plan of waiting until nightfall and the colored lights had been carried out, they would probably have disappeared in a general mêlée.

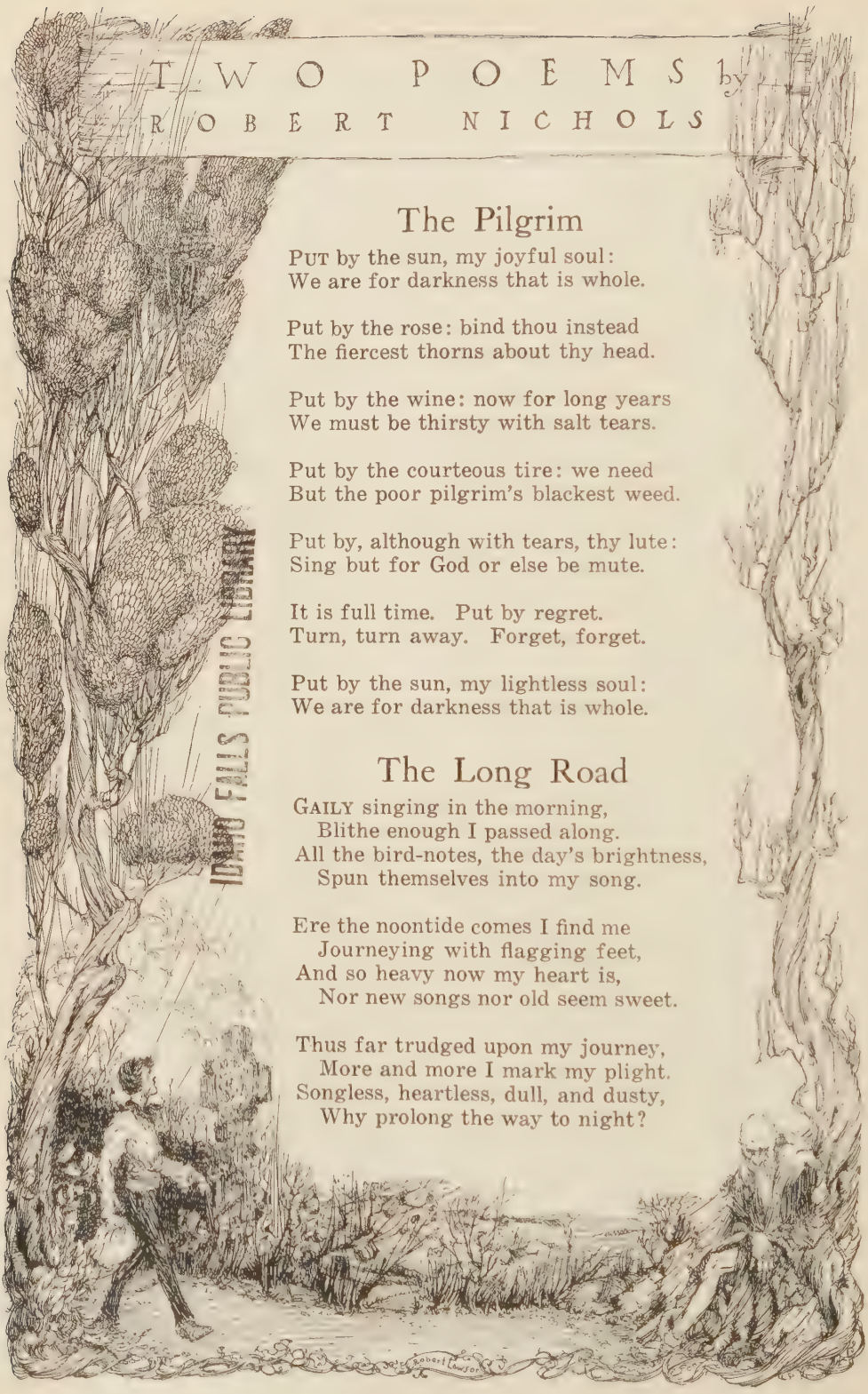
The *beau geste* of the Rotary vice-president was a signal for all his yellow confrères to distribute largess to their clamoring constituents. In vain did the white women attempt to exchange gifts for tickets, according to the system they had worked out. Their kinky-haired associates would have no such restrictions. As long as a hand was held out to them they continued to pile gifts into it, perfectly indifferent to other hands clutching tickets that were being wildly flourished about them. There were gifts of every possible usefulness

to Haitian poverty,—shoes, stockings, hats, shirts, suits, collars, ties, bales of cloth cut in sizes for varying ages of childrens' garments, candy, toys, food stuffs ranging all the way from cakes to cans of sardines. The plan had been to gage each gift on the appearance of the recipient. There was nothing particularly Santa Claus-like in handing a necktie to a boy who had not shirt enough to which to attach a collar, nor in wishing a pair of stockings off on a youth whose feet had never known the imprisonment of shoes. Stark-naked black babies whose ribs could be counted at a hundred paces were not so much in need of an embroidered sailor-blouse as of a tin of biscuits. But all this meant nothing to the excited Haitians on the platform. They poured out gifts as if the horn of plenty were their own private property. The ministers caught up whole armfuls of them and heaved them clear over the heads of the invited children into the shrieking mobs beyond the ropes. The adults out there were far more likely to vote for them at the next elections than were the half-starved urchins beneath them. One cabinet member was seen to toss bundle after bundle to an extraordinarily tall negro who was known to wield great political power among the masses. Meanwhile the helpless little urchins within the circle rolled their white eyes in despair and frantically waved the tickets clutched in their little black hands, until they went down under the bare feet of those fighting forward behind them.

By dint of superhuman exertions the white distributors succeeded in exchanging something or other for every ticket. But it was a sadly misgifted swarm of children who finally rescued themselves from the maelstrom. Tiny tots who had set their hearts on a cake or a package of candy held up the box of sardines they knew no use for with a *"Pas bon pour moi! Donne gâteau!"* The greatest demand was for shoes. *"Non, non, papá! Soulier! soulier!"* came incessant shrieks from urchins who waved unwelcome gifts before the weary distributors. The gentlemen of color had continued to strew armfuls of presents upon the throng beyond the ropes. The minister with the lanky confederate had tossed him assorted wares enough to break the back of a Haitian donkey, a feat verging on the impossible. When there was nothing else left, he flung him several huge native baskets which a lady of the committee had loaned for the occasion. These he followed with the decorations snatched from the tree. Then he took to unscrewing from their sockets the large electric light bulbs belonging to the company that had contributed the useless illuminations. This was too much even for the benevolent-featured man who had been cast for the rôle of Santa Claus. He gathered the slack of the minister's immaculate trousers in one hand and set him down out of reach of further temptation.

The festivities were entirely over by the time the blazing-red tropical sun sank behind the mountainous range to the westward. The throng streamed out across the Champs de Mars like a lake of molten lead, that had long been dammed up and had suddenly broken its dikes. Not a scrap even of the tickets that had been canceled by being torn in two remained. In Haiti everything has its commercial value. For days to come little heaps of these bits of cardboard would be offered for sale by the incredibly ragged old women of the more miserable market-places, to be made use of the voodoo gods know how. Among the last of the gentlemen of color to leave the platform was a pompous being resplendent in Port-au-Prince's most fashionable raiment. He was a graduate of the Sorbonne, a political power of the Black Republic, an officer of the Rotary Club, and the editor of Haiti's principal newspaper. In one hand, which he held half concealed beneath the tails of his frock-coat, he grasped a dozen bright-colored hair-ribbons and several silk handkerchiefs which he had filched from the basket of presents that had been entrusted to him for distribution.

TWO POEMS by ROBERT NICHOLS



The Pilgrim

PUT by the sun, my joyful soul:
We are for darkness that is whole.

Put by the rose: bind thou instead
The fiercest thorns about thy head.

Put by the wine: now for long years
We must be thirsty with salt tears.

Put by the courteous tire: we need
But the poor pilgrim's blackest weed.

Put by, although with tears, thy lute:
Sing but for God or else be mute.

It is full time. Put by regret.
Turn, turn away. Forget, forget.

Put by the sun, my lightless soul:
We are for darkness that is whole.

The Long Road

GAILY singing in the morning,
  Blithe enough I passed along.
All the bird-notes, the day's brightness,
  Spun themselves into my song.

Ere the noontide comes I find me
  Journeying with flagging feet,
And so heavy now my heart is,
  Nor new songs nor old seem sweet.

Thus far trudged upon my journey,
  More and more I mark my plight.
Songless, heartless, dull, and dusty,
  Why prolong the way to night?

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Mrs. Hacking

By LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

After some experience and a finish with a housemaid, Mrs. Hale engages a highly recommended working-housekeeper for her London flat. Mrs. Hacking, the housekeeper in question, is described with much humor tempered with shrewd understanding.

MRS. HACKING was sent in, at the close of our early theatrical dinner, from a twelve-shilling registry in the neighborhood. That is, it would cost only twelve shillings to secure Mrs. Hacking, and, as the registry lady suggested, cheap at the price. The split fee was represented by this highly recommended working housekeeper, for she was going to cut everything in two. I did not stipulate at the moment of talking her over in the damp little office with the agent, who dropped her "h's," then added them on again with vehemence, what was to become of the other half of the bills that were to be cut in two, whether it was to go to me or to Mrs. Hacking. The assumption was that it would go to me, for the new housekeeper came of good people in the neighborhood, tradesmen in a small way, and therefore Mrs. Hacking was respectable. When we are called respectable in America we are honest and moral. Over here the Mrs. Hackings are respectable when they keep their heads up, and do not sing in the streets on the way home from parties. Also, I *think*, they must go in a saloon bar, not a public bar, when they want a drink.

When I had taken my maisonnette in Chelsea, while I played a London engagement four miles down in the heart of the town, I had expected to keep two things—warm and a servant. Through my own conniving I was keeping warm, but up to the arrival of Mrs. Hacking my desire had remolded itself into a mad hope to get rid of the first handmaiden who encumbered our kitchen. Yet as soon as I would find one to supplant Gladys, the one would find a sufficient, if not good, reason for changing her mind. She always called it "on reconsidering," which meant that she was afraid of Americans or of the basement stairs, or that the pension with the back pay for a near relative killed in the war had come, and following the present after-the-war fashion in England, she was intent upon spending the accrued sum before taking on any form of despised labor.

Beechey, my American artist friend who had lived in London for years, was still to be with me upon the departure of Gladys; but after her first rendition of the household accounts (for that was to be her end of the job), the wisdom of supplanting a mere "general" in the kitchen for a working-housekeeper became apparent. Beechey had everything written down in a blank-book, rather impressionistic in effect, and I found with embarrassment that she had dipped into her own slender funds to the extent of three pounds. Yet my embarrassment deepened upon adding up the entries after removing the penny purchases from the shilling column to discover that, instead, she owed me four pounds and more. She sweetly admitted her arithmetical errors, however, and was not as angry with me as some women would have been upon being placed, rightly, in the wrong.

All the more reason for our immediate inclination toward Mrs. Hacking. Indeed, we wished to rush her into service the next day, but restrained ourselves, and expressed a willingness to begin at the beginning of the week, as respectable people should. We had been endeavoring to consume a "sweet" as Mrs. Hacking called, which Gladys had

made all by herself. Beechey had contended that if the girl was left alone, she might "take the initiative." She had. The sweet consisted of dough, lemon, and salt, and the contempt with which Mrs. Hacking viewed it as she stood by our dinner-table promised better sweets, even sweet sweets, if she came into our service.

Besides this, she was a soldier's widow. Now, though we are opposed to death, a soldier's widow is more welcome than a soldier's daughter, which Gladys was. There is no resisting a widow, especially in shabby crape, with a tear in her eye, which she bravely refuses to shed. Even if Gladys had arranged for the killing off of her father, I doubt if we would have entertained her any longer. For the new applicant possessed, along with this attribute, a capability that was relieving. She knew how to market, run a house, cook, and serve. She volunteered that she would wash up little things like handkerchiefs and fine linen, and I was not to worry about "nothink." She wanted a pound a week for all this, and "will serve you faithfully, madam." Her very last words at the door were comforting ones. She said she had plenty of aprons of her own, would sleep in her father's house, as that would save me bed-linen, and she knew three ways of cooking tripe. Many a cook at the registry had turned me down when I had asked them if they could do tripe. For tripe is low; therefore I was low and not the lady. I reeled down to the theater and reported to my dear dresser, Mrs. Wren, who was as happy as I. She was happier, for I did n't tell Mrs. Wren that there was a fly in the ointment. Strictly speaking, it was not a fly or an ointment. It was the mouth of Mrs. Hacking. Subtly, very subtly, it gave me a warning.

It was the very next morning that a note was brought in to my bedside, a very civil note such as other prospective servants had written, but this time from Mrs. Hacking, to the effect that upon reconsideration she did not think it wise to come to me. Gladys brought in the message, as she had brought my discharge from the service of the others engaged to take her place, and it passed through my mind that she might write these things herself so that she could remain under my loose sway and go to as many dances as she liked.

Sympathy for Gladys had long since disappeared. She was spending her wages on extra jazz steps, she had a very good fur coat, and had loaned a diamond ring to a gentleman to wear on a visit to Scotland. I knew this, as she asked me if I could think of any good way of getting it back. And this exhibition of naïveté alone would preclude any scheme involving the use of a part of her body held in restraint by her black velvet fillet.

We were always dismissing Gladys, then suggesting that she stay on a little longer. At first she used to pack her box, but at the Mrs. Hacking episode she made no effort to dismantle her apartment. "The boy cried, 'Wolf! wolf!' and there was no wolf." Yet I did not ask her to remain upon the reception of this letter. I carried the oil-stove over to my type-writer and, thawing out rapidly, sent a note to Mrs. Hacking raising her wages to five-and-twenty shillings a week on condition she had no objections to tripe. By nightfall the reply came that, on reconsideration once more, she found she could accept the position. I tried not to think of her mealy mouth, but of the tremendous resourcefulness of a woman who could "up" me like that.

Beechey was sympathetic over Mrs. Hacking's case. She said soldiers' widows frequently had terrible obligations: crape was dear, all that expense of getting a pension, and the high cost of selling the piano, and she knew it would make for happiness in the home to be doing the right thing by one who had suffered in the war. I suppose she meant by that Mrs. Hacking's happiness. Yet I saw a mean little advantage in paying the extra five shillings. Like *Simon Legree,* I could say to Mrs. Hacking, "Now you belong to me." And while *Uncle Tom*—I mean Mrs. Hacking—might reply, "No, massa, mah body may belong to you, but mah soul belongs to Gawd," I could then respond that her material forces were all I wanted. And *Simon Legree* could have said it, too, if he had only been clever

enough, thus turning the tables on *Uncle Tom* and giving the play a different ending. I was not going to overwork Mrs. Hacking physically, but for those extra five shillings I was going to be an unhampered American, saying what I pleased, eating what I pleased, and indulging in all the vagaries of my race. My instinct—the same instinct that had whispered "mealy-mouthed"—told me that Mrs. Hacking would stick it for the extra pay.

I began on the morning of her arrival. Gladys, by the present of several extra shillings, had been persuaded to leave. She accepted the gift, but it was characteristic of this Canadian girl that she left three halfpence which she owed me on the kitchen table, along with the dirty dinner-dishes. It was not thieving, according to her training, to leave the dishes, but money she would not steal.

She had refused to enter the school for domestic science where we were willing to place her, as she also expected to make a marriage,—or two,—no doubt hoping to begin with the gentleman who had taken her diamond ring to see the sights in Scotland. I was glad to be quit of her, but I find myself still watching for her anxiously when I go down the Strand, yet praying that I may not see her prowling there, in the terrible aftermath of the war.

Mrs. Hacking came in with the ton of coal. She came in, and the coal remained outside for further orders. Both were welcome. I had been buying scuttles from my landlady, and the coal-cellar was at the moment as empty as the kitchen. The new housekeeper did exactly what I would have asked of her. She drew back the curtains to the window with a fine clash of brass rings, and advanced to my bedside.

"Good morning, madam. The coal-man is here. What shall I do for him, madam?"

I then applied the acid test to Mrs. Hacking.

"Kiss him," was my order.

She smiled. It was all right; she smiled.

"They *are* welcome, are n't they, madam?" And without kissing him, Mrs. Hacking saw that the coal was properly disposed. She brought in my coffee and toast, beautifully brown and hot and buttered. She came in later, in a white apron, and laid the fire. She approved of the fire-lighter. She liked inventions. Her brother was an inventor. He was inventing a geyser, a heating apparatus for the bath. She paused, then added that the invention cost money. She went out, yet I was too at ease with the revivifying effect of Mrs. Hacking's brisk capability to observe that she was hitching me up somehow or other with the invention, that she was inventing something herself.

Perhaps every woman does not suffer the fatigue that comes to me when in continual association with the inept in life. If I were more able myself, I could possibly better withstand this strain on my spinal column. It is a very physical thing with me, resolving itself into a backache that does not come from any material burden. And I must confess that from the arrival of Mrs. Hacking until her—my departure from the maisonnette in Chelsea there was an easing of the loads I seemed to be carrying —the load of playing an emotional rôle, the load of writing (or the business of endless observing that one may write), the load of talking to strangers, of striving for English friendships, and all the little packets we carry as we make our pilgrim's progress through the world. To revert to American slang, whatever hideous shortcomings Mrs. Hacking possessed, I must "hand it" to her for an able brain that, among its busy machinations, employed itself as well in keeping me comfortable.

What perplexes me about the Mrs. Hackings of life is the application of their excellent minds to dishonest gains when they could realize greater benefits by playing straight. A man with an amazing head for figures avoids the many businesses where his talent would make him valuable, preferring the precarious living of a gambler. One with the gift of expression talks witless widows into empty schemes for investing money when the same adherence to one good scheme would yield him a better return. A woman with a sense of organization often flits from one shady

enterprise to another, and frequently ends in the courts. I am sure that sums accrued from the begging letters which come to our stage-door would be greater if the time spent writing them was applied to an honest industry. Particularly in London the actor is subjected to long, carefully written appeals, and as these letters go to many stage-doors and hundreds of actors, I doubt whether the response covers the postage. Perhaps it is a kink in their brains that is not of their own twisting, part of the abnormality of life which, if it predominated, would become the normal.

Personally, I am glad it is not normal, for I should then be one of the twisted ones, working dully for a living, with all my earnings going rightly to the Mrs. Hackings. Four pounds of my money went over to Mrs. Hacking before the first week was out, in response to a letter under my coffee-pot on my immaculate breakfast-tray. But who could withstand:

Dear Madam:

I hope sincerely you will forgive the asking—your not knowing me very long, but I wanted to know if you could advance some of my wages, and stop it, say, ten shillings or fifteen shillings a week. I am in need of some many little things which cost quite a lot when you sum them up. My boots will take all this week's money. I was silly to lend my brother all my little capital for his invention because I have now to wait for it, and I find that with a few lbs I could do so much better than getting them week by week. You do not do so well. And I feel happy with you and will do my best to make you a good servant. I hope you will excuse the liberty.

A. Hacking.

Had I possessed any of those qualities with which the kinky-minded ones are endowed, I might speedily have recognized that Mrs. Hacking was satisfied with her place and wished to secure it by an advance. I would have seen clearly that I would be obliged to keep her on in order to get my money back, no matter how she behaved. I would have known without any further flagging of danger-signals that a mealy-mouthed one who had so read my character as to have struck for a raise in wages before her wages began, and now begged for a larger sum to insure those wages, would not cease to manipulate further the contents of my purse.

But I saw none of these things, for I am of those indolent minds, of those weak ones, who, once warmed and fed and clean, will suffer no abrasion of that life by the introduction of stern principles. I am not sure but that we are the most dangerous of all to a society already suffering from tolerance. Indolently, I gave Mrs. Hacking the four pounds, pretending to myself that this was good business for me. I had now even a greater hold on her, something, of course, that she had not taken into consideration. She would be obliged to stay on to work out the loan!

After all, she was worth it, for how would my knowledge of the modern English servant have been gained otherwise? Then there were the purely English dinners, and my pride as she would serve the guests the sauces: "Sage and onions, sir? Sage and onions, madam?" Then the moment, breathless to all of us, before the savory came up, after we had consumed our sweet. The guesses we would adventure! Sometimes it was a dish of Jerusalem artichokes, sometimes macaroni with cheese, once—but at this I balked—Irish potatoes. Only, they do not have Irish potatoes over here, or sweet potatoes; they are white or yams. The Creator who made Englishmen alone knows the full, deep meaning of the savory, yet I dare to ask the same question of Savarin, who introduced in the middle of a meal the stomach-chilling punch.

As a method of protection, I opened accounts with the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker, and Mrs. Hacking paid the bills weekly. She also was allowed what she called petty cash for sundry small expenditures. It began petty, but it grew rapidly, yet every week a perfectly balanced ledger, with all the expenditure set down, was handed to me for my inspection. Sometimes she would need extra money, for she would go over to Battersea to buy the joint, the news getting around that pork was unusually good over there, if, judging by the price Mrs. Hacking paid, ex-

ceptionally dear. But Mrs. Hacking really went to Battersea for me; she always did want me to have the best—and herself the best of that. It was the cutting-in-two business again.

In this skirmishing for good cuts in food and drink of all kinds it was curious how one district would have an amplitude of one commodity, and another part of London be entirely without it. We had money stored up, as the squirrel stores nuts, at various grocers, actual money ahead of other people's cash, that we might be given a preference for a bit of cheese. Yet Mrs. Wren could frequently secure cheese at Camden Town. It was so with firewood. Kensington had firewood, Clapham had none. Kensington had all the logs, hawked about exclusively in their streets by men still in uniform, their wagons pulled by little "mokes." These donkeys were the first purchase upon the owner's demobilization. It was the soldier's initial effort to do for himself, after the country had done for him for four years.

At our recruiting stations in the United States we display a placard which once gave me a thrill when I read it in passing. It is among the inducements for going into the army. "Trains the mind to disciplined decision," urges the placard.

And yet one could see in the eyes of the young log-vender who had set up in business with this purchase of a donkey and cart an enormous amount of distrust in his enterprise, in his judgment. He was on his own, foraging for his own food, clothing himself, choosing his own itinerary for the day, after four years' feeding, clothing, and entire compliance with the will of his superior officer. There was no question then as to whether he was to right wheel or left wheel, right about face or break ranks. Now when he and his little cart would come to the crossing of streets, he would hesitate, and sometimes, hesitating, would be lost. Then he would break ranks, light a pipe, and sit down on the curbstone.

One reads in the papers of the palming-off of dying beasts on these poor boys investing their savings in this manner, but it is as impossible to realize this type of swindler as it is to conjure up which member of one's club is a thief. I believe there is said to be no club without a thief. England seems to be divided into two classes at present, those who are expending every fiber of their being for the welfare of the demobilized man, and those who are as set upon destroying him. The problem of finding jobs for all is not yet acute, and the passer-by is spared the sad derelicts that draped themselves upon the Embankment and park benches a decade ago. And this is so hopeful a sign that a stranger feels the man who is wearing out his body to help these disbanded men at this crucial stage has at least found ease for his soul.

It may be that the opportunities for the consumption of spirits so lessened that the derelicts on the benches turned to food instead of drink and found themselves no longer derelicts. The mere business of moving about in the search for gin nowadays creates a vigor which is opposed to the hulk with barnacled sides. I could never have been a derelict in London, for in the effort to acquire a modest cellar both Mrs. Hacking and I were continually on the move. I suppose my activities to acquire liquors of any sort for visitors to our maisonnette will be read but languidly by my country people at present, a poor striving as compared with their stealthy burying in back yards enough spirits to span one little life.

This pursuit of a bottle in England seems to be the final reversal of the glass in more ways than one. When a crowd collects in a London street to watch a mildly intoxicated man, to watch him with admiration and respect, to watch him with bitterness, you feel that almost anything can happen now. And when Mrs. Wren, who has been searching for a bottle of Scotch for me, comes hurrying up the steps to announce in a glad voice that she cannot get the whisky, but has "heard of a bottle of gin in Highgate," you fall down on your knees and pray, for the world is over.

One may think that this has nothing to do with Mrs. Hacking, whom I left buying pork at Battersea, but she is across every page. For Mrs. Hacking,

with Gladys, with the demobilized man and the donkey, are the offsprings of the war who may some day become the derelicts of future time. Not due to lack of work, but to the war itself. It was not significant to me at first that Mrs. Hacking marketed generally at the noon-hour, and if there was no marketing to do, she would go out when the clock struck twelve to change a shilling into pence for the gas-meter at the corner pub. I had pennies, but my housekeeper did not like to disturb me. Sometimes she came back with a headache, but she always served me decently, although maddening the landlady, who lived on the upper floors, by taking a hot bath in company with our "geyser" in the afternoon. By the dinner-hour she was quite all right again, going out at six-thirty for more pennies sometimes, but staying far into the evening that she might leave her kitchen clean or prepare a dish for my late supper.

She seldom went about at night, although her brother, the inventor, would urge her not to "grouse," and would occasionally take her to the town hall. She told me once that it was a soirée at the town hall, a regular one, as several songs were sung. Yet it was the night of one of these soirées that her purse was stolen, containing two pounds of my money and her own wages. She told me this immediately on bringing up the morning coffee, her true-blue eyes, the kind you read about, looking at me squarely. She had been "grizzling" all night over it, she said, as she would arsk herself 'ow she was going to pay her lady back. Her brother, the inventor, had not derived any profits from his geysers yet, and, "indeed, madam, you carn't blame me for grizzling; husband gone, piano gone, mangle gone, and now your money."

I did not blame her for grizzling. What surprised me was that I did not grizzle myself—grizzle over the perfidy of Mrs. Hacking. Nor did I grouse when I certainly had occasion for being annoyed over her carelessness at the soirée, all of it going to prove that you cannot be too careful among singers. I feared—it came to me now—that Mrs. Hacking might be an inventor of greater profit to herself than her brother would ever be. In Mrs. Hacking's case I was the geyser from which money was to be made. But at that I rose from my bed to look over her accounts, with never a nine shillings substituted for ninepence-worth of cocoa, and I upbraided myself for my suspicions.

Or was it "the advent of spring," as the clerk trying on my shoes very elegantly expressed it, which rendered me lax? For by the first of April we had been unmistakably apprised that there would be a spring—a spring which just showed itself by an appearance of buds in low sheltered bushes in the square; yet, upon close examination, there was no bud whatever, just a swelling of the twigs. Then there was that wonderful, but chilly, morning when the oil-stove and I, upon making our little promenade to meet the bath-tub, did not immediately close the door giving upon the garden, for peeping in was a waving branch of a bush climbed from over the neighbor's brick wall, and strung along it were palest green buds like jade beads on a fairy wand.

Two days after that I saw, but did not see, a red furriness softening the stark branches of trees in distant squares.

Here the green things come out before the rains have ceased to chill. Sniff as I might, I could get no scent of the earth sending up its heart-stirring fragrance after the first warm rain, such as we have at home. And I think this sturdy growth despite the bitter winds stands more perfectly for the English people than any other simile that comes to my mind. It is time to smile; they do smile. It is time to be gay; they are gay. The lip must be kept stiffened; it is kept stiffened. They flourish despite the oppressions of mean social conditions and cruel economic complications. They have got into the swing of the English seasons. They *are* the English seasons.

Since God created the spring, He surely must allow each mortal one spring-time indiscretion, and does not enter it against him in His judgment-book. It may be a hat, a lover, or a Spanish chair. It may be stealing other people's crocuses, or running away from

school. It may be, as in my case it was, the continuation of Mrs. Hacking, that I might grapple no further with servants and enjoy every opening daffodil in Hyde Park, every lilac in our little square.

It was probably a particularly foolish indiscretion. As I write now, knowing that I should be landing Mrs. Hacking behind the bars instead of likening her to a spring-time kicking-up of the heels, I can hear the judge on the bench, with me in the witness-box and Mrs. Hacking in the dock, asking me what caused me to retain the woman Hacking's services when I had become suspicious of her. And I could hear my reply, and how I would be asked immediately to step down. For I would have embarrassed the judge by suddenly ejaculating, after the manner of a gymnastic teacher:

"Spring, your Lordship! Spring!"

For that reason it was not until a glad May morning that I parted with Mrs. Hacking and my maisonnette, and went down to Mayfair to live at a woman's club. The plane-trees were out to wink me farewell, and the garden was at its best, especially as Mrs. Hacking had now taken from the line all those coarse garments of repentance which my landlady always had been troubled over her insistently hanging out.

Mrs. Hacking took leave of me shortly before Beechey and I took temporary leave of each other. My working-housekeeper had almost worked out the four pounds she owed me, and I really could n't afford to keep her on any longer, as the cost of having her remain with me while she paid me back was becoming too great. She went away at noon, dressed in fresh crape, to take up her new position as barmaid. She said her "dad" advised her to go into the bar, so that she might enjoy more cheerful surroundings. She left a roll of receipted bills, and that I found later they were earlier bills, and that the last week's ones had not been paid at all, is of no great moment; it was my own fault, and my last tribute to spring madness.

Yet I had no sooner settled at the club than the business American in me began to assert itself. To the amazement of my English friends, who in the first place would not have been bilked by Mrs. Hacking, but, granting that they could have been, would have called it "tiresome," and dropped the matter, I sought out a solicitor, and he went after Mrs. Hacking. And, mark you, what I had failed to do by generosity and the exercise of the consideration I feel is due to those we employ, this man effected immediately by the drafting of a letter.

The British lower classes fear the law not only because it is the law, with its heavy penalties, but for the reason that it stands for control and ordered sway and set regulations, which keep them happily, or unhappily, disciplined. I have never seen her since, but she has paid into the attorney's office such sums as we could prove that she had taken. It was a pitiful ending of an effort to introduce comfortable innovations into a circumscribed life. It was more pitiful for Mrs. Hacking than for me. I knew myself all along, and I knew Mrs. Hacking; but I can imagine the confusion that is going on in her mind, as she draws beer at the taps, and sends a weekly postal-order to my firmly importuning (well-named) "solicitor." She met an employer who was at once amiable and terrible; one with loose, lavish inclinations, who suddenly showed the cloven hoof of commercialism; in short, an American.

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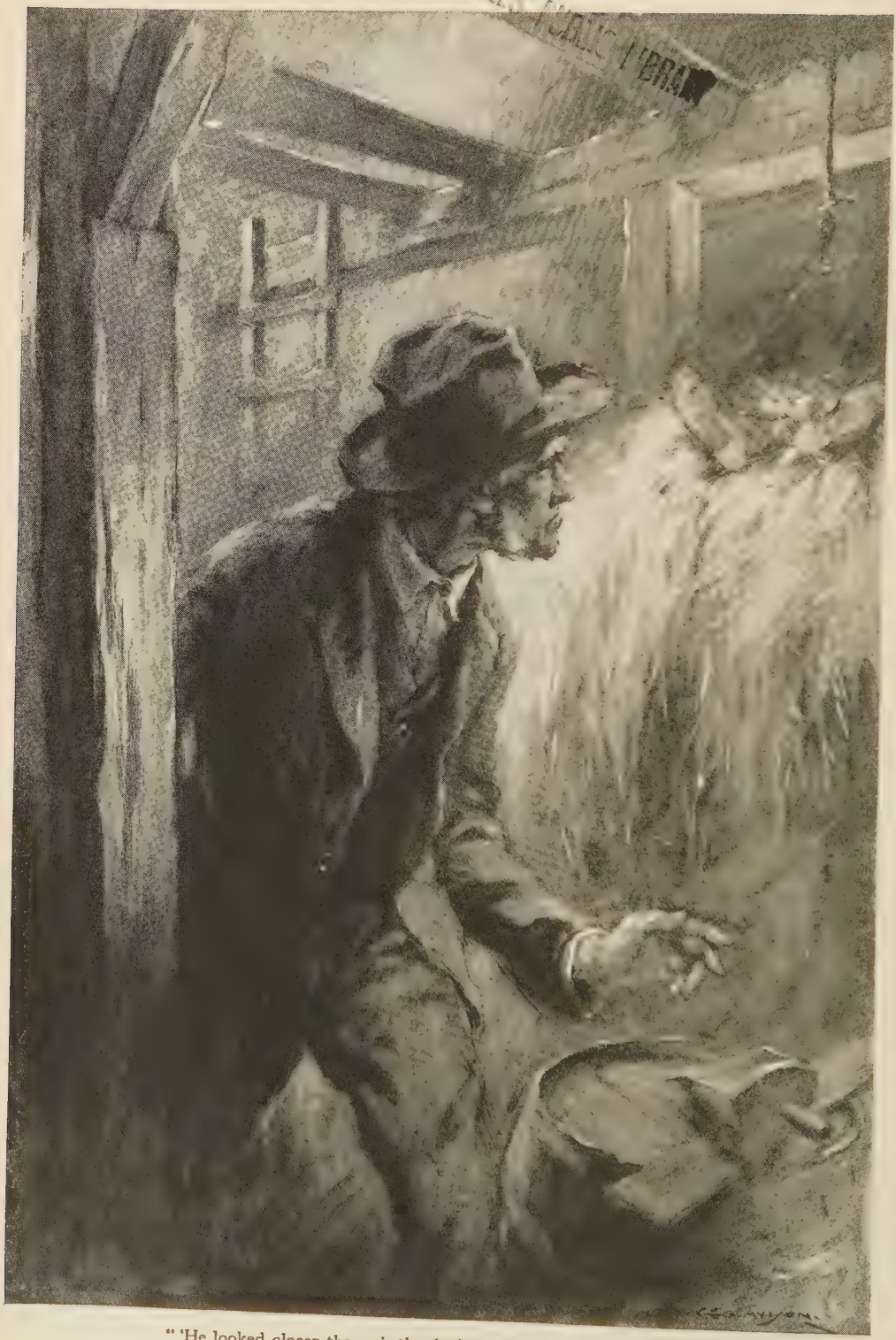

"'He looked closer through the dusk, and saw a pair of boots'"

In the Barn

By BURGES JOHNSON

Illustrations by George Avison

A new kind of ghost-story. If you found yourself in an old barn with a number of pupils who expected a story from you, and you improvise one which turns out to be uncannily as it was described, what then?

THE moment we had entered the barn, I regretted the rash good nature which prompted me to consent to the plans of those vivacious young students. Miss Anstell and Miss Royce and one or two others, often leaders in student mischief, I suspect, were the first to enter, and they amused themselves by hiding in the darkness and greeting the rest of our party as we entered with sundry shrieks and moans such as are commonly attributed to ghosts. My wife and I brought up the rear, carrying the two farm lanterns. She had selected the place after an amused consideration of the question, and I confess I hardly approved her judgment. But she is native to this part of the country, and she had assured us that there were some vague traditions hanging about the building that made it most suitable for our purposes.

It was a musty old place, without even as much tidiness as is usually found in barns, and there was a dank smell about it, as though generations of haymows had decayed there. There were holes in the floor, and in the dusk of early evening it was necessary for us to pick our way with the greatest care. It occurred to me then, in a premonitory sort of way, that if some young woman student sprained her ankle in this absurd environment, I should be most embarrassed to explain it. Apparently it was a hay barn, whose vague dimensions were lost in shadow. Rafters crossed its width about twenty feet above our heads, and here and there a few boards lay across the rafters, furnishing foothold for any one who might wish to operate the ancient pulley that was doubtless once used for lifting bales. The northern half of the floor was covered with hay to a depth of two or three feet. How long it had actually been there I cannot imagine. It was extremely dusty, and I feared a recurrence of my old enemy, hay-fever; but it was too late to offer objection on such grounds, and my wife and I followed our chattering guides, who disposed themselves here and there on this ancient bed of hay, and insisted that we should find places in the center of their circle.

At my suggestion, the two farm lanterns had been left at a suitable distance, in fact, quite at the other side of the barn, and our only light came from the rapidly falling twilight of outdoors, which found its way through a little window and sundry cracks high in the eaves above the rafters.

There was something about the place, now that we were settled and no longer occupied with adjustments for comfort, that subdued our spirits, and it was with much less hilarity that the young people united in demanding a story. I looked across at my wife, whose face was faintly visible within the circle. I thought that even in the half-light I glimpsed the same expression of amused incredulity which she had worn earlier in the day when I had yielded to the importunities of a deputation of my students for this ghost-story party on the eve of a holiday.

"There is no reason," I thought to myself, repeating the phrases I had used then—"there is no reason why I should not tell a ghost-story. True, I had never done so before, but the literary attain-

ments which have enabled me to perfect my recent treatise upon the 'Disuse of the Comma' are quite equal to impromptu experimentation in the field of psychic phenomena." I was aware that the young people themselves hardly expected serious acquiescence, and that, too, stimulated me. I cleared my throat in a prefatory manner, and silence fell upon the group. A light breeze had risen outside, and the timbers of the barn creaked persistently. From the shadows almost directly overhead there came a faint clanking. It was evidently caused by the rusty pulley-wheel which I had observed there as we entered. An iron hook at the end of an ancient rope still depended from it, and swung in the lightly stirring air several feet above our heads, directly over the center of our circle.

Some curious combination of influences—perhaps the atmosphere of the place, added to the stimulation of the faintly discernible faces around me, and my impulse to prove my own ability in this untried field of narration—gave me a sudden sense of being inspired. I found myself voicing fancies as though they were facts, and readily including imaginary names and data which certainly were not in any way premeditated.

"This barn stands on the old Creed place," I began. "Peter Creed was its last owner, but I suppose that it has always been and always will be known as the Turner barn. A few yards away to the south you will find the crumbling brickwork and gaping hollows of an old foundation, now overgrown with weeds that almost conceal a few charred timbers. That is all that is left of the old Ashley Turner house."

I cleared my throat again, not through any effort to gain time for my thoughts, but to feel for a moment the satisfaction arising from the intent attitude of my audience, particularly my wife, who had leaned forward and was looking at me with an expression of startled surprise.

"Ashley Turner must have had a pretty fine-looking farm here thirty years or so ago," I continued, "when he brought his wife to it. This barn was new then. But he was a ne'er-do-well, with nothing to be said in his favor, unless you admit his fame as a practical joker. Strange how the ne'er-do-well is often equipped with an extravagant sense of humor! Turner had a considerable retinue among the riffraff boys of the neighborhood, who made this barn a noisy rendezvous and followed his hints in much whimsical mischief. But he committed most of his practical jokes when drunk, and in his sober moments he abused his family and let his wife struggle to keep up the acres, assisted only by a half-competent man of all work. Finally he took to roving. No one knew how he got pocket-money; his wife could not have given him any. Then some one discovered that he was going over to Creed's now and then, and everything was explained."

This concise data of mine was evidently not holding the close attention of my youthful audience. They annoyed me by frequent pranks and whisperings. No one could have been more surprised at my glibness than I myself, except perhaps my wife, whose attitude of strained attention had not relaxed. I resumed my story.

"Peter Creed was a good old-fashioned usurer of the worst type. He went to church regularly one day in the week and gouged his neighbors—any that he could not get into his clutches—on the other six. He must have been lending Turner drinking money, and every one knew what the security must be.

"At last there came a day when the long-suffering wife revolted. Turner had come home extra drunk and in his most maudlin humor. Probably he attempted some drunken prank upon his overtaxed helpmate. Old Ike, the hired man, said that he thought Turner had rigged up some scare for her in the barn and that he had never heard anything so much like straight talking from his mistress, either before or since, and he was working in the woodshed at the time, with the door shut. Shortly after that tirade Ashley Turner disappeared, and no one saw or heard of him or thought about him for a couple of years except when the sight of his tired-looking wife and scrawny children revived the recollection.

"At last, on a certain autumn day, old

"'I imagine Mrs. Turner knew what was in store for her when his rusty buggy came in sight around the corner of the barn'"

Peter Creed turned up here at the Turner place. I imagine Mrs. Turner knew what was in store for her when his rusty buggy came in sight around the corner of the barn. At any rate, she made no protest, and listened meekly to his curt statement that he held an over-due mortgage, with plenty of back interest owing, and it was time for her to go. She went. Neither she nor any one else doubted Creed's rights in the matter, and, after all, I believe it got a better home for her somewhere in the long run."

I paused here in my narration to draw breath and readjust my leg, which had become cramped. There was a general readjustment and shifting of position, with some levity. It was darker now. The rafters above us were invisible, and the faces about me looked oddly white against the shadowy background. After a moment or two of delay I cleared my throat sharply and continued.

"Old Creed came thus into possession of this place, just as he had come to own a dozen others in the county. He usually lived on one until he was able to sell it at a good profit over his investment; so he settled down in the Turner house, and kept old Ike, because he worked for little or nothing. But he seemed to have a hard time finding a purchaser.

"It must have been about a year later when an unexpected thing happened. Creed had come out here to the barn to lock up—he always did that himself—when he noticed something unusual about the haymow—this haymow—which stood then about six feet above the barn-door. He looked closer through the dusk, and saw a pair of boots; went nearer, and found that they were fitted to a pair of human legs whose owner was sound asleep in his hay. Creed picked up a short stick and beat on one boot.

"'Get out of here,' he said, 'or I 'll have you locked up.' The sleeper woke in slow fashion, sat up, grinned, and said:

"'Hello, Peter Creed.' It was Ashley Turner, beyond question. Creed stepped back a pace or two and seemed at a loss for words. An object slipped from

Turner's pocket as he moved, slid along the hay, and fell to the barn-floor. It was a half-filled whisky-flask.

"No one knows full details of the conversation that ensued, of course. Such little as I am able to tell you of what was said and done comes through old Ike, who watched from a safe distance outside the barn, ready to act at a moment's notice as best suited his own safety and welfare. Of one thing Ike was certain—Creed lacked his usual browbeating manner. He was apparently struggling to assume an unwonted friendliness. Turner was very drunk, but triumphant, and his satisfaction over what he must have felt was the practical joke of his life seemed to make him friendly.

"'I kept 'em all right,' he said again and again. 'I 've got the proof. I was n't working for nothing all these months. I ain't fool enough yet to throw away papers even when I 'm drunk.'

"To the watchful Ike's astonishment, Creed evidently tried to persuade him to come into the house for something to eat. Turner slid off the haymow, found his steps too unsteady, laughed foolishly, and suggested that Creed bring some food to him there. 'Guess I 've got a right to sleep in the barn or house, whichever I want,' he said, leering into Creed's face. The old usurer stood there for a few minutes eying Turner thoughtfully. Then he actually gave him a shoulder back on to the hay, said something about finding a snack of supper, and started out of the barn. In the doorway he turned, looked back, then walked over to the edge of the mow and groped on the floor until he found the whisky-flask, picked it up, tossed it into Turner's lap, and stumbled out of the barn again."

I was becoming interested in my own story and somewhat pleased with the fluency of it, but my audience annoyed me. There was intermittent whispering, with some laughter, and I inferred that one or another would occasionally stimulate this inattention by tickling a companion with a straw. Miss Anstell, who is so frivolous by nature that I sometimes question her right to a place in my classroom, I even suspected of irritating the back of my own neck in the same fashion. Naturally, I ignored it.

"Peter Creed," I repeated, "went into the house. Ike hung around the barn, waiting. He was frankly curious. In a few minutes his employer reappeared, carrying a plate heaped with an assortment of scraps. Ike peered and listened then without compunction.

"'It 's the best I 've got,' he heard Creed say grudgingly. Turner's tones were now more drunkenly belligerent.

"'It had better be,' he said loudly. 'And I 'll take the best bed after tonight.' Evidently he was eating and muttering between mouthfuls. 'You might have brought me another bottle.'

"'I did,' said Creed, to the listening Ike's great astonishment. Turner laughed immoderately.

"A long silence followed. Turner was either eating or drinking. Then he spoke again, more thickly and drowsily.

"'Damn unpleasant that rope. Why don't you haul it up out of my way?'

"'It don't hurt you any,' said Creed.

"'Don't you wish it would?' said Turner, with drunken shrewdness. 'But I don't like it. Haul it away.'

"'I will,' said Creed.

"There was a longer silence, and then there came an intermittent rasping sound. A moment later Creed came suddenly from the barn. Ike fumbled with a large rake, and made as though to hang it on its unaccustomed peg near the barn-door. Creed eyed him sharply. 'Get along to bed,' he ordered, and Ike obeyed.

"That was a Saturday night. On Sunday morning Ike went to the barn later than usual and hesitatingly. Even then he was first to enter. He found the drunkard's body hanging here over the mow, just about where we are sitting, stark and cold. It was a gruesome end to a miserable home-coming."

My audience was quiet enough now. Miss Anstell and one or two others giggled loudly, but it was obviously forced, and found no further echo. The breeze which had sprung up some time before was producing strange creakings and raspings in the old timbers, and the pulley-wheel far above us clanked with a dismal repetitious sound, like the tolling of a cracked bell.

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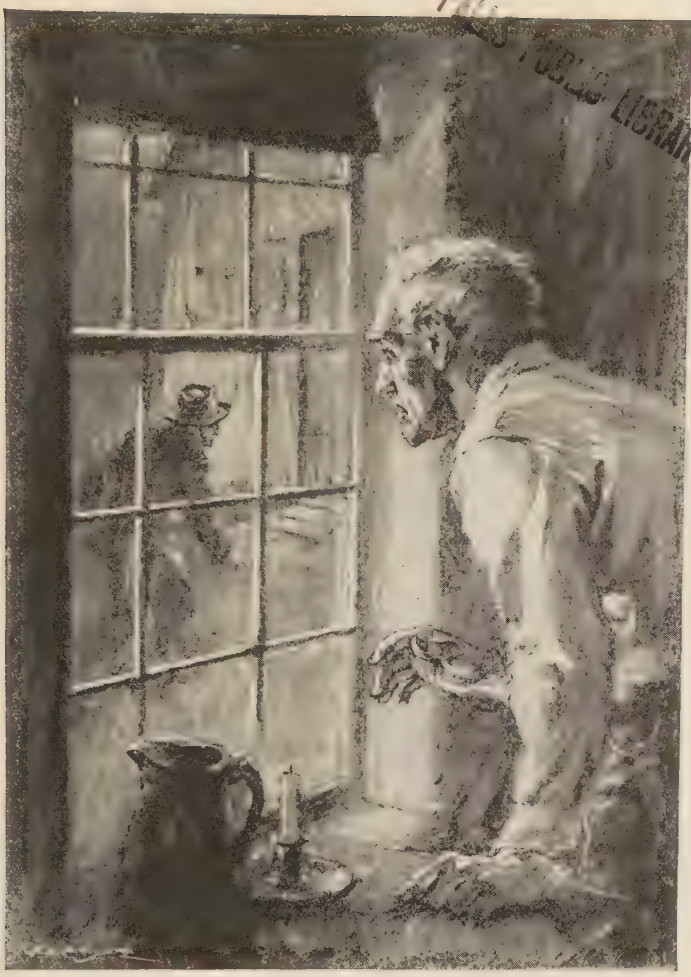


"Crossing this space, he saw the figure of Peter Creed"

I waited a moment, well satisfied with the effect, and then continued.

"The coroner's jury found it suicide, though some shook their heads meaningly. Turner had apparently sobered up enough to stand, and, making a simple loop around his neck by catching the rope through its own hook, had then slid off the mow. The rope which went over the pulley-wheel up there in the roof ran out through a window under the eaves, and was made fast near the barn-door outside, where any one could haul on it. Creed testified the knot was one he had tied many days before. Ike was a timorous old man, with a wholesome fear of his employer, and he supported the testimony and made no reference to his eavesdropping of the previous evening, though he heard Creed swear before the jury that he did not recognize the tramp he had fed and lodged. There were no papers in Turner's pockets; only a few coins, and a marked pocket-knife that gave the first clue to his identity.

"A few of the neighbors said that it was a fitting end, and that the verdict was a just one. Nevertheless, whisperings began and increased. People avoided Creed and the neighborhood. Rumors grew that the barn was haunted. Passers-by on the road after dark said they heard the old pulley-wheel clanking when no breeze stirred, much as you hear it now. Some claim to have

heard maudlin laughter. Possible purchasers were frightened away, and Creed grew more and more solitary and misanthropic. Old Ike hung on, Heaven knows why, though I suppose Creed paid him some sort of wage.

"Rumors grew. Folks said that neither Ike nor Creed entered this barn after a time, and no hay was put in, though Creed would not have been Creed if he had not sold off the bulk of what he had, ghost or no ghost. I can imagine him slowly forking it out alone, daytimes, and the amount of hay still here proves that even he finally lost courage."

I paused a moment, but though there was much uneasy stirring about, and the dismal clanking directly above us was incessant, no one of my audience spoke. It was wholly dark now, and I think all had drawn closer together.

"About ten years ago people began calling Creed crazy." Here I was forced to interrupt my own story. "I shall have to ask you, Miss Anstell, to stop annoying me. I have been aware for some moments that you are brushing my head with a straw, but I have ignored it for the sake of the others." Out of the darkness came Miss Anstell's voice, protesting earnestly, and I realized from the direction of the sound that in the general readjustment she must have settled down in the very center of our circle, and could not be the one at fault. One of the others was childish enough to simulate a mocking burst of raucous laughter, but I chose to ignore it.

"Very well," said I, graciously; "shall I go on?"

"Go on," echoed a subdued chorus.

"It was the night of the twenty-eighth of May, ten years ago—"

"Not the twenty-eighth," broke in my wife's voice, sharply; "that is to-day's date." There was a note in her voice that I hardly recognized, but it indicated that she was in some way affected by my narration, and I felt a distinct sense of triumph.

"It was the night of May twenty-eighth," I repeated firmly.

"Are you making up this story?" my wife's voice continued, still with the same odd tone.

"I am, my dear, and you are interrupting it."

"But an Ashley Turner and later a Peter Creed owned this place," she persisted almost in a whisper, "and I am sure you never heard of them."

I confess that I might wisely have broken off my story then and called for a light. There had been an hysterical note in my wife's voice, and I was startled at her words, for I had no conscious recollection of either name; yet I felt a resultant exhilaration. Our lanterns had grown strangely dim, though I was certain both had been recently trimmed and filled; and from their far corner of the barn they threw no light whatever into our circle. I faced an utter blackness.

"On that night," said I, "old Ike was wakened by sounds as of some one fumbling to unbar and open the house-door. It was an unwonted hour, and he peered from the window of his little room. By the dim starlight—it was just before dawn—he could see all of the open yard and roadway before the house, with the great barn looming like a black and sinister shadow as its farther barrier. Crossing this space, he saw the figure of Peter Creed, grotesquely stooped and old in the obscuring gloom, moving slowly, almost gropingly, and yet directly, as though impelled, toward the barn's overwhelming shadow. Slowly he unbarred the great door, swung it open, and entered the blacker shadows it concealed. The door closed after him.

"Ike in his secure post of observation did not stir. He could not. Even to his crude imagining there was something utterly horrible in the thought of Creed alone at that hour in just such black darkness as this, with the great timbered chamber haunted at least by its dread memories. He could only wait, tense and fearful of he knew not what. A shriek that pierced the silence relaxed his tension, bringing almost a sense of relief, so definite had been his expectancy. But it was a burst of shrill laughter, ribald, uncanny, undeniable, accompanying the shriek that gave him power of motion. He ran half naked a quarter of a mile to the nearest neighbor's and told his story.

"THEY found Creed hanging, the rope hooked simply around his neck.

It was a silent jury that filed from the barn that morning after viewing the body. 'Suicide,' said they, after Ike, shivering and stammering, had testified, harking back to the untold evidence of that other morning years before. Yes, Creed was dead, with a terrible look on his wizen face, and the dusty old rope ran through its pulley-wheel and was fast to a beam high above.

" 'He must of climbed to the beam, made the rope fast, and jumped,' said the foreman, solemnly. 'He must of, he must of,' repeated the man, parrot-like, while the sweat stood out on his forehead, 'because there was n't no other way; but as God is my judge, the knot in the rope and the dust on the beam ain't been disturbed for years.' "

At this dramatic climax there was an audible sigh from my audience. I sat quietly for a time, content to allow the silence and the atmosphere of the place, which actually seemed surcharged with influences not of my creation, to add to the effect my story had caused. There was scarcely a movement in our circle; of that I felt sure. And yet once more, out of the almost tangible darkness above me, something seemed to reach down and brush against my head. A slight motion of air, sufficient to disturb my rather scanty locks, was additional proof that I was the butt of some prank that had just missed its objective. Then, with a fearful suddenness, close to my ear burst a shrill discord of laughter, so uncanny and so unlike the usual sound of student merriment that I started up, half wondering if I had heard it. Almost immediately after it the heavy darkness was torn again by a shriek so terrible in its intensity as completely to differentiate it from the other cries which followed.

"Bring a light!" cried a voice that I recognized as that of my wife, though strangely distorted by emotion. There was a great confusion. Young women struggled from their places and impeded one another in the darkness; but finally, and it seemed an unbearable delay, some one brought a single lantern.

Its frail light revealed Miss Anstell half upright from her place in the center of our circle, my wife's arms sustaining her weight. Her face, as well as I could see it, seemed darkened and distorted, and when we forced her clutching hands away from her bared throat we could see, even in that light, the marks of an angry, throttling scar entirely encircling it. Just above her head the old pulley-rope swayed menacingly in the faint breeze.

My recollection is even now confused as to the following moments and our stumbling escape from that gruesome spot. Miss Anstell is now at her home, recovering from what her physician calls mental shock. My wife will not speak of it. The questions I would ask her are checked on my lips by the look of utter terror in her eyes. As I have confessed to you, my own philosophy is hard put to it to withstand not so much the community attitude toward what they are pleased to call my taste in practical joking, but to assemble and adjust the facts of my experience.

The Golden Drugget

By MAX BEERBOHM

In this little essay, pregnant with thought, the author points out that it is really the simple and primitive instincts and attitude in humanity that touch the heart of man and the soul of the artist.

PRIMITIVE and essential things have great power to touch the heart of the beholder. I mean such things as a man ploughing a field, or sowing or reaping; a girl filling a pitcher from a spring; a young mother with her child; a fisherman mending his nets; a light from a lonely hut on a dark night.

Things such as these are the best themes for poets and painters, and appeal to aught that there may be of painter or poet in any one of us. Strictly, they are not so old as the hills, but they are more significant and eloquent than hills. Hills will outlast them; but hills glacially surviving the life of man on this planet are of as little account as hills tremulous and hot in ages before the life of man had its beginning. Nature is interesting only because of *us*. And the best symbols of us are such sights as I have just mentioned—sights unalterable by fashion of time or place, sights that in all countries always were and never will not be.

It is true that in many districts nowadays there are elaborate new kinds of machinery for ploughing the fields and reaping the corn. In the most progressive districts of all, I daresay, the very sowing of the grain is done by means of some engine, with better results than could be got by hand. For aught I know, there is a patented invention for catching fish by electricity. It is natural that we should, in some degree, pride ourselves on such triumphs. It is well that we should have pictures about them and poems about them. But such poems and pictures cannot touch our hearts very deeply. They cannot stir in us the sense of our kinship with the whole dim past and the whole dim future. The ancient Egyptians were great at scientific dodges—very great indeed, nearly as great as we, the

archaeologists tell us. Sand buried the memory of those dodges for a rather long time. How are we to know that the glories of our present civilization will never be lost? The world's coal-mines and oil-fields are exhaustible; and it is not, I am told, by any means certain that scientists will discover any good substitutes for the materials which are necessary to mankind's present pitch of glory. Mankind may, I infer, have to sink back into slow and simple ways, continent be once more separated from continent, nation from nation, village from village. And, even supposing that the present rate of traction and communication and all the rest of it can forever be maintained, is our modern way of life so great a success that mankind will surely never be willing to let it lapse? Doubtless, that present rate can be not only maintained, but also accelerated immensely, in the near future. Will these greater glories be voted, even by the biggest fools, an improvement? We smile already at the people of the early nineteenth century who thought that the vistas opened by applied science were very heavenly. We have travelled far along those vistas. Light is *not* abundant in them, is it? We are proud of having gone such a long way, but . . . peradventure, those who come after us will turn back, sooner or later, of their own accord. This is a humbling thought. If the wonders of our civilization are doomed, we should prefer them to cease through lack of the minerals and mineral products that keep them going. Possibly they are not doomed at all. But this chance counts for little as against the certainty that, whatever happens, the primitive and essential things will never, anywhere, wholly cease, while mankind lasts. And thus it is that Brown's Ode to the Steam Plough, Jones' Sonnet Sequence on the Automatic Reaping Machine, and Robinson's Epic of the Piscicidal Dynamo, leave unstirred the deeper depths of emotion in us. The subjects chosen by these three great poets do not impress us when we look at them *sub specie aeternitatis.* Smith has painted nothing more masterly than his picture of a girl turning a hot-water tap. But has he *never* seen a girl fill a pitcher from a spring? Smithers' picture of a young mother seconding a resolution at a meeting of a Board of Guardians is magnificent, as brushwork. But why not have cut out the Board and put in the baby? I yield to no one in admiration of Smithkins' "Façade of the Waldorf Hotel by Night, in Peace Time." But a single light from a lonely hut would have been a finer theme.

I should like to show Smithkins the thing that I call The Golden Drugget. Or rather, as this thing is greatly romantic to me, and that painter is so unfortunate in his surname, I should like Smithkins to find it for himself.

These words are written in London—written in home-sickness. During the war there were, I have heard, "lighting restrictions" even on the Jar Riviera di Levante. But I take it that The Golden Drugget is again outspread nowanights across the high dark coast-road between Rapallo and Zoagli. The lonely wayside inn is still there, doubtless; and its narrow door stands open, giving out for wayfarers its old span of brightness into darkness, now that peace has come.

It is nothing by daylight, that inn. If anything, it is rather an offence. Steep behind it rise mountains that are grey all over with olive trees, and beneath it, on the other side of the road, the cliff falls sheer to the sea. The road is white, the sea and sky are usually of a deep bright blue, there are many single cypresses among the olives. It is a scene of good colour and noble form. It is a gay and a grand scene, in which the inn, though unassuming, is unpleasing, if you pay attention to it. An ugly little box-like inn. A stuffy-looking and uninviting inn. Salt and tobacco, it announces in faint letters above the door, may be bought there. But one would prefer to buy these things elsewhere. There is a bench outside, and a rickety table with a zinc top to it, and sometimes a peasant or two drinking a glass or two of wine. The proprietress is very unkempt. To Don Quixote she would have seemed a princess, and the inn a castle, and the peasants notable magicians. Don Quixote would have paused here and done something. Not so do I.

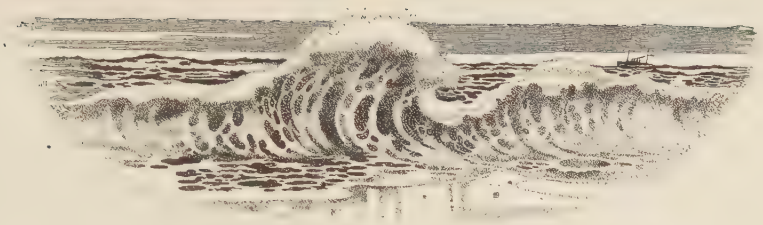
By daylight, on the way down from

my little home to Rapallo, or up from Rapallo home, I am indeed hardly conscious that this inn exists. By moonlight, too, it is negligible. Stars are rather unbecoming to it. But on a thoroughly dark night, when it is manifest as nothing but a flat strip of yellow light laid across the road from an ever-open door, great always is its magic for me. Is? I mean *was*. But then, I mean also *will be*. And so I cleave to the present tense—the nostalgic present, as grammarians might call it.

Likewise, when I say that thoroughly dark nights are rare here, I mean that they are rare in the Gulf of Genoa. Clouds do not seem to like our landscape. But it has often struck me that Italian nights, whenever clouds *do* congregate, are somehow as much darker than English nights as Italian days are brighter than days in England. They have a heavier and thicker nigritude. They shut things out from you more impenetrably. They enclose you as in a small pavilion of black velvet. This tenement is not very comfortable in a strong gale. And gales can be strong enough, in the late autumn, on the Riviera di Levante.

It is on nights when the wind blows its hardest, but makes no rift anywhere for a star to peep through, that the Golden Drugget, as I approach it, gladdens my heart the most. The distance between Rapallo and my home up yonder is rather more than two miles. The road curves and zig-zags sharply, for the most part; but at the end of the first mile it runs straight for three or four hundred yards; and, as the inn stands at a point midway on this straight course, the Golden Drugget is visible long before I come to it. Even by starlight, it is good to see. How much better, if I happen to be out on a black rough night when nothing is disclosed but this one calm bright thing. Nothing? Well, there has been describable, all the way, a certain grey glimmer immediately in front of my feet. This, as a matter of fact, is the road, and by following it carefully I have managed to escape collision with trees, bushes, stone walls. The continuous shrill wailing of trees' branches writhing unseen but near, and the great hoarse roar of the sea against the rocks far down below, are no cheerful accompaniment for the buffeted pilgrim. He feels that he is engaged in single combat with Nature at her unfriendliest. He isn't sure that she hasn't supernatural allies working with her—witches on broomsticks circling closely round him, demons in pursuit of him or waiting to leap out on him. And how about mere robbers and cut-throats? Suppose—but look! that streak, yonder, look!—the Golden Drugget.

There it is, familiar, serene, festal. That the pilgrim knew he would see it in due time does not diminish for him the queer joy of seeng it; nay, this emotion would be far less without that foreknowledge. Some things are best at first sight. Others—and here is one of them—do ever improve by recognition. I remember that when first I beheld this steady strip of light, shed forth over a threshold level with the road, it seemed to me conceivably sinister. It brought Stevenson to my mind: the chink of doubloons and the clash of cutlasses; and I think I quickened pace as I passed it. But now!—now it inspires in me a sense of deep trust and gratitude; and such awe as I have for it is altogether a loving awe, as for holy ground that should be trod lightly. A drugget of crimson cloth across a London pavement is rather resented by the casual passer-by, as saying to him "Step across me, stranger, but not along me, not in!" and for answer he spurns it with his heel. "Stranger, come in!" is the clear message of the Golden Drugget. "This is but a humble and earthly hostel, yet you will find here a radiant company of angels and archangels." And always I cherish the belief that if I obeyed the summons I should receive fulfilment of the promise. Well, the beliefs that one most cherishes one is least willing to test. I do not go in at that open door. But lingering, but reluctant, is my tread as I pass by it; and I pause to bathe in the light that is as the span of our human life, granted between one great darkness and another.



The Tide of Affairs

Comment on the Times

By GLENN FRANK

MEDICAL STATESMANSHIP—THE ART OF SAYING NOTHING—A SCHOOL OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS—THE GOMPERS OF THE ORIENT—PUSH BUTTONS AND PARLIAMENTS—THE FAD OF AMERICANIZATION—POLICING THE WORLD.

MEDICAL STATESMANSHIP

THE statesmanship of politics and of industry may learn much from the statesmanship of science. If statesmen dealt with discontent as intelligently as scientists deal with disease, we should be the masters rather than the victims of events. We sorely need Simon Flexners of politics and Alexis Carrels of industry. Politicians and business men will be richly repaid by a careful reading of Dr. Simon Flexner's address before the Congress of American Physicians and Surgeons on methods of meeting the menace of the recurrent influenza epidemic. The address has been published by the American Medical Association.

Strike out the word "influenza" wherever it occurs in the address and substitute any one of a number of problems,—industrial unrest, the high cost of living, or war,—and the address becomes a manual of methods for statesmen and captains of industry and labor leaders. Here are a few deductions that lie within easy reach upon a first reading of the address. These deductions are as fundamental as they are obvious.

First, Dr. Flexner recognizes that *disease must be dealt with at its source.* The conquest of influenza is not merely a question of treating cases, but of removing causes. He says that the only effective method of fighting a disease like influenza is "central rather than peripheral control"; that is, attacking the disease at its source with one major offensive rather than with a series of campaigns after the disease has spread to widely scattered centers. Dr. Flexner recognizes, of course, that the good Samaritanism of medicine must rush about treating cases while an epidemic is on, but he urges that the statesmanship of medicine "strive for the high achievement not merely of parrying the blows struck by destructive epidemics, but of rendering them impotent to strike in the future.

In this principle of dealing with causes rather than effects lies the first law and the final test of statesmanship. The political and industrial life of this country has been cursed by the strange reluctance of leadership to deal with root causes. Particularly in matters of industrial discontent we have acquired the habit of hysterically rushing about with our pill-bags of remedial legislation, when with half the energy we might have traced the industrial difficulty in question to its "endemic home" and there killed it at its source. Of course preventive statesmanship makes more stern demands upon men than does

Jingo opportunism. An opportunist can conduct a campaign on lung power; a statesman must bring brain power to the contest. Swearing at Bolshevism is so much easier than readjusting our industrial system in the interest of greater efficiency, justice, and sanity! Deifying Americanism is so much easier than even defining Americanism! Small minds take the easiest way. The line of least resistance seems the main boulevard of politics. But the great adventure of politics is an unending search for sources.

Second, Dr. Flexner recognizes that *the cause of disease may lie far from its breaking-out point.* In the modern world Boston may have Bombay to thank for an epidemic. Speaking of influenza, Dr. Flexner says:

> There are excellent reasons for regarding the endemic home of influenza to be Eastern Europe, and in particular the border regions between Russia and Turkestan . . . the epidemics of recent history have been traced there with a high degree of conclusiveness. From this Eastern home, at intervals of two or three decades, a migrating epidemic influenza begins, moving eastward and westward, with the greater velocity in the latter direction.

Here again is a principle that politicians and business men do well to heed in their diagnoses of political and industrial ills. The world is strangely knit together to-day by rapid transportation and communication and by the frontier-crossing agencies of credit, contract, capital, and corporate organization. There is hardly a single national problem, political or economic, that does not have its international implications. Just now we are in great danger of ignoring this cardinal principle of modern politics and present-day economics.

On every hand there are bankrupt and peevishly partizan minds counseling us to sit tight as the resolute defenders of a hermit Americanism. One can only pity these strangely sundered persons whose bodies live in the twentieth century, their minds in the sixteenth. They seem to think that nations are isolated compartments, with the laws of cause and effect operating within their sealed frontiers. But in the modern world the laws of cause and effect are inter-state laws. The writer agrees with much, indeed very much, of the criticism of the treaty of peace negotiated at Paris, but, having rejected the treaty and the League of Nations, we are still shut up to an inexorable choice between these two alternatives: we must become either the plaything of world forces or a partner in their control. A policy of isolation is as dead as the dodo.

No sane man wants America to underwrite an unstable and inflammable Europe, but the tragedy of American politics has been that the critics of the treaty in the Senate have not produced a workable alternative. They have fired the house without having even thought of the blue-print for a new structure. The one thing we must realize is that we cannot formulate our international policy without venturing outside the easy radius of the parish pump. No man can think intelligently in national terms to-day without thinking in world terms. All of which is a rather lengthy aside from the proposition that politicians and business men must remember that in modern times the cause of trouble frequently lies many leagues from the place of its appearance.

Third, Dr. Flexner recognizes that *any adequate attack upon disease must be carried on continuously in the long period before the acute or epidemic stage is reached.* Speaking of the proposal to fight influenza at its source, he says:

> According to this proposal, an effort at control amounting even to eventual eradication of the diseases in the regions of their endemic survival would be undertaken, an effort, indeed, not occasional and intensively spasmodic, as during the pandemic excursions, but continuous over relatively long periods, in the hope that the seed beds, as it were, of the disease might be destroyed.
>
> That such an effort at the eradication of a serious epidemic disease may be carried through successfully, the experience with yellow fever abundantly proves. In attacking that disease, the combat was not put off until its epidemic spread had begun and until new territory, such as New Orleans, Jacksonville, and Memphis had been in-

vaded; but the attack was made on its sources at Havana, Panama, and now Guayaquil, to which endemic points the extension into new and neutral territory had been traced.

Once more here is a cardinal law of statesmanship. With our fatal facility for improvising we usually wait until a crisis tumbles things about our ears before we stir ourselves into action. It has been urged before in these columns that we must break this spell of the immediate which exercises such a sinister domination over American affairs. The time to break a strike is twenty-five years before it is called. The time to stop a war is a century before it is declared. We must think less about the arbitration of conflicting interests and more about the administration of common interests. We must learn to anticipate and to discount crises. Whether in industrial or international relations, all the machinery in the world for the settlement of disputes is not worth a penny unless there is adequate organization for the prevention of disputes. The administrator, not the judge, is the key man of the future.

Fourth, Dr. Flexner recognizes that *the masses must have the mood and the mind to coöperate with the scientist before disease can be defeated.* He says:

> In the end the successful imposition of sanitary regulations involves wide coöperation; and until the majority of individuals composing a community is brought to a fair level of understanding of and belief in the measures proposed, serious and sustained endeavor to enforce them is scarcely to be expected.

Here, certainly, is a vital suggestion to politicians and business men. Perfect policy may go on the rocks because the popular mind fails to realize its significance. The secret diplomacy of business in the past must bear much of the blame for popular mistrust of big business. The hopeful thing about the present spread of joint councils of employers and employees is that it means more open diplomacy in business, greater education of the workmen in the responsibilities and risks and intricacies of business and industry. With all the cards on the table, workmen will have greater difficulty in believing that the employer's job is a coupon-clipping sinecure. We stand in great need of methods and machinery for a wide-spread scattering of information regarding the problems that government and industry face. Without such information in the hands of the masses, constructive policy must travel a difficult road.

Fifth, Dr. Flexner recognizes that *as the world moves faster, so disease moves faster.* This is the argument for promptness in preventive measures. He says:

> In Eastern Russia and Turkestan, influenza spreads with the pace of a caravan, in Europe and America with the speed of an express train, and in the world at large with the rapidity of an ocean liner; and if one project forward the outcome of the means of intercommunication of the near future, we may predict that the next pandemic, should one arise, will extend with the swiftness of an airship.

We must learn that we have n't an eternity at our disposal in which to meet the major issues that have arisen in international and industrial life. A stage-coach statesmanship may prove the undoing of an express-train world. Influenza is not the only thing that spreads with epidemic swiftness. Social unrest, international hatreds, military and naval rivalries, and war are similarly contagious, and travel with all the speed of modern life. We simply have n't the time to waste in dabbling with specifics and quack nostrums. The times require prompt and preventive statesmanship.

It is not a mere trick of analogy to find in disease prevention the best methods of political and industrial statesmanship. As some one has phrased it, while disease is the misery of the world, the misery of the world is its disease. The miseries of poverty, of inefficiency, of injustice, and of war are, after all, pathologic problems, and must be met with the same scientific methods Dr. Flexner proposes in the world fight against the world plague of influenza. Paltering opportunism is suicidal.

THE ART OF SAYING NOTHING

PARAGRAPHERS have been having no end of fun with the illuminating statement of a certain Presidential candidate that "we need a protective tariff sufficient to protect such of our industries as need protection." For profound insight this statement is worthy to rank with the observation that "for persons who like that sort of thing, that is the sort of thing such persons will like." The artful obscurity of the now famous protective-tariff statement has stimulated many newspaper writers to the drafting of specimen platforms that would say as little, and say it as profoundly, on the major issues of the Presidential campaign. The most delightful of all is the platform presented by Christopher Morley in his column in the "New York Evening Post." It deserves passing on to a wider circle of readers. Here it is:

Military Needs: Unquestionably we must have an army competent to meet all the emergencies that our kind of an army is likely to meet. Equally, we must have a navy competent to deal with our naval responsibility. In general, our military establishment must be requisite to the requirements of the nation.

Transportation: It is desirable that the citizens of this great republic should be able to pass from place to place without humiliating delays. Whether public or private, the ownership of the railways must be conducted with the maximum of efficiency.

Foreign Policy: Our attitude towards foreign states will vary from time to time, and our policy will vary directly with that variation of attitude.

Radicalism: Radicalism must not be too radical, nor reaction too reactionary. Respect for law and order will be maintained by the legal and orderly elements of our citizenship.

Labor Problems: Labor will, if duly laborious, continue to reap the benefits justly accruing to it. Conflict between labor and capital is often due to conflicting interests and generally proceeds from some dissatisfaction which is based on a lack of contentment with existing conditions.

Governmental Efficiency: It is probably unquestionable that unless waste is checked in the conduct of governmental business, the cost of conducting the Federal machinery will continue to increase.

Cost of Living: Unless prices continue to rise it is very likely that the peak has been reached; and if, thanks to the diligent efforts of this party, prices now begin to decline, it is more than probable that an era of lower costs is before us.

Taxation: The higher the taxes, generally speaking, the more the people will complain. Once excess profits are removed there will be no necessity for excess profit taxation.

Mr. Morley submits that there is no plank in this platform that might not be heartily applauded "if delivered, from a sufficient eminence, in a ringing voice, rather early in the evening." We suggest that the reader clip this platform and paste it in his hat for ready reference and comparison as he listens to political addresses during the coming campaign.

The evasion and obscurity of party platforms do not spring solely from the fact that a political party is primarily an organized appetite, a corporate hunger for office. That is the immediate reason, of course. Platforms must be innocent of planks that might scare away votes. There must be enough "on the one hand . . . and on the other" quality in a platform to intrigue a majority. The qualifying adjective is the politician's best friend. But the strange and inveterate reluctance to strike a new trail in politics springs from a deeper motive, or, more accurately, from a national habit of always trying to conform to the accepted and the respected.

We have a veritable passion for conformity in this country, a "talent for crying with the pack" that is destructive of political creativeness. The intolerance to difference of opinion during the war, the busy breed of self-appointed censors that flourished then, the Torquemada tactics of certain elements in organizations like the National Security League against books and men that tried to keep a little free from hysteria, were only extreme expressions of a fundamental habit of conformity that we have not yet conquered in our national evolution. A little intellectual

daring in political or economic theory makes the American feel uncomfortable in his club.

A little less fear of experimental thinking, a little more tolerance for the nonconformist, a throwing open of our windows a little wider to the bracing air of criticism, would bring more sincerity into our platforms and more vitality into our politics.

A SCHOOL OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS

MORE than two hundred years ago, François de Callières made the very sensible observation that "diplomacy is a profession by itself, which deserves the same preparation and assiduity of attention that men give to other recognized professions." It must be admitted that diplomacy has been more a game than a profession. But in June, 1917, just two hundred and one years after M. Callières's statement, Mr. A. F. Whyte proposed the establishment in London of a school of foreign affairs "as a permanent provision for the study of the problems of international relations," to the end that scientific information might supplant sinister intrigue in diplomacy. Regardless of our action respecting the treaty of peace and the League of Nations covenant, the future will find us increasingly involved in international issues. It is important, therefore, for Americans to examine carefully any proposal, such as Mr. Whyte's, that looks toward the putting of a fact basis under the handling of foreign affairs.

Mr. Whyte's proposal made little headway during the war. But lately the plan has again been raised for discussion and ably championed by such journals as "The New Europe." In going over recent discussions of the proposal it is evident that at least four considerations have given the idea its vitality.

First, the publication of the secret treaties by the Bolshevists and the more gradual discovery of the innumerable "understandings" that lurked in the background of the war have dramatized to the masses how easily they may be hopelessly committed by diplomats to policies they would never have countenanced had they known both the facts and the existence of the diplomatic deal. This has meant the awakening of a popular interest in foreign affairs.

Second, the unworkable injustice and folly of much of the treaty negotiated at Paris has made the masses skeptical of the equipment of the diplomats who framed the peace. Of course it has become popular to deride the intellectual equipment and moral stamina of the Big Four, so that it is difficult to assess at its true valuation much of the current criticism. Many writers, normally judicial, have displayed a tendency, unconscious perhaps, to sail with the breeze of popular opinion. But it is interesting to note the assertions of so dependable a student of affairs as Dr. E. J. Dillon on the poor equipment of the associated premiers for dealing with foreign affairs. In his "The Inside Story of the Peace Conference" he says:

> Whether one contemplates them in the light of their public acts or through the prism of gossip, the figures cut by the delegates of the Great Powers were pathetic. Giants in the parliamentary sphere, they shrank to the dimensions of dwarfs in the international. In matters of geography, ethnography, history, and international politics they were helplessly at sea, and the stories told of certain of their efforts to keep their heads above water while maintaining a simulacrum of dignity would have been amusing were the issues less momentous.

For several pages Dr. Dillon proceeds to tell stories, for the accuracy of which he vouches, of the amazing lack of knowledge of the most elementary things displayed by the principal plenipotentiaries. Here are two stories chosen at random.

> One of the principal plenipotentiaries addressed a delegate who is an acquaintance of mine approximately as follows: "I cannot understand the spokesmen of the smaller states. To me they seem stark mad. They single out a strip of territory and for no intelligible reason flock round it like birds of prey round a corpse on the field of battle. Take Silesia, for example.

The Poles are clamoring for it as if the very existence of their country depended on their annexing it. The Germans are still more crazy about it. But for their eagerness I suppose there is some solid foundation. But how in Heaven's name do the Armenians come to claim it? Just think of it, the Armenians! The world has gone mad. No wonder France has set her foot down and warned them off the ground. But what does France herself want with it? What is the clue to the mystery?

My acquaintance, in reply, pointed out as considerately as he could that Silesia was the province for which Poles and Germans were contending, whereas the Armenians were pleading for Cilicia, which is farther east, and were, therefore, frowned upon by the French, who conceive that they have a civilizing mission there and men enough to accomplish it.

The second story is worth quoting because it is so striking in its revelation of misinformation in high quarters and because Dr. Dillon says he has documentary proof of its accuracy.

During the war the Polish people was undergoing unprecedented hardships. . . . A Polish commission was sent to an English-speaking country to interest the government and people in the condition of the sufferers and obtain relief. The envoys had an interview with a Secretary of State, who inquired to what port they intended to have the foodstuffs conveyed for distribution in the interior of Poland. They answered: "We shall have them taken to Dantzig. There is no other way." The statesman reflected a little and then said: "You may meet with difficulties. If you have them shipped to Dantzig you must of course first obtain Italy's permission. Have you got it?" "No. We had not thought of that. In fact, we don't see why Italy need be approached." "Because it is Italy who has command of the Mediterranean, and if you want the transport taken to Dantzig it is the Italian government that you must ask!"

If it is humanly possible for a secretary of state to think that Dantzic, the great seaport of West Prussia on the Baltic Sea, is an Italian port on the Mediterranean Sea, then, indeed, a school of foreign affairs is one of the urgent necessities of our time. We are beginning to realize that diplomacy is not a table-thumping drama in which a band of supermen evolve world policies out of their inner consciousness as a poet writes verses in fine frenzy. Diplomats are, or should be, efficiency engineers determining policy in the light of accurate information respecting the complicated political, social, industrial, racial, and historical facts involved.

Third, the wide-spread discussion of international affairs that has been going on for the last few years on the platform and in the press has exposed a wide-spread ignorance in most countries, certainly in the United States, of the most elementary factors—political, racial, industrial, historical—of the problems involved in the war and the peace conference. Until the rank and file of a nation's citizenship acquires at least a bowing acquaintance with the facts of foreign affairs, the nation cannot hope to be self-governing in foreign affairs. With the present popular ignorance of international affairs, the agitation for popular control of foreign policy is bound to lack the force of appeal that the principle merits. There is little point in changing from a partly informed ministry to an uninformed mass. Yet we cannot go on with the secret and centralized diplomacy of the past. The answer is some method for popularizing knowledge of foreign affairs.

Fourth, the controversies that have been waged around the nascent League of Nations have made it plain that the only sanction that will really make it effective in keeping the peace of the world is the public opinion of the world. The indisputable fact is that if the League of Nations becomes a going concern, giving promise of intelligent development toward constructive internationalism, the United States will sooner or later become a member upon some basis consistent with the highest American interests. We can, therefore, join with the Englishmen who, discussing the fact that public opinion will prove the ultimate sanction of the league, have said: "If the people of Great Britain are to be enabled not only to control their own foreign policy, but to con-

tribute anything of value to that public opinion, better provision must be made for the study of recent history and contemporary foreign affairs."

It was pointed out in "The New Europe" for February 5, 1920, that in the future greater and more accurate knowledge of foreign affairs would be required of three classes at least, namely: "the *diplomatists* of the new type, not, like the old, content to play an ancient game by traditional rules, the arcana of a caste; the *politicians*, representatives of the people in Parliament, to whom the diplomatists will henceforth be responsible; the *writers*, upon whom the general public must depend both for facts and for guidance." The article goes on to insist that "means must be found to make readily available for all of these the knowledge already possessed by a few."

Speaking of them broadly as classes, we must admit that in the United States our diplomatists, our ambassadors and ministers, our politicians, members of the Senate and of the House of Representatives, and our writers, the special foreign correspondents of our newspapers and free-lance publicists, could greatly profit by a more thorough and scholarly training in the facts of world politics. Add to these the innumerable thousands of Americans to whom the names of men and places in the foreign news of the last five years have been so much Greek or Sanskrit, and it becomes clear that we need, certainly no less than our English kinsmen, to consider ways and means for popularizing the knowledge of foreign affairs.

Now, is there anything in the current English discussion of a school of foreign affairs that might suggest a practical undertaking for us? Probably very little. We are a sprawled-out country in which distance and dispersion enter into all of our plans. England is London, where the leadership of an empire is concentrated. England enjoys, in undertakings like this, the neighborhood intimacy of a Greek city state. Then, too, England has a moneyed leisure class that by long tradition is dedicated to public affairs. There men look forward, as they do not here, to a career in foreign affairs. For many years, at any rate, there would be few Americans who would gamble with political fate to the extent of undergoing a long and arduous preparation for diplomatic service. Our "school of foreign affairs" must be more than a centralized institution, because of the peculiar American conditions just mentioned. Our main hope for better informed diplomatists lies less in machinery for training individual aspirants than in methods for the wide diffusion of knowledge of foreign affairs among the masses from whom our diplomatists will spring. We should like to offer three suggestions that, in our judgment, would prove highly valuable if carefully worked out and wisely executed.

First, that there be organized in New York City, under a liberal endowment, not connected with any university, but collaborating with all, a foundation or school for research in foreign affairs. Such a school or foundation would not be devised to train diplomatists, although it might be wise to open the advantages of the institution to the few who might care to acquire such training, but would be created as a clearing-house of ideas on administrative, political, and historical questions growing out of its researches. The library such a foundation would accumulate and the monographs it would publish would afford a comprehensive and coherent source of information on foreign affairs which could be used in a thousand ways to the national advantage. The "Ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques" which was founded in France just after the war of 1870-71 would provide an invaluable fund of experience upon which we could draw in the organization of such a center of research.

Second, that the study of foreign affairs be introduced in a comprehensive way in our high schools and colleges of liberal arts not in the ordinary sense of a course to be taken by small classes at some one period in the high school or college years, but by some method that would reach all the students during all the years of their schooling. The aim here would not be profound and detailed study, but the inculcation of the elementary facts of world affairs, the giving to the student a background of pri-

mary knowledge. If later the student desired to pursue the study of foreign affairs in a more specialized manner, he would not be entering an alien world. If the student never pursued the study of foreign affairs beyond his high school or college years, he would be a decently informed citizen, able to contribute something at least to the national criticism of foreign policy.

Such a scheme would have to be planned and perhaps administered nationally. We should need a new series of small text-books on the several nations, with their material wisely selected and simply stated. It might be necessary to assemble and train a national corps of lecturers on foreign affairs, an itinerant body whose members would make a regular schedule of schools, addressing at regular intervals the entire student body of high schools and colleges on foreign affairs. The lectures should be based upon the simple text-books and related to contemporary affairs as recorded in the press. A not too exacting schedule of required or collateral reading might be instituted in the schools. The whole process could be kept stimulatingly informal, that is, the inquisitorial examination could be dispensed with, and a free-for-all discussion substituted. It would be wise not to formalize the affair too much, nor relate it too much to the credit system of our schools, making it rather a matter of sowing the seed broadcast and leaving to rain and sunshine to bring them to maturity. The corps of lecturers could find in the central research foundation an invaluable ally and source of information.

Third, that there be published in the United States a comprehensive review of world affairs, weekly or monthly, a great journal of fact rather than opinion—a journal that would go beyond any of the admirable reviews and digests already published in this country. In England there is published something approaching what is here suggested. Under governmental auspices there was published during the war a review of the foreign press. After the war Mr. Churchill stated in the House of Commons that "directions have been given which will insure the extinction of this admirable department, which I am sure is an organism the lack of which and the loss of which we shall live to regret." Commenting upon Mr. Churchill's statement, the "Manchester Guardian" said: "The Review has been killed by Mr. Churchill, but the need for putting adequate information about foreign affairs within the reach of our officials and our publicists remains. How is it to be satisfied?"

The answer was made when the staff of Watergate House brought together a number of well-known public men into an editorial council, as a guaranty of impartiality and of freedom from political and commercial bias, and arranged to start anew their important national service. They are now publishing weekly two periodicals. In "The Political Review" they present in a condensed form a complete survey of political affairs in all countries, such as formerly appeared in the enemy press, neutral press, and Allied press supplements prepared for the War Office; in "The Economic Review" they present the complete survey of economic affairs, including finance, commerce, industry, and social legislation, in all countries previously contained in the economic, reconstruction, and food and supply supplements prepared for the War Office. Such a service we need here.

With the lecture plan suggested for our schools in operation, such a journal could doubtless secure a circulation that would justify its publication commercially. It would appeal to statesmen, students of affairs, business men, manufacturers, engineers, in fact to all who depend upon accurate information about what is going on outside the United States. But the thing needs to be done, even though it might require subsidy. The great newspapers of the country may render a national service by the amplification and better organization of foreign information. It would be difficult to estimate the good that would accrue if every important newspaper in the United States would devote one page each day to information about foreign affairs, aside from the strictly news material on foreign affairs. But, then, every man knows better how to edit a

newspaper than the editor himself who must pay the bills. But that we need to face the question of popular education in foreign affairs is plain.

THE GOMPERS OF THE ORIENT

WHETHER we turn to the North or to the South, to the Occident or to the Orient, we run full into an awakened world of labor bent upon better organization for the protection and promotion of its interests. A comparative study of the labor movements in the several countries reveals an interesting assortment of aims and methods. To choose only two national labor movements at random, we find striking differences between the English and American labor movements, but striking similarities in the Japanese and American labor movements.

English labor has leaned heavily upon the leadership of the intellectuals, while American labor, under Mr. Gompers, has looked askance at arm-chair theorists and soft-handed publicists, maintaining that workmen here are interested in a movement of the workers, for the workers, and by the workers. English labor has looked toward a fundamental overhauling of the present social system, while American labor,—that is, organized labor under Mr. Gompers,—has worked for piecemeal progress, storming successive heights that looked practically possible of capture at the moment. English labor has set its seal of approval upon political action through a labor party, while American labor—again that part of labor under Mr. Gompers—has preferred economic action plus support of labor's friends in the existing political parties.

On the other hand, it is interesting to note that the development of organized labor in Japan promises to follow rather closely the plans of the American Federation of Labor. Labor organization upon any extensive scale is a relatively recent development in Japan. Sporadic and slight attempts at organization were made there some twenty years ago. At that time certain Socialist leaders who had absorbed American experience on the subject attempted to start a Japanese movement for organized labor. They succeeded in forming several trade unions among iron workers, locomotive-engineers, printers, munitions workers, and others. This movement, after a fitful existence of three or four years, failed. Its socialistic character brought official disfavor about its ears; its seeds fell upon unfertile ground, for the laborers themselves proved apathetic to the leaders' appeals; adequate financial support was not forthcoming; and internal dissensions among its leaders hastened the end of the movement about 1900.

Following this fiasco, the labor movement in Japan seemed to pass through a period of suspended animation. Then in 1912 Mr. B. Suzuki, whom Henry W. Kinney, in a very informative article in "The Trans-Pacific," called the "Gompers of Japan," came on the scene. He is the father of the Yuaikai, which is to Japanese labor what the American Federation of Labor is to American labor, although a literal translation of the Japanese word "yuaikai" is "friendly society." Mr. Suzuki does resemble Mr. Gompers very much in his methods of work, and the broad aims of the Yuaikai are strikingly similar to those of the American Federation of Labor.

Unlike Mr. Gompers in one point at least, Mr. Suzuki is not directly from the ranks of workmen. He was graduated from the Tokio Imperial University in 1909. From early youth he had a deep interest in the lot of the laborer. That interest was the guiding motive of his specialization upon economic and social studies at the University. After graduation he carries his theories into the field of fact for test and correction. He went everywhere visiting factories and plants, rubbing elbows with the workers and looking at issues through their eyes. To-day he is the leader of those who work with their hands rather than of the labor theorists and publicists. He has an Occidental quality of promptness in decision and directness in address. His hopes for Japanese labor lie in practical organization for specific and practical ends; he is little lured by grandiose schemes of revolutionary re-

construction, a truly Gomperian trait.

The Yuaikai was organized on August 1, 1912, by representatives of fifteen trades. With the exception of Mr. Suzuki and one other, all of the initial organizers were working-men. In the beginning the Yuaikai was simply a union made up of various trades. Later developments saw the creation of distinct trade organizations for such trades as those of seamen, printers, miners, glass-blowers, rubber-workers, iron- and steel-workers, spinners, weavers, cigarette-makers, and gas-workers. These distinct organizations are affiliated with the Yuaikai as unions are here affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. A series of national trade unions coördinated for common effort in a general federation is the aim of the movement. The actual membership of the Yuaikai is not large,—some 35,000 or more now,—but the many independent labor associations in Japan sustain a friendly relation to the Yuaikai, and it may be expected that the Yuaikai will slowly gather these organizations into the central fold.

Not only are the organization methods of the Yuaikai similar to the plans of the American Federation of Labor, but the program of aims is similar. In August, 1919, the Yuaikai issued a revised or supplementary statement of principles which shows that similarity. The statement reads as follows:

1. The principle of labor not being a commodity.
2. Freedom to form labor unions.
3. Abolition of juvenile labor (under fourteen years).
4. Establishment of minimum wage.
5. Equal wages for men and women doing the same work.
6. Sunday to be a holiday (one holiday a week).
7. Eight hour day and a forty-eight-hour week.
8. Abolition of night work.
9. Appointment of women labor inspectors.
10. Enforcement of labor insurance law.
11. Proposal of dispute arbitration law.
12. Prevention of unemployment.
13. Equal treatment of native and foreign laborers.
14. Government to provide for the improvement of laborers' housing conditions.
15. Adoption of accident compensation system.
16. Improvement of home industry.
17. Abolition of contract labor.
18. Universal suffrage.
19. Revision of the police regulations.
20. Democratization of the educational system.

It is interesting to note that in all this there is little trace of the far-reaching plans for social reconstruction that were advanced in the reconstruction memorandum of the British Labor party. The parallel between the Yuaikai and the American Federation of Labor, on the other hand, is very close.

PUSH BUTTONS AND PARLIAMENTS

WHEN parliaments show signs of worry over dilatory tactics we know that the pace of modern life is indeed quickening. It is an aged axiom that legislation lags many leagues behind life. Despite the hectic turmoil of the debating hour, a sort of glacial leisure characterizes most parliaments, chambers, congresses, diets, and dumas, last strongholds of the spirit of a more leisurely time. All this apropos of a despatch of some weeks ago that the French Chamber of Deputies was considering the installation of a push-button system of voting to take the place of the traditional time-consuming system of collecting the votes of the deputies in urns and having them counted by tellers. It is easy to see the possibilities of such a system.

Think of the time that could be saved by the use of a push-button system in our Senate and House of Representatives. A mechanism could be devised by which the members could all at once record their votes on a measure by pushing the "Yes" or the "No" button on their desks. The results could appear on an electrically controlled bulletin-directory of the personnel of the Senate and House over the presiding officer's desk. The mechanism could be devised so that the vote of each member could appear

opposite his name, while an adding-machine attachment could instantly produce the resultant total of votes for and against the measure. A second set of "Yes" and "No" buttons on the members' desks, or some device on the bulletin-board, could make it possible to record the votes of the members without displaying the individual votes on the bulletin, showing only the totals.

As a good illustration of the important saving of time that such a device would make possible, it may be of interest to quote the following description by Mr. Hugh Chisholm of a voting practice in the British Parliament:

> At the conclusion of a debate, unless the motion be withdrawn, or the question (on being put from the chair) be agreed to or negatived, the house proceeds to a division, which effects the two-fold purpose of ascertaining the numbers supporting and opposing the question, and of recording the names of members voting on either side. On each side of the house is a division lobby; and in the Lords the "contents" and in the Commons the "ayes" are directed to go to the right, and the "not contents" or the "noes" to the left. The former pass into the right lobby, at the back of the Speaker's chair, and return to the house through the bar; the latter pass into the left lobby, at the bar, and return at the back of the chair. The opposing parties are thus kept entirely clear of one another. In each lobby there are two members acting as tellers, who count the members as they pass, and two division clerks who take down their names. After the division the four tellers advance to the table, and the numbers are reported by one of the tellers for the majority.

Such practices may, of course, be valuable in the amount of physical exercise they afford sedentary parliamentarians, but as a method of doing business when the times require quick action, they smack too much of the irresponsible leisureliness of a coffee-house parley. The business of modern government calls for modern business methods. The tools of democracy require periodic testings. We need to remember that the administrative methods of governments have a way of persisting long after they have been outgrown. The proposed push-button system of the French Chamber of Deputies should be a good object-lesson for all governments.

THE FAD OF AMERICANIZATION

WE are a nation of confirmed uplifters. We are never happy except when we are reforming something or saving somebody. It does n't matter greatly whom we are saving or what we are reforming; the game is the thing. This uplift urge expresses itself in the "movement" mania, the endemic home of which is the United States. The American cannot live by bread alone; he must have committees, clubs, constitutions, by-laws, platforms, and resolutions. These things, the machinery of uplift, are his meat and wine. The American society woman takes to "social service" and the American business man to "public work" as a bird takes to the air or a hound to the trail. It is in the blood.

Just now the most popular social sport is Americanization. It is in many ways an ideal movement. It fully satisfies the passion of the comfortable classes for uplift, and is a godsend to the candidate who wants something to grow fervent about in lieu of a frank facing of fundamental issues of politics and industry. Above all, Americanization work gives one the righteous feeling of a defender of the faith. The epidemic faddist character of much Americanization work was pointedly stated in a recent article by Simon J. Lubin and Christina Krysto in "The Survey." They said:

> Every social organization, every religious society, every large industry, every woman's club has been busy for months mapping out its own particular program. The study of Americanization has been used to stimulate interest in organizations which were dying a natural death; Americanization has been used as a pretext for sudden improvements in industrial management when the attitude of labor has made sudden improvements imperative; Americanization has been used to give employment to social workers out of jobs.

This article further points out the inevitability of innumerable perversions of Americanization in such an orgy of organization. The article says on this point:

> Every political party has its hangers-on who, consciously or unconsciously, discredit the fine principles of that party by their erroneous expounding of these. Every new phase in industrial progress has its profiteers—men who capitalize the advanced ideas of their field for their own interest, regardless of the harm which they bring to the whole by their methods. Every scientific discovery has its charlatans who mix enough of the truth with their lies to undermine the whole truth when their lies become known. Every religion has its false messiahs, and many a man has been made an unbeliever because he has followed these too easily and been disappointed too grievously.

It should be said that the profiteers, charlatans, and false messiahs of Americanization are not, in the main, men and women of bad intentions so much as they are men and women of half-ideas or fractional and incomplete conceptions of Americanization. The title of false messiahs fits them better than either profiteers or charlatans, for false messiahs are usually profoundly sincere, although profoundly misguided.

No straight-thinking person disputes the need of a fundamentally sound program of Americanization, a vast collective effort toward the stimulation and spread of sane principles of national life among all sorts and conditions of men and women who make up our population. But anything and everything that goes by the name of Americanization is not necessarily an effective move in that direction. There is slowly growing up a body of incisive criticism dealing with the current epidemic of Americanization work that is sweeping the country on the wings of clever catchwords and generous emotions. It may be of interest and value to attempt an analysis and statement of the main points of that body of criticism. Here are a few plainly valid criticisms.

First, it is psychologically bad to approach Americanization work through a super-organized and much-trumpeted movement, because such a policy warns the foreigner in advance that a crowd of superior persons have set out to improve him. That is generally resented. The fact is that hardly a thing has been proposed as desirable in an Americanization program that is not the duty or function of some existing institution of our country, the church, the school, the industry, the press. Education, hygiene, and a decent inter-class courtesy are necessary features of any sound Americanization program, but they can be more effectively applied by calling them what they are and promoting them in normal ways than by branding them Americanization and cursing them with the blight of paternalistic uplift.

But it is probably useless to quarrel with a long established national habit. It is a habit of ours to create a new organization for every new task. Not only does that practice have the drawbacks just mentioned, but it robs our established institutions of the habit of doing creative work, leaves our established institutions as homes of the routine and the regular. There is a fundamental difference between England and the United States in this matter. In England the few men who have caught an idea or envisioned a need do not, as a regular practice, create a new propagandist organization instanter, but in most cases set quietly to work to get the machinery of established institutions going on the task. An increasing number of clear-minded folk are becoming convinced that Americanization would proceed much faster and more soundly through the increased efficiency of the existing machinery of school and church and press and industry, without any fanfare of trumpets, than through any propagandist "drive" for uplifting the foreigner.

Second, it is a fallacy to suppose that Americanization is a process needed by the foreigners only. Much Americanization work proceeds upon the assumption that what is needed is to make the foreigner "like us." The fact is that Americanization is sorely needed by many of "us." Americanization does not mean merely getting an immigrant ready for his citizenship-papers. It

means the continuous fostering of the American spirit of liberty, justice, and equality of opportunity in every man and woman and institution and policy. Americanization should be looked upon as the inspiring goal of both native born and foreign born, not as a missionary enterprise among the foreign born alone. To single out the foreign born as the exclusive objects of an Americanization effort is organized tactlessness. If, on the other hand, the foreign born feel that they are being invited to join with the native born in a vast collective effort to build a better nation in which liberty, justice, and equality of opportunity shall increasingly prevail, they will go out of their way to acquire the English language, a knowledge of our institutions and ways, and all the instruments necessary to the task of collaborating with us in the improvement of the republic.

Third, serious danger lies in the oversimplification of the problem of Americanization by propagandist organizations. We are in constant danger from too simple analyses of problems and too simple remedies. No problem is ever as simple as the epigrams that grow up about it. Panaceas usually touch only a part of a problem. It is interesting to watch various types of minds approach the problems of Americanization in committee discussion. Here are a few simple solutions that the writer has heard from time to time:

Teach the foreigner to stick to the job and produce. We need to teach the foreigner that Americanism means patriotic production for the relief of the world's present peace-time plight, just as it meant patriotic production for the necessities of war-time. A great drive for industrial patriotism is the supreme need.

Teach the foreigner to respect our forms of government. Make the foreigner understand that we have settled the question of government forms and that criticism is disloyalty. We must discourage the practice of biting the hand that feeds.

Teach the foreigner the English language. There is no room in this country for more than one language. Alien intrigue could be killed if we turned the United States into a country of one language.

Make every foreigner take out citizenship-papers within a specified time or deport him.

Now, it is inevitable that when Americanization is made a popular "drive" by a vast propagandist organization that the army of men and women of one idea, apostles of simplicist solutions, will flock into the ranks of the propagandists. Even when the official program of the organization is well rounded, the army of simple-solutionists will do irreparable damage in their work as servants of the movement.

The problem cannot be dismissed by preaching to the foreigner that he should stick to the job and produce. The problem of maximum production has a thousand ramifications that run throughout the whole industrial problem. The preaching of industrial patriotism is a waste of breath unless it goes hand in hand with a far-reaching liberal program of industrial justice and efficiency. The industrial program is more important than the industrial preaching. Put the program into effect and the preaching of loyalty to the job may be unnecessary.

Far from being Americanism, it is fundamentally anti-American to urge an uncritical deification of any form of government. Americanism involves an invitation to continuous constructive criticism in behalf of a bettering of our machinery of government. It is no solution of the foreign-born problem to preach loyalty to the status quo. We shall get further by saying to the foreigner, "We are engaged in a great democratic experiment on this continent. We have settled a few principles in our minds. We believe in popular rule through political action, but as to details we are on a search for improvement. We ask you to learn our language and our institutions and then give us the benefit of your best thought on ways and means for the improvement of our machinery for democratic government. The bars are down for the frankest criticism from men and women who have the democratic patience to trust their proposals to peaceful procedure."

Learning the English language is only a means to an end. It is too fre-

quently made an end in itself. There is no more virtue in talking English than in talking Hottentot. We shall not get far by the mere exaltation of a language. The only lasting results we shall achieve will be through the making of participation in this national democratic experiment of ours so attractive to the foreigner that he will burn with the desire to master our tongue that he may better play his part and appreciate his privilege. A man can plot the downfall of the republic in English as easily as in an alien tongue.

Nor is there magic in the legal assumption of citizenship. It is the man behind the papers that counts. If anything, we have made citizenship too easy a privilege in the past.

Now, all this is said not to suggest that there is no room or need for special consideration of the Americanization problem by groups of public minded citizens. It is not intended to suggest that Americanization may not properly be made the subject of considerable propaganda. This comment has indulged in rather severe and unqualified strictures upon the Americanization "drive" in the hope of capturing attention for three manifest dangers that may prove the undoing of the real Americanization work that cries aloud for administration. These three dangers are: first, the danger of making the Americanization movement so plainly a conventional uplift movement that the foreigner will resent what he might, with a more tactful approach, request; second, the danger that, by thinking of Americanization as something needed by the foreigner alone, we shall miss the opportunity of making Americanization a vast national effort of self-education in the nature and application of the principles of liberty, justice, and equality of opportunity that, theoretically at least, comprise the American idea; and third, the danger that the propagandist's passion for simple solutions will further postpone the day of a broad and well-balanced program of national development.

We do not want "Americanism" to degenerate into a mere "protective coloration" for politicians who want to hide their reaction and their lack of ideas.

POLICING THE WORLD

EARLIER in these columns the charge was launched against the senatorial critics of the peace treaty and the League of Nations covenant that they had not suggested a workable alternative. This charge might with equal truth be leveled at the larger body of publicists and public men who have criticized with untempered severity the treaty and the covenant. In the light of this, and whether we agree or disagree with his conclusions, it is refreshing to find Mr. W. Morgan Shuster, former Treasurer-General of Persia, a frank and forceful critic of the Versailles treaty, linking with his criticism a definite and detailed proposal of a policy that, in his judgment, would prove a workable alternative to the League of Nations.

Mr. Shuster has been from the beginning of his public career an uncompromising critic of imperialistic politics. There is nothing of the sentimentalist, but much of the idealist, in his makeup. He probably found himself in instinctive accord with the anti-imperialistic and pro-freedom bases of much of Mr. Wilson's pre-conference pronouncements. But of the resultant League of Nations and of the treaty in which it is imbedded and by which it must be profoundly conditioned he is more than skeptical. But the sole purpose of this editorial is to record and interpret the proposal of one critic of the treaty and the covenant who has condescended to details and recognized the critic's responsibility for constructive suggestion.

After stating his reasons for believing the Versailles treaty and the League of Nations covenant to be unworkable and malevolent, Mr. Shuster, in an address before the Sphinx Club of New York, suggested what he regards as the only plan that will materially reduce the probability of recurrent wars in the future. He prefaced the statement of the plan by saying:

> The world will grow better just as smaller communities have grown better and have driven crime and disorder from their common life, namely, through the efforts of *a few strong men* who had a sense of decency

and justice and were determined to clean up their neighborhood so that decent people could live in it. In my judgment that is the only way that war will be ended.

This is to say, Mr. Shuster is convinced that peace will be maintained by the police power of the strong rather than by a vast collaboration of innumerable amiable nations, large and small, handicapped by a medley of divergent aims and attitudes. Concretely his proposal is this:

Sea-power to-day is world power. The three nations that have a corner on sea-power are England, the United States, and Japan. These three nations, because of three singular advantages they enjoy, are the potential police force of the world. Their three advantages are: first, the fact that they are the three world powers that relatively have suffered least economically from the war; second, the fact that their strategic locations give them singular advantage; and third, that their naval power, if combined in a police program, would be irresistible. Given these facts, Mr. Shuster suggests that these three powers get together, formulate, adopt for themselves, and invite the rest of the world to support a common code of honesty and justice in international affairs, and then, if necessary, compel by their united police power the rest of the world to follow the code adopted.

Mr. Shuster makes it plain that he regards this plan as feasible only with the proviso that England, the United States, and Japan first purge themselves of war-inducing ambitions and policies. He says:

> Before advocating such a policy I should want to see these three nations purge themselves so thoroughly of the longing for other nations' lands, commerce, or waterways that there could remain no doubt of their own real reform. Then they could accomplish the moral reform of the rest of the world.

Mr. Shuster is equally definite and detailed in suggestions regarding points that should characterize the international platform upon which these three nations should undertake the policing of the world. He states at least five essential points.

First, that a rule should be adopted that "land-grabbing" in all its phases should cease. He emphasizes this because of his conviction that wars are to-day waged primarily for economic advantage. He says:

> The great majority of peoples no longer desire to fight over the color of each other's hair or faces. Race lines and religious beliefs may serve as a rallying-cry in a war of economic origin, but they are no longer the real cause.

Second, that a "balance of territory" must be established throughout the world. He says:

> This is the most difficult task of all. To prevent its accomplishment, many ugly demons will arise and make faces at the world: "Balance of Power," "The White Man's Burden," "Duty of Civilization," "Benevolent Interest," "Spheres of Influence," "Strategical Necessity." All these, and a score besides, will confront the demand for a "balance of territory."

Third, that "a statute of limitation against raising the banner of irredentism" must be fixed. "Otherwise," he says, "we shall have irredentist claims running back to the days of the Roman Empire, regardless of present day racial and economic facts."

Fourth, that the limitations upon empire-building must be recognized. Upon this point he says:

> We must combat the absurd and fatuous tendency on the part of a few great powers toward centralizing in themselves the political control of the entire world. Some nations have stopped at no pretext to increase their territorial control, and have shrunk from no crimes, however shocking, to fling further afield their flag and their sovereignty. Yet, in any permanent arrangement of the world's political units, all governments, good or bad, must take serious heed of, if not indeed actually pause at, certain racial, climatic, and geographical lines of natural demarcation. No government can successfully endure unless there is at least a potential homogeneity among its

people. There are many distinct limitations upon successful empire-building. At these natural barriers the existing trend of powerful nations toward concentrating under their political aegis all the weaker states and peoples within reach—whether in the familiar forms of colonies, dominions, protectorates, suzerainties, or spheres of influence—must come to a stop. Failure to recognize this fact will only prolong the world's political unrest and take an increasingly heavy toll of humanity.

Fifth, that the Caucasian race must abandon some of its egotism. On this point he takes issue, to some degree at least, with the apostles of "The Great Race" theory, the Nordic enthusiasts. He says:

A mere difference of standards of living and thinking accounts for much of the so-called inferiority of other races. Failure to recognize this fact will be the rock upon which some powerful nations will in the future split in their dealings with Asiatic peoples . . . we have in the past had to realize that the imposition on such peoples of our standards of education and living, and the simultaneous paternal fostering of the ideals of democracy without giving full play to its practice and to the sentiments aroused by it, have decided drawbacks and resultant annoyances.

Mr. Shuster recognizes that this program cannot be put over by executive order. He pleads for a thorough general education of the masses in all countries to the end that they may "recognize what is just in international controversies, learn not to be fooled by the phrase makers and formula-fixers of diplomacy, and demand that their governments deal in absolute good faith with all other nations." He pleads for an education that will make national honor as sensitive as individual honor and willing to submit to the same moral standards—an education that will define anew patriotism, and so thoroughly infuse the masses with the new conception of patriotism that "war will be relegated to its proper place—the supreme recourse of a justice-loving, but really outraged people which realizes that the shedding of blood without just cause is cowardice."

Three Girls

By HAZEL HALL.

Three school-girls pass this way each day:
Two of them go in the fluttery way
Of girls, with all that girlhood buys;
But one goes with a dream in her eyes.

Two of them have the eyes of girls
Whose hair is learning scorn of curls,
But the eyes of one are like wide doors
Opening out on misted shores.

And they will go as they go to-day
On to the end of life's short way;
Two will have what living buys,
And one will have the dream in her eyes.

Two will die as many must,
And fitly dust will welcome dust;
But dust has nothing to do with one—
She dies as soon as her dream is done.

Gauguin in the South Seas

By FREDERICK O'BRIEN

With reproductions of paintings by Paul Gauguin

The present interest in the life and work of Gauguin, due to a recent novel and to a partial biography, as well as to a belated appreciation of his art, gives to this intimate account of the artist's life in Tahiti a peculiar timeliness and importance.

THE dust of Gauguin has long ago united with the cocoanut-palms that rise from his burial-place in those far Marquesas isles. The purple blossoms of the *pahue*-vine that crawled over his unmarked grave and sent its shoots to search the heart of the great painter are the only tributes ever laid there. He lies on a lonely hill, that most mysterious of modern artists, in the distant reaches of the South Pacific Sea, but in America and Europe they barter for the pictures he made as if they were of gold; schools of imitators and emulators arise, and novelists and critics seize upon his utterances and deeds, his savage ways and maddening canvases, to fit fictional characters to them, or to tell over and over again the strange story of his career and his work.

He died in poverty among the most primitive, bizarre, and fascinating scenes that nature fashions for those who love it, and who are content to live close to it. To-day in drawing-room, atelier, and gallery discussion of the man and his achievements in art occupy to a degree those who float with the current of comment, and who make lighthouses of the objects bulking largest on the stream of interest. Amateurs and dealers search the studios and storerooms for things he did on canvas or in wood or clay, and pay for a single specimen more than Gauguin earned in his lifetime.

A British novelist has achieved a best seller by depicting in translated and hideous tones the general trend of Gauguin's life, and in watery and false colors sketching the incidents of his residence in Tahiti, and his philosophy as casually interpreted by the conventionalists of society. A six-shilling

shocker for parlors and bedrooms, with the bitter odor of *les fleurs du mal,* and nothing of the real beauty of his dwelling-place or the sacrificing and prophetic genius of the real Gauguin. Perhaps the author is not to blame that, taking the bare idea of some of the incidents and the scenes of a Peruvian-French artist's life, and with utterly different material and with Anglo-Saxon phlegm making a novel to flutter the bosoms of maids and matrons, he is charged with trying to portray Gauguin as he was. If he did so try, he failed, for he made a vulgar villain of his hero, and Gauguin was not that.

As was said best by his friend and biographer, Charles Morice, Gauguin was one of the most necessary artists of the nineteenth century. His name now signifies a distinctive conception of the nature of art, a certain spirit of creation and mastery of strange technic, and a revolt against established standards and methods, an opposition to the accepted thoughts and morals of art, which constitute, if not a school, at least a distinct class of graphic achievement. As the French say, it is a "category."

The man Gauguin, though dead nearly a score of years, persists as a legend wherever painting or Polynesia are much discussed. There was in him a seed of anarchism, a harking back to the absolute freedom of the individual man, a fierce hatred of the overlordship of money and fixed decency, of *comme il faut,* which lightens the eye of many conforming people as a glimpse of light through a distant door in a dark tunnel. In this stark, brooding, wounded *insurrecto,* this child of France and the ardent tropic of South America, each of us who has suffered and rebelled, if only in our hearts, gains a vicarious expression and an outlet for our atavistic and fearful desires. Some more, some less.

Paul Gauguin was dead at forty-five. An ancestor was a centenarian. The family was famed in its environment, for its vitality, but Paul spilled his energy in bucketsful in bitter blows against the steel shield of society, and spoiled his body with the vices of both savage and civilized.

"He was smiling when I saw him dead," said Mouth of God, my friend in the vale of Atuona, where Gauguin spent his last months and where Mouth of God served him for the love of him.

That smile was his ever brave defiance of life; but, too, a thought for France—for the France he adored, and which he dreamed of often, though it had rejected him. His last picture, painted in the humid Marquesas, in his house set in a grove of cocoanut-palms and breadfruit-trees, was of Brittany, and was a snow-scene. He did not defeat his enemy, but sank into his last sleep content to go because the struggle had become too anguishing. He knew he was beaten, but he flew no flag of surrender. He passed alone, with only the smile as a token of his final moment of consciousness and the emotion that stirred his soul.

It was seventeen years ago that he was carried up the steep path to the Calvary on the height above Atuona where I looked vainly for his grave. His passing had merely met a mention in the Paris papers before the shrewd dealers quadrupled the prices of the pictures by him that they had hardly been able to sell before. Critics became mostly hot partizans of his genius, and a minority opposing stirred up a debate upon his worth that has not ceased, but has added to his note and to the money values of his canvases. Only very rich collectors can now possess them. Good and bad, and never was painter less uniform in execution, his sketches as well as his sculpture and carvings bring fabulous, perhaps artificially inflated, sums.

Lovaina, the best known woman of the South Seas, was speaking to me of Gauguin. She had heard a whisper between Temana and Taata-Mata, two of her handmaids, that I might leave the Tiare, her impossible *auberge* in Papeete, the capital of Tahiti, to lodge with Mme. Charbonnier or Mme. Fanny.

Lovaina, three-quarters American by blood, but all Tahitian in looks, language, and heart, was not assured that her impossible hotel was the only possible one within thousands of miles, as it was really, and she said:

"Berina, I think more better you go and see that damn' house before you

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Portrait of Gauguin by himself

make one bargain. You know what Gauguin say. He have room with Madame Charbonnier, and eve'y day, sometime night, she come make peep his place. He had glass door between that room for him and for other man, and he say one day to me (I drink one Pernoud with him):

"'That sacrée French woman she make peep me. I beelong myself. I make ugely so nobody make look."

"You go look for yourse'f to-day. You see that door. Gauguin say he make ugely so nobody make look."

"That Gauguin was a very happy man in my *maison,*" said Mme. Charbonnier in French to me. "He and I had but one disagreement. One day a native woman accompanied him here. I knew he must have models, but I want no hussies in my house. I am a respectable citizeness of France. I looked through the glass door, and I warned him, though he had paid in advance, I must preserve my reputation. O! la! la! la! He painted that *mauvaise* picture of that very Tahitian girl on my door to spite me. *La voilà!* Is it not affrighting?"

It was of a tall, robust native in a *pareo,* or loin-cloth, nude, except for it, from her waist to her knees, and holding a breadfruit in her left hand against her bare bosom. The figure and face are carelessly, almost rudely, drawn, and there is little if any beauty of form or color in the whole. It was an effort at opaqueness, not at a finished accomplishment. A rabbit and a futuristic tree are in the foreground, neither characteristic of the fauna or flora of Tahiti, nor in its folk lore.

I might have bought that door of Mme. Charbonnier or somewhat similar windows and doors in another house occupied by Gauguin, for a hundred francs or perhaps two or three times that much; at any rate, for an inconsiderable sum, because they had no value as examples of the painter's ability nor were they intrinsically beautiful or attractive.

I saw that door a day ago in a New York gallery. I asked the price, and was told that perhaps thirty-five hundred dollars might persuade the speculative author who had brought it from Tahiti to part with it.

Once in the valley of Taaoa, in the island of Hiva-Oa, in the Land of the War Fleet, I talked with a former cannibal of wonderful charm who had been friend to Gauguin as Mouth of God had been his casual attendant. It was Mouth of God who had told me that Kahuiti had a *tiki*, or ikon, made by Gauguin, and in this house I found it.

"In the huts of the natives where cataloguing ceases," said James Huneker years ago, "many pictures by that great master of decoration may be found."

Here was one, and dear to the spirit of that wonderful anthropophagus. When I asked him to sell it to me, he opened wide those large brown eyes which had looked a hundred times at the advancing spear and had watched the cooking of his slain enemy. He said nothing but the words, *"Tiki hoa pii!"* ("An image by my dear friend!")

I smoked a pipe with him, and went back to Atuona thoughtful. Gauguin made many enemies, but he kept his friends even in death.

"Toujours tout à vous de cœur," he signed his letters to his one or two friends with rare sincerity.

He was denounced by the church because he "pretended to worship the sun and never went to the mission. He also had an image of pottery he had made and which he bowed down before, though in mockery."

The law and the government sought to put him in jail. When he died he was under sentence to prison for asserting the right of the Marquesans to more individual liberty than permitted by the colonial interdicts. The white traders despised him because he cared nothing for their desires to make money and would not assist their schemes. But the natives, those naïve and pure-souled primitives whom I knew so well, loved him, and wept when he was buried. For on the day his corpse was above ground they keened it, as do the Irish, whom they are much like. They cried over and over again:

"Ke ke ke ke ke ke ke ke!
A a a a a a a a a a a a a!
E e e e e e e e e e e e e e e!
I i i i i i i i i i i i i i!
O o o o o o o o o o o!
U u u u u u u u u u u!"

The Reverend Paul Vernier, the French Protestant missionary, whom I lived near, told me of his acquaintance with Gauguin and the last days of that stricken victim of conflicting passions. Vernier acknowledged that he had never been his friend. I would have known that, for to Gauguin professors of theology were as absurd and abhorrent as he to them. Vernier lived among his little flock of perhaps forty faithful,—in attendance only,—well liked and much respected. He is a man of his word, a simple peasant by nature, kind, though a fierce Covenanter, and with a prowess in the killing of the wild bull and the boar that could not be gainsaid by any sneer against religion.

Gauguin's studio and residence was half a mile away, nearer the beach than Vernier's, and set quite apart. Two years he had lived there after ten in Tahiti, always in disappointment, always in bodily suffering and in the reaction from alcohol and drugs, an invalid for a dozen years.

"He was a savage," said Pastor Vernier to me. "I could have nothing to say to him. He was a bad influence on the *indigènes*. He had no respect for the law and less for the *bon Dieu*. The Catholics especially he quarreled with, for he made a caricature of the vicar here, at which the natives laughed uproariously, and which angered the vicar greatly. It was even unfit to be seen by a savage. You can imagine it!

"I had not seen him for some time when I had a note from Gauguin, scrawled on a piece of wrapping-paper. It said:

"Nave Nave Mahana" ("Halcyon Days")

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"The Lovers"

" 'Will it be asking too much for you to come to see me? My sight is all of a sudden leaving me. I am very ill, and cannot move.'

"I went down the trail to his house, and found Mouth of God with him, as also the old Tioka. His legs were terribly ulcerated. He had on a red loincloth and a green *béret d'écolier*. His skin was as red as fire from the eczema he had long been afflicted with, and the pain must have been very severe. He shut his lips tight at moments, but he did not groan. He talked of art for an hour or two, passionately advocating his ideas, and without reference to his approaching end. I think he sent for me for conversation and no more. It was then he presented me with books and his portrait of Mallarmé.

"We chatted long, and I was filled with admiration for the courage of Gauguin and his prepossession with painting, at the expense of his *douleur*. About a fortnight I went back when Tioka summoned me, and found him worse, but still forgetful of everything else but his art. It was the eighth of May that Tioka came again. Gauguin now was in agony. He had had periods of unconsciousness. He must have known his danger, but he talked fitfully of Flaubert and of Poe, of Salammbô and of Nevermore. When I said adieu he was praising Poe as the greatest poet in English.

"A few hours afterward I heard the shouts of the natives that Gauguin was dead.

" '*Haoe mate!*' they called to me. 'The white is dead!'

"I found Gauguin on his cot, one leg hanging down to the floor. Tioka was urging him in Marquesan to speak and was rubbing his chest. I took his arms and tried to cause respiration, but in vain. He was already beginning to grow cold. Do you know that the vicar went there at night before I was aware of it, and though Gauguin despised him and his superstitions, forced an entrance and had the body carried to the Catholic cemetery, with mass, candles, and other mummeries."

Tahitians

The good vicar had another tale. He told it over our wine at the mission. My House of the Golden Bed was only the distance of a toss of a mango away, and we often discussed the fathers, especially Anthony, Jerome, and Francis of Assisi.

"It is not true," he said, plucking his long, black beard, nervously, as was his wont. "Gauguin was born in the church. Did he not tell me he was the descendant of a Borgia? The devil got hold of him early. Ah, that France is punished for its breaking of the Concordat. Napoleon knew what was needed. Gauguin did make much trouble here. I do not care what he did to the Government. That Government is usually atheist. But he made an obscene image of me, he never entered our mission, he derided the sacred things of religion, and when he came to die he sent for the Protestant. I had hoped always that he would recant his atheism and change his ways. He was immoral, but, then, so is nearly everybody here except the mission fathers and the nuns. That very pastor—*non!* I guard my secret. *Mais*, it is not a secret, for all the world knows. *N'importe!* I close my lips."

He was determined to be charitable, but as for me, I knew the charge well, and had disproved it by personal research. Kekela, the Hawaiian, had sworn on the Bible given his father by Kalakaua, the last Hawaiian king, that it was a lie, and Kekela would know for sure, and would not kiss the book falsely for fear of death or, at least, the dreaded *fefe*, which makes one's legs as big as those of an elephant.

"But despite the antagonism of Gauguin to the church and his immorality, you took charge of his body and gave him a Catholic funeral," I said.

"Who am I to judge the soul of a man?" replied the vicar, deprecatingly, his right hand lifted in appeal. "He was alone in his last moments. Doubtless the Holy Virgin or perhaps even the patron of the Marquesas, the watchful Joan of Arc, aided him. Each one has

his guardian angel who never deserts him. When the shadows of death darken the room, then does that angel fight with the demons for the soul of his charge. I learned that Gauguin was dead from the catechist, Daniel Vaimai. It was then evening of the day he had died, and I had been ministering to a sick woman in Hanamate, an hour's ride away. I met Daniel Vaimai at the cross-roads, and he informed me of Gauguin's death. I felt deeply sorry that he had not had the holy oils in his extremity, and had not received absolution after confession, but the devil is like a roaring lion of Afrique, seeking whom he may devour."

"He is especially active here," I ventured, interested as I am in all such vital matters. The vicar, who had been talking animatedly and gazing at an invisible congregation, fixed his eyes on me.

"Here in the Marquesas and wherever whites are," he replied acridly. "*Mais revenons à Gauguin.* I immediately arranged for the interment of the dead man the next morning. In this climate decay follows death fast. As a matter of fact, some of us, including two of the *frêres de la doctrine chrétienne,* had hastened to Gauguin's house when his death was announced the day before. They had planned his funeral for two o'clock the next morning, but we made it a trifle earlier, and removed him to the church of Atuona shortly after one. There we had a mass for the dead, and did the poor *cadavre* all honor, or, rather, we thought of the soul that had fled to its punishment or reward. We carried the body to Calvary and put it in the earth."

"I find no stone or any mark at all of his grave," I said.

"*Peut-être;* that may well be," said the vicar, calmly. "I do not know if one was placed. He had no kin here, or intimates other than natives."

"But Pastor Vernier says Gauguin had asked long ago to be buried with civil rites only, and that he had wanted to assist in them. He says that you deceived him as to the hour of removal to the church, and that when he arrived at two o'clock Gauguin was already in the mission, which he could not enter."

The vicar shrugged his shoulders.

"I cannot enter into a controversy as to what Vernier says. Gaugin was of Catholic parentage. Have I not said he claimed to be a descendant of a Borgia, and Borgias were popes? What more or less could the church have done? Stern as our mother may be to wayward children in life, she spares no effort even in death to comfort those remaining and to help by prayer and ceremony the spirit that wrestles with purgatory. We ever give the benefit of the doubt. A second before he succumbed to that heart stroke Gauguin may have asked for forgiveness. *Qui sait?*"

M. Charles Le Moine, the painter of "Vanquished Often," had pointed out to me the site of Gauguin's house. He and Baufrè and Pierre Scallamera, the brother of that tragic leper, and I had traversed the former garden. That is all set down in "White Shadows in the South Seas" as I wrote it in the Marquesas that day. Even then Gauguin was hardly known in this country, and I had made a chapter of him with misgivings as to its interest to Americans.

In my diary I find what Le Moine said further:

"I was at the funeral, and I attended the sale of his things by the government official. You know that some of those brushes you saw at Vai-Tahu, with which I painted the portraits of 'Vanquished Often,' are of the two score or more I bought for a few sous. Baufrè got 'Niagara Falls,' as the auctioneer, the agent special, shouted it. That was Gauguin's last picture. It was really a Breton village in winter, snow everywhere, a few houses and trees, and the dusk in blue and red and violet tones. He made that, *mon ami,* when he was dying. It was his reaching back to Brittany in his last thoughts. I think Baufrè has it yet, or maybe Krajewski, the Tahitian banker, who was here searching for Gauguin relics, bought it of him.

"I think Varney bid for the *Père* Pailliard, that image of mockery of the vicar. Kriech, the German, got a cane, and Varney the remainder of the Maison du Jouir, as Gauguin called his house. I am very poor, and could buy

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"Metua Rahi No Tehamana" ("Shadows of the Past")

nothing more. I admired Gauguin, but he had nothing to do with me. He was absorbed in the natives. To them he was kindness and generosity; he was the simplest white man in his needs I have known in my life, and I myself, as you know, have few demands."

I thought of that hut of his at Vai-Tahu, where I had spent those happy weeks with Seventh Man Who Is So Angry He Wallows In The Mire And Vanquished Often and that merry crew of care-free Marquesans. He had a cot, a chair, an easel, a plate, and a cocoanut-shell cup. Perhaps he had a fork or spoon. His knife he drew, as did the nobility of England in Elizabeth's time, from his garments when meat or melons called for it.

"He had verses on that god he made for his garden," said Le Moine. They began:

"Les dieux sont mort et Atuona meurt de leur mort."

That was it. Gauguin was like the Marquesans of his, of my, village of Atuona. Their old gods were dead, and they perished of the lack of spiritual substance.

There was Le Moine also dying with them, as I would have if I had not fled. The air was one of death.

Le soleil autrefois qui l'enflammait l'endort
D'un sommeil désolé d'affreux sursauts de rêve,
Et l' effroi du futur remplit les yeux de l' Eve.
Dorée: elle soupire en regardant son sein,
Or, stérile scellé par les divins desseins.

That is from "Noa Noa," which Morice wrote from Gauguin's letters. Gauguin was not a writer of ability, for he went, without education, to the deck of a ship, and then to odd jobs and to painting. Nor did he have genius in words to overcome lack of training in writing. Every fiber of his weakening body and every thought of his mind was bent on expressing himself in painting or in clay or wood.

Does he himself not say in a letter upon "Noa Noa" that it is not the result of an ordinary collaboration, that is, of two authors working in common, but that he had had "the idea, speaking for non-civilized people, to contrast their character with ours, and had enough originality to write it simply, just like a savage, and to ask Morice, for his part, to put it in civilized words?"

Long after I had known of Gauguin through the natives and the whites of Atuona valley in the Marquesas, I was mentioning his name at Mataiea, in Tahiti. I was at the house of the chief of that district, Tetuanui, a gentleman of charming manners and great knowledge of things Tahitian. There was a young Englishman, Rupert Brooke, whom I had accompanied to the ancient *marai*, or temple, and the poet and I had tried to rebuild the ruin in our imagination. I had seen *marais* better preserved, and I had talked with many who had studied their formation and history.

This one, very famous in the annals of Tahiti, was not far from Tetuanui's home, and on it had been enacted strange and bloody sacrifices in the days of heathenry. It is on the seashore, and, indeed, much of it has fallen into the water, or the surf has encroached upon the land. We had spent some hours about it, and had wondered about the people who had made it their cathedral a few score years ago. Here we were living with their grandchildren. The father of the chief's father might have participated in the ceremonies there, might have seen the king accept and eat the eye of a victim, or feign to do so, for cannibalism had long passed in Tahiti even a century ago.

Walking back to Mataiea, we met the chief returning from his day's labor directing the repair of roads, for though a chevalier of the Legion of Honor, a former warrior for the French against tribes of other islands, Tetuanui had small means, and was forced to be a civil servant of the conquerers.

"We have been to see the *marai*," said Brooke.

"*Oia mau anei teie?*" replied Tetuanui, "Is that so? I have not been there for a long time. The last time was with that white painter Gauguin. He lived near here, and one day I spoke of the *marai*, and he asked me to show it to him. We walked down there together, but he was disappointed that it was so broken down."

Once again the chevalier gave me a

glimpse of the barbarian. He and his amiable wife took occasional boarders, and there were two women of the United States there for a week. They were shocked at our bathing nude in the lagoon in front of the house, although we wore loin-cloths to walk to the beach and back. They complained to the chief, who was astonished, for Brooke was strikingly handsome, and the Tahitian girls were open in their praise of his beauty.

"They should have seen that Gauguin," said Tetuanui as he begged our pardon for telling their indignation. "He was always semi-nude and often nude He became as brown as a Tahitian in a few months. He liked to lie in the sun, and I have seen him at the hottest part of the day sitting at his easel. You know, he had a wife here in the way that the whites take our women, and one day he and she were in swimming, and came out on the road before putting on *pareos*. A good missionary complained of them,—it was not quite proper, truly,—and the gendarme warned both of them. Gauguin was furious, for he hated the gendarmes before that."

That again was Gauguin. Fleeing from Europe, from civilization, from the redingote, and even there, in that most distant isle, thousands of miles from any mainland, being pursued by the gendarme! Had he not abandoned Tahiti after a decade for a wilder spot, yet a thousand miles farther, hidden in a bywater of the vast ocean, and in the "great cannibal isle of Hiva-Oa" been harassed by the law and the church?

He saw there was no escape, and that, after all, the fault was in him. He demanded the impossible from a world corrupted to its horizon. He, too, could say of himself, as he wrote of the Tahitians, and then of the Marquesans:

> Les dieux sont mort, et moi mort de leur mort.[1]

[1]The gods are dead, and I am dead of their death.

Allied Policy toward the Russian Revolution

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

Mr. Gibbons contends in this article that in order to produce a condition of world peace with America as a participant, it will be necessary to call a new peace conference to carry out the promises made by the Allied statesmen during the war. A world-wide revision of the settlements will help toward a practical solution of the present Russian problem.

IN the good old days, when the alliance with Russia was regarded as the salvation of France, Romanoffs frequently radiated from Deauville to other Normandy *plages*. The honor of a visit from a Russian royal personage was commemorated in the favorite French fashion by municipalities where Socialists did not predominate. So in my summer home at Houlgate the street leading to the Grand Hôtel used to be the rue Marie Feodorovna. When we went to the shore in 1917 the name had been changed to rue Prince Lvoff. Before the end of the summer it became rue Kerensky in honor of the instigator of Brusiloff's last offensive. That name, of course, was no longer possible in 1918. In the first summer of the victory, when the Treaty of Versailles was a *fait accompli*, events dictated rue de l'Amiral Kolchak. Still a new name must be sought this summer.

I am not telling this as a funny story, but because it illustrates the tragedy of France torn from her moorings, aware of her inability to ride the storm alone on the high seas, not knowing which way to turn, and instinctively cherishing the hope that the bond with Russia may not be definitely broken. Great Britain and the United States have not

needed, they do not need now, alliances with other powers as the essential condition of national existence. Italy sees the door wide open to return to the Germanic alliance, but the Russian Revolution confronted France with a problem that victory over Germany could not solve. Only with this fact constantly in mind can we discuss intelligently Allied policy toward Russia since March, 1917.

The overthrow of the czarist régime did not have upon the military forces of the Entente the disastrous effect counted upon by the Central powers. The Lvoff and Kerensky cabinets remained faithful to the coalition against Germany. Miliukoff, minister of foreign affairs in the first revolutionary cabinet, announced that Russian policy had not changed, that all the treaties, open and secret, still held, and that the new régime was as determined to have Constantinople as the old. When Kerensky assumed the reins of government, he emphasized the political and social character of the Revolution, whose principles could not wait until the end of the war to be applied. This meant renunciation of imperialistic ambitions and terms of peace such as the French and British Socialists were also advocating. Kerensky promptly assured the Allied governments of the loyalty of Russia to the common cause. At the same time he warned his French, British, and Italian colleagues that it would be necessary for them to make a definite announcement of the objects for which they were fighting. Only by being able to show the Russians clearly that the Allied nations were fighting for the emancipation of humanity and not for selfish ends could he hope to keep the Russians in the field against the Germans. The continuation of the war against Germany would have to be made to appear as the fight of friends of the Revolution against enemies whose victory would jeopardize the success of the Revolution.

The Entente statesmen refused to make for their countries the renunciation of imperialistic aims that Kerensky made for his. They understood neither the spirit of the Revolution nor the precariousness of Kerensky's tenure. They underestimated the military and economic strain of the three years of war, and overestimated the hatred of the Russians for the Germans. The discipline and the organization of the old autocratic régime had melted away. There was no mass feeling among the Russians of national antipathy to the Germans, or any national sense of being menaced by the Germans, as in the case of France; there was no your-prestige-and-prosperity-or-mine stake as between Germans and British. It was a moment when world-wide recognition of the moral issues of the war might have actually transformed the gigantic conflict into what it purported to be—a struggle of the forces of democracy and equality of nations against those of autocracy and dominant races. The opportunity, if seen at all, was not seized. Kerensky fell, a victim of the war-weariness of the Russian people. The Bolshevists who ousted him made peace with Germany, washed their hands of what they called "a capitalists' war," and started in to put into practice their political and social theories.

Fortunately for the Entente, the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk came too late for Germany to profit fully by it. The blockade had taken the stamina out of the German people. The Entente was gaining strength in the Balkans and Asiatic Turkey. Most important of all new factors was the uninterrupted debarkation of the A. E. F. in France. The submarine campaign failed to prevent this. The Americans came in numbers sufficient to make the Germans see the hopelessness of keeping up the struggle.

But while the unlimited contributions of the United States in men, materials, food-stuffs, and money was a more powerful aid than Russia could have given in 1918, and while the presence of the American Army in France compelled Germany to fulfil the terms of the armistice and sign the peace dictated to her, it cannot be argued that American intervention offset Russian defection. American aid in war and in peace was transitory. In fact, it was illusive, in that it offered no permanent contribution in establishing the new-world order Entente statesmen had in mind when they refused to modify their

war aims in order to conform with those of revolutionary Russia.

It is impossible, then, to exaggerate the influence of the trend of the Russian Revolution upon the post-bellum settlement in Europe and Asia. Ever since the Bolshevists came into power in November, 1917, Entente statesmen have feared what has come to pass. This is why, when victory over Germany was assured, their attitude toward Russia remained the same. All along they judged American public opinion far more accurately than we gave them credit for. In the last days of the war and during the peace conference they left no stone unturned to bring back into power in Russia a government whose representatives would talk their language and would enter into a coalition in which each of the victorious powers would have its responsibilities and enjoy its rewards. Failing this, they looked for something *European* to put in the place of Russia.

I do not want my readers to think that I am oblivious of the thousand and one different factors that have entered into the Russian situation in the last three years. There have been currents and counter-currents. One can pick out social and financial and economic and political conditions, internal and international, classify them as influences, and attribute them as motives to illustrate and explain each succeeding period of indecision, each succeeding change of policy. Then there are the military and colonial questions. But, after all is said and done, we must remember that statesmen have neither the knowledge nor the individual authority and responsibility we give them credit for. It amuses me to read lengthy speculations of the probable reasons for the Russian policy of Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Pichon, and Balfour. It is safe to say that most of the facts adduced these estimable gentlemen never heard of or gave no thought to, and most of the fancies and conjectures and illusions they are supposed to have entertained never entered their heads. I doubt if any one of them has a clear understanding of what Bolshevism is or could pass an examination on the events in Russia since the Revolution.

The common belief in America that Allied leaders have conceived and formulated and chosen freely their international policies in war and peace has no foundation in fact. In no European country would a Wilson-Lansing incident be possible. Premiers and foreign ministers have an exceedingly limited power of initiative in foreign affairs. There is no question of a cabinet officer's mind "going along" with that of the chief of government in matters of foreign policy. The foreign policy, in details of program as well as in general lines, was worked out long before they were born. A British or French or Italian statesman studies and interprets the various phases of his country's foreign policy from the angle of how championing this or that line of action would affect his personal position with parliament or his electors. He may make radical statements in speeches. He may appear to modify or ignore or even advocate a change in certain features of foreign policy. This is for home consumption, to meet the internal political exigencies of the moment. But the statesman knows that his rôle is confined to deciding upon the best means for bringing about the triumph of a definite and concrete policy that has been generations in the making. Events may have caused bewildering changes in the international situation. It is his job to minimize the effects of these changes in their bearing upon his country's foreign policy. His first instinct is to counteract the changes, to try to repair the mischief, to restore the old chess-board with the same pieces in the same places. This is natural. One's teaching and experience make him want to play a game as he knows it.

The first reaction to the Russian Revolution is well shown in the instructions sent to the ambassadors in Petrograd. The new Government was to be recognized, but its leaders must be given to understand that the other Entente powers expected an unabated military effort and loyalty to diplomatic understandings. When it was believed that the revolutionaries did not intend to change Russian foreign policy, when the new Government promised to keep up the war, the Paris and London press

began to dwell upon the advantages of the Revolution to the Allied cause. Autocratic Russia had been on the verge of making peace with Germany. The Revolution was a sign of the anti-German sentiment of the Russian people. The embarrassing alliance between Occidental democracies and an Oriental autocracy in a war for freedom no longer made the war aims of the Entente seem inconsistent. And now the delicate Polish and Finnish questions could be settled. The Central empires had been greatly helped by the necessary opposition of the Entente to the aspirations of Poland and Finland.

At this stage Entente policy was delightfully eat your cake and keep it. Capital was to be made out of the Revolution. That a price for the advantages had to be paid, and paid quickly, was not in the calculation. No sooner had the new Russian Government agreed to acknowledge the rights of Poles and Finns than a remarkable Ukrainian demonstration occurred in the streets of Petrograd, and an autonomous government was set up at Kieff. Other separatist movements started in various parts of Russia. When Entente statesmen had been espousing the doctrine of self-determination as a means of destroying the Austro-Hungarian and Ottoman empires and taking slices off the German Empire, they had discounted its disastrous effect in the Russian Empire, held together by a strong military despotism. The Revolution changed everything. The triumph of Entente principles, made possible or, rather, inevitable in Russia by the Revolution, was the first cause of Russia's collapse as a military factor. The only way to avoid the loss of Russian coöperation would have been the announcement by the other members of the Entente that they intended to follow the destruction of German autocracy by a world-wide political and colonial readjustment in which the same principles would be rigorously applied to the territories and dependencies of all nations alike.

The fantasies of Kerensky and his fellow-revolutionists have been blamed for the Russian military collapse and for the advent of the Bolshevist régime. The charges are not without foundation. But Kerensky makes out a strong case against Entente diplomacy, and very much of what he says is not different from the statements of avowed Russian nationalists like Miliukoff. I have heard the whole story in detail from the lips of Kerensky himself. Like Miliukoff, he maintains that the Allies began by asking Russia to make sacrifices for the triumph of the Allied cause (recognition of the aspirations of Poland and Finland) when they, on their side, refused to admit that similar sacrifices were required of them. Later, when they realized that Prince Lvoff and Foreign Minister Miliukoff were disposed to hold to the czarist foreign policy and stood firm on the Polish question, the Entente statesmen decided to reaffirm the iniquitous program of the Milner-Doumergue negotiations, carried on at Petrograd on the very eve of the Revolution. Unaware that Russia was on the verge of a military collapse, they believed that maintaining the Russian alliance was worth more than posing as champions of Polish independence. M. Doumergue had asked Russian support for the annexation of the Saar Valley and the indefinite occupation of the left bank of the Rhine. In return the czarist statesmen insisted on all "liberated" territories being annexed to Russia.

The final French answer agreeing to sacrifice Poland reached Petrograd just when Lvoff gave way to Kerensky. Kerensky, avowed Socialist, declared that all secret treaties were repudiated by his Government. The barter of peoples against their will was contrary to the spirit of the Revolution. He waived Russia's claim to Constantinople and the straits, and answered France's action concerning Poland by proclaiming the independence of Poland—and all other subject nations! When he explained to the French and British ambassadors that the Russians could be no longer induced to keep up the fight against Germany except by a common pledge of renunciation of the old secret treaties and the adoption of a world-wide program of readjustment, there was no disposition to make these concessions to revolutionary Russia. "I

did not ask for more than what President Wilson announced were the war aims of the United States," Kerensky told me.

The Bolshevist demand for the assurance of a Wilsonian peace received the same uncompromising refusal. The Entente statesmen believed that it was possible to destroy the Bolshevist hold on Russia by supporting other factions in the civil war that immediately followed the second revolution of November, 1917. In their plan to restore the chess-board as it had been before the overthrow of czardom, they were enabled to enlist the coöperation of the United States and the whole-hearted support of their own peoples with the exception of the advanced Socialist and Labor elements. At the moment this was not a difficult thing. We were still in the heat of the struggle. Confronted by an unconquered Germany, whose menace was never more keenly felt than in the early months of 1918, few were disposed to examine the Russian situation dispassionately and argue that the Bolshevists had anything on their side in inviting us to join in a "peace of conciliation." It looked like a manœuver to help Germany. When the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk was signed, its terms seemed to prove that the Bolshevists had crassly betrayed the common cause and played into the hands of Germany. Neither this treaty nor that of Bukharest showed signs of Austro-German willingness to make a "peace of conciliation." While professing a world mission to establish a new social order, the Bolshevists were doing their part to contribute to the triumph of militarism and reaction and continued enslavement of free peoples in Europe.

"*Les Russes nous ont lâchés*," said the French with a bitterness that was natural and justifiable. For a quarter of a century France had relied on Russia. The enormous Russian government loans floated on the French market had been subscribed not as an investment, but as a matter of self-defense. By arming Russia, extending her railway system, building her fleets, France thought to render Germany powerless. The French people had stifled their traditional sympathy with Poland, conquered their aversion to what was an unnatural alliance for a democracy, kept quiet about pogroms and Siberian prisons, allowed the Russian police to abuse the right of asylum jealously maintained where political refugees of other nations were concerned, and paid out their good money all for protection against Germany. At the outbreak of the war France was saved by the thought of the Russian steam-roller pressing on to Berlin. Up to the summer of 1917 a vigorous reaction on the eastern front had relieved the pressure of every German offensive in the west. And now Russia had quit. A million Germans and Austrians were released for the new drive on Paris. It was the Bolshevists who had caused their country to abandon France. All the blame lay there. It was not hard to make the French believe that Lenine and Trotzky were vulgar German tools, leaders of a band of brigands paid by German gold to work for the King of Prussia. No story of blood lust, venality, immorality, and running amuck was too absurd to find credence. Lenine was the anti-Christ. Self-respecting countries could not be contaminated by having anything to do with the Bolshevists. All in Russia who opposed the Bolshevists were honest men fighting for the honor of their women, patriots fighting for the salvation of their country, crusaders fighting for civilization.

Much the same notions of Bolshevism and the Bolshevist leaders were circulated and accepted in Italy and Great Britain and the United States. But there could not be the same intensity of feeling as in France. The Russian defection did not affect the rest of the world as it did France either in its immediate or its remote consequences. Labor sentiment, sympathetic with Bolshevism, was remarkably strong in Italy. Italian workers, for instance, have celebrated with much éclat Lenine's birthday. Labor leaders and Liberals in Great Britain suspended judgment. In the United States, owing to our large Eastern European alien element and to internal labor problems, the international propaganda phase of the Bolshevist move-

ment was taken more seriously than in Europe. We got the Russian Revolution mixed up with our own internal social problems.

The ability to create and maintain public opinion hostile to the Bolshevists in the Allied countries made it possible for the Entente statesmen to continue, after the armistices, their war against Bolshevist Russia. The original motive for the intervention of our armies in Russia was justified as a war measure against Germany. From moderate socialists to czarists, Russian leaders had asked our aid against the Bolshevists. They were representative Russians to whose voice we had a right to listen. They told us that Russia was still an Allied nation, temporarily at the mercy of unscrupulous adventurers whose peace with Germany was not recognized by the great mass of the people. In order to keep up the common war against Germany on the eastern front, they wanted our money and material and as many soldiers as we could send to expel the usurpers and to reform the Russian Army. Even after we realized that we had the Germans beaten, this was still good policy. A pacified Russia, back in the Entente alliance, and whose representatives appeared with the rest of us at the peace conference, would have given the conference authority to speak for the whole world.

No reasonable man can blame the Entente statesmen for letting the Russian situation develop during the war in a haphazard way. Energies were bent and armies engaged upon the task at hand. Germans, Austrians, Bulgarians, and Turks had to be forced to sue for peace and to accept drastic armistice conditions as the price of suspension of hostilities. In war all policies are subject to events. Experiments and expedients are the order of the day. But after our enemies had laid down their arms, and we had rendered them powerless by taking their fleets and armaments and occupying portions of their territories, the first duty of our statesmen was to adopt some definite policy toward Russia. It was as evident then as it is now, eighteen months later, that peace could not be established in Europe and Asia until the victors decided what they were going to do about Russia. The political unity of one of our allies, Rumania, and of Poland, which we proposed to resurrect, depended upon detachment of provinces of Russia. We had promised Armenia, half of which was in Russia, her independence. We had recognized the independence of Finland. We were in diplomatic relations with the provisional governments of the Baltic Provinces, to one of which, Lithuania, we intended to give some German territory. Military considerations had led us into the Caucasus, where we had to negotiate with Georgians and Tatars. An Allied expeditionary force was at Archangel, and Japanese, British, and Americans had gone into Siberia to save the Czecho-Slovaks and important military stores at Vladivostok.

The problems were these: our rôle in the civil war in Russia; what we should say to Rumania in answer to her notification of the annexation of Bessarabia; the eastern frontiers of Poland and her share in the Russian national debt; the Russian frontiers of Armenia; our policy toward the Russian subject races seeking recognition of their independence; Russian rights in Persia; our duty toward Russia in the settlement of the Eastern question, especially in view of the provisions of secret treaties concluded during the war; revision of international agreements to which Russia was a partner; the place of Russia in the League of Nations and her assent to the new treaties to be dictated to enemy states; and the relations between Germany and Russia, seeing that we had compelled Germany to renounce the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk in the armistice. Some readers may be astonished at this formidable list, and think that it is folly to have expected the victorious Allies to pause and formulate a policy to cover these problems before going ahead with the peace conference. But at the time and since I have talked with Russians of all shades of political opinion. They differ from one another on many points, but they are unanimous in declaring that the Entente powers and the United States had no right to begin the peace conference

without enlightening the Russian people by a general statement of policy touching *all* these problems. The Russians go further. The warmest friends of France and Great Britain and the United States among them say that because we did not take this step, the work of the Conference of Paris and of the Supreme Council that succeeded it is null and void.

Diplomacy, at fundamental variance with the love of fair play of the nations represented by the diplomats, is able to get away with its dishonorable dealings because democracies do not understand and control their foreign policies. Paying back the Germans in their own coin by going them one better in their own game was no greater stain upon our statesmen than their treatment of Russia. We sometimes forget that along with the scrapped "fourteen points" there is another count in the indictment of the principal Allied and Associated powers—their treatment of the Russian Revolution. How do we appear after the application of what Wilson himself called "the acid test of our sincerity"?

If Allied statesmen believed that the great mass of the Russian people was opposed to Bolshevism and was being terrorized by a gang of ruffians, subsidized by Germany, the rigorous blockade of a hundred million human beings, our allies, was a crime. If, on the other hand, they believed that Russia was so contaminated with Bolshevism that a *cordon sanitaire* was necessary, continued military intervention after Germany had sued for peace was an act of war against a great nation, based upon our condemnation of that nation's management of its internal affairs. President Wilson made an honest effort to put an end to this anomalous situation by proposing the Prinkipo conference. The suggestion was howled down, but nothing constructive was adopted in its place. At the time Allied statesmen might have been justified in holding that the Bolshevists were usurpers; they were not justified, however, in withholding recognition of some sort of a *de facto* government for Russia. We called the Reds outlaws. Did it not follow that the Whites should have been considered to represent Russia?

Throughout the year 1919 Allied statesmen refused to make an honest effort to look upon the civil war in Russia from the point of view of how the Russian people could be helped to get on their feet. There was no sympathy for a great race in the throes of political and social evolution. We did not allow the Russians to work out their own salvation without interference. Nor did we give the anti-Bolshevists the benefit of our full and unreserved material and moral support, asking them to speak for Russia at the Paris conference and assuring them that we should take no decision affecting Russian territories and Russian interests without their participation and consent.

On the contrary, although they backed timidly and grudgingly what we called the All-Russian Government, Allied statesmen considered the occasion propitious for carrying out long-cherished schemes in foreign policies that would have been modified or blocked by any delegates at Paris representing Russian sentiment and Russian interests. I shall be specific.

1. *Italy's Adriatic policy.* Italy entered the war to secure the complete control of the Adriatic. She drove a hard-and-fast bargain in the secret negotiations with the other Entente powers. But the Treaty of London represented the extreme limit of Russia's concessions. Only because of the promise of Constantinople did the Russian foreign office yield on Dalmatia and Valona. Russia at the peace conference would have insisted upon a drastic modification of Italy's loot in return for giving up Constantinople. With Russia absent, Italy hoped to get from the conference Fiume and the Albanian protectorate.

2. *Great Britain's Persian and Palestinian policies.* The right to speak for Persia at Paris, the control of the Persian oil-field, with the Azerbaidjan Republic buffer, would have been denied to Great Britain by Russia at the peace conference. Nor would Russia have tolerated the Zionist scheme in Palestine. It would have been either a full share of the spoils for Russia or renunciation all around.

3. *France's Polish and Cilician pol-*

icies. Despite the Franco-Russian alliance, France had never believed that it was possible to use the Polish weapon to diminish Prussia and destroy Austria if that were to mean the further aggrandizement of Russia at the expense of European equilibrium. This problem has been treated frankly by French political writers, and was a source of anxiety to French statesmen in the early years of the war. Up to the end of the czarist régime France did not dare to champion the Polish cause. Even after the March revolution, the French Foreign Office agreed to sacrifice Poland. Russian defection gave France the opportunity of advocating the creation of a strong Poland wholly independent of Russia. This Poland, constituted with generous portions of Lithuanian and Ukrainian territory, would owe its existence to France and would be a *fait accompli,* guaranteed by all the powers, when Russia returned to health and strength. If France could not count definitely upon the renewal of the Russian alliance, she would at least have something to take its place on the eastern frontiers of Germany. France knew also that Russia, asked to waive her sovereignty over Armenia, would deny the French claims to Cilicia.

If any reader of THE CENTURY is inclined to be amazed by these statements, let him take this article to a Russian friend. The opinion of that particular Russian toward the internal problems of Russia is irrelevant. Whether he is imperialist or anti-imperialist is also irrelevant. Civil strife in Russia, involving radical social and political readjustment, has not destroyed—or indeed lessened—the national instinct of the Russians. They are an old and proud race, with as strong traditional aspirations for the power and prestige of their country as any central or western European nation. At the bottom their conversion to belief in a new order in international relations is dependent upon the conversion of the rest of the world. Whatever brand of Bolshevism or internationalism they may profess, they do not intend that the Russian Empire will make all the sacrifices to the doctrine of self-determination.

The ugly truth of the matter is that we are in wrong with all the Russians. When they were no longer able to help us, we turned against them. We gave no serious aid to the anti-Bolshevists. Our military intervention served only to betray those who had put their faith in us. And then we blamed for their failure those whom we had encouraged with false promises and to whom we did not furnish the means to succeed! We told them that the fault was theirs. We said it was a crime and disgrace for any Russians, even though driven by hunger or the duty of protecting and providing for their families, to enter into relations with the Bolshevists. But when we came to need their food supplies and felt that we could no longer afford not to sell them our goods, we decided to make peace with Bolshevists. We assure the Russians that we are still their best friends, whether they be for or against Lenine, and in the same breath warn them that if they show any friendliness to the Germans, it will confirm our constant and ill disguised suspicion that every Russian party was ready to betray "the common cause."

I think I can safely say, however, that what sticks hardest in the craw of Russians is the way the existence of Russia was ignored and kept assiduously out of the calculations at the peace conference. According to the exigencies of our fancied interests and *combinazione,* we blew hot or cold upon the aspirations of Russian subject nationalities. We drew up our various treaties with no regard for what Russia might have to say. We made our League of Nations with no place for Russia. We went merrily ahead with the solution of the Balkan and Ottoman questions on the assumption that Russia was out of the running.

Russia out of the running! If Allied statesmen had studied Russian history, especially the last century of Russian history, they would have hesitated before they began to trade on the disappearance of the Muscovite. The Baltic Provinces, the marches of Poland, the Black Sea littoral, the Caucasus and Transcaucasus, northern Persia, central Asia, and the eastern expansion to Vladivostok, are the fruit of patient

struggle and sacrifice, the realization of dreams of an empire-building people. The foreign policy of Russia, no better and no worse in method than that of any other European nation, was carried on through succeeding generations with remarkable tenacity and ability. And no more than any other foreign policy was that of Russia built upon whims and brutal lust for conquest. Russian foreign policy had its economic causes, which explained even when they did not excuse. It is folly to think that this has disappeared with the Revolution, and that the day of reckoning will not come for the nations whose statesmen thought to take advantage of Russia during her temporary period of anarchy. In the very near future the Russians are going to ask us to explain the Japanese in eastern Siberia, the Anglo-Persian Treaty of August, 1919, British activities in the Caucasus, the actions of British and French military missions in the Baltic Provinces and Lithuania, our negotiations with the Ukraine and Finland in the closing days of the war, the award of eastern Galicia to Poland, our Bessarabian policy with Rumania, and demand the complete minutes of the deliberations of the Allied premiers over Turkey. It will be a very rough and dangerous big bear that cries to each of us in turn, "Who has been sitting in my chair?"

We cannot bluff the bear. Our seapower will not worry him. And we may not be able to appease him by offering him a fair share of the spoils. He is quite capable of making up his mind that it is time for a change in friends and try the Germans.

Writing to President Wilson in April, 1919, Mr. Herbert Hoover pointed out, what was evident to all American observers in Paris, that Entente statesmen were counting upon getting American members on the commissions to be set up to enforce the conditions of the treaties in order to have the moral support of the United States to secure and maintain the advantages they expected to gain by the treaties. The moral support would inevitably entail material support, and we should find ourselves forced to aid certain European powers against others in matters from which we should derive no profit and the justice and common sense of which we questioned. Mr. Hoover contended that our ungrateful rôle would be that of a stalking horse. The same criticism holds good of our coöperation with the Entente in Russia. The Russian policy we assented to and helped carry out from 1917 to 1920 was inspired by the effort of the Allied premiers to further the traditional foreign policy each of his own country. We were the obliging tool, getting ourselves disliked by one good friend in order to help other good friends.

There is only one way out of the terrible mess we are in. We cannot withdraw from European affairs and shut ourselves up in our shell. That would be the coward's part, and, besides, the resultant anarchy and unrest in Europe would reach America very soon. We must insist upon a new peace conference which will carry out the promises made by all the Allied nations during the war. Allied statesmen will be requested to leave their traditional foreign policies at home, and look at problems of peace from the point of view of the people with whose territories they are dealing. The doctrine of self-determination will have to be applied with due regard to economic and geographical considerations. It will be possible to do this to the satisfaction of all if there is one weight and one measure and the same principles are applied everywhere and reciprocally.

A world-wide revision of the settlements in this manner will enable us to look the Russians in the face.

But if French and British and Italians insist on considering the decisions of the last eighteen months as definitive, and plead that it is only natural that they should conform to their traditional foreign policies, the Russians will answer that they, too, have a traditional foreign policy, and will seek friends where they can find them to aid in carrying it out.

American Gardens for All

By MARY HARROD NORTHEND

Photographs by the author

"It is a timely remark to interpose just here that a garden, a real garden, is not to be created by man overnight. . . . It is years, not months or weeks or days, that count in the creation of a real garden."

AND the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden . . . . and the Lord God took the man, and put him into the Garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it." Here in simple and beautiful phrases is the story of the first garden. It is impossible to take cognizance of the whole history of man's struggle to make the garden beautiful, but in modern history varying tendencies can be traced, showing the different influences of racial and national characteristics. These tendencies may be classified primarily as formal and informal.

The Japanese are the exponents of pure formalism, yet in their formalism is the art of the individual feature—the single flower in a vase of exquisite design, the solitary heron, gracefully posed on one long slender leg by the limpid pool upon whose surface there floats one beautiful water-lily, a bud and a perfect leaf.

Nothing is ever repeated in Japanese art, nothing ever balanced; the note of singleness gives that perfection of detailed workmanship which is unrivaled in the world. The Japanese garden presents a simple type of landscape-gardening; it shows a masterful use of little rustic bridges, artificial pools of water, and stiff terraced walks bordered with stiff little trees and uncomfortable little seats at inconvenient places: yet so consummate is the mastery of detail in this usage that the stiffness and artificiality are lost in the exquisite art of the completed whole. Truly the West may profit by the example of the East—the patient, painstaking East, which spends years to produce perfection, where we in the West want to arrive before we are fairly started, and to satisfy this mania for speed, put up with mediocrity in lieu of perfection.

It is a timely remark to interpose just here that a garden, a real garden, is not to be created by man overnight, as God created the Garden of Eden. It is years, not months or weeks or days, that count in the creation of a real garden. Whether it is formal or informal, a plan is as essential for a garden as it is for a house; but, unlike a house architect, the gardener can modify his plan as he progresses, because he is both architect and builder. The builder of a garden who lets some one else plan his garden for him is not a creator, and unless a garden is created, it is not a "real garden." To be a "real garden" means to be a garden with a soul, a personality, an atmosphere, which a stranger may enter with joy and leave with regret, feeling that he knows the creator of it.

This by no means implies that in making a plan for a garden, outside advice and suggestion is not to be sought

and employed by the creator as aids in carrying out his design. The accumulated knowledge of expert students of gardening in all its phases from the choice of seeds and seedlings to the carving out of beds and borders is at his disposal. Constant study and careful consideration are essential before even the first steps are taken to create a garden.

Italian gardens are also purely formal. It is the old Roman influence which furnishes the classic background for them. Marble fountains and statuary, carved urns and vases, make the prevailing note one with which the olive, myrtle, and cypress, favored trees of old Italian gardens, fittingly harmonize.

Water backgrounds frequently form the key-note of Italian gardens. Where this takes the form of lake or ocean view, simplicity and grandeur in decorative effects are invariably revealed: a marble seat, a classic urn on a beautiful pedestal and filled with the trailing myrtle, provide the right tone. With the beautiful blue of sea and sky the white of marble colonnades and porticos blends in matchless harmony, and the dark-green foliage produces the spell of sadness under which Italy broods.

In adapting this type of formalism in landscape-gardening to an American setting there is the one great risk of overdoing it. The trait of adaptability is a strong one in us Americans, and unhampered as we are by traditions, the world lies before us to choose from as we will. Fortunately, our sense of proportion is excellent, and despite the lack of centuries of training, there is an instinctive element of good taste which, combined with sound common sense, makes for sanity and moderation in any adaptations we may make from foreign countries.

It is natural that we, being an English-speaking people largely of Anglo-Saxon descent, should look to England for our inspiration. And just as there is no land where flowers grow more graciously or are loved more dearly, so there is no land whose flowers are more akin to ours or better adapted to our soil and climate. We cannot expect to grow all the English flowers, nor should we care to; moreover, we have flowers of our own, distinct American flora, which lend themselves more readily to the greater freedom of line and plan that rightfully belongs to us.

The predominantly distinctive feature of the American garden, as compared with all other countries, is openness. Decades ago we largely demolished the little white-painted fences with latched gates that separated our plots of land from our neighbors'. These were built by the early settlers who could not refrain from the instinct to provide a substitute for the age-old hedges of England. When we tore down these we struck a note of freedom in American gardening. Some there are who may question the advantage of this. Undeniably, the distinctive feature of the English garden is the hedge, in all its varied types and forms, the low box, the neatly trimmed hawthorne and privet, or the dense masses of laurel and rhododendron. A triple combination of hawthorne, privet, and laurel to the height of from twelve to twenty feet, and from six to eight feet deep, is often used on the street frontage, so effectually screening from the passer-by the delightfully intimate little tea-garden, with its rose-arbor and small shade-trees, that it may be classed as an outdoor living-room. Perhaps it is not pertinent, though not generally known, that the porch, portico, piazza, and veranda, along with exterior window-blinds or shutters, are unknown and unused adjuncts to the English dwelling-house. But the hedge is common to all. It is true that hedges can be grown in this country, but why trouble to produce an imitation of that whose perfection is already achieved in another country? Better by far to develop the effect which is ours—continuity and unbroken line of greensward, with artistically spaced flower-beds, which make or should make of every street and avenue a beautiful parkway wherein those who have none may feel they have a share. There is usually some vantage-spot near the house which can be utilized as a family recreation-ground, and when mosquitos come into their own on hot summer afternoons and evenings, a well-screened porch living-room is far more practicable, if not so picturesque.

Therefore we may leave to the few

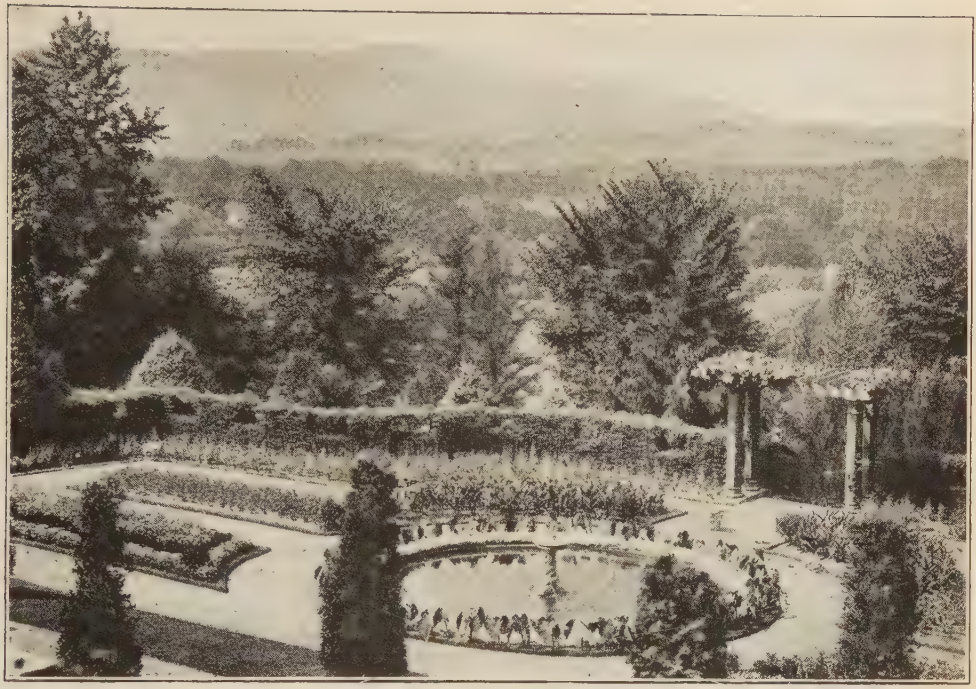
The garden of Mr. William Moulton, Newburyport, Massachusetts

the development of the hedge and wall, together with the art of the Italian landscape effect, and continue in the main to develop in our own fashion, keeping always in mind that simplicity is the true key-note of beauty. The elaboration of effort required to produce simplicity in effect will give ample scope to the ambitious and industrious gardener, and the satisfaction of his soul when he has attained true simplicity will amply repay him for the pangs of foregoing some intricate and showy enterprise by which he may have been tempted.

What, then, is the feature of the English garden which lends itself most readily to adaptation in the American garden? Undoubtedly, the border bed of hardy perennials. It is both practicable and charming, without ostentation, though glowing with color, carefully arranged, though growing without restraint. Here are the flowers of yesterday, the old-fashioned flowers that stir the senses and arouse the imagination. Memories haunt the paths along which they are planted. There is romance in the names of larkspur and foxglove, bachelor's buttons and love-in-a-mist, marguerites and amaryllis, canterbury bells and columbines, anemone and harebell, the evening primrose and asphodel, the glowing scarlet of the giant poppies and the blue of delphiniums.

Let the fancy run riot in choosing the species and varieties, but a certain order in their arrangement must be observed. Nothing could be better or more helpful in this regard than the following description by an eminent English gardener, a practical gardener:

> But, for all practical intents and purposes, every six inches of ground could contain its plant, so that no six inches of bare ground need obtrude on the eye. Almost any kind of bare rock has a certain beauty, but I cannot say that bare ground is ever beautiful. Nature covers bulbs with greenery, and we can do it in our gardens. Well, supposing the back of the border filled with delphiniums and phloxes and roses, pegged down, and other summer and autumn-blooming plants, and supposing the border to be made as I have described it, I should



The garden of the late Joseph H. Choate at Stockbridge, Massachusetts

carpet the ground at the back with winter-blooming flowers, so that when the roses are bare and the delphiniums and phloxes have not pushed above the ground, the border should even then be a blaze of beauty. Crocuses, snowdrops, aconites, and primroses are quite enough for that purpose. . . . .

If once you get it into your head that no bit of ground ought ever to be seen without flowers, or immediate prospects of flowers, heaps of combinations will immediately occur to those conversant with plants and the deep rooting habits of most bulbs, and the surface rooting of most herbaceous plants. For instance, colchicums and daffodils, with a surface of *Campanula pusilla alba*. The big leaves of the colchicum grow in spring and there would be nothing but leaves were it not for the masses of daffodils. By and by the leaves of the colchicum and daffodils are dry enough to pull away, and then the *Campanula*, be it *pusilla*, *pusilla alba* or *turbanata alba*, comes into a sheet of bloom. Before the bloom has passed away, the colchicum blooms begin to push up, and as some of my colchicums are five inches across, of the richest rose color, I do not exactly feel that this is a colorless kind of gardening, and as I have a hundred different kinds of daffodils, this little arrangement will not be without interest in the spring.

Color schemes must of course be worked out by the individual gardener, but in a border of the herbaceous variety there is less risk than elsewhere of clashing effects. The colors to be chary of are magentas and deep purples, but by the judicious use of masses of white and green even these have their value; a gay and buoyant atmosphere is desirable. Tall daisies of black and gold or white and gold can be used to great advantage in large masses, and a few evergreen shrubs are excellent neutralizers and form the best of backgrounds for all brilliant flowers.

Contrast is as essential as harmony. But why attempt to restrict or detail a gardener's work in building a border? The process of transplanting and regrouping is a never-ending source of delight, and experience is the best teacher. It will take years to fill all the gaps and

spaces, but the results will be permanent. There is no more economical investment than a good border bed of hardy perennials of the herbaceous variety, and the Old-World charm thus secured is as much ours as England's. Unlucky indeed is he who cannot call up visions of grandmother's garden, with its old-fashioned flowers, narrow paths, and quaint borders. The present day is happily one of reversion to the old, after a period of extreme and highly intensified plant culture in which beauty and charm have frequently been subordinated to the rare and exotic. In the general relaxation from war strain, there is a popular longing for the peaceful, the restful, and in gardens the familiar flowers and the border bed are the best of all mediums for translating this longing into reality. The border bed has had first place because it has been the least developed of English garden features, and should be the most, on account of the possibilities of making it equal, if not surpass, England's own.

Far and away beyond all other beauties of English gardens is the rose garden. The glory of English flowerdom is the rose, queen of flowers the world over, but developed in the British Isles to a superlative degree. Unfortunately, the only part of the United States where Irish and English roses find a kindred soil is in Oregon and parts of the Pacific coast farther south. However, they flourish in the East fairly well, even if sometimes with a loss of color, and we have developed a range of varieties which are indigenous to our soil and produce blooms which closely rival England's in quality and hardiness. One beautiful specimen of recent culture, which should be used much more generally, is the climbing American Beauty, whose rich salmon pink and large blooms produce themselves with luxuriance, yet can be used as cut flowers equally well with the blooms from the choicest low bushes. Grown on a trellis, it can be successfully utilized for arbors.

A very delightful effect may be produced with the Dorothy Perkins, Crimson and other ramblers by utilizing rough cedar posts at regular intervals, and training the rose-vine in spiral effect, allowing the tops to spread out and trail downward, as if growing from a basket. The English umbrella method of pruning the rose stalks bare to a certain height and then allowing the branches to run out over an umbrella-shaped wire frame is effective where there is a lawn space in which a dozen or more of these rose umbrellas can be symmetrically grouped. There is scarcely a border in an old-English garden but has its sweet-smelling brier rose, unpruned, and quite probably filling a corner or end of the border, with its soft-toned, mossy, thick green and the waxy-white purity of its single blooms. Here and there close to the edge of the bed nestle low-growing dwarf yellow and pink tea-roses, tempting one to stoop and pluck a boutonnière. A simple cottage doorway, with a narrow trellis on each side and the old-fashioned pink cabbage rose clambering up to meet over the top, has its attraction even for the sophisticated.

There is still a third feature from English garden-lore which may well be carried out and more generally developed in the American garden—the rockery. The use of rocks is so varied that even the most unpretentious estate may surely afford some phase of rock-gardening. Like the border bed, the rock garden is adaptable to our climate and our native flora. The so-called alpine rock plants, when analyzed, prove to be not foreign to our soil, nor are their names strange to our ears. The rather forbidding feature proves to be the difficulty in procuring specimens to start with. He who chooses to fill his rock beds with genuine rock plants must be of a persevering temperament. And to insure against the slowness of the process of their acquisition, he would do well to provide some temporary substitutes such as pansies and nasturtiums, and more especially sweet alyssum, mignonette, candytuft and lobelia, all of which save the pansies are annuals, growing easily from seeds sown in the open. The tufted pansy, in its self colors of lavender-blue, yellow, and pure white, can be grown from seed, but it is a slower process, and the young plants, if obtainable, will give better first-year results.

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The garden of Mr. H. S. Bigelow at Cohasset, Massachusetts

The dainty little Iceland poppies give charming effects. After growing these commonplace flowers and seeing the results, it will not be surprising if many give up the quest for alpines and choose to develop on freer lines. Not that the alpines are un-American. The thing which characterizes the true alpine is its diminutiveness; so small are they that they seem to grow out of the crannies and crevices of the rock like moss clinging to the surface. This is true of their wild state, as shown in our native mountain heights equally with the alpine districts. The great objective in domesticating these wild gems of the moun-

A part of the Barnard garden laid out as a rock-garden

tains is to keep them in their natural state, and this involves great care in selecting the environment. There are so many technicalities in the basic construction of a rockery that few amateurs should undertake single-handed the beginnings. After some one with knowledge of the subject has provided against errors of site, drainage, and choice of soil, if the would-be rock-gardener has not gained a general understanding of first principles, he had better abandon the attempt or let some one else complete it. And there is such art in evolving the successful rock garden that the true lover of conquest will never abandon his project.

Undoubtedly, the best and cheapest way to make a start is to secure seeds, if possible, from Switzerland and plant in hot-beds in the late summer, transplanting gradually until a sufficient number of sturdy seedlings have been hardened off. Then transplant to their carefully prepared niches in the rockery, keeping the color perspective well in mind. This gives the root fibers a chance to take hold and become acclimated, and should produce good bloom results for the following spring. If it is possible to secure native wild flowers in their season and transplant them, the gain is apparent. Plain wood flowers are quite as good as the strictly rock-growing species. Here are a few: hepatica, solomon's seal, blood-root, Dutchman's breeches, and all wood violets. Primroses, anemones, cowslips, auriculas, and polyanthus grow in masses and ought to be obtainable, as are the various saxifrages. Moss pinks sown in a bed of real gray moss will prove entrancing. If there is any shade, and there should be to produce a really sylvan effect, native ferns may well be employed to relieve the hardness of the rock background.

In referring to rockeries and rock-gardens, while the same general meaning is implied, there is a generally defined distinction between the two. A rockery is a specific space of rock pile devoted most exclusively to the true rock species of plants, while a rock garden may include a series of rocky situations developed into various plans,

according to the natural conditions and the owner's whims and fancies. In connection with a rock-garden, it is possible to introduce a water-garden; but as this will require professional skill and a heavy financial outlay, it is not practicable for the modest garden of the average man. A simple artificial fountain or a bird-bath will be more within bounds and will supply the summer coolness without incurring the risk of a possible unhealthy miasma. In a large estate, where the grounds are so extensive as to permit of sufficient isolation, a water-garden containing bog plants and water-lilies, sweet-flag and cattails and purple irises, approached by a sunken path, with rock borders on each side, will provide a charm of its own. Here a touch of Japanese art might be fittingly introduced,—stepping-stones in the water, nine in number,—and a stone lantern where the path joins the lake will cast an Oriental glamour.

The reader will have little difficulty in deducing that the present-day trend in garden building is toward the informal, and not hesitating to strike out on entirely original lines. Perhaps it might be said that originality, just so far as eccentricity be avoided, is the true key-note of the successfully American garden. A typical illustration of this is worth depicting, as it is a true story of how a modest man, with a modest two-and-a-half acres of decidedly rough pasture land, has created for himself a real garden. His land was blessed with plenty of rocks, scattered about, a doubtful blessing when it came to picking ten thousand—his own estimate—out of a rose-bed. He combined the task of clearing up the rocks with that of building a wall around the two frontages—a low wall of variegated rocks carelessly piled and welded together with home-made cement. The wall was to him more pleasing than a hedge,—hedge-mad they were in that particular neighborhood, he said,—and he did n't have to wait for it to grow. He was the master mason.

Inside the wall he planted nasturtiums, easy to grow, appropriate, and homelike. The wealth of rioting green, with the rich variegations of color bursting unexpectedly through the

Rambler roses in the garden of Mr. Thomas W. Lawson

irregular top, spilled carelessly down over the sides. He chose for his entrance a natural opening, with boulder rocks on each side. At the gateway he planted a rough cedar post, hewed from the land with his own ax, and furnished with a single braced arm. From it there depended a real old ship's lantern.

The path he planned to lead up the slope gradually, past the best vantage-points, and he ingeniously adapted the stepping-stone idea by using home-molded slabs of cement, sinking them into the ground, and sowing in grass-seed to overlap the edges. At the first curve, where there were two pine-trees, he fashioned a rustic table and two comfortable benches. From here one could obtain a restful ocean view. At the top of the slope his path deviated to pass around another large boulder, where a solid cement base merged into the path on the curved side; but for the rest he employed hand-broken "rotten rock" loosely bound with cement. On the other side, and shutting off the side entrance, was another pile of rocks. To the boulders he added smaller rocks, filled the niches with good loam and soil, and in them planted cannas—cannas in all of his rockeries until he can find the proper rockery-plants! Clumps of beautiful pansies were the only accompaniment to the rich summer foliage of the canna, but the late September bloom made a long season of rich coloring.

A second pathway leading to the back door from the front divided the cultivated from the uncultivated, and on the uncultivated side, with beautiful natural birches and low shrubbery for background, he plotted in his modest rose-bed—the bed of the erstwhile ten thousand rocks. On a long, narrow ledge on the slope of the lawn he set a Dorothy Perkins, growing flat to the surface. What a charming spot of color in the midst of the verdure of the carefully trimmed lawn! Just another bit of labor provided a corner trellis as the back-door screen, and roses of the American Beauty variety lent their rich pink to the greenery in covering the cream-painted latticework. Nasturtiums, pansies, cannas, and roses—surely a modest beginning, though the end is not yet.

Japanese tea-house at Iristhorpe

How Can Germany Pay?

By BERNHARD DERNBURG

Former Minister of Finances, former Colonial Secretary, member of the National Assembly

THE CENTURY *prints the following article by Dr. Dernburg merely to show the attitude of the German Government, as expressed by one of its leading publicists, in regard to the amount of war indemnity which has been imposed upon that country by the Allied powers. Dr. Dernburg attempts to show by statistics and conditions the inability of Germany to meet this obligation.*—THE EDITORS.

THE PROBLEM

AN economic writer[1] who acted as British delegate to the Paris peace conference has computed the amount payable by Germany under the terms of the treaty at the enormous amount of £8,000,000,000, to be liquidated within thirty years, with compound interest added. This interest clause means by itself a doubling of the capital amount. But figuring only the capital of $40,000,000,000 at the present rate of exchange of one cent to the mark, the sum demanded means no less than 4,000,000,000,000 marks.

The German wealth before the war was estimated variously as between 250,000,000,000 and 300,000,000,000 marks. The Allied claim would therefore be from thirteen to sixteen times the entire German wealth. In order to liquidate a capital within thirty years, an annuity, on a five-per cent. interest basis, of six and one-half per cent. is required. So the *yearly* payments by Germany would amount to 260,000,000,000 marks, equal to the total value of all German property, state and private, before the war. This amount must be paid in foreign exchange. The Allies have the choice of currencies, and as the dollar is worth its face-value, the pound about two thirds of its face-value, and the francs of the various countries all the way down from thirty-eight to thirty per cent., the choice would presumably be in dollars! How can Germany get foreign exchange? The quotation of one cent for the mark means that the mark is worth about four per cent. of its face-value, and conclusively proves that Germany cannot buy foreign exchange even now, before the treaty provisions demand any cash payment at all.

Though we assume that this state of things is only temporary and a change for the better may perhaps be attainable on certain conditions hereafter, nevertheless, the figures show at a glance that our question is most difficult of solution. The power of any one nation to pay in foreign exchange depends on its ability to export in excess of imports and cost of living and on the possibility of liquidating claims the nation holds in foreign countries or on goods and chattels foreigners will buy. Now of claims—businesses, credits, houses, land (including colonies), foreign securities—Germany has none. Everything she had, has been taken from her under the Versailles instrument without compensation. There is yet a certain amount of gold in the Reichsbank (about $250,000,000), but this is also already earmarked for reparation account.

There remains only Germany's ability to make a profit on exports over imports, and to pay with such profits. Now, in the days of her highest prosperity the export trade of Germany footed up to 10,000,000,000 marks. Figuring a profit of, say, twenty per cent. on that trade, it meant an increase of wealth, convertible, with foreign exchange, to $500,000,000 in gold, or at

[1] John Maynard Keynes, "The Economic Consequences of the Peace."

the present rate of exchange, to 50,000,000,000 paper marks, or one fifth of the annuity computed above.

But Germany had then about 3,000,000 more people than to-day, had all her coal, all her colonies, all her business in foreign countries, all her ships, and an internal transportation system corresponding to her needs. The German business consisted mostly in the production of high-grade goods based on coal and foreign raw materials. For our imports we paid in finished goods of high grade and value, had a very thorough business organization in all parts of the globe, carried not only our own goods, by a great part of those of other countries, in her own bottoms, and enjoyed an unchallenged credit as a state and as private persons. Moreover, we had all within our own frontiers the iron ore necessary for a highly industrialized nation. As regards staple products for export, Germany always was a poor country. She could never feed her dense population on the produce of her soil, and of exportable raw material she had a certain amount of coal and a kind of monopoly in potash. So the life of Germany depended on her position in international business, on her foreign trade, on the purchasing power of the mark, and on the cleverness of her business people in catering to the wants of her customers abroad.

We shall now examine the present state of things in Germany under the treaty, taking the elements of production—public and private credit, labor, coal, raw produce, and food stuffs—in this order.

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE CREDIT

THE credit of a nation depends on the stability and reliability of her government and institutions. We now have a democratic republic with strong socialist leanings, since the greatest party which furnishes the majority of the cabinet is the Socialist party. German socialism is not of a virulent and extreme character. Though it feels bound not to abandon its old program, the coalition entered into with the democratic factions — German Democratic and Christian People's party (the Catholic center)—has further forced the Majority Socialists to the belief that the time is not ripe for a general introduction of a Socialist program, but to enter, by way of numerous concessions, into a policy which permits Germany to work and produce under the same system that obtains with her neighbors and adversaries. The Government has successfully fought all attempts at Bolshevism, sometimes with a considerable force of arms and much bloodshed, and it has also carried all measures to make the country safe for democracy against the many partizans of the old régime. The coalition is strong, numbering 320 members out of a total of 421, though it has been weakened, first, by the conditions of the peace treaty, which were considered unfair and impossible, and which, with the pistol at its head, the Government had to sign under protest; second, by enormous taxation, which surpasses, as business men believe, the capacity of the economic structure and cuts deep into all capital. No parliament raising taxation to from four to five times the former level can really remain popular. A third source of weakness is the extradition demand of the Allies, which is considered unbearable and against the national honor, is incapable of execution, and brings the country to the verge of civil war and chaos.

The desperate position of our monetary system, the lack of food, its uneven distribution, and the disorganization of labor are also laid at the door of the coalition. It is to be feared that the coming elections will considerably reduce the support and the authority of a government that in my deliberate judgment is the only one possible in the circumstances. Whatever Germany can pay depends upon the stability of the present combination, as neither the militaristic and imperialistic right nor the communistic left can give any guaranty whatsoever.

The credit of a country depends upon its finances. Exclusive of the debts of the component states and communes, our government debt amounts to-day to perhaps 220,000,000,000 marks. About 90,000,000,000 is funded, while the

rest is floating debt represented by treasury certificates that fall due every three months. Since the gold in the bank is already earmarked for the Entente, commercial bills are as good as non-existent, and foreign exchange is entirely lacking, the whole German currency is based on these treasury bills. The money in circulation is now about 50,000,000,000 marks in paper as against 2,500,000,000 before the war. The expenditure of Germany over her income is about 2,000,000,000 marks *monthly*, with a growing indebtedness to foreign countries for food and raw products. This state of things verges on bankruptcy and calls for drastic measures. The internal budget of Germany, including the component states, was estimated in December last at 25,000,000,000 marks as against from 6,000,000,000 to 7,000,000,000 marks before the war. The main expenditure is:

For the consolidated and floating debt (without amortization)	10,000,000,000
For war pensions	4,500,000,000
For army and navy (reduced as demanded by the treaty)	1,500,000,000
For all governmental services	2,000,000,000
For the expenditure of the various single states, cities, and communes	6,500,000,000
	24,500,000,000

In this statement there is nothing for reparation; it merely covers the absolute necessaries to keep the German machinery running and guarantee law and order.

This expenditure is to be covered:

(a) by the confiscation of all war profits of whatever nature, leaving to no one person a higher increase of property for the last two years than 172,000 marks, or $1700. The tax is estimated as likely to bring in about 12,000,000,000 marks.

(b) By the so-called *Reichsnotopfer* (literally "Emergency Sacrifice"), running up to sixty-five per cent. of all fortunes above 7,000,000 marks, but cutting also very deeply into minor fortunes, and threatening most seriously the working capital of most private enterprises of medium size (limited companies pay only ten per cent. of their surplus).

These extraordinary levies must be paid in the case of (a) either at once or in very short instalments; in case of (b) it can also be paid in annuities spread over thirty years. The proceeds will be applied to the cancelation of treasury bills, thereby reducing the inflated currency. The budget will be lightened by these two taxes by about three billion marks yearly. The fortunes thus reduced are subject to a very heavy estate and inheritance tax. The estate is first taxed as a whole with moderate dues, then the inheritance of each single heir is again subjected to taxes running up to sixty per cent., according to the size of the inheritance and the degree of kinship of the heir. A peculiar feature is that the tax increases with the size of the fortune that the heir already possesses at the date of his inheritance. A rich nephew inheriting a large sum from a distant uncle may have to pay up to ninety per cent. of the inheritance. While this is an extreme case, the taxation of the lower inheritances is as high as can possibly be borne. This tax will bring in about 8,000,000 marks. Next in order is the new taxation of income. Let us follow the fate of the raw profit in an industrial undertaking of corporative form. First there is a business tax (*Gewerbesteuer*) of, say, ten per cent. Then there is the income tax on corporations, which amounts in well-to-do concerns to twenty per cent. of the profits. The balance distributed to the shareholders is next subject to a dividend tax of ten per cent., and whatever remains to an income tax for persons running from ten to sixty per cent. on incomes over 500,000 marks. The dividend tax is also levied upon the fruits of all other kind of capital (interest) at the same rate.

But this is not the end. It is further proposed to have a tax on the increase of fortunes running from three to ten per cent., and finally a tax on potential

saving, a monstrous measure meant as a penalty against luxury and squandering, by taxing heavily everybody who, according to his income, might and should have saved, but has not. This last measure is about the only one that in my opinion the Reichstag is not likely to pass.

In order to pass this program, the federation had to take over the whole taxation of the country (except the house and real-estate taxes, the business tax, and the pleasure tax) and to frame an absolutely new tax code, with very stringent provisions to assure a correct assessment and to punish tax-shying people. The direct taxation above described is estimated to be likely to yield about 12,000,000,000 marks yearly. The rest is made up of indirect taxation and import duties on all well known articles, but running into very high percentages.

Peculiar to the new system is the *Umsatzsteuer* (turnover tax). It levies one and one half per cent. on each turnover of goods and on all professional services. As this tax, in the course of manufacture and trade, is levied at each separate stage in which the respective unfinished or finished product passes in the process of production, it is a very heavy charge on the finished article. Under the terms of professional services fall all services of doctors, lawyers, literary men, etc. This turnover tax law contains a very large list of so-called luxury articles that pay fifteen per cent. These articles are, however, for the most part no luxuries at all, but such commodities that people of taste and means generally buy in order to maintain a half-way decent state of culture. The estimated yield of this taxation is about 4,000,000,000 marks annually.

These few instances show the earnest desire of Germany to put her house in order, to strengthen her internal credit, and to prepare for satisfying, as far as possible, the demands of the commission of reparations. These must be met by further taxation and the exploitation of natural resources. Their yield depends upon the productivity of German industry; that is, in the first place on the state of labor.

LABOR

After the revolution, the coming into power of the Socialists, as the only compact and organized party, raised very extravagant hopes with all workmen, and one of the first acts of the new men was the introduction of a maximum working day of eight hours, with prohibition of overshifts. It was not only the Socialist program that led to this decision. The automatic demobilization of an army of 8,000,000 men in from three to four weeks opened up prospects for unemployment on such a gigantic scale that Germany had to go on short hours. Nevertheless, as a fact, the industrial breakdown of Germany dates from that decision. The workmen who came back were tired after four years of war, discontented and disillusioned; they did not wish to change the life in the trenches, bad as it had been, for intensified work in the shops, as would have been necessary. Besides, the machinery had run down, raw material was of an unsatisfactory quality, and, above all, the new freedom that was so loudly heralded should, so they thought, have some meaning to them also. This meaning they interpreted as "more to eat and less to work."

The necessity of Germany's working more and harder than other nations since she had not only to produce for herself, but also for reparation account could not be put into the heads of the working class, and no reasonable man could expect it at that time. The result, however, has been disastrous for our finances. We produced at the rate of 100 to consume at the rate of 150. We ran into debts in Neutralia, and consumed the little surplus there was at home. Since that time Germany has lived on credit, printing paper money and in selling out to foreigners. This is the central point of the whole problem.

Unless we produce more than we can consume, and do it in articles that can be exported, we cannot pay at all. This fact is recognized also by the Government. When I took charge of the finance ministry last year I proposed an extra hour of work called the

Reichsarbeitsstunde, proceeds of which were to go toward the redemption of the country from the bondage of the treaty. The present ministry, while still adhering to the eight-hours day in principle, favors overshifts in all trades, has rejected the six-hour day in coal-mining, and does generally everything for higher production. But it is impossible to expect very great results as long as the workman is not properly fed, clothed, and housed. The death-rate from tuberculosis has risen from 13.65 for every 10,000 in 1913 to 22.83 in 1918. This tells the whole story. Our people are willing to fulfil their share, but they must be assisted in food and cloth from abroad in exchange for other goods that we are able to send. However here a new difficulty arises.

COAL

GERMANY has under the treaty been deliberately stripped of at least one third of its coal-producing area, and nearly all iron ore; nevertheless, the Allies have imposed on the remaining two thirds the delivery to France, Belgium, and Italy of 40,000,000 tons more. The avowed purpose is to cripple Germany as a competing manufacturing nation. But you cannot hit in two directions at the same moment. Either Germany is to be excluded from competition in foreign markets by want of coal and raw material, or you cannot ask her to pay enormous sums in foreign exchange, which she can get only in selling goods abroad. If you wish her to pay an enormous indemnity, you cannot strangle her activity by taking from her the tools of commerce—coal, transports, raw materials. As the treaty stands to-day, it is incapable of execution.

TRANSPORTS

GERMANY had to give up of her entire merchant fleet all ships of over 1600 tons, half of those under 1600 tons, and ten per cent. of all river craft. It had to deliver 5000 locomotives and 150,000 cars. Thus the German flag is wiped off the seas, and the domestic interchange of goods is most seriously hampered.

RAW MATERIAL

THE peace-treaty promises to Germany a certain amount of raw material and food stuffs. Nothing has been heard so far from the Allies as to this provision. Without raw material on credit, even if it be only a revolving credit, no surplus can be shipped out of the country and foreign exchange created.

CONCLUSION

FIRST, Germany cannot pay the whole indemnity that is being asked.

Second, time must be granted and credits in raw stuff and food must be extended.

Third, the demands of the peace-treaty as regards coal and other deliveries in kind must be reduced.

Fourth, in that case we will soon be able to pay something every year toward reparation. The payments will increase with the rise of the German mark that will be the sequel of a restoration of industrial life, financial reforms, better transports, and greater security.

HOW THE UNITED STATES IS CONCERNED

ALL economic life over the whole globe is a unit in this time of rapid intercourse and intense commercial relations. No chain is stronger than its weakest link. The weakest link in the chain is now Germany. If this link should snap, our country going bankrupt and Bolshevist, a second great empire would be lost to world trade and activity. The quotations of all foreign exchange run on parallel lines. The interdependence is clear and simple. If Germany cannot pay, becoming bankrupt, as a consequence of the treaty, France will become so, too. France owes to the United States and to England some 30,000,000,000 francs at par, at the present rate of exchange of about 300, equal to 90,000,000,000 francs. Her debtors are Russia, Belgium, Italy, all less solvent than France or entirely insolvent. Besides, France owes enormous sums on private account, the balance of trade against her in 1919 being not less than 25,000,000,-

000 francs at the then much higher foreign exchange. So France's hope is that Germany will pay. French credit is quoted very low in the world of finance, the refunding loan of last month having proved an absolute failure in London, and the interest due to the United States has had to be temporarily remitted. This situation of course rebounds on England, France's greatest creditor. England's finances show the same hippocratic character as France's—great inflation at home, falling exchange abroad. With an unstable pound, England loses her prestige as the foremost money market of the world. Who can keep a reserve in a currency that now returns seventy pounds for a hundred deposited a year ago?

Now, as to the position of the United states. It cannot be challenged under any aspect whatsoever, yet the United States loaned about £2,000,000,000 to the various victors. Reckoned at the present exchange rates, they amount to some £4,250,000,000, which these countries have to pay interest on or to remit. Some, yes, most of them, are unable to do so, because they have made poor use of their victory. But neither can the world trade recover. A low rate of exchange for a country means a Chinese wall around it. It cannot buy from abroad, and therefore cannot sell. It cuts itself off from the commerce of the world. All it possibly can do is to barter with neighbors in a small way. This is to-day the case with Russia, and Germany is the chief loser; it is the case with Germany, and her creditors have to deplore it. France's credit is so low that she cannot take delivery of goods ordered in Switzerland, and the United States and England are the worse for it.

Finally, it is England that raises the greatest distrust and irritation by the quotation of her bills in New York. England is the link that is nearest connected with the United States. All these countries are one and all infected and unable to recover because of the inherent immorality and foolishness of a peace instrument of imperialistic and militaristic character. And with this situation the United States, the mother country of the "fourteen points," is most deeply concerned. In the circumstances one may well be entitled to ask, How can Germany pay? After what I said before, I leave the answer to a generous reader, adding of my own solely, What Germany can pay, she will.

Free Will

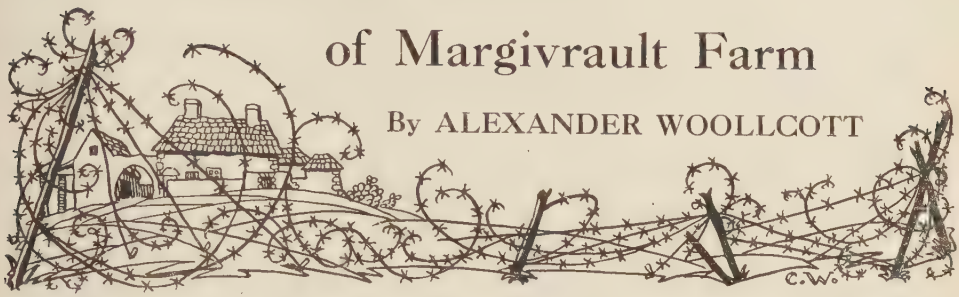
By IRENE RUTHERFORD McLEOD

All day the patient horses come and go
  Over the sloping field against the sea,
  And patient men walk with them, leisurely,
Dumb as the beasts, monotonous and slow.
When they have done, they 'll bring the seeds and sow,
  And earth will foster them obediently,
  Nor hold her life from them, lest they should be
Weeds in her womb that all in vain must grow.

And as I watch those slow men laboring,
  My soul within me stirs, and fiercely cries:
"Mother, thy least dependent is thy king;
  "And thou, his slave, must bear his chosen prize!"

Be proud, my soul! Henceforth thou walk'st alone,
Who say'st, "this I reject," and "this I own."

The Old Woman of Margivrault Farm



By ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

Illustrations by Claggett Wilson

June, 1920, is the first anniversary of the Battle of Belleau Wood, a name that must always remain a cherished memory in American history. The following incident, true in detail and event, took place on a farm in a small village near the famous battle-ground.

IT was in the little courtyard dining-room of the Duc d'Aquitaine at Meaux that I first heard the story of the old woman of Margivrault Farm. It was told me by an American named Wilson, sometime lieutenant in the Fifth United States Marines, who, like myself, had come back in the second spring to make a slow pilgrimage afoot through the valley of the Marne. We had met while washing away the dust of the road at the dripping spigot in the yard, and later, over our confiture and cheese, became minded to make the rest of the journey in each other's company.

I think the subject came up when a puttering old chap from the shop next door roamed in and sat down for no other purpose than to ask us if it were true, as some Americans had tried to tell him, that at home we did not allow ourselves the luxury of drinking wine. When we told him it was quite, quite true, he smiled incredulously and lingered, fascinated.

"You have forgotten me, Monsieur," I said, "but I remember you well enough. I saw you in this very room in the summer of 1918. And you live here still?"

He looked at me in mild wonder.

"I was born here, Monsieur."

Whereat Wilson laughed fondly, and poured him out a glass of the Pommard we were drinking. Later, when the old man had gone mooning out, Wilson said:

"There, if you ask me, you have the chief reason why all this is not German domain to-day, why we at home are not preparing feverishly for a German invasion of America. The kaiser sent an irresistible force into France, and it went to smash against an immovable body—the French home."

"With all its customs and all its thrift and all its love," I agreed. "I remember thinking just that this time last year, when I happened into Grand Pré and found amid the cold ruins of the town sixteen families that had crawled back because they preferred living in damp cellars that were their own to all the handsome hospitality the rest of France might have to offer. Funny thing; I found, too, a forlorn detachment of American cavalrymen, officerless and sore, left behind to stand guard over nothing at all and convinced that they had been forgotten by the army and by America. They had nothing much to do except take pot shots at the hungry cats that used to prowl the piles of rubble when dusk came on. Their morale was all shot to pieces. They had forgotten all about reveille

and police. They had degenerated into a slovenliness that would have made Pershing swoon. That was why I noticed especially the one soldier who was industriously prinking, splashing himself boisterously from a pail of water, slicking down his hair, and shining his shoes as if for some great inspection. The rest jeered at him, but it was the jeer of envy. It seemed there was just one mam'zelle in all Grand Pré and that they shook dice each day to see whose turn it would be to call on her that evening. Beau Brummel, of course, had won. I could not help wondering where and how she received her callers, and they explained that she went walking with them down the lane of shattered houses and along the bridgeless Aire.

"'But,' they added, half sulky, half admiring, 'her ma always tags along. That old woman she never lets her daughter out of her sight.'

"Whenever I see Grand Pré on the map, I always think of the *jeune fille* of the cellar. Only a French city would preserve in its ruins the institution of the duenna."

"Here 's to the French home!" said Wilson, and when he had filled the glasses again, he told me an unwritten chapter in the history of Belleau Wood, the story of his adventure in the Margivrault Farm. I set it down as he told it.

Wilson first saw the Grande Margivrault Farm that first wild week in June when the marines came tumbling into this sector from all parts of France. Two years later he could remember every line of it, the square, smelly courtyard; the long, century-old stables and grain-sheds, where later our boys lay blood-smeared and dirty, and slept and slept; the crumbling spring-house, caved in by a random shell; and the little side garden of roses, then a crazy jumble of color and fresh fragrance. It was a clear enough picture. The things they saw and smelt and heard that first excited, elated week are all memories less blurred than much that came later, when they had grown tired and a little dull.

The farm-house stood just a few minutes' walk from poor old Lucy-le-Bocage. From its attic windows one could look across the wheat-fields and see the dark patch of woods, perhaps a mile farther on, that was to become famous in the days that followed. It was not far from Meaux,—perhaps a day's walk,—and as Wilson told the story, it was in both our minds that we should be there before sundown of the next day.

The Second Division had come up the white road through La-Ferté. Who that saw them will ever forget? Miles on miles of Americans and dust moving north to meet the German Army that was rolling groggily toward them, none knew quite how fast or quite how strong, the Americans' path choked and their hearts wrenched by the stream of traffic that passed them by—the pitiful stream of spent, bedraggled *Poilus* and fugitive civilians, old men and bent women and sharp-eyed children, a whole country-side in flight, some driving cows, some pushing carts with all their precious home things piled high and wobbly—exhausted France in full retreat, and America a-coming up the road.

It was the memory of this procession and of the deserted farms and villages which lay between in time and space that made the Grande Margivrault Farm so startling. Marines were using one of its stables as a regimental headquarters that first day, and as Wilson crossed the courtyard to deliver a message, he stopped dead in his tracks at the sight he saw: there in the window of the farm-house, looking out and past him, a woman, an old, old woman in a white peasant's cap.

It had been two days, three days, since he had seen hide or hair of a civilian, and at first he thought a ghost was walking in the old farm-house. But she was real, as real a woman as France ever knew. Wilson learned that later, though he never spoke to her or she to him.

He made puzzled inquiry of the soldier standing guard at the door.

"What 's she doing here? Does n't she know there 's a war on?"

"I guess she knows it all right, Lieutenant," the soldier answered, with a grin. "The two younger women—her

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"There in the window of the farm-house, looking out and past him, a woman, an old, old woman in a white peasant's cap"

daughters-in-law, the interpreter says—they cleared out this morning and took the grandchildren with them. One of those dizzy little S.S.U. ambulances was passing, and the colonel he just stopped it and turned it into an omnibus. They 're out of it, safe and sound, by this time. But her old man 's around somewheres."

Then Wilson saw him coming out of the spring-house, carrying a pail of water as if nothing much was amiss, just as if an army were not moving across his farm and the whole place would n't be under steady shell-fire in another twenty-four hours; might not, indeed, be a regimental headquarters for the Germans before another sunset. It seemed such dull-witted folly that Wilson questioned him. The old man looked troubled, but lifted both his hands with that French gesture of gestures which means, "What would you?"

"It is my wife, Monsieur," he explained. "She was born in this house ninety-one years ago this very month. She won't leave it for any *Boche* that ever lived."

With that he went about his work, and Wilson went about his. He saw his officer, got his instructions, and departed. It was four days before he once more crossed under the archway and into the courtyard of the farm. By then the watching nation back home was a-thrill with the news that American troops had met the world's enemy in the streets of a town called Château-Thierry, and the name of Belleau Wood had entered the list of such names as Missionary Ridge.

It had been the lot of Wilson's battalion, the third of the Fifth Marines, to go first into the fire-swept ravine, and it was the tattered remnants of that battalion which, on the tenth of June or thereabouts, was being painfully gathered together from the roadside ditches and woodland coverts to be reformed and rested in and about the Margivrault Farm. The men, dazed and shaken, lay about the place under bushes, along the hedges, in the hay-lofts, wherever they could stretch themselves out. Wilson smiled at the sight of a man still stationed at the door leading into the farmhouse, still, for all the gathering nightmare, standing guard at a threshold that was sacred because there were civilians there.

The ceaseless booming of the guns had become part of life, for all the artillery was in position at last; but only an occasional shell fell in or near the farm, now plowing up a bit of field or ripping a hole in an old stone fence. The spring-house had been hit, but it seemed a remote and peaceful spot to the men who had crossed the wheat-field and gone into Belleau Wood.

That same afternoon the German artillery concentrated on the nearest village, and to the listening Americans at the farm it seemed as if the line of fire was moving slowly, methodically their way. The major was for sending some one out to study the nature of the firing and its chances of shifting. A high tree would afford the needed observation-point or, better still, an upper window of the house itself. He could ask the old lady's permission to go up-stairs.

"You know the lingo, Wilson," the major added; so it was Wilson who departed on the errand.

He banged several times upon the door, but got no response.

"Are n't they here still?" he asked the guard, who was white, sick, and nervous, but still erect enough at the side of the steps.

"The old lady she 's there, sir," the boy answered. "The old man cleared out some time this afternoon. Must have been two hours ago. I saw him beating it down the road, dragging along a heavy sort of carpet-bag. But she 's in there all right. Donahue—he was on here before me—he says she ain't been out."

"She 's mad to stay here," Wilson grumbled.

"I 'll say she 's a nut," the soldier agreed.

Wilson tried the door. It was unlocked. He stuck his head in and called. No answer.

"I 'm going in," he said over his shoulder to the interested guard, who peered in, but did not offer to follow. The living-room was empty, but it had not been vacated long, for the fire was crackling on the hearth, and a supper or luncheon spread for two lay fresh

upon the table. It had not been touched. The salad was heaped in the wooden bowl, and a dusty bottle of wine stood unopened.

Wilson bawled, "Madame! Madame!" into space, but there was no answer. He peered into the adjoining room, the one from which he had seen her looking out upon the strange soldiers swarming into her courtyard. It was empty, with half-open drawers in tumbled disorder that suggested a hasty evacuation.

"She must have slipped out unseen," he said to himself, but as he made his way up the stairs to take his sights from the highest window, he kept roaring, "Madame! Madame!" to keep the record straight in case she should pounce on him from some dark corner. Two rooms there were up there, one a sort of misplaced granary and store-house for hoes and picks, one a *dortoir* where, doubtless, farm-hands had slept before the army drained all that country-side of its menfolk.

He came then upon the flight leading up to the garret, and faltered a bit when, down the dim-lit stairs, a cat flew at him. It seemed a little mad, obviously glad or excited at his coming, and yet not rubbing cordially against his leggings, but bumping nervously, then racing up the stairs, then hurrying back, repeating this foolish manœuver several times, with that sudden and infrequent dependence on a human being, any human being, which a cat displays only when the dear routine of its world is going wrong around it.

Wilson laughed at the witless creature and started up, only to pause abruptly midway, for there, at the head of the stairs, and looking silently down at him, was the old woman. Her white-capped head was cocked on one side, as though she were challenging him quizzically for his invasion.

"Madame," he began, "I have just—" And stopped short, for something had caught his eye.

His head was on a level with the garret-floor, and the something was a patch of light, a two-inch strip of light, between that floor and the woman's feet. She was hanging there.

It was only a minute's work to bound up the stairs, to see the rope that hung her to the rafters, to whip out his knife and cut her down. Then he gathered her into his arms and started down the steps. She was heavy and voluminous with the innumerable underskirts which the French peasant women acquire proudly, layer on layer. He knew she was dead. She was cold in his arms, the coldest cold he had ever known.

Two or three soldiers who had wandered curiously into the house stood watching, wide-eyed.

"Gee! Lieutenant," said one of them, "she had *beaucoup* skirts, did n't she?"

That was all the conversation there was as they laid the worn body on her own high, fathomless bed. One of the men—it was he of the observation—reached out of the open window and broke off an aspiring rose that reared its head along the gray stone wall. He put it in one of the gnarled, old hands, hands all knobby and discolored from a century of toil, hands scarred and hard from grubbing in the soil of the Margivrault Farm, hands which now a passing soldier from a strange, far-away land crossed for the last time. They pulled a sheet over the body, up over the dreadful and distorted face.

"I 'll tell the major," said Wilson, and at the word remembered what had brought him to the house, and realized that since he entered he had not heard the guns or any sound outside. Yet they were booming with dismal regularity. The soldiers looked their surprise when he asked if they had been firing that way all along. *They 'd* say they had.

The shelling did seem a trifle fainter. Wilson raced up the stairs, studied the landscape in the gathering dusk, saw that the fire was now more fitful and more remote and that, in between, the spire of Lucy-le-Bocage still stood defiant. He paused to untie the dangling piece of rope and throw it aside. Then he went to the major with his report and explained the delay.

"Damn you, Wilson!" the major exclaimed, with a flare of temper that was half jumpy nerves and half a too accessible sympathy. "You 're always finding out the most unpleasant, the rottenest things. Just for that, you 'll

have to bury her. And be quick about it, for we 're starting back into the line in half an hour."

So Wilson called for volunteers from the loiterers in the courtyard. They dug a grave in the rose garden, while he made a cross and inscribed it with some tar he found in a bucket against the wall. They laid her gently in her own earth and straightened out the cherished skirts. It was strange how moved and awed they all were, they who had but just come from Belleau Wood and knew that even then their friends, their dearest friends, lay twisted and unburied in that tormented ravine a mile away. They stood about, each reluctant to push in the first mound of loose dirt. But word was spreading that the battalion was to be on the move, and when some one took the lead, the ground was soon leveled over. The wooden cross at its head read in laborious print:

Ici reposent les restes
d'une viellarde Française,
qui est morte à cette ferme,
10 *Juin,* 1918.

"France," Wilson said after a little pause, "is full of folk from all lands making pilgrimages to a million graves. Well, that is my grave. I shall go there to-morrow."

We set out early the next morning, long before the new day was astir in the Sirène, and breakfasted at a village on the road to La-Ferté. The sun was low in the west, silhouetting the battered sky-line of Lucy-le-Bocage as we pushed on toward the farm.

"It 's the Grande Margivrault we want," Wilson explained. "Petite Margivrault is a little to the south."

I was running over and over in my mind the story of the old woman.

"The old man could n't have hanged her," I went on aloud. "What do you think had happened just before he left? Why did he leave at all?"

Wilson shrugged his shoulders. It was an old query to him.

"Had he found her dead and taken it as his release?" I persisted.

"I doubt that," my companion said. "He was too French for that. He would have stayed to bury her. No, I have thought it out often enough, Heaven knows, and I imagine that when things got very bad, when the racket of our guns became deafening and the first stream of wounded went by, when, perhaps, the first German shell struck in the courtyard itself, I think he gave up. I think he went to her and told her she must leave, that he at least was leaving. She must have been just preparing the meal, just setting the salad on the table, proud that her routine was not being disturbed by those Germans. I can imagine her giving him one look through and through. I can almost hear her saying: 'Go then. I stay here alone.' "

We had come to the farm-house. The first quickening of spring was in all the fields and gardens. There were pussy-willows on the edge of the woods and, music of the rhythm of history, the sound of a threshing-machine whirring in the near-by wheat. A man, a middle-aged Frenchman in corduroys and a faded *Poilu's* cap, was coming out of the spring-house.

"It was here the Americans were," he began at once in a sort of patient sing-song for tourists, as though answering a question that had often been put to him. "That barn there was their headquarters."

"I know," said Wilson, smiling as he looked around on each remembered thing. "I was here then. I was one of them."

The man put his pail down and came forward eagerly.

"You were here, Monsieur, here in this farm?"

Wilson nodded, and pointed to the barn.

"Those were our battalion headquarters. Our field kitchen stood there."

"Can you tell me—we have asked so many—who was the old woman who lies buried here in the garden?"

The Frenchman started to drag him around the corner of the house, but Wilson knew the way. The grave was sodded over now. A bunch of the first violets, fresh picked and damp, lay on it, and, askew on the wooden cross, hung one of those appalling wreaths of lavender metal filigree with which the French love to honor their dead. Most likely it had been carried up proudly from the

store in Château-Thierry. The inscription was still legible enough. We stood looking at it, the three of us, and two women who had come out, and followed our steps across the garden.

"I think I can tell you," Wilson said quietly. "I helped make that grave, and it was I who marked the cross as you see it now."

The man stepped closer, and laid two eager hands on my friend's shoulders, hungrily watching his face as though he distrusted the American's French and wanted to read what further the eyes might tell him.

"It was an old woman," Wilson began, "an old, old woman of medium height, with a broad forehead and hair drawn close. She wore a white cap and a locket at her breast, and—and many skirts. She lived here. This was her home."

The Frenchman eyed him fascinated.

"It was our mother," he said, and the tears started from his eyes. "O Monsieur, for so long a time we knew nothing at all! my brother and I, just the word that she and my father had remained here on the farm. My wife, who had found refuge in Dijon with our children, wrote me when my brother and I were stationed far down near Thann, on the Alsace front. It was three months, four months, before I could get my leave and work my way here afoot from Meaux, only to find no word of what had happened. None of the neighbors knew. There was gossip, but it could not have been true. My father—they found his body in the fall, hidden beneath a bush a mile down the road. Unburied, Monsieur, and the head appeared to have been blown off. We could not understand. How could they have become separated? He could not have left her, and yet, if she died before he left, why was her name not on this cross? We could not understand. Do you know, Monsieur? Do you know how she died? Was—was she struck by a shell?"

The two women had drawn closer, and a child in a black smock, who had come romping around the corner of the house, halted, finger in mouth, to listen.

"I think I can set your minds at rest," said Wilson, with just the shadow of a glance at me, as though to bid me be on my guard. "We found her lying on the bed in her room, beyond that window, when we came. Our surgeon said she had died an hour before — of heart trouble, he thought. She appeared to have suffered little pain."

"And my father?"

"We did not see him. But from what you tell me, he must have gone to fetch aid for her, perhaps seeking an army surgeon who could come. He must have been struck by a shell while on his way."

"And—and you buried her? American soldiers buried our mother?"

"We helped to," said Wilson, gently. "It was the *aumonier* of our regiment—a good Catholic, who read the service here in the garden."

They all stood silent for a moment, reconstructing the scene of that burial in the garden two years before. And the dead woman's son, his mind at peace at last, dropped his head on the American's breast and sobbed and sobbed.

Where is America Going?

By WEBB WALDRON

The second of the series of letters by an American journalist to Bernard Roberval, French historian and philosopher.

Washington, D. C.,
March 4, 1920.

My dear Roberval:

Imagine the Palais Bourbon, the Palais du Luxembourg, the Palais de l'Elysée, the ministries and embassies and legations suddenly picked up, whisked with their inhabitants to a verdant, uninhabited spot on the Loire; imagine the army of valets, waiters, laundresses, tailors, tobacconists, barbers, vaudeville performers, and priests who would scurry thither to minister to the material and spiritual needs of senators, deputies, ministers, ambassadors, clerks: that will give you some idea of Washington; it will scarcely give you an idea of the appearance of Washington. Looking at separate photographs of its ornate government palaces, you might imagine it a rather magnificent city. But these palaces spring for the most part from among mean, commonplace streets or ugly market-places or red-earth wastes decorated with piles of rubbish. Washington was an artificial creation, and now, after over a hundred years and hundreds of millions spent on its development and adornment, it gives one somehow a sense of greater rawness, artificiality, and impermanence than the newest Western boom town. The vast areas of cheap stucco-covered structures built to house the overflow of government activities during the Great War do not, naturally, lessen this impression.

Washington is the Government. Every phrase overheard in hotel or street is part of an appeal or denunciation or racy story bearing on some official activity or personality. Every one here is a government employee or is living off the Government indirectly or has come to town to get something out of the Government or to give the Government some valuable advice. Bootblacks and barbers talk of senators with the same proprietary manner that barbers and bootblacks in a college town talk of the doings of the men on the team. "That suah was a big speech Senatah Blank made yes'day," says a barber. "Yo' said it," agrees his neighbor artist, admiringly. "Senatah Blank suah does know how to lay 'em out."

I walk down Pennsylvania Avenue toward the Capitol, thinking of the troubled questions in your last letter. What essential effects of the war on America can be discerned here in Washington, I wonder. Has it softened or intensified party animus? Has it created greater respect for business principles in government? Has that great united effort of America, which centered here, given Washington in any permanent sense the character of a real capital of America, which foreign observers have always said it conspicuously lacked? What answer can one find here to our question, Where is America going?

Up here in the Senate they are, I suppose, debating the peace treaty. I mount to the gallery. The gallery is crowded. The floor of the Senate below is a vast pool of silence in which one raucous voice echoes emptily. In a corner two senators are whispering together. One of them picks his teeth thoughtfully. Twenty feet away another senator, an old man with palsied, shaking hands, sits staring before him. On the opposite side of the chamber a single figure stands ejaculating wild words across the waste of empty benches. It is Senator Sherman of Illinois. He is denouncing Henry Ford. My neighbor whispers that the purpose of the speech is to influence the jury in the trial of

Senator Newberry who defeated Ford at the last election in Michigan, but who recently has been accused of election fraud. It is extremely important to the Republicans, the enemies of Wilson and the treaty, that Newberry retain his seat, for otherwise there will be a tie in the Senate. Senator Sherman, protected by senatorial privilege, is employing tactics that would land an ordinary citizen in jail for contempt of court. His tirade goes on, more violent, extravagant, ridiculous, and from it he leaps with no apparent reason, but with no difficulty, into a discussion of persons now or formerly in public service who are, he charges, "socialistic" in tendency. One of these, Raymond Robins, former Red Cross representative in Russia, is something worse than that. "He is a physical runt!" the senator charges triumphantly.

Doorkeepers lounging about the entrance snicker, Vice-President Marshall drowses in his seat, the two senators in the corner whisper on undisturbed, and official stenographers record the immortal words with expert speed. I steal out.

In the minority conference room I find Senator Hitchcock of Nebraska, Democratic leader and spokesman of the President. There is a deadlock on the treaty, he says. It may not be discussed again for days. The Democrats have gone as far as they can in modifications to the articles of the League of Nations. Now the Republicans must yield.

"There is an overwhelming sentiment in the country for the League of Nations," he tells me. "Every test shows that the people are for it."

"Do you think the treaty will go over into the Presidential campaign?"

"I don't know," he answers rather hopelessly.

At this moment a friend of mine, a newspaper man whom I last saw in the thick of a Spartacist riot in Berlin a year ago, enters, and asks the senator about the proposed resumption of trade with Russia.

"The Russians ought to have been allowed to trade with the outside world long ago, in my opinion," says the senator. "I don't see what right we have to punish the Russians because they are going through a revolution. France had her revolution; now Russia is having hers. She will come out of it, as France did."

These seem to me very wise and generous words.

Down-stairs lobbyists and messengers are bustling to and fro, sightseers gather in curious groups in the corridors, and now and then a senator passes in or out of a committee-room door. Traversing a series of passages and penetrating a forest of pillars and descending a flight of steps and diving under a stairway, I find the committee room of Cuban relations and Senator Hiram Johnson of California, the most uncompromising enemy of the League of Nations. He is a solid figure of a man with an impressive voice and manner.

"Yes," he concedes, "there is still a body of genuine idealists in the country who want the league, but they don't understand what it means. If they understood, they would n't want it. The only people who both understand it and want it is a little group of New York bankers, Morgan and his friends. They know they can profit out of it financially, and they 're using the genuine idealism of those who don't understand the league as a tool for foisting it on the country."

"Don't you think a real League of Nations is possible?"

"Maybe it will be possible sometime, but this league! Tied to a treaty that was drawn up in underhanded secrecy —no, the people don't want it. It simply binds us to more underhanded business at Geneva." He pauses for effect. "Are we going to begin a course of meddling in the affairs of every nation on the globe to suit the selfish purposes of certain political and financial cliques? That 's what the League of Nations means."

You ask me, Roberval, to explain how a little group of senators could hold up ratification of the treaty and the League of Nations when, as reported by correspondents in your press, the country was almost unanimously for it. A year ago, I am told, there was a general and enthusiastic cry in America for a

League of Nations. We had fought a war to end war, and the league was conceived as a means of insuring the fruit of our victory. But now, as I travel about the country, I find two classes emerging in greater and greater numbers. One comprises those people who were dragged from private affairs into the war, did their part generously and often well, but who now in reaction show greater indifference to national and international affairs than before the war. They agree that the league is all right, they suppose, and they want the treaty ratified, in order that a subject that bores them will vanish from the newspapers and Congress can "get down to the real interests of the country." The other class comprises those who believe that the league as now constituted is a device for getting American help in enforcing a treaty fundamentally wrong and fraught with peril. These two classes, the indifferent and the positive opponents of the league, are scarcely a majority of the country. But they are large; the second class is growing rapidly. The treaty may be ratified by some compromise before this letter reaches you, but remember that ratification does n't necessarily mean popular support or even assent.

I cross from the Capitol to the senate office building. In an office at the far end of a tremendous corridor I discover an angular, caustic person, Senator Thomas of Colorado, a Democrat, who two days ago declared in the Senate that the peace terms were in violation of the armistice agreement.

"League of Nations?" he repeats. "It simply means that every Tom, Dick, and Harry of a tribe from every corner of the earth will descend on us and expect us to guarantee it and finance it."

"What do you see as the political effect of the war on America?"

He snorted.

"It 's brought to a maximum the evil tendency that 's been going on ever since the Civil War—centralization of the Government."

"But the Government had to step in and take—"

"Of course it had to," he interrupts. "But the people have got so used to the Government meddling in local affairs that now, after the war 's over, it seems perfectly natural to them that the meddling should go on. Look here." He picks up a telegram. "A committee of farmers wire me that they 're coming from Denver, two thousand miles, to get me to have a law passed compelling the beet-sugar factories in Colorado to pay more for sugar beets. That 's not a government affair; but these people are sure that if they send a delegation to Washington, it can be arranged right away."

Then he goes on to complain about the surplus of government employees in Washington.

"Before the war we had fewer than forty thousand. Now we have over one hundred thousand. The other day the War Department tried to discharge five hundred; and do you know what happened? The five hundred descended on their senators and representatives, and we had a hundred and seventeen protests in Congress against discharging those clerks. Yet everybody in Congress talks economy from morning to night."

In another office down the corridor I come on a tall, earnest gentleman who suggests at once the preacher and school-teacher. He is Reed Smoot, senator from Utah. Smoot has a reputation for knowing more about the machinery of government in Washington than any other man. He, too, draws a vigorous sketch of government waste.

"Every government department gages its importance in its own eyes, and in the eyes of other departments, by the amount of money it spends, not the amount it saves. And the war seems to have given everybody the idea that the government treasury is bottomless." He tells about the delegation of clerks who came to him a few days ago and said that their division of thirty-one stenographers had had only three letters to write in two weeks. "'Can't we be transferred to some other division?' they appealed. No, impossible. Why? The other divisions were in about the same shape."

"Why don't you cut down the appropriations?"

"That 's what we 're going to do." He thumps the table. "We 're going to cut them down a billion and a half."

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THE CAPITOL

From a lithograph by Herbert Pullinger

"What do you think of the League of Nations out in your country? Don't you think it would tend to prevent wars?"

"Oh, yes, a real league might; but this league would be a breeder of wars."

And so on, senator after senator. Almost every one has his story of government waste and extravagance. One tells me of a government clerk, a middle-aged woman, who came to him with tears in her eyes, and begged him to get her transferred to a position where she would have some work to do, so that she could keep her self-respect. From these individual cases senators leap to the generalization that the whole government machine is rotten with incompetence and mismanagement. Is this true? There is incompetence and mismanagement, but my own investigations later convince me that these generalizations are superficial and unjust.

And in almost every senator I find irritation against the "tyranny" of the President. Republicans voice it openly and violently. "He 's a worse tyrant than Louis XIV," asserts Hiram Johnson. Others, not so picturesque, are not less positive. Democrats are more moderate or more cautious, but even in strong supporters of the treaty you find this irritation smoldering. Senators resent Wilson's attempt to run foreign affairs without them. They resent the fact that the special powers granted in the emergency of war seem likely to become permanent. Jealousy of the executive has been growing ever since our Government was founded. It was never so bitter as now.

The last senator I visit is Arthur Capper of Kansas. He is one of the largest newspaper and magazine publishers of the West.

"One decided effect of the war," he says, "is to set people out my way strongly against compulsory military service. Our farmers were short of help before the war. And do you know how many of their sons who went into the army have come back to the farms? About one fifth! Compulsory military service will take the boys away just when the farm needs them most, and, once away, they are n't likely to come back. Besides," he adds after a moment, "our people feel that compulsory military service has something to do with causing wars."

Recently I saw in the columns of our beloved royalist friend, "L'Action Française," a despatch from its American correspondent rejoicing over the fact that a "spirit of realism," a cheerful, not to say enthusiastic, acceptance of universal military service and strong armaments had swept America. But as I go about I encounter an intense dislike to compulsory military service and a determination to fight it to a finish. Sometimes the opposition comes from this feeling that it has something to do with causing wars, though advocates of the idea work earnestly to show that it prevents wars. Then there is the ex-soldier. The other day I sat in a smoking-car listening to a traveling salesman detailing in loud, positive tones the reasons why General Leonard Wood should be our next President. Suddenly a young fellow rose and announced, "I 'll be damned if I vote for any military man for President!" The salesman turned on the interrupter angrily, apparently about to denounce him as a Bolshevik or worse. "I was in France," the other maintained; "I know what I 'm talking about." A diffident, studious-looking boy in the opposite seat spoke up hesitatingly, "I was in France, too, and, you know, it may be awfully wrong, but I feel the same way." Evidently the salesman had not been in France, for he said no more. General Wood's campaign managers expected that the ex-soldier would be their strongest supporters. To their amazement, they find him their most vigorous opponent. The ex-soldier has n't worked out any theory that compulsory military service causes wars, he has no personal feeling against General Wood; he simply hates the army idea.

The House of Representatives, the popular body of our national legislature, is a jolly assembly. As you enter the gallery, you are met by a sound as of the surf. Two or three hundred members are seated in groups on the semicircular benches. Other groups stand in the aisles. All are talking and laughing animatedly. Your first im-

pression is that the house is in recess. But, no, some one is addressing the chair. Now and then you catch phrases of his remarks, but no one pays any attention to him. Yes, some one is paying attention. A sentence from his speech has evidently caught the ear of a member on the opposite side of the chamber who is momentarily disengaged from conversation. He leaps to his feet. There is a clash of words. I catch the phrase, "test of loyalty." The interrupter—he is a Southern Democrat—advances into the aisle, shaking clenched fists and waving his arms. For a moment I think it will come to fisticuffs. The galleries lean forward tensely, though no one on the floor pays the slightest heed to the apparently imminent combat. But the argument suddenly subsides, the galleries relax in disappointment, and the passionate Southerner strolls away down the aisle, hands in his pockets, laughing. The Republican finishes his speech and sits down. Another member rises. He asks consent for the reading of a letter from his brother. The letter is passed to the clerk, who drones out a technical discussion of soils in the middle West. This fails, also, to elicit any interest. At its close, another member leaps up and plunges into an oration on a subject which will be forever unknown to me, for at this instant the surf of jollity rolls a little higher. A member in the center rises, kicks a spittoon[1] along the aisle into better range and sinks back into his chair. On a rear seat, alone, is a thin, bent, white-haired figure—"Uncle Joe" Cannon, once ezar of the House. He sits motionless, silent, gazing vacantly at the back of the seat in front of him.

I have been in this gallery many times, in many sessions of Congress. It is a typical scene, rather amusing as a first experience. It is surprisingly different from the picture one has in advance of the assembly of the nation's representatives hired to meet here and conduct the national business. It is n't exactly the place to which you would take a school-child to teach him patriotism or an immigrant to teach him reverence for America.

[1] *Crachoir.*

True, a large part of the business of the House of Representatives is conducted in committees. The personnel of the committees is determined by the party in power not on the basis, first, of national advantage, but of party advantage. The results of committee work are voted on here in the House, but the vote is usually a stereotyped party matter. For the rest, the time of the House is largely consumed in idle, acrid partizan wrangling. Debate, real debate, hardly exists. What prompts a member to make speeches at all is a puzzle, since no other member listens if he can possibly avoid it. If members wish their remarks printed in the Congressional Record, why don't they hand their manuscripts to the stenographer?

An assembly of elected representatives seems to be the only possible device for self-government on a large scale, but I have visited many of our state legislatures, all small-sized copies of the national legislature, and have come away convinced every time that it is a criminally inefficient device in America. Here I am forced to the same conclusion. But what is the alternative? We are governing many of our cities with small, powerful elected commissions. Could we manage our States that way? Or the nation?

Of course the latter question is fantastic. No American can conceive of such a revolutionary change in our Constitution. In so far as there is a solution, it is a better class of congressmen, and that is the people's affair.

Economy, economy, is the word everywhere. Serious business men, toiling in committee rooms over schedules and estimates, recognize that revolutionary economy must come if the Government is to miss disaster. For the coming year the War Department alone is asking for more than the cost of the entire government before the war! A gulf of three billion dollars, over forty billion francs at the present rate of exchange, yawns between the estimated income and the appropriations asked. Others, believing that disaster will be tided over this time, for it always has been tided over, know that a showing of economy must be made, for this is elec-

tion year. That tremendous coming event casts a shadow on everything. The "tyranny" of the man in the White House at the other end of the avenue will end a year hence unless he succeeds in renominating and electing himself. But if not, who will take his place?

The enormous waste and inefficiency that inevitably occur in every war bring fresh emphasis to the demand for better business principles in government, and this demand centers in the phrase "a business man for President."

Would a business man make a good President?

"If he was a business man and nothing else," Frank Mondell, Republican leader, tells me, "he would make the worst President in the world. Business is autocratic. But try autocracy in politics, and you get into trouble right away. Business experience is valuable, but to qualify for President a man must have had legislative experience, too."

The one man constantly connected with this slogan, "a business man for President," is Herbert Hoover. Hoover has n't had any legislative experience. He has never been in politics at all. But you remember just before I came away from Paris I told you of what I had seen at first hand of Hoover's economic reorganization of central Europe. Could a "business man" have done that job? It *was* a job for a captain of industry. It was also a job for a super-diplomat, an army commander, and a political administrator. The man who picked the men to carry it out and directed them from Paris has, it strikes me, more of the qualities demanded now for President than any one else mentioned. He is the only candidate who stirs enthusiasm among people I talk with.

But there is something terribly wrong with Hoover. One would have thought that the war, which showed the obvious necessity of the "right man for the job" regardless of party, would have earned a certain tolerance for this principle after the war even among political leaders. But when Hoover's name was first mentioned, and the discovery made that he was neither Democrat nor Republican, a wave of horror swept political circles from Atlantic to Pacific. At this writing Hoover still refuses to identify himself with either party; he says he is waiting to see which party comes out with principles he can subscribe to. But he says he is n't in politics and does n't want to have anything to do with politics. A prominent man here informed me solemnly to-day that this is final proof that Hoover is a candidate and is working hard for the nomination.

"Why?" I asked.

"Hoover has been in Europe and he 's got into the common habit over there of saying one thing when you mean the opposite."

And another statesman exclaimed when I mentioned Hoover:

"Think of it! Can't tell whether he 's a Democrat or a Republican! Who would vote for a man like that?"

"What is the difference between the two parties?"

"Difference!" He stared at me, amazed.

"Yes," I said seriously; "I want to know the difference."

The answer was another proof that there is no difference. In France no one seemed to me to be troubled by the lack of distinction among parties. There it seemed to me to be frankly a question of men and the followers they could get. But we firmly believe in the party first, the man afterward. Well enough *if* each party has clear-cut principles. Ours have no principles. There have been distinctions between our two great parties; now there are none. Yet to most Americans politics seem inconceivable except as an unending battle between these two parties equally sterile of ideas or vision.

I heard Gilbert Cannan say just before he went back to England a few weeks ago:

"The old political game is absolutely played out here, just as it is in England. The only reason people don't get up and knock the whole silly business over is that it is n't worth while." The political game—political parties, platforms, battles with no relation to the actual economic and social and intellectual facts of the country—seemed to Cannan, the idealist, a thing that must collapse of its own absurdity. But does it collapse? Is n't the political game in

France just as absurd? Is it collapsing?

The Republican party manager will reward you with a crown of gold if you can produce an idea or slogan that will show how superior his party is to the Democratic party. The Democratic party manager will do likewise. Each party would like to claim credit for winning the war. The Democratic party, the party of Wilson, has the better foothold on that honor, but, unfortunately, tied to it is the responsibility for colossal waste, you can be sure, which would also have occurred if the Republicans had been in power. Each party would like to have credit for voting bonuses to the soldiers who fought the war if it could escape the responsibility of having imposed the necessary taxes or negotiated the necessary loan. Each party would like to use the League of Nations in some way or other. Each would like to demolish its opponent with the high cost of living, though neither has the slightest idea how that might be done. There are strong elements in each party which would like to fight this year's campaign on the "hundred-per-cent.-Americanism" issue of "kick out the alien reds." General Wood, for instance, apparently will make this a leading slogan if he wins the Republican nomination. No doubt General Wood believes, like other well-meaning people, that the country is menaced by a vast conspiracy to upset the Government and the social order. There are many others who, knowing that the plot is an illusion and always has been an illusion, see the great uses of hysteria. If you can identify your party with the sacredness of the Constitution and the sanctity of the home, and somehow establish its "hundred-per-cent Americanism" as the antithesis of a vicious and anarchistic "internationalism," and then, perhaps, show that your opponent's party is tainted with socialism or even Bolshevism, the election is yours, of course. For you can then catch up and use all the vague fears of the unknown, the selfishness and narrow nationalistic hate of everything new and different that smolder in each of us.

Though neither party manager in his wildest dreams counts on any such luck, yet these phrases, "sanctity of the home," "sacredness of the Constitution," and "Americanism" are likely to be bandied about a good deal in the campaign. I read yesterday the speech of another contestant for the nomination, the Governor of Illinois, in which to illustrate the perils that surround us he solemnly repeats the old exploded hoax about the Russian "nationalization of women." From other candidates we hear of the "sacredness of the Constitution" in tones implying that any question of its sublime perfection for to-day and all future time is treason that should be punished by death at least. The "Americanism" of the candidates seems to mean a cheerful determination to force every one into one stiff mold of political and social and economic ideas.

In the autumn of 1918 Arthur Henderson told a friend of mine that if a general election occurred in England, there would be no Wilson peace. He foresaw the hysteria that would be injected into the campaign, in the state of public mind in England, with fighting energies still at white heat. He knew that hysteria would win and would reverberate deeply at Paris. We over here to-day are in a comparable state of mind. Our fighting energies were not consumed in the war; they are still looking for other outlets. Will the hysterical cry of narrow, intolerant, ready-made "Americanism" dominate this campaign? Hoover will not permit its use on his side if either party nominates him; but Hoover will be nominated only by a miracle. Not a miracle of wisdom, but a miracle of chance resulting from deadlock.

It may be difficult to keep all the hysteria of last winter alive till next November. Already it shows signs of slump—a slump especially noticeable since the recent revelations that Russia is n't quite so horrible as our pillars of opinion had hoped. But it can be revived. If either party makes hysterical ready-made "Americanism" its battle-cry, and shouts it loudly and skilfully enough, that party will win.

Voilà a packet of cheerfulness!

Yours sincerely,

WEBB WALDRON.

Springfield, Vermont,
March 13, 1920.

MY DEAR ROBERVAL:

You, genuine idealist that you are, who look for possibilities rather than faults in other peoples may have been shocked by my picture of American politics. You and your friends, like all good Frenchmen, were always painting a picture quite as shocking of French politics, you know, and then assuring me that the Quai d'Orsay is n't France. I can't pretend that Washington is n't America. But just now I 'm getting a renewed and tonic realization that it is n't all of America.

Up here in the bracing hills of Vermont, where people are tramping about on snowshoes over drifts still several feet deep, is a man named James Hartness. Hartness is one of our great builders of machine-tools. He is a self-made American, as different as possible from Vogüé's grotesque pirate *Robinson*, who, you once pointed out, typified the American business man to many of your countrymen. His stanch Yankee character, his inventive genius, which step by step won him all the wealth and power he has, his wide interests—he is an aviator and an astronomer of mark, —and, above all, his utter humanness in his relations to all men, his employees included, make him one of our best and, I think I can say, one of our most American of Americans. We have been discussing meteorites and six-hour days, cabbages and kings, and I am constantly delighted by his just and vigorous common sense.

Technical ability and knowledge of the minute details of up-to-the-minute managerial systems do not make a successful industrial manager, Hartness insists. Natural power of leadership is a manager's essential qualification. He should be the kind of man whom the workers themselves would pick to retain in office, if the choice were up to them. Hartness has been greatly interested in my first-hand impressions of communized industry in Hungary.

"Yes, a communized factory could succeed," he says, "if the conditions are such that the natural leaders come to the top, to weld the men into a human whole and stimulate production. Is n't this the trouble with politics?" he goes on. "The natural leaders don't come to the top often enough. One reason is public indifference. Another is our rigid party organization. In industry, if you want a man for a particular job, you go and get him. But a political party can't go direct for the one best man for the job. At least it does n't often do it. A dozen questions besides his real qualifications for the job come up." After a little he adds, "But a democracy is just where real leaders must come to the top if the democracy is to realize itself."

This man, in this home, this community, an industrial community where strikes and labor squabbles are unknown, untroubled by hue and cry after alien conspirators, keen-eyed, yet content, gives one a new faith in America. What revelations of Gallic qualities we got in your home in Fontainebleau! What delusions dispelled—delusions created by the boulevards, the press and certain business contacts! What a historic sense of France in that old house of yours and the walks about it, worn by the feet of the great personages of your past! . . .

I am yours sincerely,
WEBB WALDRON.

(Another instalment of these interesting letters will appear in THE CENTURY for July.)

Life and Letters of Sir Wilfrid Laurier

By OSCAR DOUGLAS SKELTON

In this final instalment of the biography, special emphasis is laid upon Sir Wilfrid's relations and influence upon his able contemporaries and their part in the development of modern Canada.

X. LAURIER AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES

IN the pages that follow there are set down some of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's comments on the men he had known in public life. Such of his judgments as are here recorded were given in casual and unpremeditated, but never unconsidered, conversation. They were colored by no passion or bias. Laurier's power of objective judgment was as marked as his tolerance—a tolerance that had its roots as much in the cynicism born of a varied experience of men as in his native kindliness and sympathy.

"Alexander Mackenzie was straight and solid as his own masonry. He was more characteristically Scotch than his fellow-countryman, Sir John, who had a suppleness more Southern. The Scotch Presbyterians, who have stood for democracy for generations, and who were the backbone of Upper Canada Liberalism, never had a more upright and more downright representative than Mackenzie, if he did happen to be a Scotch Baptist; the Baptists themselves usually had the root of the matter in them. He was a thoroughgoing party man. Not that he would for an instant countenance any tricky or underhanded 'practical' politics; he was too unswervingly honest for that, and too deeply convinced that time and the Lord would be on the side of the righteous. But he was certain that the Tories had inherited most of Adam's original sin, and he usually had the facts at his fingers' ends to prove it. We never had a better debater in the House; a grand man on his legs, we used to call him. There was no one who could stand up under his sledge-hammer blows. He knew his facts, he knew his men, he had a firm grip on principle and an inexhaustible fund of indignation, a mind that thought straight and could turn quickly. He made an excellent administrator of a department. It was his misfortune that he was called to face other tasks for which he was not so well fitted, and that he was contrasted with the more brilliant and unfathomed qualities of Blake. He had not the imagination or the breadth of view required to lead a party and a country, and he gave to the details of a department the time that should have gone to planning and overseeing the general conduct of the administration. But it would be well if we had more Mackenzies in public life to-day.

"Blake was the most powerful intellectual force in Canadian political history. He had an extraordinary mental organization, a grasp that covered the whole, and searched out each smallest detail. He was first and foremost the great advocate, a tremendous dialectician, analyzing and cross analyzing to the last point, major points and minor points, utterly exhaustive. But he was no mere man of words. He would have proved Canada's most constructive statesman had he held office. Why did he never reach the place his genius warranted and all men expected? I do not know whether the reason lay more with the country, with his party, or with Blake himself. You must remember that he took hold after a crushing defeat, and held the party leadership little more than seven years. Seven years was not a long time in Canadian party warfare, and most of our opposition Jacobs have had to serve more than

seven years in bondage. Patience was needed, but Blake was never patient. He was not the man to fight uphill battles. He was proud, and expected men to come to him; sensitive, for he lacked humor; honorable and earnest, and saw charlatans and men steeped in corruption holding high place in public life. Public life in the eighties was not a calling where thin-skinned men throve. The kindliest of men to his intimates, he wore the sensitive man's mask of indifference to the public. Ill health and a nervous temperament unfitted him for the drudgery and disappointments of politics. He was moody and nervous when things were not going well. Yet without any of the lesser arts, he cast a spell over every man in Parliament. We felt in the presence of genius, and would have been proud to serve to the end, had he not drawn himself aloof.

"Cartwright was the most finished speaker in the House in my time, and a very effective debater. Mackenzie knocked his opponent down; Cartwright ran his through with keen rapier-thrust, and usually turned the sword in the wound. He was a master of classic eloquence, and it was a pleasure, at least on our side, to listen to the fluent, precise, faultless English of his most impromptu utterance. Blake was perhaps a more omnivorous reader, but Cartwright was distinctly the most lettered man in the House. His mordant wit set his opponents writhing, and did not always spare his technical friends. His duels with Tupper, who was a better hand at the bludgeon, were particularly interesting, though the exchange of personalities was more intense than I had been used to in Quebec. He was a good Liberal, at least a good Grit, after he left the Tory fold, but I often felt that he would have been more at home in the old unreformed House of Commons in England or in the diplomatic service. No man among us paid so much heed to international affairs, and to the international aspect of Canadian questions.

"I have mentioned Tupper. He was the Danton of the Tory party, the incarnation of force and audacity. He was a splendid fighter, utterly fearless; the more desperate his cause, the bolder his front. His speech came with the rush and vehemence of a mountain torrent. Few men had more constructive vision, but it is not of that side that memories come strongest, but of his power to storm through a party measure. He was an incomparable political pugilist. Macdonald showed his knowledge of men nowhere better than in his utilization of Tupper. He was vigorous and he was vain, and so Sir John used him for debate on all possible occasions. He usually took a broad or broadside view, struck powerful blows, which sometimes landed, and sometimes hit the air; he never knew the difference, and the crowd behind him applauded equally.

"Sir John Macdonald was the supreme student of human nature. That was the secret of his power. I doubt if any man of his century was his equal in the art of managing men. He could play on the strength and weakness of each and all his followers at his will. That was his chief interest. He had imagination, he had a deep and responsible interest in Canada's welfare, but he did not usually take long views. He was always careful to bring his vision back to the next step. Of course he was a master of strategy, but not in the detached objective fashion of the bloodless chess-player or the general twenty miles behind the trenches; it was his instinctive, sympathetic reading of the men in the mêlée about him that made him sense the way out, and turned the game. Perhaps his chief disservice was to make his countrymen feel that politics was not only a game, but a game without rules. He was our greatest Canadian, but he did more than any other to lower the level of Canadian public life.

"Macdonald was never interested in the details of administration. What is less realized, he was not a very good speaker. The matter rarely rose above commonplace; he stammered, and repeated himself. Yet he usually drove his point home; he had a remarkable memory and an unfailing fund of humor; he knew precisely how to embarrass his opponents and delight the benches behind him. In writing it was another matter. His state papers, such as you will find in Pope's 'Memoirs,' are on a very high plane, admirable work, none better anywhere.

From left to right, General Louis Botha, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, H. H. Asquith, Sir Joseph Ward. Children standing, Doris Harcourt, Olivia Harcourt. Seated, Barbara Harcourt, Anthony Asquith

"For sheer eloquence, none of the English-speaking members could match Chapleau. He was easily our greatest French-Canadian orator, though his impassioned and somewhat theatrical speech did not score the same success in the Commons that had greeted it on the hustings. He had a splendid presence, a vibrant, caressing voice, all the natural gifts and graces of the orator. When he seized the platform, head thrown back, chest thrust forward, shaking his lion's mane, his mobile face lighting with the joy of battle, he first intoxicated himself and then swept every hearer into wild applause. Mercier had less fiery passion, but he was a powerful tribune, a stronger and more robust character than Chapleau, until success went to his head. Langevin, who for many years led the *Bleus* as Macdonald's first lieutenant in Quebec, was really not in the same class with Chapleau or Mercier, a weak man, bolstered up by the clergy.

"The Canadian Governor-General long ago ceased to determine policy, but he is by no means, or need not be, the mere figurehead the public imagine. He has the privilege of advising his advisers, and if he is a man of sense and experience, his advice is often taken. Much of his time may be consumed in laying corner-stones and listening to boring addresses, but corner-stones must be laid, and people like a touch of color and ceremony in life. Some men, particularly mayors, even like making formal addresses to governor-generals or any one else who may be compelled to listen.

"Lord Dufferin was in many ways an ideal governor-general for the early stages of the dominion. His touch of the blarney gave us the good conceit of ourselves needed to help us through our first awkward hobbledehoy years. He had tact and a quick shrewdness that carried him far. He was prone to magnify his office and incidentally Dufferin. He was always speaking to the galleries. He had no special oratorical gift, but a pleasing literary gracefulness. His fellow Irishman, Lord Lansdowne, was a man of another mold, a strong mind, of clear-cut judgment, distinctly our ablest governor. Lord Stanley was an affable

gentleman, no more, but Lady Stanley was an able and witty woman; she did not seek the lime-light, content to shine in the family circle. The warm heart and unresting energy of the Aberdeens are not forgotten in Canada. Lord Minto had much sound sense, a stronger man than was thought. When he first came to Canada he was absolutely untrained in constitutional practice, knew little but horses and soldiering; but he took his duties to heart, and became an effective governor, if sometimes very stiff. Lord Grey took his duties still more seriously, to the point of fussiness. The Duke of Connaught was the rigidly trained and repressed constitutional monarch, correct and aloof, knowing nothing of Canadian political affairs and caring less; he might well have taken occasion to give a hint to Sir Robert Borden about his dismissals of office-holders.

"A visit to England is in many ways a pleasure, even if it involves an uncomfortable voyage for a poor sailor. The throb of the world's affairs in London, the stimulus of contact with men of high and disciplined capacity, the comfort of town and country life in a land cushioned in tradition, where leisure is an art and hospitality a science, make a deep appeal. Yet it was always a strain. The endless round of dinners and receptions would wear down a body stronger than mine, but there was more than that. Along with much genuine and spontaneous kindliness, one felt the incessant and unrelenting organization of an imperialistic campaign. We were looked upon not so much as individual men, but abstractly as colonial statesmen, to be impressed and nobbled. The Englishman is as businesslike in his politics, particularly his external politics, as in business, even if he covers his purpose with an air of polite indifference. Once convinced that the colonies were worth keeping, he bent to the work of drawing them closer within the orbit of London with marvelous skill and persistence. In this campaign, which no one can appreciate until he has been in the thick of it, social pressure is the subtlest and most effective force. In 1897 and 1902 it was Chamberlain's personal insistence that was strongest, but in 1907 and after society pressure was the chief force. It is hard to stand up against the flattery of a gracious duchess. Weak men's heads are turned in an evening, and there are few who can resist long. We were dined and wined by royalty and aristocracy and plutocracy, and always the talk was of empire, empire, empire. I said to Deakin in 1907, that this was one reason why we could not have a parliament or council in London: we can talk cabinet to cabinet, but cannot send Canadians or Australians as permanent residents to London, to debate and act on their own discretion. Fortunately, there were some good friends who seemed to like us for ourselves, not least the children.

"Chamberlain was the first English statesman whom we came to know intimately. I was much impressed by his force and directness. He was ambitious, but not for himself alone. Unfortunately, our views often clashed. There was little serious discussion in the Imperial Conference of 1897, which was a mere curtain-raiser. The debates were academic; we did not come to sufficiently close quarters to bring out the cleavage of opinions. But in 1902 a dead set was made to take advantage of the supposed wave of imperial enthusiasm following the Boer War. Chamberlain was the head and front of the campaign. He pushed his own plan of an imperial council, and backed Brodrick in seeking to induce the colonies to give one fourth their militia special training for foreign service and to hold them at the call of the British War Office, and Selborne in seeking money grants to the British Navy. He handled the discussion skilfully; when it was apparent that refusal was coming, he headed off Selborne and Brodrick, and took up the questions later in private conference. Australia and Canada stood fast, though Australia made slight concession in extending the Australian squadron agreement. He urged us again and again, and seemed unable to understand our position. He said to me time and again, 'I am very much surprised and disappointed at Canada's position.' At last he roused my anger, and I replied: 'I am very much surprised at your surprise and your persistence. You do not realize

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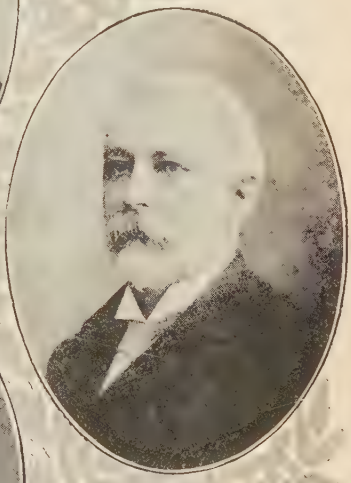

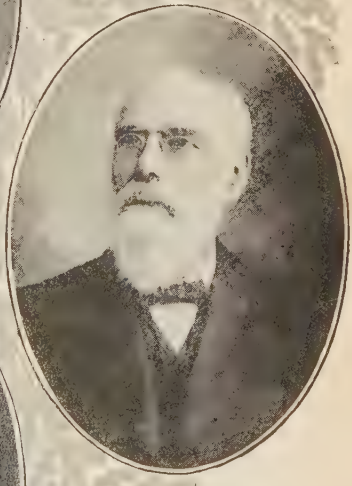

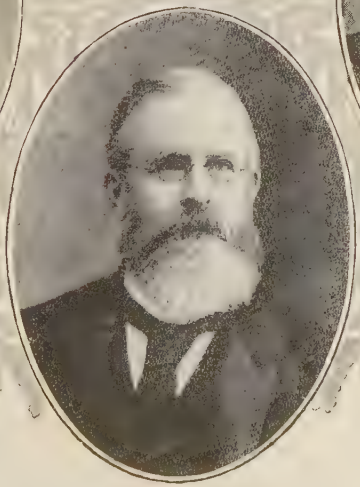

Earl Grey
Sir J. A. Chapleau

W. S. Fielding
William Paterson

Earl of Minto
Sir F. Borden
W. Mulock

that we are Canadians first, as you are an Englishman first, and that the needs and outlook of the two countries are wholly different. England is always thinking of war and of the extension and strengthening of her domains; not so Canada. Our need is to build up our industry and consolidate national unity; then, if need comes, we shall be stronger to give aid. You scorn the Little-Englanders, but you are yourself hopelessly insular; you never think of looking at questions from the Canadian's or the Australian's point of view.' I did not convince him. His imperialism was a racial imperialism; he considered all English-speaking Canadians and Australians merely as Englishmen living overseas, and expected French and Dutch to be made over into more Englishmen. I saw that he looked upon me as a very imperfectly assimilated Englishman; in fact, he hinted that my imperial lukewarmness was due to my French blood. So I suggested after a dinner he gave to all the Canadian ministers that he should have an interview with my English-speaking colleagues by themselves. He jumped at the suggestion, and arranged a conference at his house the Sunday following. To his surprise, Fielding, Mulock, Fred Borden, Paterson, all talked precisely the same way; Mulock and Borden particularly struck straight from the shoulder. He was intensely disappointed to find that the obstacle to his schemes was not French Canada, but Canada. It was the experience of this conference that convinced him he could make no headway in centralizing either the Government or the defense of the empire, and that set him off on the tariff tack a year later.

"Of English public men, Asquith impressed me most deeply. Balfour has a subtle note of distinction, a suggestion of unknown potentialities that challenged interest, but he has not Asquith's stability and dependableness. Asquith is extremely able, his mind a perfectly working logic engine, and with character as notable as capacity, decisive, courageous; an honest man with an honest mind. He is the best type of the cultivated Englishman, solid, balanced, intellectual withal. He is not imaginative or given to long views; he gives the impression of half-cynical detachment, perhaps of lethargy; certainly it is only in emergencies that he is roused to his full power.

"I was attracted to Winston Churchill when he was a youngster. He had courage, even the courage to go against the mob to-day if convinced that would advance his career to-morrow, or make it clear how far he was above them. Still, he enjoys a fight for its own sake, quite unlike Asquith. His mind works clearly and powerfully, and his industry gives it constantly new material to work upon. He is a driving administrator, ruthless, but effective. His earlier insolence is being disciplined by ambition, but his youthful feeling for the dramatic, or, rather, the melodramatic, remains. He knows what he wants and what the public wants. His career will show how far a man may go in politics who has vigor and capacity, but who lacks principle and sincerity.

"Lloyd George has a much more winning personality. He has all of Churchill's driving force, and a more supple persuasiveness. He has not Churchill's, much less Asquith's, intellectual equipment; he has little grasp of principles, or power to think things through, little ballast in the way of intellectual convictions; but usually his sympathies guide him right, except on the finer issues. He feels rather than reasons his way, carrying into all his intercourse the orator's intuition as to how his audience is responding. No, he is not quite a Chamberlain. He is temperamentally a protectionist rather than a free trader; he will very likely become a strong imperialist, and he may be swallowed by the Tories, though they would not find him a very digestible morsel. He has Chamberlain's self-confidence, but not his pride; he is as keen for power, but he has more sympathy for men in the mass and more power to understand individual men. He may sometimes be carried away by his own oratory, but I think there is no question that he is sincere in his sympathy for the under dog and in his democratic purpose.

"Bonar Law I found a man of good sense and moderation, a fluent, orderly

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Portrait of Sir Wilfrid Laurier taken at a friend's home two weeks before his death, February, 1919

speaker, and kindly despite his frequent falsetto attacks on his opponents. But it was not for these very respectable qualities that the aristocratic party of England accepted the leadership of a Glasgow business man. He was successful because he could talk the patter of protection. In New Brunswick he had learned all the twaddle of Tupper and Tom White. Englishmen had not been used to this for fifty years, and when Law took it up, it came with the force of novelty, ran through England like whisky introduced into a tribe that had not become in any degree immune to alcohol. His position was thus assured on the rising wave of protectionism.

"Of colonial statesmen, the South-Africans left the strongest impression. There is no man I am prouder to call my friend than Louis Botha. His massive strength and simple honor, his unquestioning devotion to duty, his utter lack of thought of self, his moderation and close grip on fact, carried South Africa through desperate straits. He has high abilities, but it was his character, his calm sincerity, that rallied

men to him. Smuts has not his force, but he has sympathy, vision, a well-thought-out philosophy of life, that make him a sounder guide than most of the European public men I knew.

"The Australians for the most part were a disappointment, distinctly inferior to the Afrikanders. Perhaps it was their remoteness, perhaps their racial unity, that gave them a parochial insularity, a lack of perspective in world affairs. Barton was the ablest, but lethargic. Deakin was a very likable man, of brilliant endowments, a splendid orator, with much fire and force. He was open-minded to new ideas; perhaps too much so, as he seemed unable to hold to any steady course. Hughes appears to be a cross between Churchill and Lloyd George. Seddon, New Zealand's 'King Dick,' was a powerful leader of men, a man of much rugged force and shrewdness, but a ward politician rather than a statesman. Sir Joseph Ward was given prominence in 1911 through the exigencies of imperialist politics. At each imperial conference some colonial leader was put forward by the imperialists to champion their cause. In 1897 it was obvious that they looked to me to act the bellwether, but I fear they were disappointed. In 1902 it was Seddon; in 1907, Deakin; in 1911, Ward. He had not Deakin's ability or Seddon's force. His London friends stuffed him for his conference speeches; he came each day with a carefully type-written speech, but when once off that, he was at sea.

"American statesmen I have not known so well. We do not visit enough across the border. It was British Liberals, from Fox to Gladstone and Bright, who were my political guides, philosophers, and friends, but it was Abraham Lincoln who was my patron saint. Montreal was strongly Southern in sympathy in my student days, but the *Rouges* leaned to the North, and I became Lincoln's devoted worshiper. Time and the constant study of his career have only made him stand out a more heroic figure. In the midst of a million failures and mediocrities, his career alone would justify democracy and the great American experiment. The members of the Joint High Commission with whom I came in close contact in 1898 were shrewd, every-day politicians, well meaning and friendly, but hopelessly bound to local interests, unable to see beyond Indiana lambs or Gloucester codfish. The increasing pressure of events is calling out bigger men once more. Perhaps Roosevelt will not be ranked as a great man as regards capacity, but he has an extraordinary personality. His success lies in the very fact that he has the average man's limitations in likes and dislikes, in standards and prejudices and enthusiasms, together with a driving force beyond comparison. The rise of Wilson to power is still more significant. He has none of the cheaper arts; his masterful confidence in himself, not tempered by the human weaknesses that made Roosevelt's naïve egotism an asset, might have been expected to turn a democratic people against him. Yet they have twice made this student master of the destinies of a hundred million people. Whether or not his policies are justified by time, whether or not he proves to have been really the expert, is not the question, though I think he will stand that test. The striking fact is that at last democracy has expressed its willingness to trust the expert. In that lies hope".

Industry: Liberal or Reactionary?

By FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

In the following article Senator Davenport explains why he thinks that liberal capitalistic policies must prevail in order to produce peace and prosperity among employers and employees in America.

WE are not likely to arrive at anything approaching a solution of the right relation of capital and labor to each other and to government in America unless we regard the human factors in the problem. They are not simple. There are two distinctly marked groups of capitalists. The first group is reactionist in its tendency. Its members wish to remain masters of what they regard as their business. They follow the older traditional habit of mind and regard labor as more or less a commodity, like iron ore. They purchase labor in the cheapest market. They regard themselves as trustees not for the whole industry, but for the stockholders. At the best they are benevolent masters, with an appreciation of the profit value of the workers' welfare, but desiring above all things to be let alone by the unpractised hand of legislatures and the unbalanced plans of the promoters of industrial democracy.

There is also a growing group of liberal capitalists in America. They regard themselves as trustees for the whole industry and not simply for the stockholders. They are as thoroughly opposed to labor's running the business as are their more conservative confrères, but they have wiser plans for preventing it. They have lost faith in the superior efficiency of autocracy in industry, just as they have lost faith in autocracy in government. The war has helped them to this altered attitude of mind. The war revealed the practice of liberty as of far greater value than the practice of despotism in developing initiative and power of will. In the death-grapple between the two systems, the spontaneous energy of free men overcame the efficiency of militarism in the field and of a regimented industry at home. This liberal group of capitalists and managers of industry deal with trades-unions, or do not deal with them, very largely in proportion to the skilled quality of the workers and the skilled and straightforward leadership which these skilled workers may have developed. In the main, this liberal group of capitalists seek so to conduct their own business for the good of the whole of it, labor included, that unionism becomes unnecessary and relatively unimportant. They do the things that unionism was created to do. They beat unionism to it. They develop shop committees or other forms of industrial democracy within their own plants. They regard wages, hours, and conditions of labor as very closely related to the workers, and are ready at any time to discuss these in conference with the authoritative representatives of their workers. They are warmly interested in plans for the human betterment of industry, in measures for the coöperative care of the health, happiness, and mental development of labor. They are ready to try out the wiser experiments in human welfare in their own mills and shops, and to pay their full share in the experiment. Neither is it entirely in the interest of patriotism or humanity. They see the human value of it as an aid to production, to profit, and, above all, as an aid in the undermining of the influence of the radical agitator. They cut the ground from under the feet of radicalism by beating radicalism to it in the lessening of unnecessary and unjust inequalities.

As far as the inequitable sharing of

the product of industry between capital and labor is concerned, the foremost liberal capitalists of the country are seeking to approach a golden rule of the division of profits, which is, as I understand it, about as follows: capital should take for its share of the net product whatever is necessary to make investment in industry attractive and to give industry power and surplus means to develop and progress. All the rest should go to labor. This is the rule laid down by a high-minded manufacturer in a recent striking paper entitled "A Capitalist's Confession of Faith."

Of course nobody can work out by any doctrine of percentages just what share capital and labor respectively should have. You cannot draw a statutory enactment as a remedy. In one industry the rate to make the investment attractive to capital may be six per cent., in another ten per cent.; in another twenty per cent. may be mild, in view of the risks to be undergone. The shares to be divided between capital and labor will continue to be determined by the friction of the two contending parties, but in the interest of reasonable industrial peace and human progress that friction must now be modified by the quickened self-interest, if not the moral action, of the intelligent capitalist.

This is a new rule for the new period of industrial coöperation. The old rule of a more or less carnivorous industry, so these liberal capitalists aver, was to regard labor as a factor in production, like raw material, to be purchased in the cheapest market; and since labor has neither the organizing intelligence nor the ability to wait that capital possesses, labor has most frequently lost out in competition for an equitable share of the profits. This conclusion of the new liberal capitalism has long been one of the contentions of socialism, but socialism has proved itself no remedy anywhere, and has notably failed in its Old-World experiments since the war.

Among the owners and managers of industry the hope of industrial peace and of protection against impetuous radicalism is in the group of capitalist liberals. The reactionary captain of industry and the impetuous radical leader of labor are opposite poles of the same thing. They bring the deluge. The other day I came across one of the wisest things that Theodore Roosevelt ever said.

The woes of France for a century and a quarter have been due to the folly of her people in separating into the camps of unreasonable conservatism and unreasonable radicalism. Had pre-revolutionary France listened to men like Turgot and backed them up, all would have been well. But the beneficiaries of privilege, the Bourbon reactionaries, the short-sighted ultra conservatives, turned down Turgot; and then found that instead of him they had obtained Robespierre. They gained twenty years of freedom from all restraint and reform at the cost of the whirlwind of the Red Terror; and in their turn the unbridled extremists of the Terror induced a blind reaction; and so with convulsion and oscillation from one extreme to another, with alternations of violent radicalism and violent Bourbonism, the French people went through misery to a shattered goal.

The method of the reactionary manager of industry, like the method of the violent radical, is always to go to the mat with his adversary. There are matters of sound principle in which this method may long be necessary upon unusual occasions, but going to the mat is hopeless as a rational cure for radicalism. It breeds long-cherished ill feeling, resentment, and inefficiency in production. It is no solution, any more than the occasional sop of higher wages or shorter hours, while the heart of industry is not right, is a solution. Pressure for higher wages and shorter hours is frequently only a dangerous symptom of unrest. Higher wages and shorter hours, while the heart of industry is not right, are no aid to the efficiency of production, but only add to the cost of the industry and to the burden of the consumer.

There is little hope in any method for the solution of the right relation of capital and labor to each other and to government which is not at the bottom a method for the increase of good-will. Modern and open-minded manufacturers in large numbers are beginning to

see that manufacturing is primarily the making of men, the making of wholehearted, sympathetic, intelligent workers, and only secondarily the making of goods. If this primary task is a difficult one, it is the most important one from the point of view even of production and efficiency. It is most worthy the attention of the best brains in industry. The value of good-will in the quality and quantity of output is a factor whose possibilities have only begun to be developed.

If many managers of industry had a clearer conception of the inevitability of democracy in the world, they would hasten to prepare for those reasonable phases of it which will more and more appear in industry. Both the good and the evil which lie in men's minds impel them swiftly toward democracy. Both the unworthy envies and the sound aspirations of the masses of men and women, in this time of general education and general suffrage in America, drive the majority toward a more and more complete democracy, and both envies and aspirations have been enormously shocked into democratic action by the experiences of the Great War. What we need to be sure of is, of course, that the new burst of democracy is genuine and not illegitimate; that it understands the value to its own self of exceptional and worthy men of character and power in industry as well as in politics. This belief and confidence will never grow in time to be of permanent help to a conservative industrial democracy except in the atmosphere of human faith and good-will. A wise measure of industrial democracy ought not to come hurriedly. It ought to come slowly. And it will be far more likely to come slowly and soundly if it develops in an atmosphere of good-will.

I was about to say that the question of the means of eliminating ill will from industry is the greatest political issue in the country. I think I will say it. The industrial question is the core of politics and is likely to be for the next generation. It is open or latent ill will among the workers which in the long run gives the demagogue his chance. Ill will in industry is the foe of a sound national spirit; and if we fail of a wholesome national spirit, we shall not have national prosperity, and we shall develop a political class war that will finally result in lasting injury to us all. Strikes and lockouts are nothing but overt expressions of mutual distrust. In these modern days in America, when between employer and employee there is the barrier of race and language, it is more than ever true that human sympathy and good-will are the indispensable basis of coöperation, and the only coin that passes current without question in the industrial system.

When the powerful heads of industry have convinced themselves of the inevitability of more and more democracy, in its industrial as well as in its political phases, they will shape their methods of control in line with the bringing into action of the better rather than the baser motives that sway the minds of labor groping its way upward from barbarism and serfdom into the light and comfort of freemen. These higher and compelling motives have been listed correctly by President Eliot as love of home and parents and wife and children, a desire for steady employment and something left over for a rainy day, and the longing for emancipation from the fear of consequences to the family growing out of disabling sickness or accident, premature death or a helpless old age. Working-men and -women would like to know enough about the business directly or through their own representatives in order to be assured they are getting a square deal. They have no natural desire to run the business. This is the general testimony of those enlightened employers, like the great Endicott-Johnson Shoe Corporation, who have gone furthest in establishing a deep and democratic human relationship with their employees. Working-men and -women normally shrink from the risk of intricate and hazardous control as soon as they have an elemental knowledge of what it all means.

Many employers balk at the phrase "industrial democracy," as if it must mean the final control of business by the less competent mass of workers. It does not mean this in industry any more than it normally means it is poli-

tics. Just as the phrase "the consent of the governed" has a practical and not a hyper-idealistic meaning as applied to political progress, so until the millennium democracy will have a practical and flexible meaning in industrial progress.

There are already many important experiments in industrial democracy going on throughout the world. Sometimes the principle is that of the Whitley councils in England, which admit the workers to representation in all those discussions and determinations which involve wages, hours, and conditions of toil. Sometimes the principle is that of the John Leitch experiments in America, in which employees elect representatives to a plant assembly, the foremen and superintendents constitute the senate, the executive officials make the cabinet, and all together investigate and report upon and profit by economies in production and by the establishment of machinery for the settlement in a human fashion of the controversies and frictions in employment. Sometimes, in those industries for which it is appropriate, a democratic method of full information about the profits of the business has been worked out for both employees and capitalist stockholders alike, and the profits above operating expenses, depreciation, and fair returns on honest capitalization are shared between capital and labor and left in the business for a reasonable length of time to protect and increase its financial strength and safety.

In one form or another, depending upon the conditions in the particular industry, the first step in advance is the establishment of the simpler coöperative processes of industrial democracy which will be at least sufficient to set up the machinery and inspire the spirit of good-will. The wiser business heads of America are already coming to understand labor psychologically better than they did formerly. They see that the days of complete secrecy are done; that working-people are far less inclined to try to run the business if they know a little more about it; that the workers, unless led astray by misinformation and agitation, are not averse to giving capital fair reward and full protection, and are far less likely to be suspicious and meddlesome about that of which they know something. It is the unknown and imagined which stirs suspicion and fear, and fits the soil of industry for cultivation by the demagogue and agitator.

Once the simpler machinery for human and democratic coöperation and just sharing of the profits is set up, the line of least resistance and at the same time the line of power in the work of industrial conciliation seems to lie in the direction of strengthening those deepest and truest motives of the great body of workers which have to do with love of home and desire for freedom from the dread of sickness and accident and a forlorn old age. Is there any better way of strengthening these primary motives which mean so much to good-will in industry and government than by extending as far as is wisely possible throughout industry those simpler measures of human welfare which at once increase efficiency in production and the human contact between employer and employee?

I have long believed that one of the most available and natural means of securing that human contact and human sympathy between employer and employee which lie at the root of industrial conciliation and freedom and efficiency is to be found in some mutual coöperative form of illness insurance and prevention within the industrial plants of the nation. I introduced such a measure and pressed it to passage in the Senate of the State of New York at the last session in order that there might be in this country preliminary discussion of a practical plan. Of course industrial illness insurance is already in operation in nearly all the countries of Europe, including England, and many experiments are going forward. At the beginning of 1920 the American Woolen Corporation is putting the system into operation in all its branches among forty thousand employees. The Endicott-Johnson Shoe Corporation at Johnson City, New York, has long tested its efficacy among thirteen thousand employees, and there are many other instances in the country.

The measure proposed for America

differs in some respects from all these. Like those of Europe, it looks upon illness as a hazard which falls, like fire and accident, often with crushing effect upon those least able to bear it; and is properly, therefore, an insurable hazard. It provides for an illness board in every large industrial plant, made up of three representatives chosen by the employees and three by the employers, the six to select a seventh as chairman. This board of seven manages the fund for illness within the insurance unit, and organizes the illness care and illness prevention work of the plant. They employ a medical director who has his eye over all, but does not himself engage in medical practice. The workers employ their own family physicians. Employers and employees divide the expense, each contributing one half of the insurance fund. A working-man who is certified by the medical director of the plant to be ill is assured of adequate medical and nursing attendance, and his family receive a limited benefit per week during the period of his certified disability. Such insurance applies not to permanent disability, which may be taken care of in another way, but to the many temporary disabilities that drag many of the workmen's families down below the poverty line.

This is only an example of measures of human welfare which might be employed in industry to increase the volume of good-will, without which no method of checking social unrest and industrial warfare can avail. Such a plan of coöperative illness care and prevention, paid for and managed by employer and employee working in unison upon matters which have to do with ill luck falling with crushing force upon some and not upon others, which have to do with human sympathy and the protection of the family and the home, ought to lay a sure foundation of human approach to the more difficult questions which now seriously upset industrial relations.

Another example of the manner in which discontent and ill will are produced among the mass of workers is revealed in the remarkable report, entitled "Justice and the Poor," recently made by the Carnegie Institute for the Advancement of Teaching, at the request of the American Bar Association. This report indicates clearly a source of social instability associated with the multitude of cases through the impossibility of the working-man or -woman securing legal justice through our judicial system, because of the law's delays and heavy costs. This rankling sense of helplessness arises out of literally millions of instances within a human generation, and contributes seriously, so the report holds, to the volume of national unrest. The method of the Endicott-Johnson Shoe Corporation in dealing with this problem is also worthy of attention. Under the leadership and at the expense of the corporation, competent lawyers sit in their offices every evening, and attend without compensation to the adjustment of legal difficulties and grievances, and the allaying of the resentments among employees and their families, just as the doctors of the same industrial community and the system of illness insurance employed there contribute to illness prevention and the organization of illness care in such a manner as to relieve enormously the burden of despair and physical and moral disaster often wrought by sickness.

The sort of democratization which does not involve the running of the business by the employees, which insures a reasonable knowledge by labor of the inside results of profit as well as a fair share therein, combined with wise methods of human contact within the industry, seems to be the only probable guaranty in the future of the checking of capitalistic Bourbonism at the one extreme or of wild radicalism at the other. Liberal capitalists and the conservative forces of labor acting together have the situation within their own grasp.

The opposition to such a genuinely democratic program of good-will takes many forms. It cites the experience of England. It asks us to reflect that before the war England undertook certain measures of good-will, old-age pensions, illness insurance, workmen's compensation, but there seems to be no appreciable gratitude or restored efficiency or reduced industrial friction. About

that it is well to remember that England began her program of greater freedom and good-will in industry far too late for early results of conspicuous betterment. The exploitation of labor in some industrial areas to the point of chalky bones and impoverished blood was a commonplace of comment concerning England in the decade before the war. The bitterness and resentment of labor in England have far deeper roots than in America, where the lot of the wage-earner has thus far been happier and more healthful and more prosperous. There is yet time for the program of democratic good-will to achieve swift and permanent results in America.

Opposition arises also from those who hold that the attitude of capital, in view of the aroused and combative consciousness of labor since the war, should be one of stubborn resistance, in order that labor may not press too far to secure more than is just. The stubborn resistance of capital, it is said, to the active onslaughts of labor, will bring about a stable equilibrium of fairness. That is a plausible mechanical theory, but it is not the teaching of history. The Bourbon element in industry and politics has always been fighting the battle after this fashion, and has only succeeded in erecting a dam before human progress for a brief period, followed by the breaking of the dam and the coming of the deluge. It seems unfitted to be the method of the wise and powerful liberal capitalistic element of America in the present crisis.

The best strategy of capital, to use an expressive phrase of the time, is to beat labor to it in every industrial advance in humanity and efficiency that really ought to be made. There is vast opposition on the part of many employers to unionism and the closed shop. But unionism and the closed shop are the fighting weapons of labor against much arrogance and unreason on the part of too many men of capital. Unionism and the closed shop are by no means permanent and general institutions. If the exceptional men of intelligence and power on the side of capital were to adopt and enforce a sane policy of democratic good-will, many of the reasons for the existence of irritating labor policies would soon pass away, and the institutions themselves would become atrophied and harmless. Certainly the fertility of the soil which produces demagogues and agitators would be greatly diminished.

We have arrived at a crest in the experience of mankind where it is possible to see that absolute autocracy in industry is no more efficient than it is in war. The freer nations of the world were not prepared technically for the gigantic conflict with the German Emperor, but actually they were more than ready for him. The practice of democratic liberty had developed a potential initiative, a spontaneous energy, which no technical autocracy could master. There is no reason to believe that the results of a reasonable democracy in industry would not be similar.

It is time also in politics and government that the old methods of the possessing class of defeating the popular will by control of legislatures, the press, and other means should be greatly modified. They are being modified, but my own experience leads me to believe that they are not yet modified enough.

I have laid emphasis upon what the capitalist and manager of industry may do in bringing in a better day, because I am profoundly convinced that he has it in his power to alter the face of affairs more swiftly than anybody else. It is the exceptional man in industry, as well as in politics, who should lead in wise democratization and human betterment. The span of time necessary to accomplish results is thereby greatly shortened.

Class rule in politics is done, if I understand America; proletarian rule will get no further than capitalistic rule has gone, and probably nothing like so far, since popular resentment is already becoming swiftly and savagely aroused. American opinion has not one whit more liking for the political mass method of the soviet than it has for the political class method of the invisible government. The uprooting of both is fundamental to the restoration of popular confidence in representative institutions.

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"THE PAINTED DESERT"

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Satanism and the World Order

By GILBERT MURRAY

Professor Gilbert Murray, in his Adamson lecture, recently delivered in Manchester, England, and now revised and printed in full in THE CENTURY, *states that the spirit of hatred, which rejoiced in any wide-spread disaster that was also a disaster to the world's rulers, is perhaps more rife to-day than it has been for a thousand years.*

IN an old novel, still famous and once widely popular, the writer, oppressed with the burden of evil in the world, gives to her heroine the name *Consuelo*—Consolation—and makes her half-mad hero a descendant of a strange sect. He is one of those Bohemian Lollards who, despairing of any sympathy from God, threw themselves into the protecting arms of their fellow-outcast, fellow-sufferer, fellow-victim of persecution and slander, the devil. Their word of salutation was "The Injured One gives you greeting," or, "The Injured One gives you blessing." And they made of the Injured One a figure rather resembling the suffering Christ, champion of the poor and lowly, a being more than persecuted, more than crucified, but differing from Christ inasmuch as he was no friend of pope, priest, or emperor, and therefore presumably no friend of God; he was still unconquered and unreconciled.

If this belief seems to us bizarre or even depraved, it can be only for a moment. The clue to it is that it is a belief of the persecuted and helpless, who know their own innocence and deduce the wickedness of the power that persecutes them. To these pious and simple mountain peasants, followers first of John Huss and Ziska, and then of leaders more ignorant and fiery, the world became gradually a place dominated by enemies. Every person in authority met them with rack and sword, cursed their religious leaders as emissaries of the devil, and punished them for all the things which they considered holy. The earth was the Lord's, and the pope and emperor were the vice-regents of God upon the earth. So they were told, and in time they accepted this statement. That was the division of the world. On one side God, pope and emperor, and the army of persecutors; on the other themselves, downtrodden and poor, their saintly leaders, hunted like beasts, and above all their eternal comforter and fellow-rebel, that exiled Star of the Morning, cast into darkness and torment like his children. Let them be true to him, and surely his day must come!

Satanism in this sense is perfectly intelligible and may be strongly sympathetic. We need pay no attention to the mere name of "Satan" or "Lucifer"; the name is a mythological accident. The essense of the belief is that the world order is evil and a lie; good-

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ness and truth are persecuted rebels. In other forms the belief has been held by many Christian saints and martyrs, notably by the author of the Apocalypse. But we should notice that it is diametrically opposed to the teaching of almost all the great moral systems. Plato and Aristotle and the Stoics, St. Augustine and Thomas Aquinas, Kant and J. S. Mill and Comte and T. H. Green, all argue or assume that there exists in some sense a cosmos or divine order; that what is good is in harmony with this order, and what is bad is in discord against it. I notice that one of the Gnostic schools in Hippolytus, the church father (VII, 28), actually defines Satan as "The Spirit who works against the cosmic powers," the rebel or protestant who counteracts the will of the whole, tries to thwart the community of which he is a member, seeks not the life and welfare of the whole, but the destruction and death of it. Ancient philosophers are particularly strong on this conception of evil, and on the corresponding conception of human goodness as being the quality of a good citizen. The world or the universe is one community, or, as they call it, one city; all men, or perhaps all living things, are citizens of that city, and human goodness consists in living for its good. God's providence or foresight consists in providing the future good of the universe and it is our business to be, to the best of our powers, "servants or ministers of the divine foresight" (Diodorus I). Thus goodness becomes identical with loyalty, or with what some of the persecuted Christians called *Pistis*, faithfulness. There is an army of God, and there is an enemy. The essential sin is rebellion, or treason.

Loyalty is thus the central and typical virtue; but loyalty to what? So far we can only say, it is loyalty to the cosmic process, or the purpose of God, or the good of the whole, as representing that purpose. But in practice, for the ordinary human being who has no oddities or idiosyncrasies of belief, this central virtue takes the form of loyalty toward the most important active whole of which he is a member. Of course we are all familiar with the notion of conflicting loyalties.

In practice the good of any large society is accepted as sufficiently near to the good of the universe to justify a man's devotion to it. A man whose life was really devoted to the welfare of New York—assuming, of course, that his idea of the welfare of New York was reasonably adequate and sensible—would certainly count as a good man. It is speculatively possible that the good of the universe may demand the misery and degradation of the inhabitants of New York, but it is one of those possibilities which need not in ordinary opinion be taken seriously. A fortiori, a man who really devoted his life to the welfare of all the inhabitants of America or of the British Empire, or all the inhabitants of the German Empire, or, still more, all the inhabitants of the ancient Roman Empire, would be accepted as a good man leading a good life by all but the eccentric or prejudiced. If a person of this type —such as Cecil Rhodes or Bismarck, William II or Augustus—is blamed, there is always an implication that his conception of what constituted the welfare of his whole was wrong. He professed, and perhaps thought, that he was promoting the welfare of his great society, whereas he was really doing something quite different, inflaming its ambitions, flattering its vices, or the like.

The point of interest comes when one of these vast wholes begins to identify its own good with something which incidentally involves the evil of another whole, whether small or great. Most of us, for instance, look upon the late German Empire as an organization so hostile to humanity as a whole that it had to be destroyed. But it is worth noting that in any of these great organizations far the greater expenditure of time and energy is devoted to the good of its members, to such ends as education, transport, industry, agriculture, government, and the administration of justice; and the evil it does, even when it is enormous, is mostly either unconscious or else accidental. The clearest and perhaps the most tragic case is that of the Roman Empire.

If we try to enter into the mind of a good Roman official, like Pliny, for in-

stance, as shown in his letters to Trajan, he would feel that the service of Rome was for him the nearest approach possible to the service of God or the helping of the human race as a whole. Rome, he would say, had doubtless her imperfections, and not all Roman proconsuls were worthy of their high calling. But when all deductions were made, the Roman Empire meant peace throughout the known world; it meant decent and fairly disinterested government; it protected honest men from thieves and robbers; it punished wrongdoers; it gave effective help to towns wrecked by blizzards or earthquakes or to provinces where the crops had failed. It spread education and civilized habits; it put down the worst practices of savage superstition. And if any improvement in the practice of governing human beings could be pointed out, on the whole a good Roman governor was willing to consider it. If Pliny had been asked what was the greatest calamity that could befall the human race, he would probably have answered, "The overthrow of the Roman Empire," and it would have been hard to contradict him.

One might have argued that, in nation after nation, Rome had crushed a native art and culture, and put in its place a very dull and mechanical civilization, with little life or beauty or power of growth; that it took the heart out of the local religions, and put in their place a dead official ceremonial. But such arguments would have been met with an incredulous smile, as similar arguments are nowadays. Pliny would answer very justly that if the various subject nations all prefer Roman culture to their own, surely that must be because Roman culture is obviously superior. If they accept the Roman official religion, it must be for the same reason. As a matter of fact, he would add, the religion of Roma Dea, the acceptance of the spirit of the Roman Empire as something to be regarded with awe and love and worship, was the nearest approach to a truly philosophical religion that uncultivated men could assimilate; and that, after all, Rome never suppressed or injured any local religion that was not criminal in its practices. All that Rome asked was the recognition of a common brotherhood, a common loyalty, expressed in the simplest and most human way, by an offering of incense and prayer at the altar of Roma Dea, the divine mother, or sometimes at that of the existing head of the state.

And then, as we know, certain odd people would not do it. It seems curious that so simple a point of difference could not be got over. I do not see why Jews and Christians need have refused to pray for the welfare of Rome, provided they did so at their own altars, nor why the magistrates should have made a difficulty about the particular altar used. But evidently the affair was badly managed at the beginning. And by the time we have any detailed evidence, we find the Christians uttering curses and incantations against the empire in place of prayers, and the Roman working classes trying by pogroms to stamp out such incredible wickedness. Ordinary human weakness could be tolerated, even lack of patriotism was not exactly a crime, and as for superstition, no one need interfere with his neighbors on the ground of their belief about unknown matters; but when people met secretly and prayed to an alien and hostile God to do ill to the whole empire, when they called our holy Mother Rome a harlot riding on a wild beast and drunk with the blood of the saints, when they saw visions and uttered incantations fraught with the most appalling afflictions upon mankind that any mind can conceive, seals and bowls of poisoned blood and riders upon strange horses, who should eventually trample the whole Roman world beneath their feet until the blood of that wine-pressing should wash the horses' bridles, while the Christians look on and sing for joy, by that time the average working-man or peasant began to look about him for clubs and stones, and the worried magistrate to decide that this new Jewish sect must be registered as an illegal society.

The mental attitude of the Book of Revelation is almost exactly like that of the persecuted sectaries in "Consuelo." The world and the rulers of the world are absolutely evil; not faulty

men who make mistakes, but evil powers, hating all that is good, and acting on earth as the representatives of evil gods; the earthly cosmos is evil, and all that the righteous can desire is its utter destruction.

This conception that the world order may be definitely evil was, of course, not a new one. Four hundred years earlier Athens had thrilled at Plato's conception of the ideal righteous man who, coming to an unrighteous world, suffers every affliction, is bound and scourged and has his eyes burned out, and at last is impaled or crucified, and yet is on the whole happy; that is, he is a man you would like to be because of his righteousness. Greek mythology itself possessed the traditional character of a divine rebel, Prometheus, who for love of man had defied the cruel power which rules the world. The late and mystical Greek philosophers who were the founders of Gnosticism are eloquent on the badness of this world, the malignity of the powers who rule it, and the wrath against man of the seven planets. In some cases they were convinced of the evil nature of Him who made the world; to some of the Gnostics the Demiurge, or Creator, is the father or brother of the devil.

Such a view of the world as evil is, I think, seldom of any value as philosophy, but always of interest to the psychologist and the historian. When wide-spread, it is the result of special unhappiness either of defeat and persecution or else of extraordinarily bad government. In isolated cases it may come merely from some sensitive idealism which pitches its hopes too high for human life to satisfy. It is the belief sometimes of the anchorite or the mystic; but normally it is the cry of the persecuted, the refugee, the sufferer of things past endurance, the victim of those governments which are the enemies of their own people. It is never, I think, the belief of the good governor, the efficient public servant, or even the successful mechanic or man of business.

But of that later; the point which I wish to lay stress on at this moment is a different one. It is that, unless I am mistaken, in every single case the man who believes that the order in which he lives is evil provides himself either in this life or the next with another order in which all is redeemed.

The writer of the Apocalypse looks forward, after the utter destruction of the hostile order of Rome, to a millennium upon earth, in which all the posts of authority are to be occupied by his own people. Plato's righteous man, though in discord with the society which tortures him, is in harmony all the time with the true nature of things. Prometheus himself ultimately gains his point and is reconciled to Zeus. The overpowering strength of this impulse in the persecuted or unhappy to project out of their own desires an imaginary order in which the injustices of the present order are corrected, a special heaven in which the righteous are consoled, together with a special hell in which the enemies of the righteous meet their deserts, is illustrated vividly in the apocalyptic literature of all persecuted faiths, both Christian and pagan. Persecution always generates vivid descriptions of hell, the projection of righteous revenge unsatisfied.

One of the most pathetic and amiable of these attempts to justify by imagination that which cannot be justified by the evidence is the theoretic optimism of the neo-Platonic and neo-Pythagorean communities. They had not suffered much. They did not revel in visions of revenge or recompense; they merely argued *in vacuo*. Their fundamental doctrine was that the cosmos, the universe, was good. If it was not good, all their system reeled into ruins. But the world as they actually saw it and lived in it seemed to them a mere mass of gross matter, rolling in error and delusion, and wisdom could be attained only by abstention from it. How can these positions be reconciled? By a method so simple that it leaves one almost awed by the childlike power of living in dreams by which the human mind protects itself against the thorns. "True," said these philosophers, "all of the world that we see is bad, all steeped in matter and in error; but what about the parts we do not see? If you could once get above the moon, you would find it absolutely different. All those parts of the universe about which we have no

information are so extraordinarily and infinitely good that the badness of the parts we do happen to know sinks into insignificance." It is as though a judge had to try a number of accused people of whom some could not be caught; all those who were brought into court were found guilty of various crimes, but the judge has such a strong inward conviction of the saintliness of those whom the police could not catch that he acquits the whole gang, and they leave the court without a stain on their character.

Quite absurd, I venture to say; and yet I think it is in essentials what I myself believe, and what we all believe. And I very much doubt whether human beings can go on living without some such belief. It is a matter of human psychology. But perhaps we do wrong in using the words "good or bad." We really mean "friend" or "enemy," on our side or against us. The division between "friend" and "enemy" goes far deeper down into human nature than that between good and bad. If you read the sort of literature that I have been treating of, the ancient apocryphal or pagan apocalypses and descriptions of hell, you will not find on the whole that hell is primarily a place for people who do not come up to the received moral standard; it is the place for the enemy. It is the place for him who now persecutes us, robs us, hangs us, burns us, makes us fight with wild beasts, and laughs the while. Let him wait, and he will be made to laugh on the other side of his mouth! And if a third person explains that a particular enemy is a decent and sober person, a good husband and father, the statement is almost irrelevant, as well as almost unbelievable. You may hate a man because he is wicked, or you may think him wicked because you hate him; you may love a man because you think him good, or you may feel him to be, with all his faults, a splendid fellow because he likes you: but in either case the psychological ground fact is not a moral judgment, good or bad, but an instinctive gesture, friend or enemy.

And as soon as we see this, we see also how it is almost impossible not to believe that ultimately in the real battle of life the cosmos is with us. You cannot belong whole-heartedly to the labor party or the Jesuits, as the case may be, without believing that God is on the side of the labor party or the Jesuits. You cannot belong to Islam without believing that God is on the side of Islam. I leave aside the problem whether you can temporarily or with part of your mind admit that what you want is bad and what you believe wrong; such a state is not permanent or whole-hearted. In the main, whatever majority may be against you now, and however hostile you may find the present world order, you cannot help believing in your heart that there is a better order which is on your side, and perhaps even that, as they say in melodrama, "a time will come—"

We all know, on Dr. Johnson's authority, that the devil was the first Whig; but the above argument enables us to see the difference between him and, let us say, the Whigs of later history. The Whig, while condemning and working against the existing order in some particular, is always consciously trying to institute another order which he regards as better. And through all the series, Whig, Liberal, Radical, Revolutionary, the same remains true; the only difference is that at each stage the ideal new order is increasingly remote from the existing order. But the devil, unless I do him a wrong, is not trying to substitute another order which he prefers; he is merely injuring, marring, acting as an enemy— ἀντιπράττων τοῖς κοσμικοῖς. And here perhaps we get the first result of this long argument—that goodness *is* the same thing as harmony with or loyalty to the world order; but that, since the true world order does not yet exist, opposition to the present order is at times right, provided that the opposition really aims at the attainment of a fuller or better order.

Theoretically this seems sound. And I think, even in practice, the rule has a certain value, though of course it does not, any more than any other political rule, provide us with an infallible test of the good or evil, the sane or insane. It is rare to find any political lunatic so extreme as specifically to admit that he wishes to destroy and never rebuild, to make the present world worse than it is

with no intention, even at the back of his mind, ever to "remould it nearer to the heart's desire." Yet a certain type of revolutionary does for all practical purposes take a position that is almost equivalent to this.

I once in my youth met the celebrated Nihilist Bakunin, the unsuccessful Lenine of his day, who was credited with the doctrine that every act of destruction or violence is good, because either it does good directly by destroying a person or thing which is objectionable, or else it does good indirectly by making an already intolerable world worse than before, and so bringing the social revolution nearer. Since he and his followers had no constructive scheme for this so-called social revolution, the theory is for practical purposes indistinguishable from true Satanism, or hatred of the world. One of the deductions made from it was that, in the ordinary workaday business of political assassinations, it was desirable to murder innocent and even good persons and to spare wicked ones. For two reasons: the wicked were of some use, if left alive, in furthering the revolution; and also to kill the wicked implied no really valuable criticism of the existing social order. If you kill an unjust judge, you may be understood to mean merely that you think judges ought to be just; but if you go out of your way to kill a just judge, it is clear that you object to judges altogether. If a son kills a bad father, the act, though meritorious in its humble way, does not take us much further. But if he kills a good father, it cuts at the root of all that pestilent system of family affection and loving-kindness and gratitude on which the present system is largely based.

Let us become sane again and see where we are. What do most of us, as a matter of fact, think about the existing world order? I am thinking of all ordinary sensible people, whatever their politics, excluding only those who are prejudiced against the world by some intolerable private wrong, or in its favor by some sudden and delightful success. Strictly speaking, the world as a whole cannot be called good or bad, any more than the spectrum as a whole can be called light or dark. The world contains all the things that we call good and all that we call bad; and since by the laws of language you call things bad if they are worse than you expect, and good if they are better than you expect, and your expectation itself is formed by your experience, you cannot apply any word of blame or praise to the whole. But when people speak of the world or the existing order, they are of course thinking of the part they are most interested in, and that, for various reasons, is usually the part that depends on human society and human effort. And I shall feel a little disappointed if every one of my readers does not agree with me in thinking that on the whole, and allowing for exceptions, when people try to do something and pay attention, they come nearer to doing it than if they did not try at all. Normally, therefore, that systematic organization of human effort which we call a civilized society does, on the whole, succeed in being a good thing, just as the Roman Empire did. Doctors on the whole prolong human life rather than shorten it. Lawyers and judges on the whole bring about more justice than injustice. Even in a department of life so very imperfectly civilized as economics, on the whole, if you know a young man who is hard-working, intelligent, and honest, you do expect him to get on better than one who is lazy, stupid, and a thief. This lands us in the belief, which any minute study of social history corroborates in letters of blood, that almost any government is better than no government, and almost any law better than no law.

And I think we may safely go further. If we take any of those cases where a civilized society obviously shows itself evil, where it rewards vice and punishes virtue, produces misery and slays happiness; when it appoints unjust tribunals, when it bribes witnesses to tell lies, when it treats its own members or subjects as enemies and tries to injure them instead of serving them; when it organizes massacres, like the Turkish Government, or pogroms, like the Russian, or even false statements, like virtually all the governments of the world—when it does these

things, it is not really carrying out its principles, but failing. It is not a machine meant for doing these bad things; it is a machine designed, very imperfectly, for doing just the opposite.

If we accept this position, we see that the organized life of mankind is on the whole organized for good, and that the great pilgrimage of the spirit of man from the beginnings of history onward has been on the whole not only a movement from ignorance to knowledge, from collective impotence to collective power, from poverty of life to richness of life, but also in some profound sense a pilgrimage from lower to higher. And it will follow, despite constant lapses and false routes, which have to be corrected, that the road of progress is in the main a road onward in the same general direction; that the better order which a reformer wishes to substitute for the present order must be a fuller realization of the spirit of the existing order itself.

This belief does not rule out changes which many people would call extreme or revolutionary,—to the eye of the historian most revolutions are little more than a ruffling of the surface of life,—but it does mean that a change which violates the consciences of men—a change which aims at less justice and more violence, at more hatred and less friendliness, at more cruelty and less freedom, has the probabilities heavily against its ultimate success.

The instinct of the average man is apt to be shrewdly right on this point. We do instinctively judge men and movements not by the amount of suffering or bloodshed they cause, but by the quality of human behavior which they represent. For a general to cause a thousand deaths by an unsuccessful attack is a much slighter disturbance of the world order than if, for example, he were to cause one innocent man to be condemned to death by forging false documents. The first would be a disaster and perhaps deserving of blame; the second would imply a shattering of the very foundations on which the world order rests.

We seem to be led to a profound and almost complacent conservatism, but I think there has been one flaw in this justification of ordinarily organized societies. It is the same as lurked in Pliny's argument above, justifying Roma Dea to the rebellious Christian or Jew. It justifies them only so far as they really represent, however imperfectly, the world order, so far as they *are* organizations for justice and freedom; that is, the argument applies only to the action of the organized society within its own borders, and utterly fails to touch the relation of the state or society to those outside. On the inside a state is an organization for good government and mutual help, and it has a machinery, elaborate and well thought out, by which it can improve its powers and correct its errors. And only in cases of extreme failure are its own members its enemies. But toward other states or societies it is something utterly different, just as a tigress to her own cubs is a clever and delightful mother, but to strangers nothing of the kind. Seen from the outside, a state is a fighting power, organized for the use of force. It is represented by diplomacy in its better moments and by war in its worse. And toward subject states or societies, if it has them, its relations are ambiguous; in favorable conditions they are members of the whole and in accord with it; in unfavorable conditions they approach more and more nearly to rebels and half-conquered enemies. The relation of empires to subject communities is, in fact, the great seed-ground for those states of mind which I have grouped under the name of Satanism.

An appalling literature of hatred is in existence, dating at least from the eighth century B.C., in which unwilling subjects have sung and exulted over the downfall of the various great empires, or at least poured out the delirious, though often beautiful, visions of their long-deferred hope. The burden of Nineveh, the burden of Tyre, the burden of Babylon—these are recorded in some of the finest poetry of the world. The fall of Rome, the rise of her own vile sons against her, the plunging of the scarlet woman in the lake of eternal torture and the slaying of the three quarters of mankind who bowed down to her, form one of the

most eloquent and imaginative parts of the canonical Apocalypse. The cry of oppressed peoples against the Turk and the Russian is written in many languages and renewed in many centuries. What makes this sort of literature so appalling is, first, that it is inspired by hatred; next, that the hatred is at least in part just; and, thirdly, the knowledge that we ourselves are now sitting in the throne once occupied by the objects of these execrations. Perhaps most of us are so accustomed to think of Babylon and Nineveh and Tyre and even Rome as seats of mere tyranny and corruption that we miss the real meaning and warning of their history. These imperial cities mostly rose to empire not because of their faults, but because of their virtues; because they were strong and competent and trustworthy, and, within their borders and among their own people were mostly models of effective justice. And we think of them as mere types of corruption! The hate they inspired among their subjects has utterly swamped, in the memory of mankind, the benefits of their good government or the contented and peaceful lives which they made possible to their own peoples. It is an awe-inspiring thought for us who now stand in their place.

The spirit that I have called Satanism, the spirit of unmixed hatred toward the existing world order, the spirit which rejoices in any widespread disaster which is also a disaster to the world's rulers, is perhaps more rife to-day than it has been for over a thousand years. It is felt to some extent against all ordered governments, but chiefly against all imperial governments, and it is directed more widely and intensely against Great Britain than against any other power. I think we may add that, while everywhere dangerous, it is capable of more profound world wreckage by its action against us than by any other form that it is now taking.

A few years ago probably the most prosperous and contented, and certainly in many ways the most advanced region of the whole world, was central Europe. As a result of the war and the policy of the victors after the war, central Europe is now an economic wreck, and large parts of it a prey to famine. A vast volume of hatred, just and unjust, partly social, partly nationalist, partly the mere reaction of intolerable misery, is rolling up there against what they call the *Hungerherren* or Hunger-Lords. The millions of Russia are torn by civil war; but one side thinks of us as the people who, taking no risks ourselves, sent tanks and poison gas to destroy masses of helpless peasants; and the other side thinks of us as the foreigners who encouraged them to make civil war and then deserted them. All through the Turkish Empire, through great parts of Persia, through Afghanistan, from one end of the Moslem world to the other, there are "mullahs" and holy men seeing visions and uttering oracles about the downfall of another scarlet woman who has filled the world "with the wine of the wrath of her abominations," and who is our own Roma Dea, our British commonwealth, which we look upon as the great agent of peace and freedom for mankind.

Scattered among our own fellow-subjects in India the same prophecies are current; they are ringing through Egypt. Men in many parts of the world—some even as close to us as Ireland—are daily giving up their lives to the sacred cause of hatred, even a hopeless hatred, against us and the world order which we embody. I have read lately two long memoranda about Africa, written independently by two people of great experience, but of utterly different political opinions and habits of thought; both agreed that symptoms in Africa pointed toward a movement of union among all the native races against their white governors; and both agreed that apart from particular oppressions and grievances, the uniting forces were the two great religions, Christianity and Islam, because both religions taught a doctrine utterly at variance with the whole method and spirit of the European dominion—the doctrine that men are immortal beings, and their souls equal in the sight of God.

This state of things is in part the creation of the war. In part it consists of previously latent tendencies brought

out and made conspicuous by the war. In part, the war has suggested to susceptible minds its own primitive method —the method of healing all wrong by hitting or killing somebody. And, for us British in particular, the war has left us, or revealed us, as the supreme type and example of the determination of the white man to rule men of all other breeds on the ground that he is their superior. Here and there peoples who have experience know that the British are better masters than most; but masters they are, and masters are apt to be hated.

There is a memorable chapter in Thucydides beginning with the words, *"Not now for the first time have I seen that it is impossible for a democracy to govern an empire."* It may not be impossible, but it is extraordinarily difficult. It is so difficult to assert in uncritical and unmeasured language the sanctity of freedom at home, and systematically to modify or regulate freedom abroad. It is so difficult to make the government at home constantly more sympathetic, more humane, more scrupulous in avoiding the infliction of injustice or even inconvenience upon the governed British voters and to tolerate the sort of incident that, especially in the atmosphere of war, is apt to occur in the government of voteless subjects abroad. When I read letters from friends of my own who are engaged in this work of world government I sometimes feel that it brings out in good men a disinterested heroism, a sort of inspired and indefatigable kindness, which is equaled by no other profession. And I think that many English people, knowing, as they do, the immense extent of hard work, high training, and noble intention on which our particular share in the world order is based, feel it an almost insane thing that our subjects should hate us. Yet we must understand it if we are to govern well. And it is not hard to understand. We have seen lately in Amritsar a situation arising between governors and governed so acutely hostile that a British officer, apparently a good soldier, thought it right to shoot down without warning some hundreds of unarmed men. In Mesopotamia, since the war, it is said that certain villages which did not pay their taxes and were thought to be setting a bad example were actually bombed from the air at night, when all the population was crowded together in the inclosures. In Ceylon in 1915 numbers of innocent people were either shot or flogged and many more imprisoned owing to a panic in the government. In Rhodesia a few weeks ago a boy of sixteen who shot a native for fun was let off with eight strokes of the birch.

I wish to pass no harsh judgment against the men who did any of these things. I do not suggest that they were wicked or cruel persons, and I give full value to the argument that those of us who sit at home in safety have no right to pour denunciation on the errors of overworked and overstrained men in crises of great peril and difficulty. I mention these incidents to illustrate how natural it is for imperial races to be hated. The people who suffer such things as these do not forget them. The stories are repeated and do not lose in the telling. And many a boy and girl in the East will think of the English simply and solely as the unbelievers who habitually flog and shoot good people, just as the Jews felt about the Romans, or the Manichæans about the orthodox.

Now, my own view is that all these actions in their different degrees were wrong; all were blunders; all were utterly exceptional and not typical; and further that no action like them or remotely approaching them is normally necessary for the maintenance of the empire. I am too confirmed a Liberal to take the opposite view. But suppose we had to take it. Suppose we were convinced by argument that all these actions were right and necessary, and that severities and injustices of this sort are part of the natural machinery by which empire is maintained; that the rule of the white man over the colored man, the Christian over the Moslem, the civilized over the uncivilized, cannot be carried on except at the cost of these bloody incidents and the world-wide passion of hatred which they involve, I think the conclusion would be inevitable, not that such acts were

right, for they cannot be right, but simply that humanity will not for very long endure the continuance of this form of world order.

William Morris used to say that no man was good enough to be another man's master. If that were true of persons, it would, as great authorities have pointed out, be much truer of nations. No nation certainly is as trustworthy as its own best men. But I do not think it is true, unless indeed you imply in the word "master" some utterly uncontrolled despotism. Surely there is something wrong in that whole conception of human life which implies that each man should be a masterless, unattached, and independent being. It would be almost truer to say that no man is happy until he has a master, or at least a leader to admire and serve and follow. That is the way in which all societies naturally organize themselves, boys at school, political parties, social groups. As far as I can see, it is the only principle on which brotherhood can be based among beings who differ as widely as human beings do in intellect, in will power, or in strength. I do not think it is true that no nation is good enough to be, in this qualified sense, another's master. The world order does imply leaders and led, governors and governed; in extreme cases it does imply the use of force. It does involve, amid a great mass of other feelings, a certain amount of anger and even hatred from the governed against the governor. A world order which shirked all unpopularity would be an absurdity.

I sometimes think, in comparing the ancient world with the modern, that one of the greatest distinguishing characteristics of our modern civilization is an unconscious hypocrisy. The ancients shock us by their callousness; I think we should sometimes startle them by the contrast between our very human conduct in public affairs and our absolutely angelic professions.

If you ask me what possible remedy I see, from the point of view of the British Commonwealth, against these evils I have described, I would answer simply that we must first think carefully what our principles are and not overstate them; next, we must sincerely carry them out. These principles are not unknown things. They have been laid down by the great men of the last century, by Cobden and Macaulay and John Stuart Mill, even to a great extent by Lord Salisbury and Gladstone. We hold our empire as a trust for the governed, not as an estate to be exploited. We govern backward races that they may be able to govern themselves; we do not hold them down for our own profit or glory, nor in order to use them as food for cannon if our own population fails. Above all, in our government and our administration of justice we try to act without fear or favor, treating the poor man with as much respect as the rich man, the colored man as the white, the alien as the Englishman. We have had the principles laid down again and again; they are mostly embodied in the covenant of the League of Nations, on sale everywhere for a penny. We must live up to them.

It was a belief of the ancient Greeks that when a man had shed kindred blood he had to be purified; and until he was purified, the blood-stain worked like a seed of madness within him, and his thoughts could never rest in peace or truth. The blood, I fear, is still upon the hands of all of us, and some of the madness still in our veins. The first thing we must do is to get back to our pre-war standards. Then, from that basis, we must rise higher.

The war has filled not only Russia, but most of eastern Europe and western Asia, with the spirit that I have called Satanism—the spirit which hates the world order wherever it exists and seeks to vent its hate without further plan. That is wrong.

But this spirit would not have got abroad, it would not have broken loose and grown like seed and spread like pestilence, had not the world order itself betrayed itself and been false to its principles, and acted toward enemies and subjects in ways which seem to them what the ways of Nero or Domitian seemed to St. John on Patmos. I do not know whether it is possible for a nation to repent. Penitence in a nation as a rule means nothing but giving

a majority to a different political party. But I think it is possible for individual human beings, even for millions of them.

I see few signs so far of a change of heart in public things in any nation in the world, few signs of any rise in the standard of public life and a great many signs of its lowering. Some actions of great blindness and wickedness, the sort of actions which leave one wondering whether modern civilization has any spiritual content at all to differentiate us from savages, have been done not during the war, but since the war was over. Yet I am convinced that, though it has not yet prevailed in places of power, there is a real desire for change of heart in the minds of millions.

This desire is an enthusiasm, and is exposed to all the dangers of enthusiasm. It is often ignorant; it is touched with folly and misplaced passion and injustice; it is even exploited by interested persons. These are serious faults, and must be guarded against; but I believe the desire for a change of heart is a genuine longing, and, furthermore, I believe firmly that unless the world order is affected by this change of heart, the world order is doomed. Unless it abstains utterly from war and the causes of war, the next war will destroy it. Unless it can seek earnestly the spirit of brotherhood and sobriety at home, Bolshevism will destroy it. Unless it can keep its rule over subject peoples quite free from the spirit of commercial exploitation and the spirit of slavery, and make it like the rule of a good citizen over his fellows, it will be shattered by the wide-spread hatred of those whom it rules.

The present world order, if it survives the present economic crisis, has a wonderful opportunity, such an opportunity as has never been granted to any previous order in the history of recorded time. Our material wealth, our organization, our store of knowledge, our engines of locomotion and destruction, are utterly unprecedented and surpass even our own understanding. Furthermore, on the whole we know what we ought to do. We have what no previous empire or collection of ruling states has ever had, clear schemes set before us of the road ahead which will lead out of these dangers into regions of safety; the League of Nations, with the spirit which it implies; the reconcilement and economic reintegration of European society; and the system of mandate for the administration of backward territories. We have the power, and we know the course. Almost every element necessary to success has been put into the hands of those now governing the world except, as an old Stoic would say, the things that we must provide ourselves. We have been given everything except a certain necessary greatness of character. Just at present that seems lacking, at any rate among the rulers of Europe. It may be recovered. We have had it in the past in abundance, and we probably have the material for it even now. If not, if for any reason the great democracies permanently prefer to follow low motives and to be governed by inferior men, it looks as if not the British Empire only, but the whole world order established by the end of the war and summarized roughly by the League of Nations may pass from history under the same fatal sentence as the great empires of the past, that the world which it ruled hated it and risked all to destroy it.

The Santo Cerro, holy place of Santo Domingo, on which Columbus planted a cross

Santo Domingo, the Land of Bullet-Holes

By HARRY A. FRANCK

Photographs by the author

In crossing the boundary-line between Haiti and Santo Domingo, the author finds striking differences in the characteristics of the two peoples—differences that show themselves even in the landscape.

OUANAMINTHE is the Haitian "creole" name for a town which the Spaniards founded under the more euphonious title of Juana Mendez. It is the eastern frontier station for those who travel overland by the northern route from Haiti to Santo Domingo. A typical interior village of the Black Republic, it consists of several unpaved streets of bad-to-worse huts and shacks of improvident negroes, all radiating from a broad, grassy *place* and town pasture. This latter is wholly unadorned except for the inevitable plaster-covered tribune painted noisily in alternate stripes of the national colors and shaded by a single royal palm-tree, an unfailing village centerpiece, which the Haitians call "la patrie." On a knoll overlooking the town and all the surrounding country stands the fort and prison of the district. Above this flaps the red-and-blue flag of Haiti, but its display is somewhat pretense, for the commanders of the place are American marines, temporarily camouflaged as "gendarmes d'Haiti." Thanks to the stern rule of the latter, Ouanaminthe is as clean and orderly as could reasonably be expected of a village of blacks who have run wild for a century, and the fort itself is dazzlingly immaculate in its whitewash and its sanded open spaces.

We might have been stranded there indefinitely but for the already familiar kindness of our fellow-countrymen in uniform who are scattered throughout the negro republic. Public conveyances are unknown in Ouanaminthe. Walking is all very well for a lone bachelor with

no other cares than a half-filled knapsack. But with a wife to consider, the long trail loses something of its primitive simplicity. In what would otherwise have been our sad extremity Captain Verner, commanding the gendarmérie of Ouanaminthe, came to our rescue most delicately with the assertion that he had long been planning to run over to Monte Christi on a pressing matter of business.

With one slight exception, the island of Santo Domingo is the only one in the New World that is divided between two nationalities; it is the only one on earth, unless my geography be at fault, where the rank and file speak two different languages. Yet the shallow Massacre is as definite a dividing-line as though it were a hundred leagues of sea. Unlike the Haitian shacks behind us, the dwellings of Dajabón were almost habitable, even to the exacting Northern point of view. Instead of tattered and ludicrously patched negroes of bovine temperament lolling in the shade of as ragged hovels of palm-leaves and jungle rubbish, comparatively well-dressed men and women, ranging in complexion from light brown to pale yellow, sat in chairs on projecting verandas or leaned on their elbows in open windows, staring with that fixed attention which makes the most hardened stranger self-conscious in Spanish-America, yet which, contrasted with the vacant black faces of Haiti, was an evidence at least of human intelligence and curiosity. The village girls, decked out in their Sunday-afternoon best, were often attractive in appearance, some undeniably pretty, qualities which only an observer of African ancestry could by any stretch of generosity grant to the belles of the Haitian towns behind us.

Even the change in landscape was striking. Whether the Spaniard settled by choice those regions which remind him of the dry and rarely shaded plains of his own Castile and Aragón or that he makes way with a forest wherever he sees one, he is almost certain to be surrounded by bare, brown, semi-arid vistas. Haiti had, on the whole, been densely wooded; luxuriant vegetation, plentifully watered, spread away on every hand. The great plain that stretched out before us beyond Dajabón was almost treeless; except for a scattering of withered, thorny bushes, there was scarcely a growing thing. The rainfall, which had been frequent in the land of the blacks behind us, seemed not to have crossed the frontier in months. In contrast to *caco*-impoverished Haiti, large herds of cattle wandered about the brown immensity, or huddled in the rare pretenses of shade; but what they found to feed on was a mystery, for there was nothing in the scarce, scanty patches of sun-burned herbage that could have been dignified with the name of grass. Dead, flat, monotonous, made doubly mournful by the occasional moan of a wild dove, a more dreary, uninspiring landscape it would be hard to imagine; the vista that spread away as far as the eye could see seemed wholly uninviting to human habitation.

Clusters of thrown-together huts, little less miserable in these rural districts, it must be admitted, than those of Haiti, jolted past us now and then, their swarms of stark-naked children of eight, ten, and even twelve years of age scampering out across the broken, sun-hardened ground to see us pass. Yet in one respect at least even these denizens of the wilderness were superior to their Haitian prototypes—they really spoke their native language. Familiar as we had both been for years with French, it was rare indeed that we got more than the general drift of a conversation in Haitian "creole." The most uneducated *dominicano*, on the other hand, spoke a Spanish as clear and precise as that heard in the streets of Madrid. There must be something enduring, something that appeals to the most uncouth tongue, in the Castilian language. Hear it where you will, in all the broad expanse of Central and South America, in the former Spanish colonies of the West Indies, from the lips of Indians, negroes, *mestizos*, or the Jews of the Near East, banished from Spain centuries ago, with minor variations of pronunciation and enriching of vocabulary from the tongues it has supplanted, it retains almost its original purity.

The Dominican scorns the building of highways as thoroughly as do any of his cousins of Spanish descent. With American intervention he was forced, much against his will and better judgment, to

divert a certain amount of public moneys and labor to making wheeled communication between his various provinces possible. But though you can drive an unbridled horse along any open space, you cannot choose the path he will make within it. Wide as it was, the roadway was an unbroken expanse of deeply cracked and thoroughly churned

Venders of lottery-tickets in Santo Domingo

brown mud, sunburned to the consistency of broken rock. Here and there we were forced to crawl along the extreme edge of one or the other of the bristling walls of vegetation; frequently the only passable trail left the roadway entirely and squirmed off through the spiny forest, the thorny branches whipping us in the faces. Huge clumps of organ cactus and others of the same family forced us to make precarious detours. At the top of a faint rise we sighted the "Morro" of Monte Christi, a great bulking rectangular hill that guides the mariner both by land and sea to the most western port of Santo Domingo. Our hopes began slowly to revive when—*Groughung!* the sixth blowout came—or was it the seventh? I remember that the eighth overtook us at the bottom of the rise, when both daylight and our patches were giving out. The ninth found us in total darkness, and disclosed the fact that there was not a match on board. With the tenth mishap, lightless and patchless, we lost the final remnants of patience, and forced our sorry steed to hobble along on three feet. Then at last appeared a flicker of light; but it was only the hamlet on the bank of the River Yaque, across which we must be ferried on what looked in the darkness like the top of a soap-box. Fortunately, it takes little to float a Ford. Our crippled charger staggered up the steep bank beyond this principal stream of northern Santo Domingo, and half an hour later we rattled into the considerable town of Monte Christi.

Its streets were as wide as the hilltop roadway behind us, but, like it, they had only reached the first stage of development. Worst of all, we were forced to run the full length of nearly every street in the vain quest of some suggestion of hostelry or hospitality.

Our predicament would have been one to bring salt tears to the most hardened eyes but for the saving grace of all the island of Santo Domingo, our own people in uniform. Barely had we discovered the commander-in-chief of Monte Christi, a Marine captain bearing the name of one of our early and most illustrious Presidents, than he broke all records in hospitality within our own experience by turning his entire house over to us. We were never more firmly convinced of the wisdom of American intervention in Santo Domingo than at the end of that explosive day.

The otherwise dark and deserted town was gathered in its best starched attire in the place where any Spanish-American town would be expected to be on a Sunday evening—in the central plaza. This, to begin with, was strikingly unlike the bare open squares of Haiti, with their unfailing tribune-and-palm-tree *"patrie."* First of all, it was well paved, an assertion that could not be made of any other spot in town. An elaborate iron fence surrounded it, comfortable benches were ranged about it, trees and flowering shrubs shaded it by day and

decorated it by night; the only public lights in town cast an unwonted brilliancy upon the promenading populace, circling slowly round and round the square, the two sexes in opposite directions.

It was not until morning, however, that we caught full sight of the chief feature of the plaza and the pride of Monte Christi. By daylight a monument we had only vaguely sensed in the night stood forth in all its dubious beauty. In the center of the now deserted plaza rose a near replica of the Eiffel Tower, its open-work steel frame crowned by a huge four-faced clock some fifty feet above our dizzy heads. Well might the Monte Christians pride themselves on a feature quite unique among the plazas of the world.

From this clock-tower hangs a tale that is too suggestive of Dominican character to be passed over in silence. Some years ago, before the intrusive Americans came to put an end to the national sport, a candidate for the Dominican Congress came parading his candidacy about the far corners of the country. In each town he promised, in return for their aid in seating him in the august assembly, that the citizens should have federal funds for whatever was most lacking to their civic happiness. Monte Christi, being furthest from the cynical capital of any community in Santo Domingo, took the politician seriously. What it felt the need of more than anything else was a town clock that would cast envy on all its rivals for many miles around. The politician approved the choice so thoroughly that he advised the opening of negotiations for its purchase at once, without waiting for the mere formality of congressional sanction. In due time the monstrosity was erected, but for some reason the newly elected congressman's influence with his fellow-members was not so paramount as his faithful supporters had been led to believe. Some of them still contend that he did actually introduce a resolution to provide the noble and patriotic pueblo of Monte Christi with a prime necessity in the shape of a community time-piece; if so, the bill died in committee, unattended by priest or physician.

To cap the climax, the ridiculous Americans who had taken in charge the revenues of the country brought with them the absurd doctrine that municipalities should pay their bills. Years have passed since the successful politician visited the northwest corner of the country, yet Monte Christi is only beginning to crawl from beneath her appalling clock-tower, financially speaking, and to catch her breath again after relief from so oppressive a burden. Small wonder that her sand-hill streets are unpaved and her children still crowd into a rented hovel to glean the rudiments of learning.

The mail-coach—in real life the inevitable Ford—left Monte Christi the morning after our arrival, obviating the necessity of wiring to Santiago for a private car. The fare was within reason, as such things go in the West Indies, sixteen dollars for a journey of eighty miles, and, despite the pessimistic prophecies of our host, we had the back seat to ourselves the entire distance.

Many miles of the journey were sandy, barren wastes producing only the dismal, thorn-bristling dwarf forests. Every now and then we dodged from one wide caricature of a road to another still more choppy and rock-strewn; occasionally we found a mile or two of tolerable highway. The scarcity of travelers was in striking contrast to Haiti. The few people we met were never on foot, but in clumsy carts or astride gaunt, but hardy, little horses. Houses of woven palm-leaves on bare, reddish, hard soil sheltered the poorer inhabitants; the better-to-do built their dwellings of split palm-trunks that had the appearance of clapboards. Villages were rare and isolated, houses wholly lacking. Outdoor mud ovens on stilts, with rude thatched roofs over them, adorned nearly every back or side yard. At each village we halted before a roughly constructed post-office to exchange mail-bags with a postmaster who in the majority of cases showed no visible negro strain. Pure white inhabitants were frequent in the larger pueblos; full-blooded African types extremely rare. Santo Domingo has been called a mulatto country; we found it more nearly a land of quadroons.

Guayovin, a town of considerable size noted for its revolutionary history, the scattered hamlet of Laguna Salada, the larger village of Esperanza, one pueblo after another, was the same blurred vistas of wide, sandy streets, of open shop-fronts, and gaping inhabitants. We soon detected a surly attitude toward Americans, a sullen, passive resentment that recalled the attitude of Colombia as I had known it eight years before.

High hills rose on the left, higher ones off to the right; then ahead appeared beautiful labyrinths of deep-blue mountains, range after range piled up one behind the other in amphitheatrical formation, culminating in the cloud-coiffed peak of Tino, some ten thousand feet above the sea, and the highest point in the West Indies. Beyond, the country grew still greener, with groves of royal palms waving their ostrich plumes with the dignified leisureliness of the tropics, and the highway began to undulate, or, as it seemed to us behind our over-eager chauffeur, to pitch and roll, over low foot-hills. We raced at illegal speed through Villa Gonzalez, and entered a still more verdant region of vegetable gardens in fertile black soil. Then all at once we topped a rise from which spread out all the splendid green valley of Yaque, with Santiago de los Caballeros piled up a sloping high ground two miles away, with mountains that had grown to imposing height still far distant to the right.

Before we had time even to set foot in Santiago we were greeted by my old friend "'Lieutenant Long" of Canal Zone police fame, who had already put the town in a proper mood for our reception. Now more fittingly known as "Big George," he had added steadily to his laurels as a good and true servant of mankind. From the defelonized banks of the canal to the command of the sleuths of Porto Rico had been a natural step, and when he had detected everything worth detecting in our West Indian isle, and fathered a company of the 17th Infantry during the late international misunderstanding, "Big George" accepted the Augean task of initiating the Dominicans into the mysteries of their new American land tax.

Considerably more than four hundred years ago, when the red man north of the Rio Grande had yet to scalp his first white man, there was founded in the fertile valley of the Yaque the first of the many Santiagos that to-day dot the map of more than half the western hemisphere. Thirty Spanish gentlemen, as the word was understood in those roistering days, hidalgos who had followed on the heels of Columbus, were the original settlers, and because of their noble birth, they were permitted by royal decree to call their new home by the name it still officially bears—Santiago de los Caballeros. Although the present inhabitants of the aristocratic old town by no means all boast themselves "gentlemen" either in the conquistador or the modern sense of the term, some of the leading families can trace their ancestry in unbroken line from those old Spanish hidalgos. Many of these descendants of fifteenth-century grandees still retain the armor, swords, and other quaint warlike gear of their ancestors. A few have even kept their Caucasian blood pure through all the generations and frequent disasters of that long four hundred years, but the vast majority of them give greater or less evidence of African graftings on the family tree. The Cibao, as the northern half of Santo Domingo is called, is the region in which the Spaniards first found in any quantity the gold they came a-seeking, and gentlemanly Santiago has ever been its principal city.

There is not a street-car in all the island of Santo Domingo, or Haiti, as you choose to call it. Dingy, wretched old carriages, their horses only a trifle less gaunt and ungroomed than those of Port au Prince, loiter about a corner of the plaza, behind the cathedral, shrieking their pleas at every possible fare that passes within their field of vision. Automobiles are not unknown, but they have not yet invaded Santiago in any considerable force. The inevitable venders of lottery-tickets, which in Santo Domingo are of municipal rather than national issue and resemble the hand-bills of some itinerant family of barn-stormers, pester the passer-by every few yards with spuri-

Interior of the main church in Moca, Santo Domingo. A thatch roof over part of an unfinished stone building

ous promises of sudden fortune. In the cathedral the visitor finds himself face to face at every step with admonitions that women must have their heads covered and that worshipers shall not spit on the floor. The first command is universally recognized, if only by the spreading of a handkerchief over the frizzled tresses, but the latter is by no means so faithfully obeyed.

"Big George" arranged that we should spend the first Sunday after our arrival in the most typical Dominican style of celebration—the partaking of *lechón asado*. His choice of scene for the celebration, too, was particularly happy. An hour's easy jog from town —easy because the saddle-horses of Santo Domingo, like those of Cuba, are all "gaited," or gifted, with a singlefoot pace that makes them as comfortable seats as any rocking-chair—brought us to the estate of Jaragua, the exact site of the first founding of Santiago by the Castilian hidalgos. Under the dense, capacious shade of a fatherly old mango-tree sat a negro peon, slowly turning round and round over a fire of specially chosen, aromatic fagots, a suckling pig, or *lechón*, of four months, spitted on a long bamboo pole. In the outdoor kitchen of the rambling, one-story, tile-roofed, delightful old Spanish country house a group of ebony servants of both sexes and all ages were preparing a dozen other native dishes the mere aroma of which made a hungry man withdraw to leeward and await the summons with what patience he could muster.

In due leisurely season the chief victim of the day's feast, his mahogany skin crackling from the recent ordeal, bathed in his own tender juices, was slid down the bamboo-pole to a giant platter and given the place of honor on the family board. Flanked on all sides by the results of the kitchen industry,—heaping plates of steamed yuca, mashed yams bristling with native peppers, boiled calabash, plump *boniatos*, golden Spanish chick-peas, even a Brobdingnagian beefsteak,—and these in turn by the now thoroughly congenial hosts and guests, a barefoot, wide-eyed servant behind every other chair, the celebration began. Spanish wines which one would never have credited with finding in this far-off corner of the New World turned the big bucolic tumblers red and golden in perhaps too rapid succession. But alas for the brevity of human appetite! Long before the center of attraction had lost his resemblance to the eager little rooter of the day before, while the Gargantuan beefsteak still sat intact, eying the circle with a neglected air, one after another of the sated convivialists was beckoning away with a scornful gesture of disinterest the candied and spiced

papaya which the servants were bent on setting before him.

There are two toy railroads in Santo Domingo, confined to the Cibao, and by their united efforts connecting Santiago with the sea in both directions. The most diminutive of them is the Ferrocarril Central Dominicano, covering the hundred kilometers between Moca and Puerto Plata, on the north coast, with the ancient city of the gentlemen about two thirds of the way inland. It is government owned, but takes its orders from an American manager. It burns soft coal, as the traveler will soon discover to his regret, and, unlike most lines south of the Rio Grande, it has only one class. The result is that the single little passenger-train that makes the round trip three times a week and keeps the Sabbath contains a motley throng of voyagers.

We made up a party of four for the journey, with "Big George" and "Mac" for companions. Top sergeant of a troop of American cavalry that won laurels in the Spanish-American War, "Mac" had chosen to remain behind in Porto Rico when his "hitch" had ended. There he helped to set our new possession to rights and took unto himself the foundation of a family. With the establishment of American control of customs in Santo Domingo in 1907, he was the first of our fellow-countrymen to accept the dangerous task of patrolling the Haitian-Dominican frontier. Many a party of smugglers did he rout single-handed; times without number was he surrounded by bandits, or threatened with such fate as only the outlaws of savage Haiti and their Dominican confederates can inflict upon helpless white men falling into their hands. "Mac" made it his business never to be helpless. His trusty rifle lost none of the accuracy it had learned on the target range; the tactics of self-preservation and the will to command he had gained in his long military schooling stood him in increasing good stead. Even when he was shot from ambush and marked for life with two great spreading scars beneath his shirt, he did not lose his soldierly poise, but wreaked a memorable vengeance on his foes before he dragged himself back to safety. "Mac" does not boast of these things,—indeed, he rarely speaks of them except as a background of his witty stories of border control in the old days,—but his colleagues of those merry bygone times still tell of his fearless exploits.

Beyond Navarrete, where the railroad begins to part company with the highway from the west, the train took to climbing in great leisurely curves higher and higher into the northern range of hills. Royal palms stood like markers for steep vistas of denser, but less lofty, vegetation; scattered houses of simple tropical construction squatting here and there on little cleared spaces—cleared even of grass, which the Spanish-American seems ever to abhor—broke the otherwise green and full-wooded landscape. Worn-out rails did duty as telegraph poles. Higher still, the railway banks were lined with the miserable *yagua* and jungle-rubbish shacks of Haitian squatters.

The Atlantic slope of the little mountain range was more unbrokenly green than the interior valley behind, for it has first choice of the rains that sweep in from the northeast. Coffee, corn, shaded patches of cacao, and the giant leaves of the banana clothed the steep hillsides. Cattle grazed here and there beneath the dense foliage. About the Perez sugar-mill horn-yoked oxen butted massive two-wheeled carts piled high with cane along the bottomless roads.

At La Sabana, with its majestic ceiba-tree framing the jumping-off place ahead, we halted to change engines. The ten per cent. grade down to the coast had led to the recent introduction of powerful Shea locomotives to take the place of the former rack-rails that lay in tumbled heaps along the edge of the constantly encroaching vegetation. Wrecks of cars, like helpless upturned turtles, rusting away beneath their growing shrouds of greenery below the embankment of several sharp curves, suggested why the change had been made. The magnificent, wide-spread view of the foam-edged coast of the blue Atlantic, with the red roofs of Puerto Plata peering through the trees, shrunk and faded away as we reached the narrow plain, across which we jolted for ten minutes more.

The port was somewhat larger, more sanitary, and more enterprising than we had expected. Cacao, sugar, and tobacco were being run on mule-drawn hand-cars out to a waiting steamer, though, strictly speaking, the open roadstead can scarcely be called a harbor. The town was rather pretty, shaded in its outer portions by cocoanut and other seaside tropical trees, and with all the usual Spanish-American features.

Our longer trip eastward from Santiago happily coincided with the monthly inspection tours of their district by "Mac" and "Big George." The run to Moca through a rich, floor-flat valley spreading far away to the southward gave new evidence of the fertility of Santo Domingo. Bananas and cacao, maize and yuca in the same fields, now and then a coffee plantation, constituted the chief cultivation. Tobacco was being transplanted here and there. Frequent villages were hidden away in the greenery; nowhere was there any evidence of such abject poverty as that of Haiti.

Moca, famous for its coffee, which is so often taken to be of Arabic origin, is rated a "white town," because of a slightly increased percentage of pure, or nearly pure, descendants of Castilians. Thanks to the coffee-clad foothills to the north and the broad, fertile plain to the south and east, it is wealthy above the average, and rumor has it that much gold might be dug up from its back gardens and patios. There is special reason for this, for like its neighbor, Salcedo, it has ever been a center of revolutionists, bandits, and political intrigues.

The great place of pilgrimage of the region, indeed the most venerated spot in all Santo Domingo, is the Santo Cerro, a plump hill surmounted by a massive stone church. Now and again some faithful believer still comes from a distant corner of the republic and climbs the long stony slope on his knees, though such medieval piety has all but died out even in Santo Domingo. The church at the summit is in the special keeping of Nuestra Señora de las Mercedes, whose miraculous cures are reputed to have no superior anywhere in the Catholic world. A town of superstitious invalids clusters about the entrance to the inclosure in wretched thatched huts; on certain days of the year the sacred hilltop is crowded with the more modern type of pilgrim, who not infrequently comes by carriage or motor.

The story runs—and up to a certain point at least it is historically accurate—that Columbus and his men had camped on the hill, when they beheld swarming up from the *vega* below a great horde of Indians, bent on their immediate destruction. The discoverer was equal to the occasion. Ordering his men to cut a branch from an immense *níspero*-tree beneath which he had been resting, he fashioned it into a crude cross, and planted it before the advancing enemy. "Then," as the cautious old Italian padre who to-day replaces his illustrious fellow-countryman put it, "I was not present, so I cannot vouch for it, but *they say*"—that the Virgin of Las Mercedes appeared in the sky above and saved the day for the conquistadores. At any rate, the Indians were

General Deciderio Arias, now a cigar-maker, whose revolution finally caused American intervention in Santo Domingo

repulsed, and the Spaniards at once set about building La Vega, old La Vega, that is, which is now hidden in vegetation at the foot of the hill.

Even though Columbus had never climbed it nor "miracles" been performed upon it, the holy hilltop would be a place worth coming far to see, or at least to look from. The wonderful floor-flat Vega Real, the most splendid plain in Santo Domingo, if not in the West Indies, is spread out below it in all its entirety. Dense green, palm-dotted above its sea of vegetation, even its cultivated places patches of unbroken greenery, with Moca, Salcedo, far-off "Macoris," and half a dozen other towns plainly visible, a sparkling river gleaming here and there, walled in the vast distance by ranges that rise to pine-clad heights, there are few more extensive, fertile, or entrancing plains in the world than this still more than half virgin vale. Compared with it in any respect the far-famed valley of Yumuri in Cuba is of slight importance.

Several hours' ride across this world's garden of the future, with a change to, and later from, the main line, brought us at nightfall to San Francisco de Macoris. Unlike nearly every other town of Santo Domingo, this one is of modern origin, a mere stripling of less than a century of existence. It lies where the Vega Real begins to slope upward toward the northern range, with extensive cacao estates of rather indolent habits hidden away among the foot-hills behind it. A flat town of tin roofs, its outskirts half concealed beneath tropical trees, it offers nothing of special interest to the mere traveler.

We came finally to Sanchez, which saw, though it may not have noted, the breaking up of our congenial quartet. "Mac" had received orders to proceed overland through the bandit-famed province of Seibo to the capital, and accepted my protection and guidance on the journey. That region being a "restricted district" for women, Rachel was forced to submit to the tender mercies of the Clyde Line; while "Big George," whether through devotion to duty, a disparity between his own length and that of his salary, or for a newly developed fear of personal violence, herewith took his final leave of this unvarnished tale.

Three hours in an open motor-boat manned by Marines, close along an evergreen shore stretching in a low, cocoanut-clad ridge that died away on the eastern horizon, brought the surviving pair of us to Samaná. Tumbled up the slope of the same ridge, with a harbor sheltered by several densely wooded islets, the town was more pleasing than the busier Sanchez. Great patches of the surrounding cocoanut forest were brown with the ravages of a parasitical disease that attacks leaves, branches, and fruit not only of these, but of the cacao plants of the region. Saddle-oxen, once common throughout both divisions of the ancient Quisqueya, ambled through the streets, their heads raised at a disdainful angle by the reins attached to their nose-rings. The soft soil and the frequent rains of the Samaná peninsula account for their survival here despite the ascending price of beef and leather. This, too, was a town of bullet-holes, for revolutionists have frequently found its isolation and its custom-house particularly to their liking. It is a rare house that cannot show a scar or two, and both the sheet-iron Methodist churches are patched like the garments of a Haitian pauper.

The existence of two such anomalies in a single town of Catholic Santo Domingo calls the attention to the most interesting feature of Samaná, an American negro colony of some two thousand members scattered about the peninsula. Nearly a century ago, when the black troops from beyond the Massacre had overrun the entire island, the Haitian king, president, or emperor, as he happened at the moment to be called, opened negotiations with an abolition society in the States with the hope of attracting immigration. Several shiploads of blacks, all Northern negroes who had escaped or bought their freedom, responded to the invitation. Most of them came from Pennsylvania, Ohio, and New Jersey; one of the towns of the peninsula is still known as Bucks County in memory of the exiles from that part of the first-named state. Numbers of the new-comers foiled the

Dominican guards on a bridge over the Yaque

purpose of the Haitian ruler by quickly dying of the favorite tropical diseases of those days; a very few found their way back to the States. The survivors settled down on the five acres of land each that had been granted them, the Haitians having frankly ignored all other promises.

Their descendants of the fourth or fifth generation are proud to this day of their "American" origin. They hail one in the streets of Samaná and lose no time in establishing their special identity in a naïve, respectful manner that has all but disappeared among their brethren in the States. Scattered all over the Samaná peninsula, some of them have been absorbed by the Dominicans, but a considerable colony has never inter-married with the natives, and still retains the speech and customs of their ancestors brought with them. The majority are farmers, moderately well-to-do, living miles out in the country, and only now and then riding to town on horse or oxback. Unlike most of their neighbors, they do not live in concubinage, but are married in their own churches. They are not liked by the Dominicans, who seem to resent their superior education and customs, though all admit that they are good citizens and good workers, though not fighters, as Americans on border control discovered.

Samaná has a French, or, more exactly, a Haitian colony dating back to the same period, hence many of its inhabitants speak English, Spanish, and "creole." This portion of the population, living chiefly in the far outskirts, is as much inferior to the Dominicans as the latter are to the "Americans." Southern Italians and "Turks" monopolize most of the commerce, and as usual do no productive labor. Coffee was formerly grown in some quantity on the peninsula, but cacao was planted in its place when the latter began to command high prices. Now that the blight has attacked this, and there is hardly enough of the former produced for local use, exports are slight. Bananas could be grown in abundance; oranges are so plentiful that the town boys play marbles with them, but there is no market, or rather no transportation, for such bulky products, which are sold only in small quantities to passing ships for their own use.

We sailed across the bay on the mailboat *Nereida,* a wretched little single-masted derelict no larger than an average lifeboat. Though its bottom was already heaped with broken rock ballast, an incredible load of American patent medicine, of flour, rum, soap, cigarettes, sprouted onions, cottonseed-oil, and sundry odds and ends were

tumbled into it before the mails finally put in an appearance an hour after sailing-time. Nine passengers and a crew of two, all negroes except "Mac" and myself, crowded the frequently sea-washed deck. What our fate would have been had one of the sudden squalls for which West Indian waters are noted overtaken us it was all too easy to imagine. Constant quarrels between the two halves of the crew on the advisability of tacking or not tacking enlivened all our snail-like, zigzag course along the face of the land, and black night had come before we climbed over the water-soaked cargo to the drunken pier of Jovero.

A gawky village of some six hundred inhabitants, boasting only one two-story house, this out-of-the-world place was quickly thrown into a furor of curiosity over its unexpected white visitors. Even the commander of the *guardia* detachment was a native lieutenant; the most nearly Caucasian resident was the town treasurer, a young "Turk" from Tripoli, in the back of whose more than general store we were finally served a much needed meal.

Under superior orders the native lieutenant assigned a sergeant and eleven men of the *guardia* to accompany us through the bandit haunts beyond. As they lined up for final inspection they were spick and span out of all parallel in my tropical experience, from newly ironed breeches to oiled rifles; ten minutes later they were marching knee-deep through a river in the well-polished shoes they would gladly have left behind had American discipline permitted it. Here and there the guards were forced to climb a slimy river bank virtually on their hands and knees; in other places the mud clung to their feet in hundred-weight; with the densest vegetation on each hand cutting off all suggestion of breeze, the sweat dripped from them in streams. Within half an hour the bedraggled, soaked, mud-plastered rifle-bearers staggering before and behind us along the trail showed slight resemblance indeed to the perfectly starched and polished young men who had been drawn up for the lieutenant's inspection.

"Mac" and I, on our sorry mounts, were not much better off. But what could one do in the circumstances but urge the suffering beasts on? We had come too far to turn back in the faint hope of getting other mounts; it was necessary to reach Seibo, and even had I taken to my feet along with the mud-caked guards, my abandoned animal would have been almost certain to fall into the still less compassionate hands of the bandits.

Precautions against the latter now began to be taken in earnest. We were approaching a labyrinth of sharp gullies and high hills which had always been a favorite lurking-place of the outlaws. Any turn of the now narrow trail would have made a splendid ambush. Drenching showers at frequent intervals made it easy for the ruffians to sneak up through the bush unheard; the heavy humidity of a tropical rainy season deadens sounds even when the sun shines. The sergeant arranged his men in skirmish formation, with strict orders not to "bunch up" in any circumstances. A barefoot native on horseback, who had overtaken us soon after our departure from Jovero, was forbidden to ride ahead of the party. We had no means of knowing whether his assertion that he had hastened to join us for safety's sake, after waiting a fortnight for a chance to make the journey, was truth or pretense. These preparations concluded, we moved forward ready for instant battle.

Nothing of the kind occurred. I might have known it would not; there is no greater Jonah on earth than I for scaring off adventure. By the time the summit was reached we were ready to believe that the bandits of Seibo were a myth. An unbroken expanse of vegetation, dark green everywhere, spread away to the limitless southern horizon. Yet the rains ceased abruptly at the crest of the range, and the trail that carried us swiftly downward was as dry as the Sahara.

The capital of a province without so much as the pretense of a hotel is a rarity even in backward Santo Domingo. Nothing but the most miserable of thatched huts, with three human nests on legs in one tiny room, and a backyard reed kitchen, attended by a rag-

ged old negro crone, offers accommodation to unbefriended strangers in Seibo. It is perhaps the most out-of-the-way, astonished-at-strangers, unacquainted-with-the-world town of any size that can be found in the West Indies. Though a large detachment of Marines camp at its bandit-threatened door, it showed unbounded surprise to see American civilians. Groups of almost foppishly dressed men lounged about its streets, yet the town itself was little short of filthy. A curious old domed church, some of it built four hundred years ago, its original color faded to a spotted pale-blue, and its aged square tower surmounted by a Marine wireless apparatus, is the only building of importance. From the top of this, or the one other place in town where one can go up-stairs, Seibo is seen to be surrounded by low hills, everywhere wooded, without a hut outside its compact mass, its skirts drawn up like those of a nervous old maid in constant dread of mice. The inevitable fortress that gives Haitian and Dominican villages a likeness to the castle-crowned towns of medieval Italy watches over it from a near-by knoll and houses its *guardia* garrison.

We succeeded in getting off the next morning at five. The air was damp and fresh. For the first time in five years I beheld the Southern Cross I had once known like the features of an old friend. In time we struck due southward along a half-cleared trail that after an hour or more brought us out upon the sun-toasted advance guard of the cane-fields of the South. Amid the stumps and logs of immense tropical trees, black with the recent burning, baby sugar-cane was already turning bright green in the broad expanse of newly felled forest. Negroes, almost without exception from the French or British West Indies, were adding row after row of the virgin fields to the sugar supply of a hungry world. Farther on, beyond another strip of forest soon due for the same fate, came immense stretches of full-sized cane, then toiling groups of cane-cutters, huge creaking cane-carts, finally a railroad that scorns to carry anything but cane, and by ten we had brought up at the *batey* of Diego, our mounted "guide" straggling in far behind us.

Shortly after, we climbed to the top of a car-load of cane, and were soon creaking away across the slightly rolling country. A train so long that it had to be cut in two at the first suggestion of a grade squirmed away before us like a great green snake. The land became one vast expanse of cane, broken only by the clustered buildings of the *bateys*, and dotted here and there by a magnificent royal palm or ceiba the woodsmen had not had the heart to fell.

San Pedro de Macoris on the southern coast is a more important town than its near namesake of the Cibao, yet it is disappointing, for all its size. With a certain amount of modern bustle, more city features than we had seen since Santiago, a fair percentage of full-white inhabitants, and a rather "cocky" air, it exists chiefly because of a bottle-shaped harbor, with a dangerously narrow entrance between reefs.

We finally found passengers enough to afford the trip by automobile from Macoris to the capital. With the single exception of the Haitian journey to Las Cahobas, I have never known of a worse road being actually covered by automobile. Frequently we came to temporary grief, once we ran into a tree and smashed a case of Baccardi rum that had been tied on the running-board, and as the chauffeur was forced to "save" as much of the precious liquor as possible, his driving was far from impeccable during the rest of the journey. One after another we bounced through such towns as La Yeguada, Hato Viejo, San Isidro, all spread out carelessly on the flat, dry, prairie-like country peculiar to the coral formation of southern Santo Domingo. Then came more sugar-cane, another large mill, with its creaking carts and striking negroes, and from there on sixteen kilometers of excellent highway to Duarte, a suburb of the capital, and across the river into old Santo Domingo City. The American governor of the republic had recently made the official announcement that sixty per cent. of the great national highway from the capital to Monte Christi was already completed! He would scarcely have taken his own words seriously had he been privileged to follow us in the opposite direction.

Paradise Shares

By ALMA AND PAUL ELLERBE

Illustrations by George Avison

A tale of an act of kindness and the responsibility resulting thereof. How old "Stub" Waters repaid a loan, and how his creditor received it.

OLD "Stub" Waters had always meant to "do something about it" ever since he borrowed the six hundred dollars from Joe Burgess twenty years ago to put into shares in the Paradise Mine in Nevada. He still had the shares, as worthless now as then, but he had n't had six hundred dollars since. Until the day they brought Joe down the cañon as a county charge, and he the keeper of the Conifer County Poor-Farm, in the Colorado Rockies, he did n't acknowledge to himself that he would never have it.

"They 're bringin' somebody, Ed," Annie, his wife, called from the kitchen. She came running, wiping her hands on her apron, and they stared through the sitting-room window. Six men were carrying a heavily laden stretcher carefully down the steep road. A spring snow had brushed over the cañon in the night. Fluffy bits of it like feathers drifted about the men, shaken from the tender green of cottonwood branches up against a blue sky that seemed to have come out all fresh with the leaves.

Stub went out to meet them.

"Don't forget your heart," she called after him needlessly. Neither of them ever did. There was a lesion that had put an end to hard work and prospecting, and made him soft and fat and white, and brought him, thankfully enough in the end, to the superintendency of the county farm, but robbed him of his chance to earn back Joe's money.

He went down the walk in his official capacity and waited at the gate, holding it open. The wind stung his cheeks and brought the tears to his dim, blue eyes.

"Anybody I know, boys?"

They did not reply, but paused with the stretcher close beside him, just inside the gate. The friendship between him and Joe Burgess was as inconspicuous as everything else about them, but the Gray Dome country knew it as it knew its cañons and mountain passes and the long snows of winter.

Old Stub put out his hand and drew back the covers. The eyes that he knew best in all the world, better even than Annie's, looked up at him.

"My God, Joe!" Stub whispered. He began to wheeze, as he always did when he was excited. Things went around and around before him.

Joe Burgess was too weak to speak. He had had a bad fall in the prospect-hole where he had been working alone, and he had lain there a long time before they found him; but through the weakness and pain a look of peace flickered faintly, as though he had come back home from the outskirts of that strange country to which he had almost gone.

"Bring him in." Stub's voice was thick in his throat. He went up the path calling: "Open the door, Annie! Open the door!"

STUB was sitting in an arm-chair by the kitchen window, his back to the room. The doctor had gone. Joe would get well, but he 'd never work any more. Annie came in from making him as comfortable as she could and sat down behind her husband. His bald head rested wearily against the calico cushion of his chair, and his arms hung heavily over

its sides. She could n't see his face. She began swinging slowly back and forth over the clean white boards of the floor in her low wooden rocker.

"D' ye know why they brought him here, Annie?"

"So 's we could take care of him, of course. Who else 'd he go to *but* us when he 's sick?"

She hitched her chair around so that she could see his profile. He let his head slip lower and closed his eyes.

"They brought him here because he ain't got a cent left in the world. He 's a county charge. *An' us owin' him six hundred dollars!*"

Two tears rolled down his white face.

The little whining sound that Annie's chair made stopped suddenly. She would have met most things with words, for she was as talkative as the two men were silent, but she had nothing to say to this. She sat quite still, with her big, competent hands folded in her lap, a gaunt, uncompromising old woman who had done her best for a long time and failed. And Stub, with his heart, drooped low by the window.

JOE lay back among his pillows in the clean little front bedroom, and Stub sat beside him, his short bowed legs scarcely touching the floor.

He had worried about the money he could n't pay back, but he had never worried about Joe. Joe was n't that kind. He had known that he himself was an old man, but not until now that Joe was. And many a time he had pictured himself helpless in a bed, but never Joe. But here he lay, like a tall, brittle, hollow old tree, fallen at last—Joe, the strongest man he had ever known.

Life had caught them up, him and Joe. Joe was done for, and his own chance to help was gone forever. Life had weighed him carefully in the balance, and now, when it was too late, showed him how he had been found wanting.

He and Joe Burgess had always faced the issue as promptly and as squarely as they could. It was the perduring bedrock of their friendship.

"Nothin' ain't ever hit me like this before, Joe—you a-layin' in a county bed and me owin' you money."

The old man turned his rugged profile until he could look straight into the dim, troubled blue eyes of his friend with his own keen, serene black ones.

"Stub," he said quietly, in a very deep, soft bass, from the midst of his big white beard, "money ain't any good to me now. If I 'd 'a' got knocked up like this away off crost the country, an' you 'd 'a' sent me that six hundred dollars, I 'd 'a' used it all, if need was, just to get back to you an' Annie, an' lay here in this bed. It 's enough better 'n most beds I 've had. I 'm all wore out, an' all I 'll ever want again is you an' Annie an' rest. Leave me be, Stub. I ain't had a home for fifty years."

The quiet finality of the soft, rumbling tones was repeated in his eyes. The blood began to move again in Stub's veins. He leaned over, and laid a hand on Joe's shoulder, and then, as he realized the extremity to which his emotion had brought him, he got up hastily, and went shuffling back to the kitchen, his knitted gray socks wrinkling down inside the tops of his slippers, his wide trousers flapping. He creaked softly over to the table near the window, where Annie was rolling dough.

"It 's all right, I guess. Joe says he don't want nothin' we can't give him."

And Joe did n't. He lay there among his pillows, and through the open window watched the snow go up in smoke in the warm sunshine, and anemones thrust their woolly ovals through the greening sod, and listened to the dark-blue tufted jays as they called raucously to one another in the cottonwoods and the Balm of Gilead trees, until he was well enough to come out again.

As it happened, there was n't a man on the county just then (there were no women) who had n't been a prospector. There were eight of them in the low, rambling house, poor, spent old fellows, each with his hoard of ore specimens and his sure tips for those who would heed them and return to that prodding of the gaunt sides of the hills for which he had found one life too short. Half starved, nearly frozen, ill, hallucinated, they had been picked off the crags and peaks and out of the crannies of the mountains, and good old Stub and his wife Annie humored and coddled and

cared for them all, and helped them to gather up the frayed ends of their defeated lives and patch up their self-respect.

Joe swapped tales with them on occasion, but a little absently, and more for the sake of their common humanity than any interest in the subject of prospecting. He seemed to look upon it as something he had known about a long time ago and forgotten—something unreal that did n't concern the Joe Burgess he had now become.

Mostly he liked to sit the time away with Stub and Annie, talking a little, but oftener just listening contentedly to Annie's incessant commentary upon simple things, or looking off over the serried ranks of the spruce-trees on the mountain-slope and dreaming.

He had his canvas chair, like each of the others, and he spent a great deal of time in it by himself, dragging it slowly from place to place as he followed the sun around the house. But he never stayed off alone very long. He liked to sit by Stub and Annie for a minute or two between times, drinking in the comfort of their presence, and then go back to his chair and his thoughts.

And these were now more and more frequently of England and the wife and daughter who were buried there. His friends, who had almost forgotten that Joe was an Englishman, found the young wife who had died when her baby was born, and the daughter, just married when Joe left England, and dead, too, now for a quarter of a century, standing out clearer and clearer in their minds as day after day, with an unerring touch, the old man added to his detailed pictures. It made him happy, not sad, to talk of them. Fifty years were a mist that had rolled away. He lived contentedly in the present and this faraway past, and thankfully let the barren years between slip into oblivion.

The lives of these three old people entered into an Indian summer full of serenity of relinquished hopes. They would never find what they had spent their strength looking for, and now that they had given it up, a deep peace flowed in over them that was better than all the gold that Stub had thought was in the Paradise Mine.

Paradise! Old Stub smiled to himself one day when he thought of the name, and looked over at Joe. He was sitting close beside Annie, holding the basket of socks that she was darning. A little gray kitten sat on top of the socks and played with Joe's cravat. Annie worked away steadily and talked, with one eye on her stove through the open kitchen door. Neither of the men listened to her, and all three were very happy. This was paradise enough, Stub thought. They were paying Joe back, after all.

The summer passed, and the winter, and another summer came, and their content deepened with the days.

At five minutes of four, on a soft blue afternoon, when the clouds hung in magnificent dreaming mass on piled-up mass, their gleaming whiteness stained only with their own shadows, and the still forests of spruce- and aspen-trees sloping steeply up from the cañon had the look of lying at the bottom of a palpable ocean of crystal air, Stub came into the kitchen with an armful of wood, and through the open door saw Joe take his hat from its nail in the bare, clean little hall and start for the mail, as he always did when the weather was fine. Stub threw down his wood with a clatter and went out for another load. Halfway to the woodhouse he paused to watch Joe go slowly down the grass-grown walk under the Balm of Gilead trees, the wide, soft gray sides of his hat flapping about his face.

He went out through the gate and sat down comfortably on the bench Stub had built for him in the shade of a great spike-topped Engelmann spruce that smelled sweet in the sunshine. It made Stub feel good to see him sitting there, and he, too, dropped down for a moment in an old rain-whitened chair in the back yard and watched the bull bats that were flying high that day, and listened to the noise they made now and then when they dropped a couple of hundred feet in the still, clear air, a deep, vibrant *zoom*, like a plucked cello-string, that makes an afternoon seem stiller than any other sound. He had nothing to show for it, but he had gone pretty hard all his life, and it was pleasant to slack up and go slowly sometimes, now that age was catching him.

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" 'But'—he winced when he came to it—'it 's goin' to make it hard for you here. God knows you had n't ought to have no more 'n you got' "

At ten minutes past four Betts, the rural mail-carrier, who was as punctual as the sun, would come chugging up the steep road in his battered little car, jam it to a standstill just beside Joe, and give him the mail and the cream of the day's news; and Joe would sit on for a minute or two, and then bring both slowly back up the walk.

Stub sighed with satisfaction, and went wheezing off around the house after more wood.

But even when he had filled the box and swept up the mess he had made, pumped a couple of buckets of water, fetched potatoes from the dugout cellar in the hillside, built the fire for supper, and dropped puffing into a chair on the front porch, Joe had n't come back. He could see his white head down the hill through the trees. He was still sitting on the bench. No wonder, on a day like that. As soon as he had breath enough, Stub went out to join him.

Joe saw him coming, and thrust something into the pocket of his coat. When Stub sat down beside him, his eyes were bright and shining. But he looked at Stub absently, and though they sat there until supper-time, had little to say. He seemed to be thinking a great deal about something he could n't talk about.

And after that, though he sat with Stub and Annie more than before and looked for new ways to convince them of his content, he talked less and less and forgot them oftener and oftener, as though lost in thought.

It worried them most that he did n't talk any more of England or his wife and daughter. If they did, it no longer made him happy, but rather seemed to hurt him. Finally they decided that he had brought old memories back too vividly and wanted now to forget.

And then one day Annie found the letter he had crammed into his pocket when he saw Stub coming. She was lining his bureau-drawers with fresh pages of the Gray Dome "Weekly Searchlight" and taking out the old ones. The letter lay on the bottom of the top drawer. She began to tremble as soon as she saw "Dear Father" in cramped, carefully drawn letters so large and clear that to see was to read. *Joe's daughter was n't dead!*

She did n't want to read the rest of it. For a moment she tried to persuade herself that she should n't, but it was only a moment. That was n't her way. They must know whether they could help or not, whatever the cost to them. She read the letter, her mind flying on ahead to the pain in store for Stub. The tragedy of Joe's daughter come back to life and wanting her father, and Joe wanting to go, and being tied there on the poor-farm for lack of the money they owed him was first to her the tragedy of old Stub Waters, her husband, her boy when she took charge of his life forty-nine years ago, her boy yet, after forty-nine years of failure. She would think what the letter meant to Joe later; she read it now in the bitter realization of what it meant to Stub.

Joe's daughter, an old woman now herself, wanted her father. She had just learned that he was alive from Neil Saunders, who used to work alongside of him back in the old country. Saunders had a son in the States, and the son had a friend in Gray Dome, and so the news seeped back. It was Neil Saunders's son, too, who had sent them word of Joe's death long ago, a newspaper clipping containing the first account of a snow-slide at the North Star Mine, with Joe Burgess among the missing. They had dug him out later,—very well Annie remembered the time,—but Neil Saunders's son had never heard of that, and Joe's daughter had thought him dead and stopped writing to him, and when her husband died, had moved away from the little town where they had lived. And Joe had thought her dead, too, when the years passed without letters and all his own were returned unclaimed, and after a while he had opened his heart to the waters of oblivion and let them flow gently over England and everything English. And now here was his daughter come back to life, with money enough for his keep, but not enough to send for him, wanting him, and he wanting to go, and only the money for his passage, the money that Stub owed him, standing between him and *home*, not a poor-farm, but a little house of their own, with a bit of a garden, in England, *his* country yet, after a lifetime spent away from it.

Annie Waters, sitting there in the midst of newspapers and clean, mended clothes, carefully removed her big, silver-bowed spectacles and put her head down on the edge of the bureau, her fingers clutching a tooth-brush mug, and cried quietly and bitterly for the first time in many years. She found easement in doing things, rarely in tears.

She laid Joe's letter back where she had found it, replaced the old piece of newspaper and everything else just as it was, and went off to find her husband. There was no good in waiting.

Stub turned very white. He listened to everything she said, and patted the hand she laid on his arm. But he said very little. He could n't talk about it even to her. Her first brief account sufficed him. He never asked for details.

He had gone bravely along his blind alley to the solid stone wall at the end of it, and now he sat down there, an old, broken, useless man without hope. The fine spirit of fight that he had carried about seemed dead at last.

ANNIE WATERS walked wearily down the long hill from Gray Dome in the early twilight of a September day. For six weeks she had been in Denver with her sister, who had been ill, but was now well again. She was returning unannounced, to surprise Stub and Joe. She had a cravat for each of them in her straw suitcase, and new pipes to substitute, if she could, for their evil-smelling old ones, a copy of the "Illustrated London News," a Spanish mackerel, and a pound of cheap candy.

The hem of her old black dress, with its bell skirt and leg-of-mutton sleeves, was white with dust, and her hat bore heavily over her eyes. Its cherished "Prince Rupert tips" would have been scarcely more incongruous if they had nodded over Stub's bland countenance. All this finery of serge and feathers and grosgrain ribbon was as unusual as the "little treat" in the suitcase. She longed for her gingham house-dress and flat-heeled shoes.

But her active old mind was alert. She had n't been so eager and excited and happy for a long time. She thought how Stub and Joe would be sitting on the porch when she got there, and how Joe, who always saw everything first, would peer through his spectacles and say, "What 's that a-comin', eh?" And Stub, who never saw anything that was right under his nose if he could flick it away without looking at it, would answer, "Oh, I dunno," and Joe would chuckle, and come back with, "Well, maybe you 'd better find out." And then Stub would see her and get up as quick as ever he could and come down the walk and maybe a little piece up the road to meet her. "Well, old lady!" he 'd say. *"Well! well!"* And it would be almost worth the six weeks she had been away from him just to hear that *"Well! well!"*

She looked around at the sound of a horse's feet.

"C'n I give you a lift, Mis' Waters?" the young man in the buggy asked.

"That you can, Newt. The road ain't as short as it used to be, goin' up or comin' down." When she had settled herself beneath the lap-robe, she added: "I 'm surprisin' Stub an' Joe. They ain't expectin' me back so soon."

The flesh of Newt Dawson's obese face creased itself into a frown.

"But—but Joe 's gone, Mis' Waters."

"Gone! What d' ye mean—*gone?*"

A flush crept up Newt's neck and reddened his jowls and the thick padding of flesh on his cheek-bones.

"Maybe I ought n't of told you. Maybe Stub was waiting to tell you hisself."

She took a long breath.

"Newt," she said, "is he gone back to England?"

"Yes, 'm. He went last Saturday."

She settled herself into the leather hollow of the seat.

"I guess you an' him an' Stub was pretty good friends, was n't you?"

"The best friends in the world for fifty years."

"He 's got a son over there, ain't he—or a daughter or somethin'?"

"A daughter. With a nice little place of her own an' enough for 'em both to live on. There 's Stub settin' on the porch. No, don't holler to him. He 'd come a-runnin', and that 's bad for his heart."

She stopped under the Balm of Gilead trees to wipe her eyes.

"ANNIE! *Well! well!*" He was reading

his paper on the porch alone. He had n't seen her until she was half-way up the walk. He came down to meet her.

She was aware at once of the change in him. He had on his town clothes, including a white collar; his cravat was tied; he had shaved that morning; the dearly bought serenity that had lain in his eyes during the last few years was ruffled with a little new wind of excitement. He took his pipe out of his mouth long enough to give her a misdirected kiss that knocked her glasses crooked. She smiled as she followed him up the walk, past the three old rocking-chairs on the porch, into the sitting-room; but his air of cheerfulness filled her with foreboding.

"Ed," she said a little tremulously, going up to him and laying both her hands on his arm, "I reckon Joe ain't comin' back, is he?"

"No," said old Stub Waters, steadily; "Joe ain't comin' back."

"Where 'd he get the money, Ed?"

He gave her a look she had n't seen since he was a boy.

"I paid him back that six hundred."

"How?" she stammered. "Where—"

There was a twinkling touch of impudence in his dim blue eyes.

"Paradise shares," he said gravely.

"Paradise *nothin'!*"

She dropped into a chair.

"You don't believe it?"

"Of course I don't."

"Joe did."

"Shows how old he 's gettin', an' childish, an' how bad he wanted to go. An'—I guess you took more trouble with the way you told *him,* mebbe?"

"I did," said Stub, with pride. "I took considerable trouble."

"Ed, Ed," she pleaded, "don't keep me waiting! *Where 'd the money come from?"*

The man he used to be flared up in the eyes of Edward Waters. He threw out his hands in a gesture that belonged to a past full of high hope, a worn-out gesture that was touched with bravado.

"I got a job," he said—"timekeeper for the Golconda Mine. The superintendent 's a friend o' Joe's an' mine. When he heard how it was, he advanced me six months' pay an' took my note for it. But"—he winced when he came to it—"it 's goin' to make it hard for you here. God knows you had n't ought to have no more 'n you 've got." His voice broke a little. "Maybe it war n't right, Annie, but—"

She was at a low ebb just then, very tired, very uncomfortable in her best clothes, feeling her rheumatism sharply. He had taken her off guard, swept away what they had won, and awakened the old fear about his heart. While he talked, she was wondering if it would have been harder for Joe to have stayed on there the little while it would be before the end than it was for them to be thrown back into the river of life when they had forgotten how to swim and had lost their strength. She knew so much better than Stub what it all meant. She always knew. He saw only beginnings, and now he was warmed and stirred by his generous impulse.

But one thing stayed her, and she thanked God for it. She grasped at it quickly, and interrupted him to say it before she lost her hold on it in her own, mostly physical, despair:

"It *was* right. An' as for me,—" she got up and put her tired arms gently around his neck,—"we 've met everything together for a mighty long time, Ed; you would n't want to be leavin' me out now, would you?"

When she had gone to their room, Stub stayed to put a log into the stove, and then went after her with the suitcase. On his way through the hall he noticed Joe's old gray hat, and took it from its nail and went back to burn it.

When he came in she was looking out of the window, so that he would n't see her tears.

"Funny, ain't it," he said, still wheezing from his exertions, "how you get to thinkin' you 're scrapped?"

The Making of a Book-Collector

By WILLIAM HARRIS ARNOLD

"And now I bring you some of the fruits of my experience."

MY start as a book-collector was sudden and without conscious premeditation; I cannot fully account for it. The fact that I had been a bookseller for many years does not seem to me an adequate explanation, for the books I began with enthusiasm to accumulate were all first and early editions of authors none of whom were then living, while from my business experience I had become familiar only with current publications.

It happened, when in March, 1888, I came to New York, that among my new acquaintances was a man prominent in the councils of the Grolier Club. He suggested that I join the club, which was about to enlarge its membership and move to more commodious quarters. Cursory examinations of various collections of books and allied articles exhibited under club auspices left me apathetic. Perhaps I became affected subconsciously by the enthusiasm of the ardent collectors I often met on "Club Nights." However that may be, I am quite sure I was affected subjectively by the potency of the punch which was freely dispensed on those always genial occasions.

When for a few years I had been a member of the Grolier, now and then I found in my mail catalogues of old and rare books. I inferred that certain zealous dealers had taken my name and address from the club's year-book. These catalogues came more and more frequently, but were almost ignored, for they belonged to a branch of bookselling that was not only unexplored by me, but had not aroused more than a curious interest—the sort of interest the unlearned might find in a museum of antiquities.

In the winter of 1894-95 much was said in the newspapers about the sale of the collection of Charles B. Foote, who had gathered what at that time was one of the most important collections in this country of first editions of British and American authors. I read, too, in "The Critic," a weekly periodical, a laudatory appreciation of Mr. Foote's books that Edmund Clarence Stedman had written. Mr. Stedman's article stimulated my curiosity. One day while on my way home from business I recalled that in the morning mail I had received from the old London firm of Ellis & Elvey a little catalogue which I had put aside unopened. From after dinner to bed, a very late bed, I read and re-read that catalogue. The next day I cabled for what seemed to me, and still seems to me, an item of fascinating interest: a single leaf of the first edition of "The Canterbury Tales," printed by Caxton, the first original English book printed in the English language in England. This fugitive leaf marks the beginning of an infatuation that has continued without abatement ever since, and has been, with relation to objects inanimate, my chief joy.

I soon heard of a book that contained a list of British dealers in second-hand books who made a practice of issuing

catalogues. Before long I was in receipt of about ten foreign catalogues a week; also I received those issued by dealers in this country. For years after that first intense night I read every line of every catalogue of old books I could put my hands on.

The demands on my time were such that I could spare little for visits to old book-shops; so for the most part I made selections from these numerous catalogues. Gradually dealers, becoming acquainted with the scope of my collecting, reported items as soon as received.

I began with first editions of eight American authors: Bryant, Emerson, Hawthorne, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, Thoreau, and Whittier, and after a while extended my range to first editions of British authors, giving particular attention to Tennyson and Browning. I continued on this course for six years, when, for personal reasons, the greater part of the collection was sold.

While collecting American first editions Mr. Foote had ingeniously advertised for them. Doubtless many a New England household was stirred by the possibility that among "grandpa's" books might be found some that this New York man desired. The consequences were that Mr. Foote filled many a gap in his list, and the dealers were overwhelmed with offers; the supply far exceeded the demand. I found it quite easy immediately to obtain more than half of those I wanted, and eventually I gathered of first editions and books contributed to by the eight authors no fewer than seven hundred volumes. I was always careful to obtain the books in the original covers, and those only when in good condition throughout. Whenever a better copy was offered than one I already had, I could usually obtain it by tendering my inferior example in part payment. There was so little difficulty in assembling these hundreds of books that one of the greatest pleasures of book-collecting was seldom experienced. Even the earliest books of the authors were readily found; the fact was that very few people were collecting them. Such rarities as Hawthorne's "Fanshawe," Holmes's "A Family Record," Longfellow's "Outre Mer" in two paper-covered octavos, Lowell's "A Year's Life," Thoreau's "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers," and Whittier's "Mog Megone," which nowadays are as difficult to obtain as a Duncan Phyffe table, were soon in my book-case, and, but for the tone of time, all were unchanged from the days of their issue.

In 1895 there were few accessible records of the prices that had been paid for first editions of American authors; therefore in buying I naturally exercised caution. None of the prices asked by dealers seemed unreasonably high, and the general run of them appeared absurdly low. There was no occasion to hesitate when a copy of Thoreau's "Week" in the best possible state was offered for $13.50, but I felt brave indeed when in 1896 I brought myself to the point of paying $200 for "Fanshawe;" but it, too, was in pristine condition, and I made the plunge on learning that the author, rather ashamed of his youthful production (he was only twenty-four when the book was printed), had destroyed all the unsold copies, these comprising nearly the whole of the small edition, and that, so far as known, only ten or twelve copies were in existence.

It was in the auction-room that I had most of the thrills of those early days. What a delightful sensation it was when the auctioneer knocked down to me for $16 a copy of Lowell's "On Democracy," privately printed for the ambassador before the address had been delivered, together with another copy of the first published edition, a little pamphlet issued by the Birmingham and Midland Institute.

When I had been a few years collecting, an old lady, a first cousin once removed, asked me to advise her whether to accept from a second-hand bookseller an offer of $4 for about two hundred books which had been in her family for a generation or more. A glance showed, for the most part, old school-books; but a thorough examination disclosed a copy of Hawthorne's "Mosses from an Old Manse," in two volumes, with paper covers, issued in 1846 by Wiley & Putnam as numbers 17 and 18 of their

"Library of American Books." This is a rare form of the first edition. There were also a few other estimable items of much less value. At auction those two little brown volumes alone fetched $90. Great was the surprise and gratification of my Cousin Lydia. This little service made some noise among my kin, and my opinion as to the value of family libraries was in demand. The number of old Bibles and biblical books brought to my attention is doubtless creditable to the family propensities, but I could confess to little more knowledge of the thousands of editions of Holy Writ than that Gutenberg was the first to print one, and as to religious books in general, I could only say that I had never collected any.

Bibles bring to mind a far-away incident. When I was a boy I regularly attended a Friends' First Day school. Fifty years ago the standard of education among Quakers was not high. In our school what was known as the Bible class, which in the course of years I attained, had for leader an elder of the meeting. Once, when a more than commonly well-informed pupil read from the Noyes version as testimony on a mooted point, the venerable man, with a troubled look, declared that the class should adhere to the *"original,"* by which he could only have meant the King James version, then in his trembling hand, and from which he read with a tone of finality.

When I had collected books for about a year and a half I had the presumption to write an essay entitled "Why First Editions." I was driven to this by the inquiries of friends who looked upon my new pursuit as a foible. They had as little knowledge of first editions and what leads people to collect them as I had had only two years before. I advised with Frank L. Hopkins, who, as it happened, was about to install a hand-press in the attic of his Long Island home. Mr. Hopkins suggested that I write something more to accompany the essay; so soon I had ready "five egotistical chapters of anecdote and advice" and a little article on book-worms. Of the larvæ that bore their nutritious way through books I had sought information from the distinguished entomologist, Professor J. H. Comstock of Cornell University. He provided me with specimens, a brief description, and innumerable references. The Marion Press, the title chosen by Mr. Hopkins for his little establishment, brought out under the title, "First Report of a Book Collector," a sumptuous tome, printed by hand on hand-made paper and bound in spotless vellum. It had unusual illustrations, not the least of which was a collotype of a book-worm magnified thirty diameters, the first picture, so far as I know, ever made by photographic process of any of these wee creatures.

This book-worm was one of several of Italian origin that came to this country in a copy of the "Divine Comedy" of Dante which was imported for the library of Cornell University. From the appearance of the volume it is surmised that these book-worms were born and bred in the "Inferno;" that during the sea voyage most of them were in "Purgatory," and that on arrival at New York they all found themselves in "Paradise." However that may be, they were well cared for, and several descendants of the immigrants have entered one or more of our leading universities. Indeed, they are credited with having given to Cornell a certain distinction which as a mere seat of learning it would not possess.

I shall not say more of this aspiring publication, of which eighty-five copies comprised the first edition, and two hundred copies the second edition of smaller size and only less luxurious form, except ostentatiously to quote in full a letter written by his own hand in his seventy-ninth year by the greatest of bibliopoles, Bernard Quaritch.

London 15 Piccadilly, March 21, 1898.
W. Harris Arnold, Esq.,
New York.

Dear Sir,

I thank you very much for presenting to me a copy of your

First Report of a Book Collector,
royal 8vo, 1897-98

I have read it with great interest and I thank you for the friendly references to myself and my business.

I admire your enthusiasm, though it is for a class of Literature I am rather

weak in. 18th and 19th century rarities I do not specially go after. My range is nevertheless very wide. I take in

Manuscripts and Palæography
Early Printed Books.
" Bibles & Liturgical Works
Natural History, Voyages, Travels
Greek & Roman Classics
Oriental Literature, Egypt etc.
English Classics, English MSS. and English Topography
The best foreign books
Music, Polit. Economy, Games, Sports Gardening Literature
Curiosa & Superstitions of every sort etc. etc.

You must admit a tolerably wide range. In fact I follow up the bibliographical wants of *all* my customers.

However what you say,—and say justly about the collecting of first editions is true and very much to the point in all departments of Literature and Science.

The postscript to your first Report on Bookworms

is the first really scientific account on this dangerous insect family. We have to thank you and that accomplished Entomologist Mr. Comstock for it

Yours, dear sir,
ever truly
BERNARD QUARITCH.

As I became acquainted with first editions of British authors, my interest in collecting was intensified. Of course they were not so easy to acquire as the first editions of the nineteenth-century Americans, but the difficulty of pursuit induced greater zest. I had good luck, better luck than I was aware of at the time. While my selections were almost altogether from catalogues of British dealers and by bids at the London auctions, the disadvantage of distance was much reduced by kind offers of certain London dealers to send books on request for inspection and sometimes without even the formality of request. I recall my surprise when one day I received not only the three or four books I had asked for, but ten or twelve more, and all of them uncommonly good examples of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century rarities. Some of these were too costly for my purse, so, rather than return them, I gave New York's most astute dealer opportunity to take what he would of those I could not compass. None went back to London, for he took all that remained with the remark, "I wonder where they could have got all these good ones."

In five years I gathered about two hundred English first and early editions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and a long shelf-full of seventeenth-century poetry. That shelf held a "Paradise Lost" in the original sheep binding, the first edition, with the title-page of early issue, for which I paid what now seems the astonishingly low price of $200. This distinguished volume had for neighbors Brome's "Songs," Cartwright's "Comedies," Doctor Corbet's "Certain Elegant Poems," Dryden's "The Hind and the Panther," Fletcher's "The Purple Island," and unusually fine copies, all first editions, of the poems of Carew, Donne, Drayton, Hall, Howard, Marvell, Katherine Phillips's "The Matchless Orinda," Shirley and Waller, and for none of these scarce books except the Waller did I pay more than $40.

Those were the days of Browning clubs. While devotees of the poet were puzzling over obscurities of text, I was searching assiduously for first editions. One by one I found them all, though "Pauline" eluded me until 1900. Even more important than the rarest of first editions were proof copies of "Dramatis Personæ" and "The Ring and the Book," both with numerous manuscript revisions and corrections made prior to publication, and each accompanied by a letter referring to the proofs. These were to be sold at auction at Sotheby's. I sent bids for them to my good friends Ellis & Elvey, who exercised uncommon discretion in executing them. "Dramatis Personæ" was sold first, and was secured for me much below my limit. "The Ring and the Book" immediately followed; the bids went quickly beyond my limit. Then, with an elasticity of action rarely exercised by an agent, a bid was made for me far in advance of my limit, but which, added to the price of "Dramatis Personæ," was no more than the sum of my two limits. Both treasures became mine at a cost, including commission, of $116. This was

in 1897. When I look back on this episode it seems to me that I had undeserved luck. Those bids were nothing short of stingy.

It was not difficult to get satisfactory copies of the first published editions of Tennyson; before my first year was past I had nearly all of them. There were, however, other Tennyson books to obtain which called on all of one's collecting ability. It appears that the poet had had printed trial copies of several of his more important productions which from time to time he sent to friends whose criticism he particularly desired, and always with the request to destroy or return. No more than ten or twelve of each were usually made. Of course these trial books are extremely rare. Another sort of rarities are the copies of poems produced for copyright purposes, of which a very small number of each were printed. My first good luck with these Tennyson treasures was obtaining for thirty shillings a trial book called "The True and the False," the title first chosen for the first four Idylls, but, at publication, changed to "Idylls of the King." Only one other copy is known to exist. Through the kind offices of my new, but now dear old, friend, the distinguished collector and bibliographer, Thomas J. Wise, to whom, while we were strangers, I had written to tell of "The True and the False," I obtained one Tennyson rarity after another, most of which at the time were unknown to American collectors.

There are two well-known items of peculiar interest in that they were first printed by amateurs on a private press from manuscripts graciously provided by Tennyson. These are the poems "The Victim" and "The Song of the Wrens." The printers were Sir Ivor Bertie Guest, his mother, and two of his sisters. There were only about twenty-five copies of each produced at the family home known as Canford Manor. A cablegram came from Mr. Wise telling me that an offer for the copies of these two poems which had been sent by the Guests to the poet in recognition of his courtesy would be entertained by Tennyson's son Hallam. I immediately cabled accordingly. Word came of the acceptance of my offer; a few days later I received this letter:

London, July 20, 1898.

Dear Mr. Harris Arnold,

Pray make your last will and testament as quickly as ever you can, and see to it that you leave to me your copies of "The Victim" and "The True and the False". This is very necessary, because if there be any atom of truth in the proverb that "whom the gods love die young", then certainly a remarkably early death is in store for *you*. The gods who look after the ways and ends of us, lovers and preservers of good books, must love you with a more than immortal affection. They prove their regard, too, in the happiest of ways. As though one unique—or practically unique—Tennyson book were not enough for one collector to gloat over, they have followed up the gift of "The True and The False" by flinging a second "uniquity" at your precious head! "The Window" and "The Victim" arrived a day or two ago. The former is all right; it 's just a fine copy—a remarkably fine copy—of the usual book. But "The Victim" is a treasure indeed. It is an early copy, showing a different setting none of us had ever heard of before; and the result of these two days' enquiries suffices to satisfy us that it is the sole existing example of an *earlier edition than the quarto!*

It appears that when the Guests printed the two books they at first proposed to print them in octavo. In octavo "The Victim" was accordingly set, but never printed off, as at the last moment it was decided to change the octavo for the quarto form. The types of this octavo were distributed, and the two books produced in the regular quarto form we know so well.

This octavo is somewhat roughly printed —palpably it is a "final revise". It has the wood-blocks pulled in *gold;* the wood-blocks of the quartos are worked in *black.* These blocks are the same as in the quartos, but a smaller type was employed, suitable to the smaller page. It is bound up in the regular red French-mcrocco leather in which most of the quartos were issued, and has Lord Wimborne's [Sir Ivor Bertie Guest's] monogram on the side.

Altogether it is a "find" indeed, and everyone here is filled with envy! If you were disposed to part with it I could sell

it for you half-a-dozen times over at a considerable advance upon the price you have paid for it. May I retain it for a week or so? I want to find out still more about it, and to have the title-page, etc. photographed. I have sent off "The Window" to-day by letter post, registered. It is not "uncut" as we collectors understand the word, but it is a spotless copy in the original state as issued; altogether you've got a bargain. I only wish I had *seen* these two books before I cabled you. I honestly confess that in that case you would not have been cabled to at all. I should have bought them myself—have kept "The Victim" and have placed "The Window" only at your disposal. Ah, well! From all I hear you are a good fellow, and well deserve your luck.

Always sincerely yours,
THOMAS J. WISE.

Of course, I could be only highly gratified to have all the circumstances ascertained by my more than kind friend. The result was announced thus:

At last!! I am sending you your precious "Victim". You ought to have had it months ago. Indeed I felt a very pig to have kept it so long. But I wanted to retain it whilst I made every possible enquiry concerning it. This I have now done, and I am driven to the conclusion that the book is absolutely unique.

It seems quite certain that the book—in octavo form—was never distributed at all. Probably this was the only solitary copy struck off before the decision was arrived at to set up the Poem as a quarto.

I think I envy you its possession almost as much as I envy you your "The True and the False"!

After the death of Frederick Locker-Lampson, his collection of rarities was sold *en bloc* to E. Dwight Church of New York City. Retaining the Shaksperiana and such other portions to secure which Mr. Church had bought the entire collection, the remaining books, manuscripts, and letters were put with Dodd, Mead & Company to be disposed of at private sale. I had early choice. To me there was strongest appeal in Tennyson's copy of Milton's "Poems," the first edition, 1645. On the fly-leaf, in his younger hand, is the owner's signature, while on the opposite page, in his later hand, is this penciled memorandum: "From T. Hayes of Manchester. I think I gave him £8 8 unbound, with a Landor and other books." On the inside of the front cover is the bookplate of Locker.

There is a curious story which relates to the engraved portrait of Milton, the frontispiece of this little volume. A proof of the portrait was sent to Milton, who before returning it added four lines in Greek. The engraver, ignorant of the classic tongue, supposed the poet wished the lines placed under the portrait (perhaps he did), and there they are in every copy of the book. The lines may be freely rendered somewhat as follows:

When you compare this with the form Nature herself fashioned you will say that the picture has been engraved by an unskilled hand. Friends of mine not recognizing this portrait will please laugh at the poor copy of a poor painting.

I once made a bibliographical discovery. As I had never made one before, and have never made one since, I trust I may be pardoned for describing what may be termed the slightest difference in two issues of the same edition.

When, in 1863, the beautiful young Danish princess Alexandra came to England to be married to the Prince of Wales, the poet laureate signalized the event by a poem entitled "A Welcome." It was produced as a folded leaflet of four pages, and was sold on the streets of London for a penny. A copy of this leaflet was in the Foote sale and brought $15. In the catalogue of a London dealer I found this item, priced one shilling and six pence. I ordered it, and requested that a second copy be sent, if available. Two copies came. I wrote for ten more, planning to use them in exchanges. The ten came. Again I wrote, asking how many more could be supplied. The reply was "eighty-one," and these at a slight reduction in price if I would take all. I sent for all. Just after these eighty-one reached me came a letter from the frank dealer which told of *one hundred and twenty-three more*

which had been found in a neglected corner. I also was told that as the eighty-one copies had been declared the entire quantity remaining, I could consider myself at liberty to return them. This I did.

While examining my twelve, I made the little bibliographical discovery. On the first page, under the title, is what in printers' parlance is termed a "French rule,"—a straight line except for a diamond-shaped center,—lo! there were two kinds of diamonds; one solid, like this, ——◆——, and the other hollow, like this, ——◇——. The question immediately arose, which of these is the first? Some one will say "Why worry?" Yet differences of little more consequence have been subjects of grave consideration ever since first editions have been collected.

Mr. Wise, in his exhaustive bibliography, puts the solid diamond form first, but gives no reason for this discrimination. My view is that the little poem was twice type-set, and the two printed together on one sheet. The infinitesimal question may safely be left in the air. So far as my observation goes, the minutia of variation has never been reduced to a finer point than in this little mystery of the diamonds.

One of the most notable instances of slight variation in different issues of the same edition is that of Milton's name as it appears on the title-pages of the first two issues of the first edition of "Paradise Lost." I say first two, for there were no fewer than six in all. The book appeared in 1667, and both of the first two title-pages bear that date and are otherwise exactly alike except for the author's name, which on one is printed from much larger type than it is on the other, and for slight differences in the sizes of the "frames" and the spacings of the types.[1]

Which of these title-pages was first issued has been a matter of amiable controversy for more than fifty years, and there seems to be no possibility that the question will ever be settled.

[1] That these title-pages were printed separately from the text of the poem I know from personal examination of a detached example which has the name in larger type. This title-page was printed on the recto of the second leaf of a half-sheet once folded, thus forming a separate signature of two leaves. The title-page with smaller type was doubtless printed likewise.

Early in 1901, to my regret, the necessary time came for parting with the greater portion of the collection. With the exception of the Tennysons, the Chaucer leaf, and one specially prized volume, the books, together with letters and a few manuscripts, were sold at auction. The results of a resort to sale by auction are, of course, always more or less uncertain, and in this instance the issue had been rendered particularly dubious from the fact that only a few months earlier two New York firms that dealt extensively in first and early editions had severally declined to buy the books of me at the prices I had paid for them. Another dealer, whose long experience gave weight to his opinion, told me, just before the auctioneer called for bids on the first item, that he believed the prices would be unsatisfactory.

Happily, the doubts raised by these portents were dispelled. Many of the prices were sensational. "Outre Mer," which cost $60, sold for $310; two Lowell pamphlets, "Mason and Slidell" and "Il Pesceballo," which respectively cost $10.35 and $18, sold for $175 and $140; Thoreau's "Week" brought $52.50; the two copies of Lowell's "On Democracy," $180; "Fanshawe," $400; Shelley's "Adonais" cost $150, it sold for $510; a trial leaf of a projected Kelmscott Shakspere cost $57.75, it sold for $625; the proof copies of "Dramatis Personæ" and "The Ring and the Book" brought $1135; "Paradise Lost," $830. The list could be much extended. The total receipts were double the sum originally expended.

These results afforded convincing evidence of our growing interest in book-collecting, the most fascinating pursuit in which it has been my privilege to indulge.

The specially prized volume I had retained was a shabby copy of the "Poems" of Doctor John Donne, Dean of St. Paul's, which had belonged to Charles Lamb. This book is distinguished not only for its ownership, but also for the autograph notes of Coleridge, which abound on the insides of the covers, the one remaining fly-leaf, and the margins of the printed pages. At the bottom of the back-cover is this

charming apology: "I shall die soon, my dear Charles Lamb, and then you will not be sorry that I have bescribbled your book." This volume was one of sixty from Lamb's library brought to this country in 1848 by Charles Welford, of the firm of Bartlett & Welford, whose successor is Charles Scribner's Sons.

The books were made known widely by a descriptive list in "The Literary World." Among the orders received was one from Charles Eliot Norton, requesting the Donne. The book already had been sold. Who was the fortunate purchaser I do not know, but in the course of years the volume came into the appreciative hands of Charles W. Frederickson. In 1897 it appeared in the catalogue of Mr. Frederickson's library, which was to be sold at the auction-rooms of Bangs & Company.

At this time Ernest Dressel North, the well-known bookman, was a salesman in Scribner's book-shop. It happened that the original letter written by young Norton to Bartlett & Welford forty-nine years before was shown to Mr. North. He wrote to this purport:

New York, May 5th, 1897.

Dear Professor Norton:

With further reference to your letter of February 12th, 1848, in which you favored our predecessors with an order for the copy of Donne's Poems that formerly belonged to Charles Lamb, it gives me pleasure to report that this interesting volume is soon to be sold at auction in this city. May I ask whether you wish to avail yourself of this opportunity? If so, I should be glad to receive your instructions with a view to securing the book for you.

Very truly yours,

ERNEST DRESSEL NORTH

In his reply Professor Norton inquired whether Mr. Arnold intended to bid for the Donne. Mr. North and I inferred that from his acquaintance with my collecting proclivities the professor might suppose I greatly desired the volume. As it was, I had not yet seen the collection; so, in emulation of Professor Norton's courtesy, I sent word that I had no intention to bid for the book.

The day after the sale I learned that Professor Norton had not sent a bid; his inquiry had been made with a view to a loan of the volume in case I should obtain it. Dodd, Mead & Company were the successful bidders, and most fortunately I secured the book from them forthwith. In a letter received several months later the venerated professor thus wrote:

I envy you the possession of the Donne,—envy you, I mean with no sinful disposition, but with a virtuous sympathy! The notes by Coleridge make it very precious, ranking as they do with the best of his acute and imaginatively sympathetic criticisms on Shakspere and other Elizabethan poets.

The little volume is no longer mine; the present owner is my loving wife, who shares with me the uncommon pleasures of the book-chase.

The title first given to this article was "Book Collecting in the Nineties." A witty friend asked, "Do you refer to your own years or to those of the calendar?" Although I have not reached that stage of life where it is excusable to boast of the length of days attained, nevertheless I am confident that "age cannot wither nor custom stale" my enthusiasm for book-collecting.

From a Door-Step in Leinster

By EDWARD VIGORS

Illustrations by B. N. Salg

An intimate and humorous description of some phases of domestic, social, and agricultural life in and about a small Irish town. The author's interpretation of human nature and its vagaries, his keen characterization of the inhabitants, their virtues and their weaknesses, make altogether an entertaining picture.

The Door-Step

MY study-window looks out upon the door-step, and beyond it on the beech-trees, which have not yet shed their canopy of green. The rooks that live in the beech-trees have finished rearing their young, and in the daytime are away foraging in the fields. At dusk they sit in the tree-tops in solemn convocation, while in the morning they wake me with noisy wranglings before they start the day. Their voices blend with the falling waters of the Urglin, which is never silent except in flood-time.

Shodore, the giant mountain, looks down upon the door-step, and in his wider vision he sees harvest fields, yellow with stooks of corn, and little farms glistening white along the valley, with here and there a village or timbered demesne.

The door-step is of granite, quarried on the side of Shodore, and moved in massive blocks. It is an emblem in itself, and marks a period in Irish history when those who lived in castles were rich, while workers on the soil were very poor. It has twin comrades up and down the country, almost wherever there is a country seat. Six steps rise in easy gradient from the north, and on each side juts out a platform topped with a solid slab. When the sun is shining, I sit upon the western platform to watch for the postman coming up the drive. Tim Brennan carries the letters now since the fever took old Mat Daly. As a boy he brought the telegrams, running barefoot, to be rewarded with a pocket filled with fallen peach apples. Now he rides a scarlet bicycle, and is dressed in uniform, as befits the dignity of a carrier of the mails. It is the last house upon his round before he returns to catch the evening train, and as often as not he will fill in the time fishing at the perch hole near the weir. At that he has no equal. He is also our link with Tyrrelstown. He brings news that Conran has killed a sheep and "Will it please himself to take a quarter." Tell it not at "the gineral" in Dublin, but he transacts, I know, mysterious commissions for the cook, supplying demands confided in whispered tones for "the same as before." For Mary Kate he purveys fringe-nets and fancies from Miss Doolan's "Shrine of Fashion," whose wares are advertised weekly in "The Moderator."

Through the morning hours, before the sun has left the granite flags, the door-step receives its visitors. They rest upon it before seeking an interview.

Johnny McAssey lives under the mountain in a little white house, with thatch that has not been renewed since he bought the tenant right of three acres of land and a jennet when widow Dempsey died. He is an old man, and makes his living by carting turf from the bog above the ridge, or drawing the hard coal or culm from the collieries beyond.

He lives alone, save for a cock, a wise and ancient rooster. I often wondered why Johnny kept a cock without hens and chickens to bear him company. It is because "he 's the greatest bird altogether; every mornin', and the sun risin', he 'll bawl beside me in the bed till I 'll throw the old coat on me and be out to mind the jennet." Johnny has a wholesome contempt for clocks and watches. The ancient fowl is a surer timepiece.

He drives the jennet up the avenue and leaves him in the hollow by the black gate. At the door-step he stands hat in hand when I come out. He has brought a load of turf and seeks a customer. Four sods for a penny before the war was the accepted tariff, but a bargain for the bulk pleased him better.

"It 's a great load of turf, yer Honor, every sod of it black as coal. You 'll not find another like it in the bank. The comrade to it I 'm after leaving with Father Hanlon below in Killicmoyler, and tin shillin' was the price he paid me. Yer Honor would hardly be axin' me to take less."

"Mary Brophy is another visitor. . . . She had an ass called Eugene and a cart, repaired from time to time with relics gathered from the vehicles round the country-side

He has said enough. I know that he is looking for seven and sixpence, which will be a shilling above its value by the count.

Mary Brophy is another visitor. She, too, had a "drive," though she was not as prosperous as Johnny. She had an ass called Eugene and a cart, repaired from time to time with relics gathered from the vehicles round the country-side.

Last time I saw it, it had one wheel of timber, while the fellow was of iron, taken from some derelict mowing-machine upon a farm.

She used to drive round the farms upon the ridge, gathering eggs for sale to the shopkeepers in the town, and hawking oranges or small apples; but Eugene died.

"He laid him down in the road, and Mr. Orpen riding by on his bicycle; and God knows I speak the truth. And 'Eugene,' says I, 'git up,' says I, 'and make way. Do you think ye 're in paradise, rollin' there in the dust?' But he give a roar like a bull, and threw himself over the road, and he niver moved again. Me poor Eugene! And now I 'm a lone widdy, and the little ass is took from me. And me poor boy is in Americky, and I prays for him every night."

She comes up now to the door-step at fixed intervals, in effect to solicit alms; but she never is sufficiently lacking in delicacy to declare the object of her visit.

As I sit in my study I hear a mellow crooning on the door-step, and a peep out reveals the old woman in the shawl. If I am long in coming, the crooning becomes louder, and the words take shape.

"May God bless and spare thim all! The like of thim is not in the whole country. Indeed, and he 's a fine gintleman, and great was the family that reared him. The poor major was a grand gintleman. Did n't he sind me from London the dressin'-gown he cast from him? And a ninepence was the postage that he paid on

it. I have the tassel of it still. I used it as a garter. May God and the holy angels bless and protect the whole o' them—the royal family that is in it!"

I do not think that Mrs. Brophy is really so impressed with the purple of my lineage as the tradition which admits at respectable intervals of a contribution toward the purchase of a successor to Eugene. This successor never materializes. If he did, a sure source of compassion and assistance would be gone. I do not, in fact, expect him to materialize. Mrs. Brophy knows that I do not expect it, either, but the polite convention exists to facilitate the gift and to avoid any suspicion of begging. Indeed, this distaste for accepting or showing charity marks all our dealings in the valley. A professed beggar, when he comes, is never a neighbor, but a tramping tinker who lives from door to door. Kate Mulvey came to me shortly after Christmas to remind me of the season of the year, and somewhat bluntly mentioned Christmas boxes. I explained that delicacy forbade that I should offer money.

"Indeed," she said, "and it 's I that would not be willin' to take it, except it were a gintleman that offered it."

Peter Fanning is waiting under the beech-trees for Mary Brophy's departure, which takes place accompanied by an even more ardent and noisy pæan of praise and thanksgiving than presaged the interview. By the hand he drags up a small and frightened boy, barefoot, and apparently clothed only in a coat many sizes too large and a pair of Peter's old trousers, shortened in the leg.

"I did hear them saying at the chapel that yer Honor might be needin' a boy for the garden."

This is true enough, but the tattered child hardly seems to fit the case.

"Terry, stand up, and show yerself to the masther. Is n't that the boy that would fit yer, sir? And if yerself should be lookin' for a boy that would follow an ass, yer 'd not find the like of him."

"Can he dig? Can he weed?"

"Well, indeed, and he might; but he 's surely a great boy to follow an ass."

Though my ass, after the manner of its tribe, is better propelled by being followed with a stick than by being led by the head, I am not wanting any one to follow it. I may be able to find Terry a suitable job with one of the shopkeepers in Tyrrellstown.

The war, however, has worked some changes in this respect. It used to be a grievance that there was no work to be had, and men would wait upon the doorstep because they could not get employment and earn a living; but now I listen often to the solemn explanation that, "My Tom is not able to work, because he 's drawin' the twenty-nine shillin'."

"By the hand he drags up a small and frightened boy, barefoot, and apparently clothed only in a coat many sizes too large and a pair of Peter's old trousers, shortened in the leg"

When anything is brought up for me to buy, and the size permits, it is always displayed on the stone steps to the best advantage. Chickens and ducks are frequent, and they lie there pensively, tied together in couples by their legs. But when a visitor comes who travels with crockery and china, he will transform the door-step into a veritable shop-window. His rival is the "Jew-man" who comes once a year in one of Costigan's cars with real Russian sables.

When Charley Clery's wife brought up a litter of kittens, I drew the line, and would not interfere with the monopoly of our own respectable Tabby. She vainly pleaded that they were "reared

nixt the church, and real Protestant kittens."

I told Father Hanlon, however, of the guaranty she had given with them. Some days later she offered them to him, and he reminded her of what she had told me. She rose to the occasion.

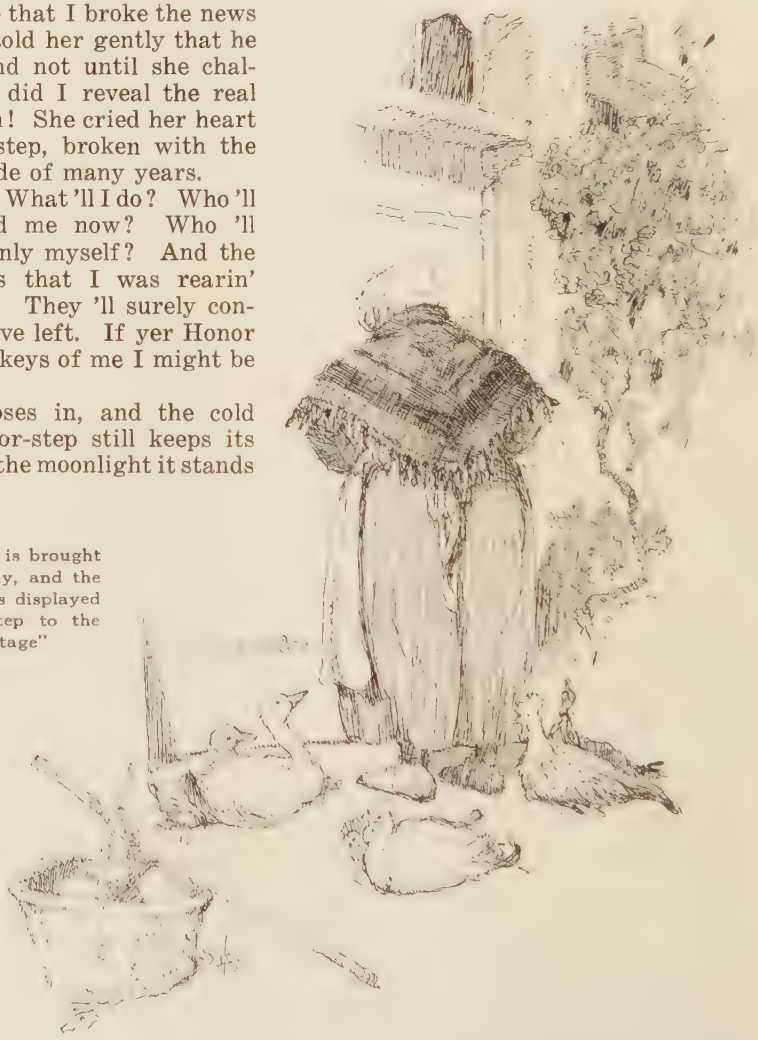
"Savin' yer Riverence's pardon, I never yet told a lie, and it 's not to yer Riverence I 'll tell the first one. It 's true indeed what I said o' the pusheens, but that was before their eyes were opened."

The door-step also has had its tragedies. When my herd died of heart failure while spudding thistles on the back lawn, it was there that I broke the news to his widow. I told her gently that he was very sick, and not until she challenged me direct did I reveal the real truth. Poor Ellen! She cried her heart out on the door-step, broken with the loss of the comrade of many years.

"What 'll I do? What 'll I do? Who 'll there be to mind me now? Who 'll mind the place, only myself? And the clutch of turkeys that I was rearin' ag'in' Christmas? They 'll surely consume the little I 've left. If yer Honor would buy the turkeys of me I might be left less desolate."

As evening closes in, and the cold dews fall, the door-step still keeps its solitary vigil. In the moonlight it stands out large and imposing, with the gravel sweep in front.

It does not flinch before the whistling gales or the deluges of "spilling" rainstorms from the southwest. The people round will tell you how, when my great-uncle died, there drove up to the door-step in dead of night a coach and four, with feathers, and horses swathed in black. Peter Brady saw it, and him takin' the air in the shrubbery with a "tarrier" dog. And Jim Kane at the lodge turned in his bed at the rumble of the wheels.



"When anything is brought up for me to buy, and the size permits, it is displayed on the stone step to the best advantage"

A Girl for the Kitchen

I HAVE always boasted that in Ireland we have not yet been troubled with the more acute phase of what English newspapers call the "servant problem." Mrs. Scanlan has presided over our kitchen at Brandon for so long that she has acquired a sort of joint proprietorship. She is now imbued with the pride of long-standing office, and while at times she may be tyrannical to her employer, she champions his interests and qualities if they are challenged by a third party.

It is true that we have not entirely escaped catastrophe. There were three long months during which Mrs. Scanlan was compelled to return home to care for an invalid mother, and I can look back on a procession of stop-gaps who wrought havoc with our morals and our crockery.

In Ireland cooks, more especially those of the "timperery" variety, are limited in number; they recur at uncertain intervals, just as a number recurs in the game of "boule."

They may disappear for a period of years or they may turn up again in a fortnight at the house of your nearest neighbor. Jim Kane is an expert in these ladies, and claims to have come across most of them. There is a gleam of triumph in his eye when he announces that the respectable-looking widow, whose luggage is being unloaded from the car, is "she that was at Kilcarrig the night o' the dance," or "she that was the death o' Miss O'Shea's tarrier dog." In each case the statement is sufficient to rouse unpleasant recollections of an episode disturbing to one's dignity. It is indeed a proud day when he announces the arrival of "one that I niver sit eyes on."

Of late years, however, there has been distinctly a shortage of what we call "a girl for the kitchen." This most useful retainer is one with whom it is very hard to dispense, and without which the dignity of Mrs. Scanlan is never satisfied. It is difficult to find one who will not be pronounced to be "no more than a savage." For a minimum of acquaintance with either cooking or housework connotes clamorous demands from registry offices, and offers of situations in London as cooks or as parlormaids.

We had been undergoing a period of unusual suffering in this respect. Kathleen had assured me that in Killicmoyler no suitable girl could be found. The nuns at the convent were unable to make any useful suggestion, and the voice of Mrs. Scanlan in the kitchen, with the asperity of her manner, showed that she felt it as a personal affront, and made the position more desperate than ever. Kathleen scorned the idea of my intervention, but I said that something must be done. I declared that I would take the matter into my own hands and get a girl myself.

Having made this assertion, I was swift to realize the gravity of the task which I had undertaken, and I was saved from confusion only by the following advertisement, which I discovered while reading "The Moderator."

Mrs. P. Dempsey, whose late husband is well known and esteemed, begs to notify her patrons that she has opened a high-class shaving and hair-cutting establishment in Regent Street. Only skilled artists employed, with experience in the metropolis. Shampooing and personal attention a speciality. Razors supplied for all classes of

beards. In connection with the above Mrs. Dempsey combines a select registry office for servants, to which she invites the attention of the nobility and gentry. Mrs. Dempsey has always on her books a large number of superior cooks, parlourmaids and every variety of domestic.

N.B. Lessons given on the pianoforte.

My spirits rose. I was galled by Kathleen's lack of confidence. I got out my bicycle and rode off, leaving a message that I had something to do in Tyrrellstown, and would be back in time for lunch.

"It is indeed a proud day when he announces the arrival of 'one that I niver sit eyes on' "

Regent Street is not one of the principal streets in Tyrrellstown. It lies below the court-house on a level with the Urglin River. It may have been destined at one time, as its name denotes, for some greater dignity; but the court-house is always entered for greater convenience from the back, and Regent Street has failed to develop. There are many little houses and a few small shops, and from one of these projected a newly painted pole, with spiral strippings of red, white, and blue. In the window were two rows of china mugs, such as I constantly receive at Christmas as tokens of affection from my nephews and nieces. They have a handle, and a hole on top, with a sort of cavity inside for soap. I have never myself been able to make any practical use of them, and I doubt whether they find a place among the real essentials of masculine toilet.

I penetrated into a "saloon," where young Johnny Byrne, who till recently brought the telegrams from Killicmoyler, was now arrayed in a large blue apron and engaged in stropping a razor. He suggested with some honesty that I "could hardly be wantin' a hair-cut."

Mrs. Dempsey herself received me in the parlor behind. She was still in curl-papers, and a rather soiled garment of brown velvet trimmed at the neck and wrists with fur. In a fresher condition it would have been out of keeping with the surroundings, and I recognized that it must have been a relic from the "nobility and gentry" to whom Mrs. Dempsey's noteworthy advertisement appealed.

I admit at this point to a certain feeling of diffidence. I hesitated as to whether I should even represent myself as a candidate for instruction on the pianoforte, or as a last resource intrust my chin to Johnny Byrne. But the thought of Kathleen spurred me on, and I broached the subject of a girl for the kitchen.

Mrs. Dempsey prayed me to be seated, and took down from a shelf three large ledgers labeled "Cooks," "Parlourmaids," and "Housemaids." She car-

ried them to a narrow writing-desk, into which she securely wedged herself. She proceeded to cross-question me as to exactly what was wanted, and to turn over the pages of the ledgers. Had I come yesterday I could have been supplied with a complete household. She never knew when she might have what I wanted. And she again meditatively turned the pages of the ledgers.

"I 'd not be sayin' but that I have the very girl that would suit ye, sir; but I have the half of her promised to Lady Townsend." I pleaded for the other half. "I 'd admit that she might fail to suit her ladyship. The place is not altogether too easy. But I 'll send a line after to-morrow."

"She carried them to a narrow writing-desk, into which she securely wedged herself"

"After to-morrow" is indefinite even in Ireland. Would she give me her address?

"I 'll sind her a line to bring her here; she 'd want to consult with her mother."

In desperation I scorned the delay. Did she live far?

"Well, it might be three or four mile'. She lives on the hill at Killanin, by Acharue."

"And her name?"

"Mary Kinsella."

I would bicycle to see her there and then, with a note of introduction from Mrs. Dempsey as a guaranty of my good intentions.

I have not followed the hounds for many seasons without acquiring some knowledge of topography, and the bogs, which the fox will avoid, I have tramped on frosty January mornings in pursuit of snipe. Killanin is beyond the ground that I cover with the gun, but well I know Acharue. My great-uncle Standish told me once how on a visit to London he was saluted in Piccadilly Circus by a constable controlling the traffic. For, as the gallant policeman explained, "How would not I know ye, Master Standish, and I bred and reared in Acharue." The fame to which Acharue can rise has clung in my memory.

Wherever there is a bridge over the Urglin there is always a sergeant of constabulary on patrol. It may be he keeps guard over the salmon in the pools below. Anyway, he can tell you where the salmon lie, or direct you on your way; so, as I crossed the river, I asked for Killanin. How should I get there from Acharue?

"Your Worship will folly the road straight foreninst ye till ye come to the Church of Cloncoose; and ye 'll leave the church to the right, and take the second to yer lift at the cross; and if ye take the first to yer lift, ye 'll find yerself back in Acharue."

It would be wearisome to describe how I followed this advice, or my progress to Acharue, and from Acharue to the Church at Cloncoose and the cross-

roads beyond. Regardless of the lunch waiting for me at Brandon, I drove my bicycle up a perpetual hill, dismounting at last when my legs failed me, and pushing it by hand.

I did not discover the second turn to the left, or, if I did, it brought me no nearer to Killanin. But mercifully I did not find myself again in Acharue. I dragged the bicycle up the steep and stony slopes of winding lanes, from which all view was veiled by high hedges of thorn and brambles. I stumbled across little water-courses, encountering a maze of turns and counter-turns; but at last I came out on an open plain of bogland, with banks of turf being cut and heaped up to dry for use as kindling. The road became straight. Wire fences, grass banks, and ditches took the place of hedges, and I stood to breathe and survey the landscape for any sign of life. Some perches farther along the road was a small thatched cottage, and at its door a little girl, who told me that she knew Mary Kinsella and would take me to her. She led me straight for the best part of a mile, and then turned down a bohereen, one of those lanes which at the start tempt the traveler as a likely short-cut, but grow worse as they advance, and finally end in a farm-yard. We came, as I expected, to the farm-yard, or rather to the top of a precipice, at the foot of which lay a small cup-shaped hollow containing a small cabin and a manure-heap. Smoke curled through an old tin bucket, reversed upon the thatch to serve as a cowl for the chimney, and plastered on with clay.

"There is Mary below," said my guide, and she pointed to a patch of garden ground on the farther slope of the hollow. In it stood a barefooted girl lifting potatoes into a sack.

"Bring up Mrs. Kinsella," I commanded from the top of the precipice.

The good woman came heavily up the track from the cabin, regarding, I could see, the visit of a stranger with suspicion. As I produced my credentials from Mrs. Dempsey she stood before me wiping her brow with her apron of dark blue linen. Meanwhile from behind doors and sheds and corners there collected a crowd of younger Kinsellas, who gazed at me in wonder and expectation.

I have a shrewd knowledge as to how a servant should be engaged. I have put grooms and gardeners through their paces, and once I was the chairman of a committee which interviewed a new schoolmistress for Rathnane.

"Mrs. Kinsella," I said, "your daughter Mary wishes to obtain a situation."

"Well, that might be right. The way of it is surely this. Nine of thim gossoons I have in the house, and Mary the eldest, and himsilf and I do be strivin' to help oursilves a little. It would be time that a girl were lookin' around her to do something. Would yer Honor give a look over her to see would she suit?"

We descended from our pinnacle to the bottom of the cup and stood in front of the cottage.

"Call up Mary here."

Mary was dragged forward by her younger brethren and planted before me on the manure-heap.

"Turn around thin, girl, and let the gintleman see ye." Mary circled on the manure-heap.

I have bought a horse in similar circumstances and surroundings, and I felt that I must play my part. My natural instinct was to inspect her mouth or examine her feet, but I puzzled my brains for a more appropriate introduction. She did not look as if she had been much handled, and I had in mind the withering sarcasm of Mrs. Scanlan if she should prove to be one of those who were "no more than a savage."

I was about to ask whether she could safely carry the dinner-tray up-stairs, but I realized that Mrs. Kinsella's house contained no staircase.

"Would she break a great deal?" I asked.

Mrs. Kinsella pondered.

"Ah, well, she 's not altogether too hard on the delft."

This was hopeful, and I said I thought she might suit.

"Would she want slippers?" asked Mrs. Kinsella, pensively, "and prints?" I realized that my colt had yet to be shod. "She has good clothes," she continued. "Bring out Mary's clothes."

Here followed a stampede of eight young Kinsellas into the depths of the

cabin. They returned, bearing a marvelous and miscellaneous wardrobe, which they spread before me upon the manure-heap. I cannot go into details. I do not even know what is required as an outfit for a kitchen-maid. I have a vision still of Mary before me in front of her ancestral home, with her clothes spread round me while she revolved obediently among them. I remember specially a frock of saffron serge, with bright blue trimmings, which I later grew to know better when I met it every Sunday on its way from mass.

Clearly Mary was what we wanted. She had ample clothing, slippers could be obtained, and she would not break our crockery.

I told Mrs. Kinsella to send her at once to Brandon.

Lest it should be thought that I am not a judge of kitchen-maids as well as of horses, I add a postscript, and with it I give you a toast.

Mary was a success and a faithful servant. Early in her career she broke our best soup-tureen and all the cups of the breakfast service. She fell through the stained-glass portrait of great-uncle Standish which is set in the window on the front staircase. She fought bitterly against the slippers, but Kathleen triumphed.

For all this, she stayed with us for several years, and was declared to be "a dacint slip of a girl and a good one to work." Above all else she satisfied the demands and dignity of Mrs. Scanlan. When I saw her last she was dressed in the latest fashions which Miss Doolan could furnish from Tyrrellstown. She was leaving us for London to take a situation as cook.

She writes often to Kathleen and tells us that she is now where she has "a three-weeks holiday once ivery year, board wages paid. There is tin maids kep', and two nights to yersilf in the week, an' a day once a month, an' no late dinner of a Sunday."

My toast is this: "More power to the girl for the kitchen!"

The Strange Paumotu Atolls

By FREDERICK O'BRIEN

Beach of atoll of Niau

In the South Seas, besides the islands where are set most of the scenes of the life and drama of that fantastic tropic, there are great groups of little-known atolls that only the hardy buyer of copra and pearl-shell visits, and which are almost as lost to the traveler as to the writer of romance. These homes of marvels, unvisited by any but small vessels from near-by islands, are described in the following article, one of several on the South Seas by Frederick O'Brien to be published in succeeding numbers.

THE first of the eighty Paumotu Islands raised a delicate green fringe of trees four or five miles away. They lie so low, these strange, mysterious atolls, that from the deck of our schooner they cannot be seen even on the clearest days at a greater distance. Often one hears the surf before the island appears. They are only a few feet above the plane of the sea, flat, with no hill or eminence upon them, like lilies upon the surface of a pond. One can hardly believe them part of the familiar globe when first one's glance falls upon them. They are the fairy-islands of our childhood, the coral strand of youth, the lotus lands of poesy, the most beautiful, fascinating, inconceivable sights upon the ocean.

The Paumotu Islands lie between 14 and 24 degrees of latitude south of the equator and between 133 and 149 degrees of longitude west. They trend in irregular lines in a northwest and southeast direction, the major axis of the group extending over thirteen hundred miles. They are all alike in structure, but different in size and shape. Some are only two or three miles in diameter; others, like Rangioa, forty-two miles long and twenty miles wide. Their most characteristic quality, and the most striking distinction they have, is that they are atolls, and an atoll is to an island as a comet to a star; they are freaks or sports in the garden of the sea gods. It is like nothing in Europe or America.

An atoll is a coral reef surrounding a salt lagoon, or lake, or, rather, it is two reefs; for there is first opposed to the sea a barrier reef, inside which there is often very deep water, and then the beach, or border, inclosing the lagoon. The most significant diversity in atolls is not in their size, but whether there is or is not an opening from the ocean to the interior lagoon, permitting vessels, or at least small craft, to enter and leave. Those atolls which have such inner harbors are most populated, for they permit of protection to shipping, the outside barrier creating a moat between this underwater rampart and the beach. The lagoons are thus usually safe and unflurried, though sometimes harried terribly by cyclones.

Each of the Paumotus is made up of a number of *motus*, or islets. This string of *motus* assumes many dissimilar figures. Hao has fifty pieces in its puzzle —a puzzle not fully solved by science, or, at least, still in dispute. The *motus* are all formed of coral rock of comparatively recent origin geologically.

Are these atolls the mountain-tops of a lost Atlantis or thrust-up marine plateaus?

The wise men differ. Darwin's theory was that the atolls were coral formations upon volcanic islands that had slowly sunk, each a monument marking an engulfed island or mountain peak. He was only in his twenties when he put out this dictum after his return to England from his five years' voyage about the world. Other savants say that volcanic activity, which mothered the high islands in these seas, caused to rise from the bottom of the ocean a series of submerged tablelands, leveled by the currents and waves, on which the coral insects have constructed the reefs—reefs just peeping above the surface of the sea—and on which the storms have thrown the great blocks of madrepores and coral broken from the mass. When in this condition, mere rocky rings of milky coral, over which each billow swept, without life or aught else than the structures of the marvelous zoöphytes, floors cut and broken here and there by the surging and pounding breakers, the hand of the Master raised them up, as through Polynesia other islands have been raised, and fixed these Paumotus as the fairest growths of Neptune's park.

Lifted above the watery level, they were able to begin their task of usefulness. Seeds carried by currents, borne by the winds, or brought by those greatest of all pioneers and settlers of new countries, the sea birds, have been flung on these ready, but yet barren, atolls, and vegetation has given them their entrancing present.

The raising of the true volcanic islands, those of hill and dale, such as Tahiti and the Marquesas, exposed a zone of coral sand or gravel, now recovered by earth, that actually forms the belt along the coast, which by its fertility supports man. The fossil shells that one finds in these soil-covered sands are the same that live on the shore, showing that these phenomena are of comparatively late date.

But volcano and insect have combined to make these coral blossoms of the South Seas so different from any other terrestrial constructions that the man with any dreaming in his soul stands awe-struck at the wonder and artistry of nature.

The soil is altogether made up of the blocks of coral, the broken and ground pieces, and the debris of shells and limestone sand. There is no earth as we know it except where succeeding vegetable growths have formed a thin humus, and this is rare. Only the cocoanut-palm grows luxuriantly in the coral sand, the evergreen flag of this giant fleet of anchored ships of stone. Other trees and plants have been brought, and with adventitious aids have been made to grow and yield fruit and flower, but these are not many.

"Every single atom, from the least particle to the largest fragment of rock, in this great pile," says Darwin, "bears the stamp of having been subject to organic arrangement. We feel surprised when travelers tell us of the vast dimensions of the Pyramids and other great ruins, but how utterly insignificant are the greatest of these when compared to these mountains of stone accumulated by the agency of various minute and tender animals. This is a wonder which does not at first strike the eye of the body, but, after reflection, the eye of reason."

A fascinating theory is that these Paumotus are the tops of a submerged continent, or land bridge, which stretches its crippled body along the floor of the Pacific Ocean for thousands of leagues, a "Pacifis" whose epic awaits the singer, a mystery not to be solved by the mere physicist. Its cryptogram attends in many spots the discovery of a new Rosetta Stone. There are great monuments, graven objects, hieroglyphics, customs, and languages, island peoples with suggestive legends, and all, mayhap, remnants of a migration from Asia or Africa, thousands of years ago, of a race that was lost to history from the stone age until three centuries ago.

Over this land bridge, mayhap, ventured a Caucasian people, the dominant blood in Polynesia to-day, and when the continent fell from the sights of sun and stars, save in those spots now the mountainous islands, like Tahiti and the Marquesas, the survivors were isolated for eons. On the mountain-tops, plateaus beneath the water, the coral insect built up these atolls until they stand in their wondrous shapes splendid examples of nature's self-arrested labor, sculptures of unbelievable brilliancy.

To them came first the Caucasians who had been spared in the cataclysm, and later the new sailors of giant canoes who followed from Asia the line of islets and atolls, fighting with and conquering the Caucasians, and merging into them in the course of generations. These first and succeeding migrations must have been forced by devastating natural phenomena, by terrible economic pressure, by wars and tribal feuds. It is not probable that any people deliberately chose these atolls in preference to the higher lands, but that they occupied them in lieu of better on account of evil fortune.

They are the most wonderful and simple of nature's works. They elude portrayal by brush or camera. No canvas or film can grasp their symmetry and grace, seize more than a fragment of their alluring form or hint of their admirable colors. Ravishing scenes from the deck, and marvels of construction and hue when upon them, they are sad and disappointing to the dweller, like a lovely woman who has a bad disposition.

The lagoons are not very deep, or there would be no pearl-fishing; but, on the contrary, the soundings in the passes between these islands or just outside the coral reefs often fail of bottom at a mile, and sometimes at much greater depths.

The *motus*, or separate islets that make up an atoll, are themselves inclosed by a hidden reef several hundred feet wide—a reef often seen at low tide, which makes navigation difficult, and which has cost the life of many a sailor and the price of many a ship.

This reef, in instances, makes an uninterrupted belt about the islet, and there is no natural passage to the lagoon from the ocean; but in some, openings more or less sufficient have been cut by the waves, and schooners can enter the inland sea.

The *motus* are often long and always very narrow, their width being between three hundred and fifteen hundred feet; but in several atolls, such as Fakahina and Pukapuka, they are over three thousand feet wide. They are made up on the exterior coast (the sea coast) and on the interior, or lagoon, by variable substances; in certain places by fine coral sand, mixed with marine shells and *foraminifera*. Others have as their shores or beaches great blocks of madrepores and coral heaped up without order, on which one climbs with difficulty. Some are as large as ships.

There is no fresh water in the Paumotus. The natives usually content themselves with brackish water from a hole dug only five or six feet in the coral sand, but Europeans gather the rainwater in barrels and cisterns and sometimes make ample reservoirs. In a few of the islands are little lakes fed by rains, the bottoms of which are formed of a coral limestone impervious to water. Such lakes are very precious to the residents.

Often the lagoons themselves are studded with coral, dangerous to vessels, while in Fakahina, Tikahau, and others there are exquisite, tiny islets in the lagoons that are so small, so richly verdured, fashioned so daintily, that they seem fairy craft, moored for the moment in the amethyst lake, which may float away, or take wings at the whim of the mage.

Circles, ovals, and horseshoes, regular and irregular, a few miles or a hundred in circumference, the Paumotus are always essentially the same—the lagoon and the fringe of reef and palm. These Iles Dangereux are the supreme in creation in gorgeous light and shade. They are the very breath of imagination. One's thoughts at sight of them hark back to the dawn of life, and the struggle between the land and water in which continents and islands were drowned, and others rose to be the home of beast and man, when God said, "Let the dry land appear."

These atolls have fought that ceaseless war which slowly, but eternally,

shifts our terrestrial foothold. Alexander Agassiz, who was here in 1899 in the *Albatross*, found that Makatea, one of the most western of the Paumotus, a few hours from Tahiti, has a tertiary limestone formation which in ancient times formed a natural sea-wall on the northern side of this group. Traces only remain of it, mostly, but Makatea, once an atoll, lifts its strange cliffs two hundred feet in the air. It is a mine of phosphate. The Gambier group bounds the Paumotus on the east. They are basaltic highlands, and, like Makatea, strikingly different from these low and level islands lying between them.

Makatea is perhaps the most notable example of the uplifting process, as it has been raised thirty-five fathoms from the sea-level, and its coasts are vertical walls of this height. Where the village is situated there is a vast bay, at the end of which, close to the precipitous wall, is a beach of limestone and coral sand, elevated a dozen feet above the level of the sea, and covered with a rich vegetation. Here live those sad people who delve for the phosphates elsewhere in the island, mostly Japanese. Their French masters wither under the scorching sun, and count the days when they will return to *la belle* France.

Makatea has been pushed up so high since the days it was an atoll that its lagoon has disappeared. Henderson Island, in latitude 24 S., once an atoll, has an elevation now of eighty feet.

Darwin's theory appeals as the sensible one, even with these examples of resurgence. He says that it is improbable that an elevatory force would have uplifted through an immense area great, rocky banks within twenty or thirty fathoms of the surface of the sea, and not one single point above that level. For, he asks, where on the whole surface of the globe can we find a single chain of mountains, even a few hundred miles in length, with their many summits rising within a few feet of a given level, and not one pinnacle above it? The coral insect cannot work more than thirty fathoms or so below the air, so that the basic foundation of all atolls is fewer than two hundred feet under the surface. The pressure of water in greater depths is deadly to the polyp.

Look at any good chart, and you will see that most of these Paumotu Islands have several names. The group may be set down as Tuamotu, which is the official name. The Tahitians named them the Paumotus, or Conquered Islands, because they had beaten the inhabitants in war, and the French called them the Iles Basses, or Low Islands. When the Paumotuans had become good Frenchmen, they begged the French to take away the odious name given them by the frolicsome Tahitians, and call them the Tuamotus, or Distant Islands. The pleasant French did so, but there is nothing harder to erase than the old names of places, and throughout the South Seas they are still the Paumotus.

Each island, too, has chameleon titles, changing on the maps of different nations. Succeeding admirals of squadrons, captains of galleons, *tenientes* of three-deckers, and rovers of the main beneath the line, pricked these atolls on vacant spaces on their charts, and, praising God for escaping frightful dangers, named them for prince or saint or selves, and informed their kings that they had discovered them.

But to the present navigators of these seas, and among men who visit them, the old, the native names alone serve. Little reck the skippers among these menacing atolls who were honored in their discovery by a white man. The Maori title is the one they know. Ask them about islands by the names familiar to the geographers of Europe and America, and they would deny their existence. Their association with the islands is intimately connected with the natives' knowledge of them, how to identify them by landmarks or clouds over them, how to escape when the offshore gale makes the bull-mouthed breakers roar. Every voyage about them is a battle with current, wind, and sea, a fight of experience and skill, of strength and endurance often, against their conspiracy to drive or lure them upon the treacherous reef. There are no lighthouses to guide the mariner at night, and no leeway to run from a wind past beating. It is leeshore in some direction most of the time. Bigger vessels than these schooners avoid the Paumotus as they would a pest-ridden port.

Quiros, a navigator from Peru, steering a voyage of discovery for the viceroy of that Spanish colony, found them in 1606, four of the fourscore, and named these four La Conversion de San Pablo, Decena, Sagitaria, and Fugitiva, the first of which is known by the natives as Hao, and by the French as La Harpe. The great Frenchman, Bougainville, called them the Dangerous Archipelago, a name the English explorer Cook said was well chosen. One finds in Cook's Voyages:

> At daybreak, August 12, 1773, they discovered land right ahead of them, distant just two miles, so that daylight advised them of their danger but just in time. This proved another of the low, or half-drowned islands, or rather a large coral shoal, of about 20 leagues in circuit, which was named after Captain Furneaux. The next morning at four they made sail, and at daybreak saw another of those low islands, which obtained the name of Adventure island. M. de Bougainville very properly called this cluster of low, overflowed islands the Dangerous Archipelago.

This jotting in Captain Cook's log was set down 167 years after Pedro Fernandez de Quiros tacked the name of the "Conversion of St. Paul" upon the harp-shaped atoll of Hao. Quiros could not, probably, have found the Paumotus again if he had tried. Mendana in 1595 sought in vain to reach the Solomon Islands he had happened on in 1567. Navigation was but a rude art. Mercator's nautical charts arrived only in 1630, Halley's octant in 1701, Napier's logarithms in 1614, reliable clocks in 1670, and the chronometer not until 1759.

Each succeeding commander of exploration or war vessels who made the great journey to the south recorded the hazards of the Half-Drowned islands, as Cook himself named them. A hundred curious stories of their dangers were current a century ago. Deepwater seamen say there are demons who lure ships to destruction here. To-day on many charts, "inhabitants murderous" appears, maligning the mildest sheep of the human herd.

France, which owns Tahiti, these islands, and the Marquesas, talks cheerfully of erecting beacons on half a dozen of them. The lanterns hung a few feet above the sea by chief or trader cannot be trusted as guides. The Paumotus are directly in the line of steamship travel from the Panama Canal to Sydney. If the French hope to profit by this traffic, they must make such voyages devoid of extraordinary jeopardy.

The tides in the Paumotus are, as at Tahiti, extraordinarily feeble. A foot or two marks the difference between high and low tide. In the bay of Papeete, the principal port of the South Seas, high tide is always between one and two o'clock, a regularity accounted a phenomenon, but observed for a century and a half. In these islands the tide is low in the lagoon when the moon is full. It is high when the moon rises and when it sets. In atolls with openings from the sea to the lagoon there is a violent current in the lagoon near the ocean at the lowering tide, and in the sea near the lagoon when the tide is rising.

There are eighty of the Paumotu islands, averaging about forty miles apart, but with only twenty-five hundred people in all of them, which would allow, if equally distributed, only thirty inhabitants to each. On more than half no person lives, and all the others are scantily peopled. Three or four hundred souls may occupy one atoll where shell and cocoanuts are bountiful and fish plentiful and good, while twoscore and more atolls are left for the frigate bird to build its nest and for the robber crab to eat its full of nuts.

The race diminishes. Fifteen years ago there were more than four thousand inhabitants. The reaper moves faster than the stork. Epidemics have cut them down in throngs. The influenza moved like a scythe over the atolls. The years are not many when the last Paumotuan will curse the white for his gifts. In Tahiti there were seventy thousand healthy, happy people when Captain Cook made his approximation. Perhaps two thousand survive. They were not slain, as tens of thousands of American redmen were, but perished by the diseases concomitant with intercourse with civilized men. They die even of our virtues.

The Paumotuan language is a dialect closely allied to the Maori, but crossed with a strange tongue the origin of which is not fixed, but which may be the remains of an Aino or negroid race.

Tahitians easily understand the Paumotuans, though many words are different, and there are many variations in pronunciation and usage. The Tahitians have been living closely with Europeans for a hundred years, and their language has become a mere shadow of its past form. The Paumotuan has remained more primitive, for the Paumotuan was a savage when the Tahitians were the most cultivated race of the South Seas; not a culture of our kind, but yet with elaborated ceremonies, religious and civil, ranks of nobility, drama, oratory, and wit.

Favarava is the capital of this group, the seat of administration of the governor, who is much of an autocrat, but a subordinate of the governor of French Oceanica, who lives in state in Papeete. In Favarava is the prison, the court, and the machinery of the simple government. The governor has a little schooner in which to roam about his principality, though I have seen him much of the time about the cafés and dancing girls of Tahiti.

"La vie est triste; vive la bagatelle!" says this bureaucratic philosopher as the bottles pop and the sirens smile.

The Paumotuans are a quiet people, dour, or at least serious and contemplative. They are not like the Tahitians, who are laughter-loving, light-hearted, frenzied dancers, orators, music worshipers, feasters. The Tahitians have the joy of living, though with the melancholy strain that permeates all Polynesia. The folk of the Dangerous Archipelago are silent, brooding, and religious. The dangers they face in their general vocation of diving and from the cyclones, which have annihilated entire populations of atolls, have made them intensely susceptible to fears of hell fire and to hopes of heaven. The rather Moslem paradise of Mormonism makes strong appeal, but is balanced by the tortures of the damned limned by other earnest clerics.

Had religion never affected the Paumotuans, their food would have made them a distinct and a restrained people. We all are creatures of our nourishment. The Tahitian has a plentitude of varied and delicious food, a green and sympathetic landscape, a hundred waterfalls and gentle rills. The inhabitants of these Low Isles have had cocoanuts and fish as staples, and often their only sustenance. No streams meander these stony beds, but rain-water must be caught, or dependence placed on the brackish pools and shallow wells in the porous rocks or compressed sand, which ebb and flow with the tides.

To a Tahitian his brooks are his club, where often he sits or lies in the lapping water, his head crowned with flowers, dreaming of a life of serene idleness. Once or twice a day he must bathe thoroughly. He is clean, his skin is aglow with the effect of air and water. No European can teach him hygiene. He was a perfect animal, untainted and unsoiled, accustomed to laving and massage, to steam, fresh, and salt baths, when Europeans, kings, courts, and commoners went unwashed from autumn to summer; when in the "Lois de la Galanterie," written for beaux and dandies in 1640, it was enjoined that "Every day one should take pains to wash one's hands, and one should also wash one's face almost as often."

Environment, purling rivulets under embowering trees, the most enchanting climate between pole and pole, a simple diet and but little clothing, made the Tahitian and Marquesan the handsomest and cleanest races in the world. Clothes and cold are an iron barrier to cleanliness, except where wealth affords comfort and privacy. Michelangelo wore a pair of socks years without removing them. Our grandfathers counted a habit of frequent bathing a sign of weakness. In old New England many baths were thought conducive to immorality, by some line of logic akin to that of my austere aunt, who warned me that "oysters led to dancing."

The Paumotuan makes not a little effort to grow the trees and plants of Tahiti, and in some atolls where the humus has accumulated from the cocoanuts and the hardy, indigenous plants, he has succeeded fairly well. Whenever possible, he supplements his meager fare

with the tinned and dried foods of the trader. Canned beef, and, oddly enough, canned salmon, are his stand-by when he has money or credit, but both are much dearer than in America. Biscuits or crackers, jams, and tea and coffee, except among Mormons, are much liked. He can live, though, on very little and remain strong. The Paumotuan has not the plumpness of the Tahitian, the roly-poly aspect that breathes good nature and inward satisfaction.

The flora of the atolls is remarkable for its poverty. A few plants only can survive in a soil of coral. There are no cereals or vegetables. *Taro,* the edible lily, is grown on some islands. The cocoanut is the staple, but many islands have been swept almost clear of these by the hurricanes and have been planted to them again and again.

The most characteristic growth is a small tree with white flowers, the *mikimiki,* the wood of which is very hard and dense. It grows even in the almost solid coral blocks, and was formerly a domestic material much used for the great shark hooks, for harpoons, and for handles for their shell shovels to dig *taro* ponds and wells.

The *huhu,* another little tree, with yellow flowers, and the appearance of the *mikimiki,* is useless for wood. In places the *motus* are covered with tall trees. The *kahia* is an excellent fuel, and with white flowers exhaling a delicious perfume. The *gatae,* a tall tree, is found only in the eastern part of the group. Others are the *geogeo,* from which boat-knees are made; the *tou,* hard and often used for canoes; the *nono,* a bush, the sour fruit of which is eaten in those islands where food is scarce; the *tamanu,* a sought-after wood; the *purau,* which is rare; and that prince of trees for native wants, the *pandanus,* the screw pine, which grows on legs, its trunk raised from the ground by many roots. It has almost as many uses as the cocoanut-palm. Its fruit is eaten by poor islanders, its wood and leaves form houses, its leaves serve to make hats and mats, and formerly the clothing of the Paumotuans, as also the sails of the *pahi,* the ancient double canoes; and throughout Polynesia the wrappers of tobacco cigarettes.

There are, besides, some herbaceous plants: The *Cassytha filiformis,* which climbs on the *huhu* and the *mikimiki,* and is used for stuffing mattresses; a little *Lepturus repens;* a heliotrope; a cruciferous plant, and a purslane that affords a poor salad, though the people of Napuka cook it in water. The fig, *papaya, taro,* and banana, orange, and lime, and even the breadfruit and *avocado* are cultivated here and there, but their fruit forms no considerable part of the food of the Paumotuans.

Of course the pig was the only domestic mammifer before the whites came a century ago. In the Paumotus, pigs are fed on cocoanuts, as also are fowls. Both are generally small and thin, except when especially dieted. Dogs are scarce. They are esteemed highly as friends and more as *bonnes bouches.*

Few are the birds in these white islands. In many only the sandpiper, the frigate, the curlew, and the tern are found, but in uninhabited atolls others abound. I have seen many pigeons, black with rusty spots, which live in the *tohonu*-tree and eat its seeds and also those of the *nono.* Green pigeons or doves, called *oo,* are sometimes seen.

Turtles are a prime dish in the Paumotus, especially the great green turtle, the thought of which causes the mouth of a native to water as mention of turkey before Thanksgiving affects the young at home. They were in the days of heathenry sacred to high livers, and were eaten with pomp and circumstance, and in the careful way of the old Maoris; their flesh was taboo to women and children under pain of death. Some are six feet long and weigh eight hundred pounds.

The best season for the chase begins when the *matariki,* the Pleiades, rise in the east, the beginning of October. When the Paumotuans, hungry for turtle, see the *matariki* shine in the sky, they know the time of love-making and egg-laying has come. The reptiles do their courting on the outer reef far from the haunts of men. The natives sit still and watch for them. When one is seen, a native leaps into the sea with an iron hook attached to a cord 150 feet long, made of cocoanut-husk, and with the hook seizes the turtle between the neck

and front leg, or flipper. Once the turtle is fast, he takes him by the two front flippers and turns him on his back. Other natives then take hold of the line and swim inside the reef, hauling the catch. The cleverest fishers handle the turtle without a line. An expert will swim with the turtle, holding him by the hook on a short line, and so bring his capture a long distance to a schooner lying off an island. Under a roof of cocoanut-leaves he lies on his back until the feast is ready to be prepared.

When the Polynesians in their old legends spoke of a rich country, they described it as abounding in fish. Fish to a native of these islands is "milk and honey." The primitive fishing-tackle is now seldom used. Hooks are imported from Europe and America. Yet big hooks of mother-of-pearl and of wood—*mikimiki*—are preferred, as also of tortoise-shell, or whalebone. For *bonito* the pearl hook is always used.

The bellies of hermit crabs are the common bait here, and the tentacles of the devil-fish, as also their ink, or sepia, which is dried in the sun and is a good lure for small-mouthed fish.

Torchlight-fishing is also a favorite pursuit, the natives surprising the sleeping fish, and harpooning them with wonderful dexterity. The harpoons are made of *purau,* with iron or steel points. The garfish, which leap at the light, often wound the harpooners and paddlers and sometimes pierce them through vital parts and kill them, while the swordfish sink their canoes, and also thrust their bony weapons into their bodies.

For rousing hatred and fear, neither the devil-fish, with his frightful tentacles and demoniacal body and eyes, nor the sword-fish, which can hurl his hundred or thousand pounds against the body or craft of the fishermen, are peers of the *manta birostris,* a gigantic ray, called the "winged devil of the deep passes," which is seen only in the depths between the atolls, and which is never fished for because worthless to commerce or as food, and is therefore not pursued. The *manta* is sometimes a ton in weight, twelve feet long, with huge wings or fins twenty feet across, which he uses to wave his food into his mouth —a mouth two and a half feet wide. He is a leviathan that has lifted the anchor of a vessel in a harbor by pushing against the chain, and has towed the vessel a considerable distance; and when harpooned, has dragged as many as fourteen catamarans or boats without apparent weariness. Well may the Paumotuan in his frail fishing canoe dread the sea devil! He has had him rise beneath his pirogue, and with a blow of his fearful fins shatter fisherman and craft. Not vicious in pursuit of man as the shark, or lithe and able to impale his victim as the swordfish, yet more terrible when aroused by the impotent Paumotuan, the "winged devil of the deep passes" stands for all that is perilous and awesome among the beasts of the ocean. When harpooned from a schooner large enough not to be in danger from the *manta's* strength, the Paumotuan or Tahitian sailor loves to vent his hate upon the giant ray, and he has names for him then that he would not dare to call him when in a smaller boat.

The Paumotuan eats the muscle by which the pearl oyster is fixed to its beautiful shell. When he brings up the shells and opens them, he throws away the body of the oyster, but saves the muscle to string on a thread and dry in the sun. He also dries the meat of the *maoa,* which is the turbot in English. The *maoa* lives in very beautiful shell, and has attached to him a button, or operculum, which he uses to close his door when he is in his house. These buttons are of several colors, as big as a nickel, or even a quarter, and make handsome cuff-buttons when set in metal. Are they not called "cat's-eyes" by children in America? There are several varieties here. Scandinavian kings from earliest times had gem-studded drinking-cups made of them.

I have eaten the *maoa* raw in Tahiti and also cooked, holding on to the button, as a child does the stick on which is his candy. The Japanese and Chinese make chop suey of the *maoa.*

Both the *maoa* and the *pahua,* the *benitier,* are often put in bamboos and sealed up. They are delicious when cooked in the earth on hot stones, in bamboo tubes.

The little crabs, common in the sand on the sea-shore in the Paumotus, are.

with shredded cocoanut meat and sea water, made into an appetizing sauce, *taiero,* for which the Tahitians employ shrimp instead.

Beche de mer, or *trepang,* slimy and disgusting, are eaten, and also exported for purchase by Chinese gourmets. The name given by the Portuguese navigators to these holothures (native *rori*) was *bicho-do mar,* or sea-slug. The Malay name is *trepang.* The Chinese usually put them in their gelatinous soups, and I have eaten them at Chinese feasts in Canton and Chifu. They are considered a powerful aphrodisiac, as swallows'-nests and ginseng. No race so eagerly seeks such love philters as the Chinese. They have a belief that certain parts and organs of animals strengthen the similar parts or organs in humans, and our own medical men often verge on the same theory, making elixirs, as the Chinese have done for countless centuries. I have been at a Chinese feast where the heart of a tiger was the *pièce de résistance,* and was assured that a slice of it would make me brave. There may be something in it, for after eating I felt I was brave to have done so.

Queer, repulsive-looking echinoderms are these *rori,* from six to fifteen inches long, shaped like a cucumber, and often called sea-cucumbers. Some have spicules, or prickles, on their skin, and some are smooth, and others have teats or ambulacral feet, in rows, and these scientifically known as *Holothuria mammifera,* and to the trade as teat fish, and to the Chinese as *Se-ok-sum,* are *bonnes bouches* to a Pekinese *viveur.* Next in order are the red, the black, and the lolly. These latter are found in great quantities on the reef at low tide in shallow places. They exude, when stepped on, a horrid red liquid like blood from all the surface of their body. They feed largely on corals, their bony apparatus being adapted to this. Several species of fish do likewise.

The pawky Paumotuan never seems to give a thought to the aphrodisiacal qualities of the *rori,* but the filling of his belly is alone sought. The *trepang* are laid half an hour on a slow fire. They are then thrown on the ground and slit down the back with a very sharp knife, after which they are boiled in salt water for three hours, until the skin is removed.

Taken from the pot, they are placed on screens made of the spinal columns of the cocoanut-palm leaves, and underneath the screens is built a fire of cocoanut-husks. When thoroughly dried and smoked, the *trepang* is put in sacks, with great precaution against dampness. The development of the trade in copra and shell has directed the efforts of the islanders away from the *rori.*

With our variety of edibles in islands and continents where there is real soil, and domestic animals of many kinds, we can hardly appreciate the necessity the Paumotuans have to comb the lagoons and seas for food. Mollusks play as important a part in their aliment as ordinary fish, and *ia* or *ika* means both. In some islands, such as Reao, Pukapuka and Fagatau, the people live largely on the giant *tridacna,* or furbelowed clams, called *pahua,* the shells of which, of great size, are often used for holy-water fonts in the Catholic churches of Europe. The flesh of the *pahua* is sold in the Papeete market. One will weigh twenty-five or forty pounds. The shells may weigh six hundred or eight hundred pounds a pair.

Catching devil-fish at sea off these islands is a trick played on the unsuspecting demons, which seem to have an ear for certain sounds. The octopus-seeking Paumotuan takes a stick, on which he ties pieces of a cowry-shell, and from his canoe he strikes the water with this. Soon the devil-fish hasten to the concert, and eager to examine the musical instrument closely, they throw themselves on the sharp points of the pieces of shell, and are hoisted into the canoe.

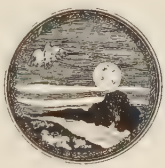
The devil-fish are spread out to dry after the viscera is removed. They are eaten broiled when fresh.

The wise Paumotuan knows also that even striking two shells together on the beach draws the octopi to hear the enchanting noise. A thousand things the islander knows of fish and of the sea and the weather that even the smartest of us whites are ignorant of, and which stand between the Paumotuan and hunger, accident, and often death.

Lobsters, crabs, and squills, or mantis-shrimp, are the dainties of the Paumotuan fish world. In Tahiti the river shrimp are very big and delicious, but they have not those here. They have the *varo*, or sea-centipede, in some of these islands. To my taste it is the best of the crustacea. Small land crabs and the giant robber crabs are eaten, too.

One becomes surfeited upon fish sooner than upon almost any diet. Though making it most of his support, the Paumotuan would give a hundred pounds of fresh fish for a lump of salt pork. Salt meat is the Esau pottage for which many a Polynesian has vended virtue and land. When the cocoanut-palms have been overthrown by cyclones, fish has been the Paumotuan's fare for years until a new planting arrived at maturity. With no copra to sell, pearl-shells and pearls are his sole resource in trade, and with his own lagoon closed most of the time for the growth of oysters, the Paumotuan in desperation goes all over the group, from lagoon to lagoon, to risk his life under the sea.

One who travels much in the isolated parts of the world is often struck by the unfitness of certain populated places to support in any comfort the people who, generation after generation, persist in living in them. The burning Paumotu atolls are as undesirable as residences as the Desert of Sahara. Yet the hot sands are peopled, and have been for ages, and in the recesses of the frozen North the processes of birth and death, of love and greed, are as absorbing as in the Edens of the earth. Hateful as a lengthy, enforced stay in the Paumotus might be to any of us, I have seen two Paumotuan youths, dwelling for the first time in their lives in signal luxury, working hardly at all and eating delicious food, weep hours on hours for homesickness, a continuous longing for their atoll of Puka-ruhu, where they had half starved since birth, and which the equatorial typhoon had devastated time and again. Nature in her demand that mankind shall continue, implants that instinct of home in us as one of the most powerful agents of survival of the species. Enduring terrible privations, even, we learn to love the scenes of our sufferings. Never was that better exemplified than in those melancholy and maddening atolls of the Half-Drowned archipelago.



"I Have Cared for You, Moon"

By GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

I have cared for you, Moon,
  Cold as you are,
Frozen on the sky
  With your dangling star.

It is not your shape,
  Nor your lure of light
Holding the sun
  On your breast all night;

It is not your voice.
  I have never heard
Your glittering cry,
  Your wandering word.

Yet you are romance
  And you are song.
I have cared for you, Moon,
  Long, long.

Since I first paid toll
  With a coin of dream
On the road you silver.
  You peer and gleam

With a wistful look
  On your haunted face,
As though earth were
  A wonderful place.

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" 'Mother!' I said, 'Mother!' But she was too far ahead"

Aaron Harwood

By CALE YOUNG RICE

Illustrations by Robert E. Johnston

"The sea was still breaking thunderously on the rocks, and what he began to paint was not the water, but a face which causes many to sink to a seat before it in the city's great museum, and which seems to be the epitome of all tragic youth."

NO doubt Winfield meant to immortalize himself by painting a great marine, and Pine Neck was the point from which he expected to do it. The neck is a square mile of land made by sand silting in behind a rough face of high rocks, and the Atlantic sweeps it on three sides. At the time Winfield fancied his masterpiece would be of a storm breaking over the fourth side, and incidentally over the native chimneys and numerous summer cottages which had already found foothold among the wild pines and junipers. What he could not have guessed was that he was to live for posterity not by any sea scene, but by his tragic portrait of an awkward young man, Aaron Harwood.

October was the month he usually chose for painting on the neck, for then it was free of summer boarders and trippers. Sidelong glances across his easel always made him profane, and he knew that profanity, however marine, is not an esthetic emotion.

The natives, it is true, were often thus guilty; but he was struck with the fact that Aaron Harwood was not among them, and, perversely enough, was not flattered. Indeed, it was this which first piqued, then interested, him. Aaron, with a face grimly suggestive of New England, but with a shambling gait suggestive of otherwhere, would pass by so aloof from curiosity that Winfield's eye would be withdrawn from a breaking wave he had waited ten minutes to catch. Then, after the silent, grave, incommunicative figure had gone, Winfield would find himself sitting for half an hour with idle brush and futile vision. There would be nothing for it but to pack up and go impotently back to his boarding-place.

One October when this had happened a number of times and when the sea had been superlatively great and baffling, Winfield determined not to be outdone. He decided to take a small cottage facing the water at a fine angle and paint through the winter. A long spell of loneliness, he thought, would be good for his art, though he was aware of counting on more than solitude to put him right in that. There were hints of a tragedy behind Aaron's existence, and he told himself that such a tragedy would be something humanly characteristic of the spot, which would enable him really to paint its sea.

He laid in, therefore, a full supply of books and wines, of cigars and food, and, settling down, meant to let winter freeze and blow as it hyperboreally willed. He meant also to entice Aaron and fathom him at first hand.

This was not so easy to achieve. Aaron's sheer irresponsiveness gave about as little opportunity to blandishment as a smooth cliff to a gull's nest. When that flannel-shirted, faltering young man was invited to enter the cottage, he would stare at the ground and grimly, but politely, decline. If offered a cigar when the two met and exchanged wisdom concerning the probability of an early winter, he would reluctantly accept and pass on. Being a man of all work, he was once or twice persuaded to do odd jobs, such as putting up shelves for books; but having finished, he would nod, with gray,

inward-looking eyes, and then go away.

When winter really set in, however, Winfield was pleased to find that Aaron now and then made a way to his door to ask if he needed anything. Loneliness evidently had begun to oppress even him, and when urged to come in, he would do so, careful first to shake the snow from his boots and cap. He would take a seat, always with his back toward the sea-window, and remark that the wind was high or that more snow would be falling. Never, Winfield observed, would he look out on that icy waste of waters.

One bitter day in December he knocked, and, being bidden, came in. Winfield had tried all morning to portray something of the power with which those gray and green breakers dashed up over the slanting rocks, but in vain. He felt that he might as well have tried to paint God the Father, so overwhelming was their crash. Aaron's coming was, therefore, most welcome.

"Enter, Aaron," he exclaimed cordially, laying aside brush and palette. "You 've arrived in time. This accursed sea 's impossible to paint, and I was about to commit suicide. Sit down, and we 'll smoke. The cigars are there by you."

At the word suicide Aaron had started; but he sat down slowly, and laid his cap on the floor beside him.

"It *is* accursed, Mr. Winfield," he said, with a strange, bitter gloom that Winfield was too fretted with his morning's failure to notice. Then he added, awkwardly choosing a cigar, "Thank 'e, sir."

Winfield tore off a match.

"Well," he said, "if the sea 's not, *I* am. Look at that picture, now. You know the water's moods. I want to make waves dash up the High Rocks as you 've seen them a thousand times. Why can't I? What 's wrong?"

He turned the easel round so that Aaron might see. A sense of the ineptitude of the work again struck him with such disgust that for a moment he was unaware that Aaron had risen with a look of loathing that seemed almost to suggest horror.

"I ain't wantin' to see any pictur' of it," the youth said, trembling violently, "and I ain't wantin' to see *it*, Mr. Winfield. I got to live here, but I wished I was blind to it. I 'd ruther freeze in Alasky or burn in Africky," he added in his strange dialect. Then, "Good day, sir," he concluded abruptly, and started toward the door.

Winfield, taken by surprise, was amazed, as Aaron may have felt. Or perhaps the latter's accustomed self-repression and gentleness may have quickly reasserted themselves. Anyhow, he paused at the door and said crampedly:

"You 'll excuse me, sir, but that sea—"

He was unable to finish, and stood there, with shoulders hanging, like one whom the mere words last spoken half choked with dislike.

Winfield, who recovered speech, said:

"I 've blundered somehow, Aaron, but not intentionally, my boy; believe me. Come back and sit down. Pardon; here 's my hand."

Aaron's lean throat gulped. He took the extended hand and again sat down. Yet a change had come over him. It was as if his heart, long sealed up by silence and solitude, was relieved to find the seal broken. An irresistible desire for human sympathy, such a desire as will unexpectedly dissolve the reserve of the strongest, seemed to move in him.

"It 's me as should want pardon, Mr. Winfield," he said, the long habit of restraint giving way; "you could n't 'a' known, sir—" He hesitated, but only for the right words.

To help him, Winfield said quickly:

"I know this, my lad; I 'm your friend." And that was now the full truth. Painting and a desire to get at Aaron for merely artistic purposes had dropped from him utterly.

For a space only wind and sea spoke. The cold thunder-crash of breakers beat against pane and shingle roof. Then as Aaron sat gazing into the fire, as into a crystal, hesitation left him.

"It ain't easy to explain, Mr. Winfield," he began. "There 's words in my brain to do it, but I have n't used 'em for so long I won't be able to git more 'n a few poor ones out. My bein' what I am has to do with my mother, mos'ly. She war n't from these parts, but from

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"He turned the easel round so that Aaron might see"

the Tennessee mountains, like her folks. She was ign'rant, too, like them, 'cept of house things an' a little readin' knowledge o' the Bible. She l'arnt that of a travelin' preacher. P'rhaps some would call her bad, too, for at twenty she give herself to one o' the mountain men, only bein' tokened by him to marry her when the nex' preacher come along. To me, howsomever, she was better 'n angels.

"She went away forty mile with this man to his cabin. Durin' five months she did n't show no fears, sir, about not bein' married to him. She did n't complain, neither, though he was a hard-drinkin' man an' begun to treat her cruel. She waited, an' one day a preacher *did* come along; but the man who tokened her—an' he was my father, though I don't know his name—said he 'd changed his mind an' did n't believe he cared to git married."

A dangerous, angry glint in Aaron's eyes, as he uttered this, suddenly made Winfield know why his mother had never revealed his father's name.

"My mother did n't say nothin' after that," he continued, sitting down again. "She just went away one night to a city near abouts. She was expectin' me to be born in three months, an' wanted to lay by a little money.

"Well, she could n't get work, sir, that war n't too hard for her in her condition, but bein' able to read, she kep' lookin' in the papers. Then one day what she was lookin' for come. 'T was a notice that read somethin' like this: 'Wanted: a good wife. Good home offered. Address Aaron Harwood, Pine Neck, Maine.' "

Again Aaron got up, but a log on the fire broke in two, and its scattering sparks relieved for a moment the tension which pronouncing the name he bore brought to his face. He kicked back the sparks, and resumed with a voice that fought the sea's:

"She wrote here, tellin' her story 's well as she could, an' sendin' a photograph. She did n't hope at first, she told me in a letter she wrote for me to read when I was big enough. So when an answer come back, namin' a bank in the city that would buy her a ticket to Pine Neck on reques', it seemed to her as if God Hisself had leant out of heaven to help her. Then an' there, believin' her baby would be a man-child, she named it, me, Aaron Harwood."

"Oh!" said Winfield, with comprehension.

"Yes," Aaron nodded, "an' nex' day she took the train for here. She said it was like ridin' in a chariot of glory. He was to meet her, you see, sir, and marry her, though I had n't come yet. So she imagined he must be nigh like a saint. An' when she saw him, 't was as if he had stepped out o' the Bible. He was tall, sir, an' had a long beard an' hooked nose, but with cruel eyes that bored like hot gimlets. That, howsomever, she did n't see; she was too nigh ready to fall down an' worship him.

"What *he* thought, seein' her, ain't for me to say. What she told me he said was only: 'You 're her? Step along, then. Time 's money.' An' he put her in the coach, his coach, that made the round to Portland.

"When they come to Pine Neck, where he kep' the store an' post-office an' barber shop, as 't is now, there was a preacher waitin'. They was married. Then my stepfather, as was to be, said to her: 'You, now, git supper. There 's night work still to do round here.' "

"Lord!" said Winfield, grasping the scene. "He was that kind?"

Aaron looked up. The artist's eyes were fixed absorbedly on his face, as if the story were transferring an image of it indelibly to his brain.

"He wanted a slave, sir, not a wife," Aaron answered, with cold hate. "An' he got one. My mother believed, first, he was only kind of testin' her, to see if she was worthy. She worked hard, cookin' an' cleanin'. She l'arnt to take care o' the store. Then he bid her rake out the stable when the coach-driver was kep' away. Meantime he set by an' watched her.

"Then one day when he was down to Portland she slipped off to see the ocean." Aaron choked as he told this, and hid his face in his hands. But immediately he straightened up and continued: "The store, sir, as you know, ain't in sight of it, an' she had been there six weeks without knowin' how it looked. An' I was to be born soon; she

wanted somehow to know afore I come.

"She took the short path you take, sir, through the young pines and birches, an' come out suddenly on the High Rocks. What she seen frighted her, she said; all that water poundin' there seemed to want to git at her. 'T was as if she had some forebodin', too. She just turned an' run away from it, back to home. There she fell on the bed, an' I was born in an hour, afore due time."

Winfield looked out on the breakers, and began dimly to foresee. From a decanter near he poured out wine, which Aaron refused, and drank.

"My stepfather," Aaron resumed, "come home. When he saw her, he said: "So the brat 's here? Well, you 'll have to work enough to make a livin' for the pair of you till he 's big enough. After that I 'll see he don't wear no briches out idlin'."

"Then my mother, sir, who had still hoped, saw he had n't wanted no wife, but only a unhired servant. It was hard 'tendin' to her work an' me an' the store. He 'd abuse her, too, if trade war n't good as might be. An' he 'd even hint that maybe she 'd pocketed some o' the cash.

"Soon, too, he made her take in the washin' of the summer boarders, an' in winter, when 't was desperate' cold, he made her drive coach 'stead o" him, if the driver could n't. She was feared at leavin' me with him, an' well so; for I recall how at four I 'd be set in a chair too far from the fire to keep warm, an' told I was a varmint, not his son; an' how if I did n't want to starve, I 'd better l'arn to work soon 's I could. To-day, sir, whenever I 'm not workin', I git afeared—of him."

A pathetic, embittered pause followed. Winfield could not speak.

"Yes, sir," Aaron went on. "Then he got worse. Growin' older, he wanted more work out of us. I fetched all the wood, an' sawed it, at nine. I had n't no chance for schoolin', but milked the cow an' shoveled snow from the barn, and in summer done the errands to the cottages an' carried all the washin'. Mother done the rest, her work an' his'n, all but takin' care o' the money an' the barberin' oncet a week.

"'T was too hard, an' she got tellin' me she kep' hearin' the sea inside her head, like, an' callin'. She had n't seen it since that day I was born, not for nine year', but she feared it as she feared him. Yet bein' as she feared nigh everythin' 'cept tryin' to stop him from beatin' me, an' bein' as I was little, I did n't understand.

"Then come the beginnin' o' the end, sir. She l'arnt, my mother did, to cut my hair, because he would n't do it. Then oncet he got ailin', an' made her cut his'n an' shave him.

"She did it so easy-like, it put an idea in him. He decided he would n't do the barberin' no more on Saturdays, but have her do it. He pretended that, bein' as she was such a spry young woman, 't would bring trade."

"Not that, Aaron, surely!" broke from Winfield.

The pallor of humiliation on the young man's face was pitiful to see. Again he arose, but again sat down.

"She rebelled, Mr. Winfield, for the first time in them nine years. She would n't do it, though he raved mightily. But he told her he 'd swear she fooled him an' married him without lettin' him know she was to have a brat. He told her that, an' said he 'd cast her an' me out o' his house, with bad names.

"The agony of her face is like hell to me yet, sir, but when Saturday come, she was broken. There was rough men in the shop—loggers from the river an' hired men an' niggers. She went in an' begun to shave 'em, while he stood round smilin' an' talkin'. The men just spit and winked.

"You can see, sir, I had to do somethin', little an' weak as I was. I had heard her refusin', an' sayin' 't would n't be decent; an' I understood. First I was kind o' stunned with shame, an' did n't know what to do. Then 't was like a madness come on me. I determined as I 'd save her from the awful shame if I had to kill him."

"I see," said Winfield, fiercely. The tragic face before him was being burned on his soul by every word.

Aaron, however, did n't hear. His eyes, fixed and dilated, seemed to be drawn conclusively toward something. His parted lips burned. He was evi-

dently living over again, like a somnambulist, that hour in his ninth year when he was willing to kill or be killed to save his mother from disgraceful humiliation. And as a shivering accompaniment to his thoughts rose the sound of the sea.

"I could n't stand it," he cried; "I could n't, Mr. Winfield. He stood there before the shop, lookin' in, tyrannical, while she shaved a drunken logger. I went to the stable an' got the pitchfork. I meant to run him through.

"I come out in the sun, which was shinin'. There was tears in my eyes, an' at first I could n't see. I only knowed that his back was towards me, an' I had the pitchfork. I did n't want to do it, but he stood there smilin' an' sneerin' an' spittin' through his whiskers.

"As I catched the fork tight I saw my mother look out through the door at me. But I begun to run at him with the fork aimed at his spine.

"My mother, howsomever, guessed, sir, what I was goin' to do. She had n't never let me talk against him, but she knew. An' bein' afeared, she started so quick as to cut the neck o' the logger she was shavin'. She cried out, too, wantin' to stop me, an' my stepfather seen her face, an' turned in time to dodge aside an' let the fork go into a pear-tree.

"Then he seized me, sir, an' tore the fork out o' my hands, an' knocked me down. He turned nex' an' would 'a' rushed on her, but saw the logger, who was cut bad, bleedin' an' swearin'. So he just stopped an' shook his fist at my mother an' said: 'Conspirin' to kill me, was you? An' you 've murdered another man tryin' to do it, have you? Well, you 'll swing for this, you hell-witch.'

"I prayed, Mr. Winfield; I prayed to be able to git up an' he'p her, but I could n't. P'ralysis seemed to catch me. The logger was bleedin', an' a look of mortal fear come into my mother's eyes. One of the men went for a doctor, while she stood there, with her hands twistin' under her apron, an' her teeth chatterin'; but I could n't move.

"Then sudden, sir, I saw her slip, furtive-like, out o' the shop, an' nex' minute she run out the back door an' along the path under the pines and birches."

It was Winfield who rose now, sharply. He felt unable to endure what he foresaw coming. The sea was beating on the rocks like destiny.

"She begun to run, sir," Aaron continued with reverent restraint, "an' I was glad, 'cause I thought she was gettin' away out o' reach o' my stepfather—an' the gallows. I laid still.

"Then I begun to think she was takin' the wrong d'rection. She could n't git away runnin' *towards* the ocean. 'T was more frightenin', too, 'cause her look had n't been nachrul. An' I remembered how she 'd often told me the sea kep' callin' her. But I could n't think just why I was so afeared. For, you see, sir, I was only a little chap.

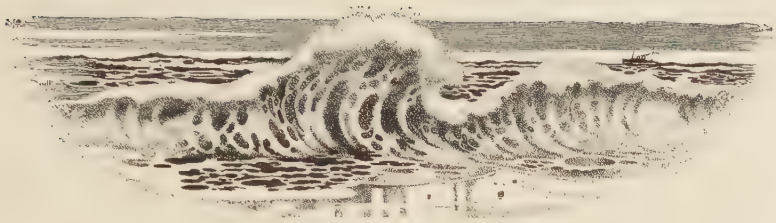
"'T was like lightnin', though, when the meanin' of her purpose come to me. Oh, my God, sir, it was! An' I got up an' begun runnin' after her an' callin'. 'Mother!' I said, 'Mother!' But she was too far ahead. She was nigh out o' sight in the pines. I tripped on a root, too, an' fell, an' got up cryin'.

"Tellin' more ain't no use, Mr. Winfield. I s'pose you can guess now why I don't like the sea. At the High Rocks, when I got there, I could n't see her. When they took her out o' the water an hour later, an' brought her home, she had seaweed clutched in her hands.

"As for him, he went away from here. The neighbors rose up, you see; an', too, I think he feared I might kill him sometime. An' I 'm feared I might, if I should meet him somewheres; so I just stay—

"Now I guess I better go," he ended after a long pause. And Winfield, who knew that after so much speech his friend would want solitude, wrung his hand and led him to the door.

Aaron's image, however, remained after he was gone. Winfield, unable to banish it again, took up brush and palette. The sea was still breaking thunderously on the rocks, and what he began to paint was not the water, but a face—that unforgetable face which causes many to sink to a seat before it in the city's great museum, and which seems to be the epitome of all tragic youth.



The Tide of Affairs

Comment on the Times

By GLENN FRANK

In this department for this month, in five interpretative articles, Mr. Frank deals more with ideas than with events. He discusses our current conceptions of freedom in the light of our Revolutionary ancestors; enters at length into the now acute question of freedom of speech, press, and assembly; records an interesting smoking-car conversation on business men and the outlook for liberalism; summarizes the current discussion of a possible next war between the white and colored races; and, following the suggestion of a reader, indulges in an amusing restatement of the Anglo-Persian agreement.—THE EDITOR.

1776—THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION—1920

JULY is a sacramental month in the American calendar. On its fourth day we are accustomed to commemorate our rebel heritage. In metropolitan halls and in the groves of the country-side we remind ourselves that we are citizens of a nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the practice of freedom. The Fourth of July is, in theory, a day of national heart-searching, the occasion for an annual balancing of accounts, a time for testing the direction and rate of our progress by the standards of our initial impulse.

Its observance may, indeed frequently does, become a sheer formalism. Reactionaries, apostate in thought and action to their creative and courageous ancestry, read the Declaration of Independence as the dead document of a dead day. Respectable traitors to fundamental Americanism deliver panegyrics upon early American leaders who, were they alive to-day, might well be objects of investigation by our latter-day apostles of thought control.

The 1920 observance of the Fourth of July promises to afford a diverting combination of incongruity and inspiration. Throughout the United States, just now, a very active, very vocal, and very powerful, if not very large, body of ultra-conservatives are moving heaven and earth in an effort to lay increasing restrictions upon liberty of speech, press, and assembly. Under the pretense of anti-sedition laws for the checkmating of red revolts, we are threatened with a peace-time system of espionage and censorship that would turn the United States into a vast Shaker village with a drab uniformity of thought and action, or, what is more likely, actuate the revolutionary spirit it would purport to allay. Goose-stepping the American mind appeals to many self-constituted defenders of "Americanism" as the one perfect indoor sport for "responsible" citizens.

It will assuredly be interesting to listen to certain members of the New York State Legislature and to certain

federal officials, for instance, as they read to their home constituencies on the Fourth of July the texts of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. From their lips the following paragraphs from the Constitution should come with rare force:

> Congress shall make no law. . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.
>
> The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized.

It should be burned into the mind of every man and every woman who listens to the reading of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution at Fourth of July celebrations this year that these basic principles of American liberty are to-day seriously threatened. Germany's treaty promise to respect the neutrality of Belgium is not the only document that has been regarded in certain details, if not in entirety, as a "scrap of paper" to be interpreted by the passing whim and bent to the transient purpose of official minds.

This is not the angry outburst of a repressed radical; it is the simple reporting of a wretched perversion of Americanism that has evoked protest from many of our most respectable and law-abiding citizens who have not forgotten their spiritual kinship to the founders of the American Republic. We may have a strengthened faith that the fruits of the American Revolution have not wholly withered and rotted in the interim between 1776 and 1920 as long as federal judges, like Judge George W. Anderson of the United States District Court, have the courageous Americanism to rebuke the Department of Justice and immigration officials for what is deemed a contravention of the essential liberty of American law and life. Some weeks ago, Judge Anderson, during a "Red" hearing in Boston, branded as un-American the arrest and detention for two weeks without warrant of certain persons by the federal authorities. He remarked that it appeared that the cases in question had been handled upon the principle of hang first and try afterward. He was reminded that the officials had acted upon federal orders in the matter. Judge Anderson was reported as saying that any man fundamentally American would resign rather than carry out such orders. He is further reported as having said:

> Talk about Americanization! What we need is Americanization of those who carry on such proceedings. Apparently we must forget everything we ever learned about Americanism or due process of law. I can hardly sit on the bench as an American citizen and restrain my indignation. I view with horror such proceedings as this.

It is perhaps fortunate for Judge Anderson that he delivered this outburst from the respectable vantage of the bench rather than from a soap-box.

Now, there is nothing significant about the fact that ultra-conservatives are working hard for repressive legislation. The Tory is simply running true to type. The significant thing, and the hopeful thing, is that they have been unable to present a solid front in their battle. There has been a healthy desertion from their ranks. Much of the ablest argument for freedom of speech is being made to-day by conservatives. It was not Mr. Debs, but Mr. Charles Evans Hughes, who challenged sane opinion to protest against the wholesale outlawing of a political party because its platform was heretic to the existing order. The conservative defenders of free speech and free press are acting not from a love of excess or a belief in force or violence, but because they have abundant faith in the sanity and self-control of the American people and know that repression is simply a short cut to revolution. Paradoxically, they are defending the rights of men whose views they distrust. In doing this they are keeping alive the spirit of the men who started this nation upon the path of liberty and orderly progress.

IS FREE SPEECH DANGEROUS?

WE have dared to think a few things settled even in this hysterical, dizzy post-war world. The Magna Charta and the Declaration of Independence, for instance, we have regarded as seals of accomplished progress, memorials of battles we should never have to fight again. But of late we have been shaken out of this fool's paradise of over-confidence by the tactics of certain of our misrepresentatives who, uncontrolled, would foist upon us a régime of repression that would cause Czar Nicholas to turn in his grave with envy, if Sir Oliver's thesis of post-mortem sensibilities is valid.

There has probably never been a moment in American history when a sane defense of free speech was as dangerous and as necessary as to-day. Dangerous, because so many Americans are for the moment in the grip of a deliberately fostered panic hysteria; necessary, because, under the guise of a defense of Americanism we are threatened with a defeat of Americanism.

The writer wants, therefore, as a matter of public duty, to make his contribution to the national debate on this fundamental issue of freedom. But, in view of the apparently wide-spread belief that a man cannot defend the rights of a minority without sharing its views, it has become necessary, as a matter of self-protection, for one to present his credentials to his readers before he presents his arguments. Otherwise he runs the risk of two irritating dangers—the danger of being "misunderstood" by the right people, and the danger of being "understood" by the wrong people. Therefore the writer wishes to make perfectly clear the point of view from which he approaches this matter of free speech.

He is not a Bolshevist; he is not a socialist; he is not an anarchist; he is not an atheist. He is dependent for food, clothing, and shelter upon the present economic order. A revolution would seriously inconvenience him. He is even sympathetic with the fundamental spirit of our much maligned Constitution, believing, from a personal study of the document, that the fathers of the American Revolution had greater faith in democracy than some of the Sons of the American Revolution, despite the elaborate system of checks and balances devised by the fathers. He believes in the necessity of the radical as a gadfly to the state, but thinks conservatives make better administrators, and that, with radicals to rouse the state and conservatives to run it, we may escape both stagnation and chaos.

One always approaches a discussion of free speech with a certain sense of futility. The question of free speech is a good deal like the question of religion, in that severe logic plays a slight rôle in the determination of the average man's attitude. Temperament and tradition so completely dominate most of us in these matters that it is foolish to think that any one's mind will be changed by a few pages of argument. About all any one can do in the matter is to make a personal confession of faith. Recently, the writer found it necessary to make such a confession and jotted down the things he believes about freedom of thought and expression in a democracy.

These beliefs happened to reach the unlucky number of fourteen points. They are here presented as they were informally recorded, and are left, for convenience of reading, in the first person. They are as follows:

I

I believe in "open covenants, openly arrived at" as the only democratic and socially safe method of formulating domestic as well as diplomatic policy.

II

I believe, since we crushed Germany primarily because she did not have individual liberty, that honesty, consistency, and fidelity to democracy demand that we safeguard and promote it within our own borders now.

We do not want to make the mistake that the Canadian policeman is said to have made in his attempt to capture the Doukhabour. The story runs that a colony of Doukhabours settled in western Canada. One of the strange practices of this religious sect is to dispense

with clothing at stated intervals, returning to the nude state of nature. One day a nude Doukhabour wandered into a Canadian village. A fat and overdressed policeman undertook to protect the civilized sensibilities of the villagers by capturing the Doukhabour. But the Doukhabour, child of the open, was lithe as a greyhound and fleet as a deer. The fat and overdressed policeman found himself outdistanced in the running; but, determined to capture the Doukhabour, the policeman began to discard the heavy clothing that impeded his running. First, he cast away his helmet, then his coat, and then—but the point of the story is that when he finally captured the Doukhabour, it was impossible to tell which was Doukhabour and which was policeman.

We do not want to parody the devil we fought and Prussianize ourselves in the process of defeating Prussianism.

III

I believe that the present orgy of repression is in part a passing phase; a hang-over from the war period; a good example of the near impossibility of fighting a ruthless enemy without adopting his tactics; a case of the slowness with which a nation drops the mental attitudes, the terminology, and the technic of war; an illustration of the way the mind of a nation, when war-weary and face to face with complex issues and a confusion of counsel, always takes what seems to be the short cut to peace and quiet.

When we are a little more rested from the emotional debauch of war-time, we shall see not a little humor in the haste with which we surrendered our public thought, during the war, to propagandist societies, manned in some instances by professors who had taken a leave of absence from both their university chairs and their scholarly judgment. And we will decide that, at least in peace-time, freemen need no guardians.

IV

I believe that, as a germ dies in the sunlight, but thrives in the fetid air of a dungeon, so radical ideas are less dangerous to an existing order when expressed than when repressed.

As Mr. Justice Holmes has said, "with radical ideas, as with the not yet forgotten champagnes, the best way to let them get flat is to let them get exposed to the air." In this sense free speech is a social safety-valve, if nothing else.

V

I believe that the greatest need of the American Republic at the present time is creative and constructive thinking on the part of every American citizen; that such thinking is the only thing that will emancipate us from the tyranny of tradition and prevent our being captured by catchwords, ruled by snap judgments and rifled by special interests; and, furthermore, that such creative thinking is impossible without the utmost freedom of expression.

To the artist, expression is not only the instrument, but the inspiration of creative art. We cannot tie the sculptor's hands and then expect him even to conceive his greatest designs. The artist's brush reacts upon the artist's brain. By like sign, the mind of a republic cannot function half-slave and half-free.

The progress of the republic depends more upon the creative thinking of its citizens than upon the creative thinking of its statesmen. Political and social progress has never been the exclusive product of the statesman's brain. The statesmen who have marked turning-points in history have been invariably men who have interpreted their age more than they have instructed it; men who have reduced to intelligible form and have executed thoughts that were forming, dimly perhaps, in the minds of the masses. There is an old story of a man who was seen following a mob through the streets of Paris, during the French Revolution, toward a barrack. "You should not follow that crowd," remonstrated a friend; "they are on trouble bent, and you may be killed." The man replied, "I must follow them; I am their leader." This story is often told in illustration of a cowardly opportunism, but it is also a capital illustration of one of the fundamental laws of great leadership. The greatest leaders have always followed the crowd not for its votes, but for its

wisdom. The crowd is not only safer than the autocrat; it is saner. The words "crowd" and "masses" are used rather loosely throughout this article to suggest the public, instead of the mercurial mob mind or the proletariate.

If the thought of the masses is so vital to sound social advance, and if freedom of expression stimulates that thought, then repression is political and social suicide for the nation that indulges in it.

VI

I believe that progress depends more upon the safeguarding of the rights of heresy than upon the protection of orthodoxy.

Every forward step in history had, in the very nature of the case, to begin with an attack upon the then existing order. Had effective means for preserving the *status quo* existed from the dawn of human history, instead of our to-day living amidst surroundings of culture and safety, we should probably be chasing one another with clubs through the forest and drinking blood from the scraped skulls of our victims, while the head of some primitive Patrick Henry afforded a delectable dish for some embryo censor.

All this is the most frayed and weathered platitude, but unless we base our conceptions of liberty and our policies of freedom upon it, we are doomed either to political and social stagnation, on the one hand, or to riotous revolution, on the other.

VII

I believe that, in the words of a great American, "the cost of liberty is less than the price of repression."

That there are risks in free speech, free press, and free assembly no sane mind will dispute. But a policy of "no risks" is a policy that may for a time produce a dull-minded subserviency agreeable to autocrats, but in the end it breeds revolution. Russia took no risks, and the czar fell the pathetic victim of a firing-squad, while Russia has had to seek a different order through a tragic and costly upheaval. Germany, under the Hohenzollerns, took no risks, and her apostles of thought control are in exile, stripped of their glory, while Germany is in a hapless plight.

Many advocates of repression seem to go on the assumption that every radical is a devotee of revolutionary change as a sort of demoniac sport, as other men are devotees of poker or polo. Doubtless there are a few congenital revolutionaries, men who would try to organize a Red Left in Utopia or attempt to Bolshevize the New Jerusalem, but not many. Most advocates of revolution have, or at least think they have, a grievance. In the interest of orderly progress, these should be heard, every one of them. If a man's grievance is just, we should hear him, and straightway correct the injustice. If a man's grievance is imaginary, we should hear him, and then pit our brains against his to prove to him that his grievance is imaginary. To deny him a hearing is not protecting the republic. On the contrary, it is the one sure way to convince him that force or violence is the only language left to him.

VIII

I believe that a man can, with entire consistency, defend the rights of a minority, although he differs from and heartily despises its views, and, furthermore, that the safety, to say nothing of the progress, of the republic demands that he do so.

The spirit of this socially necessary tolerance is admirably illustrated in a letter Voltaire wrote to Helvetius, in which he said, "I wholly disapprove of what you say, and will defend to the death your right to say it." It is gratifying to note that American history is not without conspicuous examples of this Voltairian tolerance. As Professor Chafee has pointed out, John Adams defended the British soldiers involved in the Boston massacre, Alexander Hamilton represented the British loyalists, and General Grant favored the release of Jefferson Davis as a political prisoner. It is, of course, a bit discouraging to have to go so far back in our history for these examples, but we are glad they are there.

In connection with any discussion of the social importance of tolerance, it is well to remember that there is no such

thing as tolerance save tolerance for an idea that we regard as false and perhaps dangerous. If we consider an idea enlightened and an action safe, toleration of it means nothing.

IX

I believe that if the American people are incapable of self-protection in the face of error, they are incapable of self-government.

X

I believe that the only real guaranty of sanity and safety in popular thought and expression lies not with more energetic policemen, but with more efficient school-teachers.

XI

I believe that all sedition legislation proposed to date, couched as it is in the most general language, leaves so much to the arbitrary interpretation of officials that it constitutes a menace to that individual liberty without which America would not be America.

XII

I believe that history proves that the American people can listen without danger to the open advocacy even of the right of revolution.

This belief is based not upon theory, but upon proved fact. It would be possible to assemble a ponderous anthology of inflammatory appeals that the republic has managed very nicely to survive, and the collection could be confined to statements delivered in circumstances likely to lend peculiar force to their appeal. Here, for instance, are three quotations that argue the revolutionary right in no uncertain terms. Imagine an unkempt proletarian delivering them from a soap-box!

> The spirit of resistance to government is so valuable on certain occasions that I wish it always to be kept alive. It will often be exercised when wrong, but better so than not to be exercised at all.

This, plainly, is a sort of doctrine that would be branded as un-American and dangerous by the innumerable leagues and associations that to-day thrust a persistent guardianship of "Americanism" upon the American people. And yet, the United States did not crumble upon its assertion, although its author went unrebuked. Here is a second statement that the republic has survived:

> Whenever they [the American people] grow weary of their existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it.

This statement differs from the first only in the respect that it is more specific in its terminology, and that its author would be adjudged to that degree a more dangerous citizen by our present-day repressionists. But, again, the republic survived this preachment, although its author went unjailed and unrebuked. It may be said, however, that it is not the abstract statement of the ultimate right of revolution that is dangerous; it is the detailed and specific criticism of our present government and appeals to change it, by whatever means may prove necessary, that is dangerous and that must be suppressed. Here, then, is a third statement that the republic has survived:

> The masters of the government of the United States are the combined capitalists and manufacturers of the United States. . . . We have restricted credit, we have restricted opportunity, we have controlled development, and we have come to be one of the worst ruled, one of the most completely controlled and dominated, governments in the civilized world—no longer a government by free opinion, no longer a government by conviction and the vote of the majority, but a government by the opinion and the duress of small groups of dominant men.
>
> I am not afraid of the American people getting up and doing something. I am only afraid they will not. . . . I believe that the weakness of the American character is that there are so few growlers and kickers among us. . . . We have forgotten the very principle of our origin if we have forgotten how to object, how to resist, how to agitate, how to pull down and build up, *even to the extent of revolutionary practices*, if it be necessary to readjust matters.

These quotations were recently read in the presence of a prominent attorney who is an ardent advocate of stringent laws in regulation of speech and press and teaching. He asserted that any man preaching such doctrines in America should be jailed. Upon which statement, he was informed that the first quotation was taken from a letter written by Thomas Jefferson to Abigail Adams, the second from the first inaugural address of Abraham Lincoln, and the third from the addresses and writings of Woodrow Wilson.

A very few of us have any sympathy with the mass of radical preachment that is dinned into the ears of the masses. Those of us who, from the conservative point of view, believe in the utmost freedom of utterance, base our belief upon two facts: first, the fact that rigid censorship invariably results in the banking up of a menacing flood of sullen anger behind the walls of restriction, and, second, the fact that the American people do not, at every breath of destructive criticism and revolutionary appeal, immediately rush out and set fire to their own homes, bomb the banks, and mob their employers. In other words, we sometimes overlook in times of panic hysteria the fundamental self-control that marks the average American. The question to be determined is, In a given situation which is greater, the risks of freedom or the risks of repression? In nine cases out of ten the risks of repression are greater.

XIII

I believe that conservatives have more at stake than radicals in the preservation of free speech.

If any group should be busy devising ways and means for the protection of minority rights, it should be the reactionaries. The more reactionary they are, the more concerned they should be; for throughout history a policy of repression in the hands of a political party or dominant group has proved a suicide's weapon. The Federalist party committed political hara-kiri when it passed the Sedition Act of 1798, and the Liberal party in England enjoyed a declining prestige and power from the passage of the Defense of the Realm Act.

Unless all signs fail in dry times, the reactionaries will be in the minority in the United States before long. It behooves them to defend minority rights now, if they hope for minority rights for themselves then. The partizans of repression, a few years hence, may discover that the sum total of their achievements has been the piling up of a mass of embarrassing precedents.

XIV

I believe, as a sort of blanket summary of these beliefs, that force alone never really settles any problem either of politics or of industry.

If this be true, it deserves the thoughtful attention of the extreme reactionary, with his blind faith in the violence of repression, and of the extreme radical, with his blind faith in the violence of revolt. It may well be that the radical's faith in force is less a menace to the peace and progress of the United States than is the reactionary's faith in force as a solvent of social unrest.

There is a type of reactionary who, when he has a serious labor trouble, simply does not know anything else to do but to call in the police, to mobilize the militia, to arrest every labor leader within sight or reach, if possible to gag the press and block all discussion. When he has done all this, he frequently discovers that he has succeeded merely in driving the passions of the situation underground, there to gather fresh strength for an even more serious explosion six months or a year later. We may be able, with a club, to drive discontent underground and succeed in keeping it underground until doomsday, but *on* doomsday we shall have a very lively time, unless we have supplemented our club with a statesmanship that has removed the causes of the discontent.

One of the vital needs of the time is a nice sense of the use and the limitations of force in the handling of social and industrial issues. One would think that the war and the peace conference that followed would have settled for once and forever the limitations of force

in the genuine settlement of fundamental problems. We entered the war in the spirit of an active international mission, and helped fight the war to a victorious conclusion. We celebrated the armistice in a rare riot of satisfaction with what we regarded as a work well done. In our uncritical crusading passion we seemed to go on the assumption that, if we could only manage to defeat Germany on the battle-field, a new heaven and a new earth would involuntarily and spontaneously arise before our eyes. Now that it is all over, we are beginning to realize, as has been stated before in these columns, that, aside from meeting the immediate menace of German military power gone mad, there is hardly one of the major problems of the world's tangled politics that we have really solved. The agenda of unfinished business left by the peace conference is positively staggering. This fact is a dramatic illustration of the truth that force has a decidedly limited function in world affairs.

Now and then statesmanship finds itself backed into a corner, crowded, with neither elbow-room nor breathing-space. In such times force may flourish its sword to good effect, hacking out an open space in which statesmanship may have freedom to work, elbow-room, breathing-space, but that is all. The open space is not in itself a solution of the problems at issue; the open space is simply a fresh challenge to statesmanship. Unless Versailles supplements Verdun, unless constructive policy follows destructive force, the last state of affairs may be little better than the first state. The politics of discontent are not different from the politics of diplomacy.

In concluding this statement of fourteen points of personal belief, the writer does not wish to be understood as advocating the utter ignoring of all attacks upon the existing order. He wishes merely to emphasize that, taken by and large, liberty is safer than censorship, and more conducive to the development of the political creativeness of the American people. He believes that there are enough laws already upon the statute-books to cover every case of danger that may arise; that the American people may be trusted to protect themselves against malevolent disturbers. The heart of the matter is that censors are more difficult to control than revolutionists. The sins of the censor are continuous and cumulative; the sins of the revolutionist are more spasmodic, and their dramatic character more quickly arouses the protective instincts of the mass. There is enough inertia, enough resistance to change, in the American people to justify confidence in orderly progress without paternal protection by an army of official guardians. Jesus disbelieved in force, but on occasions he used it. He lashed the money-changers out of the temple and resorted to highly intemperate language in his excoriation of the Pharisees, but he did it frankly in righteous indignation and did not attempt to incorporate these lapses from his theory into his theory. He trusted to his reactions to outrages to take care of the occasional case. We might well take this leaf of experience and wisdom from the New Testament. The repressionists are trying now to plan in cold blood and in advance what he did only when aroused. We can afford to dispense with panic fear.

ONE ASPECT OF THE LIBERAL OUTLOOK

AMERICAN politics has long been a game of tag between the conservatives and the radicals. The voter has wrestled with a Sphinx riddle in deciding which to trust. Neither quite fills the bill. The hope that hovers ghost-like over every ballot-box is that the man elected may prove less conservative than the conservatives and less radical than the radicals; in other words, a liberal in the common uncritical sense of that term. But the liberal has proved the most elusive creature in the history of politics. Liberal in his campaign oratory, he has, with sickening frequency, turned out to be either a gray-minded conservative or a word-mongering radical in office.

Beneath the shibboleths and the by-play of the present Presidential campaign, the one constant concern of the mass of American voters is to elect to the Presidency a man that will bring to the involved issues of the next four

years the clarifying and stimulating ministry of a sanely liberal mind. But, given a liberal President, neither intoxicated by rhetoric nor devoted to mere action for action's sake, there remains the larger and more important question of the general liberal outlook among the rank and file of American citizens. A star performance in the White House cannot alone bring order out of this disordered time, cannot vitalize our productive processes, cannot deflate, without panic consequences, the balloon-régime of which we are now the victims. Politics is team-play. The liberal outlook is conditioned by what we may expect from business men, laboring men, educators, ministers, editors, financiers —all those who stimulate the thought and do the work of the nation. Neither the public pronouncements of Presidents nor the quadrennial balloting of private citizens ends our common responsibility. The outlook depends upon the existence or lack of a nation-wide and constant team-work.

One of the important groups, if not the most important group, whose aim and action will profoundly influence the developments of the next four years is the business men of the United States. Will theirs be a liberal or illiberal contribution? There is no offhand answer. The evidence upon which a judgment must be based is conflicting and confusing. This editorial article purposes only to present one interesting point of view on business men and liberalism that was expressed in a chance conversation in a smoking-car.

Taken by and large, Puck plays a larger part than Plato in the average smoking-car conversation. At least it is not to the smoking-car that we would turn first in a search for incisive social criticism, a fact that is in nowise a reflection upon smoking-cars or upon the men who frequent them. On the contrary, we expect the mind to lounge in negligée between insistent cares left at the office and insistent conferences awaiting at the destination. The American smoking-car is designed, with malice aforethought, as a sort of vacation ground for the American mind. The captain of industry laboriously resting his tired mind with a detective story is the ideal habitué of the smoking-car. And yet most of us can look back upon some smoking-car chat, brilliantly exceptional, that provoked to new adventures in thought or fancy. Here is one such conversation.

Four men, not a professional critic of politics or industry among them, were seated in the club-car of a New York to Chicago train. They fell to talking about the political, social, and industrial outlook in the United States. In the course of the conversation, one of the men—and he was not Mr. Chesterton—ventured the remark that "the future of liberalism in the United States is in the hands of the conservatives."

His paradox was at once the target for a volley of questions. What did he mean? Did he mean that it was only a question of time until the conservatives would muster sufficient strength to strangle an emerging liberalism? Did he mean that the conservatives so far outnumbered the liberals that liberalism was doomed already? Did he mean that the conservatives had erected so many toll-gates between the average citizen and the sources of news that the average citizen was shut off from that accurate information which is the raw material of sound liberal opinion? Did he mean that the death-sentence of American liberalism could and would be pronounced at the discretion of the conservatives?

"No," he said; "I mean that the *hope* of liberalism lies in the conservatives. I mean that it is the conservatives, men who would shy at a liberal or radical label as they would at a pestilence, who will some day make liberalism really work in this country. They are the only men who can."

Further questioning brought out the fact that he was thinking of men who probably had little or no interest in liberalism as a political or economic philosophy, men whose liberalism would be the result of their action rather than the cause of their action. Still further questioning led him to say that he was thinking primarily of the business men of the United States. Plainly, his three companions regarded capitalists as the last of men to champion liberal policies either in government or in industry. With an inquiring skepticism, they

primed and pumped for further discussion. He filled his pipe, and between puffs went on:

"There is a growing body of liberal opinion in this country among publicists and students of affairs," he continued, "but they are not, as a class, the men who control the institutional and industrial life of the country. They are prophets and pioneers. And, you know, the ungracious thing about progress is that prophets and pioneers must invariably stand aside and see their ideas put into effect by men who probably sneer at them, the fathers of the ideas. Now, the men who actually control most of the processes of our national life are the business men.

"Business men control this country not because they are either geniuses or pirates, not because they are more grasping or more public spirited than other men, not because of any dark plot to capture and loot the common people; business men control the country simply because this is an industrial nation and their hands are on the levers of power. Even the vast sweep of our agricultural activity is colored and controlled by the industrial system.

"The primary processes of production, distribution, and consumption touch the average American at more points and oftener than all other social processes combined. The rights, the privileges, and the opportunities of the average American for this reason depend more upon what happens in production, distribution, and consumption than upon what happens in political parties. The sort of place America is going to be to live in for the next twenty-five years is being determined more in Pittsburgh mills, New York banks, Brockton and Lynn shoe factories, Arizona mines, and similar industrial and financial centers than in Washington. That is why the business man is in a key position."

"But what has all this to do with the future of liberalism in this country?" interrupted one of his companions. "I have always thought that business and conservatism were just two ways of spelling the same word."

"I know," he said, "that the American business man has been frankly conservative. In his kindlier moods he has tolerated the liberals, with a smiling condescension for their 'irresponsible' idealism. When rougher days have produced a rougher mood, he has deliberately fought the liberals as instigators of discontent.

"But—and here 's the point—something has happened to the world during the last few years, and the business man is going to respond to that something, he must respond to that something, although he may go to little trouble to analyze his response. That something is this: the masses everywhere are to-day feeling, if not thinking, in terms of liberalism. Liberal aspirations to-day cover the world as a blanket of air covers the globe. The business policies of the future must breathe this air of liberalism. There will be nothing else to breathe. They must draw their vitality from it. More or less unconsciously, business men are going to adjust their policies to this world of awakened liberalism in which they find themselves."

"Do you mean to say," he was asked, "that the business man will sit down and revise his inherited and long-held point of view in as prompt and matter-of-fact manner as he would plan an alteration or extension of his plant? You know that long-established habits of mind cannot be thrown aside as easily as you doff your hat."

"No," he replied; "I do not say it will be as deliberate as all that. It won't be a matter of a change of mind at all; at least it won't be in the beginning. Business men are going to adjust themselves and their policies to the spirit of the time not because they have read liberal books or followed liberal journalism or because they have experienced a philosophical new birth, but in a sort of reflex action, stimulated half unconsciously by intelligent self-interest and by the instinct of self-preservation. And through it all the business man will probably contend that he is a careful conservative."

"I cannot yet see," commented another of his companions, "that you are prophesying more than a mere scurrying to cover to escape a storm. Liberal progress cannot be built upon fear."

"I am not so sure about that," he countered, "when I think what will have happened when this very sensible adjustment of business policies to the prevailing temper of the time takes place. It is often said that revolutions do not succeed in tightly organized countries until the revolutionaries and the army join forces. Well, that is what is going to take place in the economic life of America. Liberalism and power are going to enter a partnership, because that is the only way that power can survive. But for heaven's sake don't tell the business man that he is going to carry out the liberal program. He has been so long accustomed to thinking of the liberal as an arm-chair strategist that he dislikes many of the implications of the label. If you try to brand him as a liberal, you may only delay his liberalization."

This was the sense, if not the words, of the conversation as the writer remembers it after more than a year. The first reaction to the optimistic thesis of this Plato of the smoking-car is, interesting and important—if true! A good deal of water has run over the wheel since this conversation took place. There has been not a little let-down from the public-spirited mood of war-time. One hesitates to be dogmatic in this instance.

At any rate, the conversation seemed to be worth recording, if for nothing else, as a convincing statement of the great responsibility resting upon American business men in the working out of just and constructive economic policies, without which political and industrial liberalism will remain in the stage of propaganda. The gaining by business men of a fresh sense of the social significance of business in this industrial nation is of primary importance.

THE POLITICS OF BIOLOGY

WE have heard much of economic determinism. Everything from diplomacy to degeneracy has been explained in terms of economics. We are beginning to hear much of the biological determination of history. In magazine and book and pamphlet we are informed that the key-note of twentieth-century world affairs is neither politics nor economics, but race.

Before the war we had followed this thesis through Count Gobineau's "The Inequality of Human Races" and through Houston Stewart Chamberlain's monumental work on "The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century," not to mention the wider bibliography of the field. But the war has stimulated the pens of the increasing school of scholars and writers who think world politics rests upon a biological base. To them the significance of the world war is not the economic ruin it has brought in its train; it is not the ramshackle Europe and the disturbed America that give them their gravest concern: it is the conviction that the war has weakened the already tenuous hold of the white race upon world supremacy. As the last war was a "war of the nations," the next war, so they believe, will be a "war of the races," in which the colored races will challenge the world supremacy of the white race.

Broadly speaking, there are two schools of writers apprehensive of an impending clash of color. One is concerned primarily with a "next war," which will with dramatic suddenness bring to the fore and probably decide the fate of white-world-supremacy. This school is concerned with the biological element in world politics chiefly as it may inspire a colored military offensive. This might be called a slightly enlarged "Yellow Peril" school of writers. The other is concerned primarily not with any dramatic coup of the colored races, but with the insidious effects of colored infiltration into white lands. The first school, when it writes of remedies, thinks in the old political terms. The second school, when it writes of remedies, really thinks in terms of biological politics, and fastens its attention upon the maintenance and development of race values.

Both schools start, of course, with certain basic facts of the present interracial situation. Under what is regarded as the delusive fact of the white political control of nine tenths of the world, they see a world racially only four tenths white and six tenths colored.

Racially, the world's area gives 31,000,000 square miles to the colored races as against only 22,000,000 square miles to the white race. Numerically, the white race is outnumbered by more than two to one. The 550,000,000 whites face 1,150,000,000 colored folk. It is further pointed out that "some four fifths of the entire white race is concentrated on less than one fifth of the white world's territorial area [Europe], while the remaining one fifth of the race, scattered to the ends of the earth, must protect four fifths of the white territorial heritage against the pressure of colored races eleven times its numerical strength." Couple with these facts, a high birth-rate among the colored races and a declining birth-rate among the whites, and the statistical basis of the white race apologists' fear for the future is clear.

It is pointed out that the war has tapped the veins and arteries of the white world, which is now weak from the blood-letting; that we have blundered into a "peace" that has left the white world at loggerheads, less capable than ever of common action against a common peril; that we are tolerant of economic conditions that are slowing down the marriage- and birth-rates, a fact that will give the colored races an increasing numerical superiority; and that the malevolent propagandists of social revolution still further menace white solidarity.

We are reminded that the crowded and fast increasing colored races have long been bitter against the white race for having preempted so much of the world's surface that they need and the white race is not utilizing to full possibility. We are reminded of the sullen anger the colored races feel against the innumerable discriminatory laws the white race has leveled against them. And we are told that the colored races look with a terrible satisfaction on the present weakened and bickering state of the white race, seeing in this condition their opportunity to strike for elbow-room and equality. Their offensive, we are told, may begin with a peaceful strategy against the immigration bars put up by white lands, but that in the event of a failure of a policy of peaceful penetration a race war is inevitable, a great racial adventure in which the dissensions in the colored world will be ended and a solid front presented.

The specific political form the opening clash may take is predicated upon these facts. Before the war, five despotic military empires existed: Germany, Austria, Turkey, Russia, Japan. With the war over, four of these five are shattered. The Japanese Empire survives. It is said that the next great issue in world politics will be the mastery of the Pacific. Japan wants it, and the fact that the old European order is shot to bits leaves her in an advantageous position in a struggle for it. And when this issue is joined, it may not be simply a question of Japan's contending for Pacific dominance single-handed; Japan may be only the clenched fist of the whole Asiatic arm. Behind her may be all the pent-up resentment of the colored world against white-world supremacy, a resentment that Mr. Basil Mathews, an English writer, points out is leading the Asiatics to say to the white Europeans:

> You can use us when you want us to lay down our lives to defend you. We can enter your territories then. You even draw us in, as in South Africa, when you want cheap labor. But you try to exclude us from free life in your territory, in your cities, and on your farms. We cannot be content to be your tool forever. "Self-determination" is our motto as it was yours. The valve cannot be allowed to work only one way. You pentrate our shores; why should we not penetrate yours? If you exclude us from yours, we will exclude you from ours. You say Australia for the Australian, and Canada for the Canadian. Then we say Asia for the Asiatic. You say yours is the higher civilization; has that been demonstrated?

What do these two schools of thought propose in the way of policies in this field of tangled race politics? Those who think primarily in terms of a coming race war in a military sense see hope in two quarters. First, it is said that an autonomous Korea under the mandatory of a League of Nations

would go far toward forestalling the general race war that might follow a Japanese attempt to gain the mastery of the Pacific. It is pointed out that Korea—called by Mr. Mathews the Belgium of the Far East and the Ireland of Japan—is indispensable to any nation that aspires to control the policies of the Pacific, and that a Korea internationally safeguarded is of key importance. Second, hope is seen in the possible development of a liberal democratic leadership in Asia that will stand not for a "militarized Asia dominating the world," but for a policy of international coöperation, the sort of leadership typified in Mr. Chen-Ting-Wang, one of the Chinese delegates to the peace conference, who is described by Mr. Mathews in his article, already quoted from, in a recent number of the English "Review of Reviews." Mr. Mathews says of him:

> In him you discover a swift brain, splendidly trained and equipped for the higher statesmanship; a power of organization and of command, trained and tested in the handling of men; a blend of Oriental courtesy with absolute honesty and directness; a passion for education, a profound and reasoned belief in democracy, a thorough freedom from cynicism or the personal ambitions of the demagogue—in a word, a Lord Robert Cecil of China, but without the Quixotic strain. . . . Alongside Mr. Wang in China, and across the water in Japan, are other young statesmen and leaders who can, if they are not frustrated, lead the new life of Asia into this world-commonwealth of nations which is our hope.

Those who think primarily in terms of the slow and insidious effects of colored infiltration into white lands are impatient with such hopes. They think political arrangements, as the international safeguarding of key-points like Korea and the ministry of liberal leadership do not go to the root of the matter.

They sound a clear challenge to white egotism, a belief in the fundamental biological superiority of the white race. Asia may be surrendered to the Asiatics, but elsewhere the gates must be locked against colored immigration. Behind the walls of immigration restrictions, the white race must breed back to racial purity. This may bring on another world-wide war, but such a war, we are told, is preferable to what must prove the suicide of white civilization, if the lines are not clearly drawn and the white and colored worlds severely compartmentalized.

There is little hope, one is compelled to believe, that the statesmen of the world will base their policies upon this latter extreme position. We shall probably go on experimenting with political and economic arrangements for a more harmonious adjustment of racial relations. And it is difficult to see the fundamental good sense of cooping up the colored races in an inadequate area, and then preparing for war against the time when their population pressure breaks through their frontiers. With a little less white egotism, which need not mean a weakened loyalty to white civilization, we might effect a redistribution of territory that would take care of the normal expansion of all races. We cannot rule the world with land-sated empires, with vast expanses of unused acres, while hungry and crowded millions press against their boundaries. We have long busied ourselves with a balance of power; we might now turn with profit to a consideration of that "balance of territory" suggested by Mr. W. Morgan Shuster in an address commented upon in these columns in an earlier issue.

But the ardent advocates of a severe guardianship of white interests are performing a distinctive service in compelling the purely political-minded leadership to give heed to the profound importance of race values in world politics. They will help even those statesmen who do not wholly accept their views to guard against dangerous errors they might otherwise fall into in handling inter-racial relations.

Statesmen cannot read Gobineau, Chamberlain, Grant, and, of late, Mr. Stoddard's "Rising Tide of Color" without thinking with greater care and caution on the tangled issues of immigration. Clear thought and creative policy respecting immigration are imperative.

THE LION AND THE LAMB LIE

NOW and then an editor's readers collaborate with him in the selection of his subjects for discussion. That is always welcome. To such collaboration the following paragraphs are due. The other day, the morning's mail brought the following despatch, clipped from "The Sun and New York Herald" under a Paris date line:

By reason of a series of accords growing out of the Anglo-Persian treaty, Great Britain has established complete control over the Persian army, according to information just received here.

When the question of approval of the army scheme was brought before the Persian Cabinet, four Ministers, including the Minister of War, resigned and one Persian officer killed himself, his act causing a great sensation throughout Persia.

The Persian army will consist of 70,000 officers and men, the generalissimo to be a high British officer, while a British officer will head each divisional staff. In each regiment the Colonel and four other officers will be British.

French newspapers containing this report comment on it and say that the purpose of Great Britain seems to be the creation of a new Persian army completely controlled by the British, and which will serve to protect India from any attack from Asia.

The report says that the Persian Cabinet Ministers who have resigned are protesting against the British scheme on the ground that the Anglo-Persian treaty has not been submitted to the League of Nations or to the Persian Parliament, as one of the treaty clauses expressly requires.

Attached to the clipping was the following note:

Here 's a subject for you. Rewrite the words of the Anglo-Persian agreement, substituting the word "lion" for the "British Government" and the word "lamb" for the "Persian Government." It will make interesting reading, especially in view of the dénouement.

The experiment, tried on only a few clauses of the Anglo-Persian agreement, produced the following result:

Preamble: In virtue of the close ties of friendship which have existed between the two animals in the past, and in the conviction that it is in the essential and mutual interests of both in future that these ties should be cemented, and that the progress and prosperity of the Lamb should be promoted to the utmost, it is hereby agreed between the Lamb, on the one hand, and the Lion, on the other, as follows:

1. The Lion reiterates, in the most categorical manner, the undertakings which he has repeatedly given in the past to respect absolutely the independence and integrity of the Lamb.

2. The Lion will supply, at the cost of the Lamb, the services of whatever expert advisers may, after consultation between the two animals, be considered necessary for the several departments of the Lamb's administration, etc.

3. The Lion will supply, at the cost of the Lamb, such officers and such munitions and equipment of modern type as may be adjudged necessary by a joint commission of military experts, Leonine and Lamblike, which shall assemble forthwith for the purpose of estimating the needs of the Lamb, etc.

The second section of the agreement deals with the financial aid the British Government agrees to extend to the Persian Government. The clauses of this section are long and involved, so that their reproduction here is not worth while. But an accurate summary of them, from Mr. Stoddard's Persian article in the January issue of THE CENTURY, treated as we have treated the text, would read as follows:

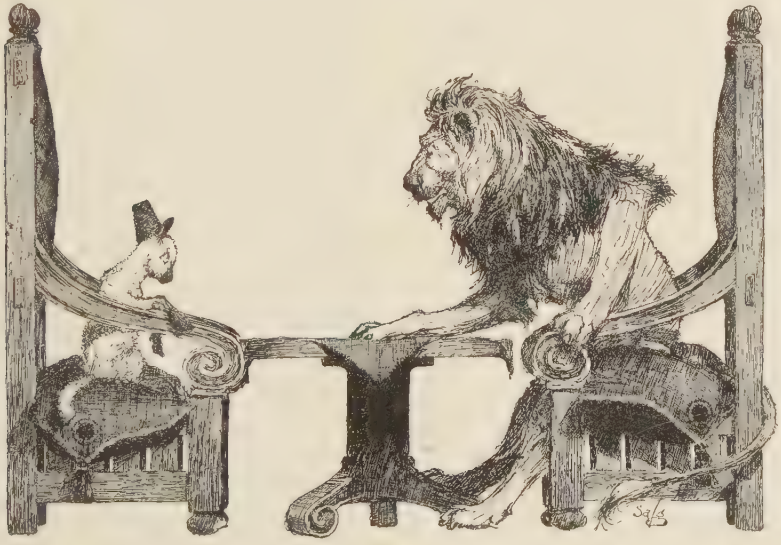
The salient feature is a Leonine loan of 2,000,000 pounds sterling, at the modest interest of seven per cent., redeemable in twenty years, secured by a lien on the Lamb's customs and telegraphs, and taking precedence of all other of the Lamb's debts except a former loan (also from the Lion) dating from 1911. We are further assured that this is merely the precursor of still other loans from the Lion for the complete rehabilitation of the Lamb, said subsequent loans to be secured in similar fashion.

As we know, this agreement loosed a flood of criticism—Persian criticism,

French criticism, American criticism, and English criticism in certain quarters of the liberal press. An official defense of the agreement was made in the House of Commons by Cecil B. Harmsworth, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. His defense, treated as we have treated the agreement, also makes amusing reading. Again substituting the words "lion" and "lamb" in its sentences we have the following:

> The policy of the Lion is to assist the Lamb to reëstablish herself on a sound basis. There is not the slightest foundation for a suspicion that the Lion proposed or that the Lamb would have consented to create anything in the nature of a protectorate. The Lamb turned to the Lion as her most powerful friendly neighbor, and the Lion would have departed from its traditional policy of warm interest in the Lamb had it declined to respond to her appeal.

All this has been done, primarily for the fun of doing it. It is not a Jingo appeal to anti-British sentiment. The writer believes that the future peace and progress of the world depends, as upon no other single factor, upon a closer coöperation between the English-speaking peoples upon an international platform of fair dealing and justice between all nations, subject and otherwise. But the agreement in question cannot but lead one to remark that, if this is a case of the white man's burden, the favored nation is having its burden carried upon a strictly business basis, making full payment for all freight and express charges.



Quaint Old Boston

By MARY HARROD NORTHEND

Photographs by the author

"There is a fascination in studying the names of the streets of Boston."

REMINDERS of the Boston of yesterday are so intimately associated with the modern city that we come upon them even in the heart of the business region. Here it may be only a swinging sign, faded by age and battered by every passing gale, or possibly a bit of building erected in the early days by one of the famous architects. So, as we saunter along the streets, laid out, so the legend runs, by straying cattle, we are constantly confronted by memories of the past. So it is no unprofitable day's journey to ramble here and there through the quaint city, picking up here a bit and there a bit.

Prominent among these landmarks is the old state house, which stands at the head of State Street. This was originally the seat of government for the colony, and under British rule the colonial court was held here, which at the close of the Revolution became the General Court of the Commonwealth. Do not for a moment imagine that this is the early building, for that was destroyed by fire in 1711, only to be rebuilt as it stands to-day. For over two centuries it has dominated this part of the city, although the interior was partly burned in 1746.

Here the royal governor held sway from 1717 to 1776; and here is the Inaugural Chamber, where the first Governor of Massachusetts, John Hancock, took the oath of office. It is inspiring to recall the memorable orations that Otis and Adams delivered inside these historic walls—walls which, alas! have been silenced for many a day, and have now been given over to the storing of historic documents. The prestige of this old building was taken away when the new State House, designed by Bulfinch, was erected on the crest of Beacon Hill. Not as in early days is this old state house surrounded by implements of torture, pillory, stocks, whipping-posts, and ducking-stools, each one of which was formerly constantly in use. Singularly enough, the first victim of the stocks was a carpenter who worked on the building, and he was placed there for no less a crime than the modern one of profiteering.

Probably the most interesting relic of old Boston is the Province House, a bit of which still stands on one side of a dark alley near Bosworth Court. This court, which leads off Tremont Street, is to-day lined with office buildings; but in 1820 it was considered a genteel part of the town. Oliver Wendell Holmes lived here for eighteen years.

As we glance down the court, we view at the farther end a wrought-iron archway, decorative in design, which was used in the early part of the nineteenth century as an entrance to the governor's garden, a part of the Province House grounds. This has been carefully preserved, as have been the stone steps which lead to the lower level.

The Province House was immortalized by Hawthorne in his "Twice-Told-Tales." The grand staircase down which the ghostly procession glided has disappeared, and all that is left of the house is a portion of the exterior. It was built in 1697 by Peter Sargent, a wealthy London merchant, and it was considered one of the handsomest residences in town. Three stories in height, it was surmounted by an octagonal lantern cupola, and topped by a bronze Indian.

During the days of its popularity this house was used by the royal governor, who gave many notable balls, for the large rooms were specially adapted to his needs. The hallway was imposing, furnished in costly wood and hung with rich tapestries. Surrounding the house were spacious grounds, now completely hidden from view by the business blocks that line this part of Washington Street. Many relics of this historic house are scattered throughout the country, notable among them being the paneling, the cedar wainscoting, and the porch, all three of which have been introduced into the castellated manor at Indian Hill, West Newbury, Massachusetts, the residence of the late Major Benjamin Perley Poore.

There is a fascination in studying the names of the streets and lanes, and in hunting out their meaning, for some of them are closely linked with the historic past. They bring to mind many a man whose fearless patriotism helped to make the city famous, as Adams Square. Others are there which could be connected with Boston only, such as Tremont Street, a corruption of "Trimountain," by which name Boston was known to the early settlers, on account of the three high hills that serve as a background to the peninsula. This replaced the name "Shawmut," given to it by the Indians.

Names were changed after the Revolution, Queen Street becoming the Court Street of to-day, and King Street becoming State Street. School Street took its name from a school that was erected there. This was destroyed when the enlargement of King's Chapel became a necessity, which act led Joseph Green, one of Boston's noted wits, to write the following epigram:

"A fig for your learning. I tell you the town,
"To make the church larger, must pull the school down.
" 'Unhappily spoken,' exclaimed Master Birch.
"Then learning, it seems, stops the growth of the church!"

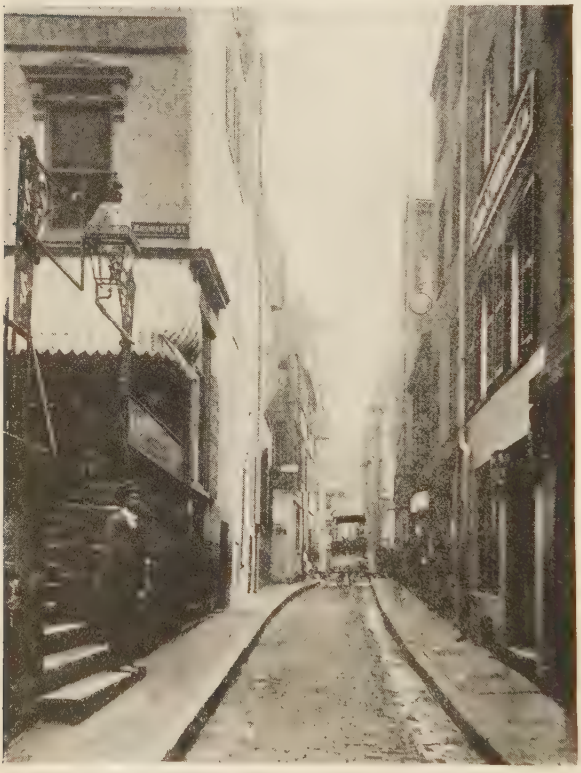
Dark alleys lead off the principal streets on every side. Many of these are designated by curious names. Creek Lane originally led to the old mill creek. Cold, or Cole, Lane is now known as Portland Street, while Wing's Lane has been transformed into Elm Street. It was in tavern days that this was the center of stage-coach life.

The old custom house once stood on Flag Alley. Especially typical of Boston are both Paddy's Alley and Corn Court; the latter took its name from the fact that the corn-market was at one time situated here. Summer Street, one of Boston's busiest thoroughfares, was once known as "Seven Star Lane," and Hanover Street was picturesquely called "Orange Tree Lane."

The importance of William's Court, which connects Washington Street with Court, is not familiar to an outsider. Yet it was, and is, a popular thoroughfare for business men. Rufus Choate, the famous attorney, was a frequenter of this narrow alley, making his way through with nervous strides, using it because, as he remarked, "while it was ignominious, it was convenient." I wonder how many people who pass daily through this alley stop to look at the sign which still hangs on the old tavern. It shows a hand clutching a bell and is linked with the early history of the town. Here often came James Wilson, the old town-crier. He is remembered by many of the oldest inhabitants, who delight to recall the days when he told

off the important news of the day. He was a man of powerful build, ruddy-faced, and was a favorite with everybody. He plied his calling of brush-making during his leisure hours, and so well were they made that some of them, nearly a hundred years old, are still in existence.

Probably the oldest lane in the city



Christ, or North, Church

connects State Street with Faneuil Hall Square. Through it one glimpses Faneuil Hall, the "Cradle of Liberty." Inside its walls have been held public meetings where such distinguished men as Rufus Choate, Charles Sumner, and Daniel Webster have spoken. The only part of this building that is original is the historic grasshopper weather-vane, and the story runs that while repairs were being made on this same vane, there was discovered a bottle of old Medford rum carefully hidden under its wings.

This building was erected at his own expense by Peter Faneuil of old Huguenot stock. It was enlarged in 1763 by Charles Bulfinch. Long before this hall was built, in fact, as early as 1708, the square was used as a market-place. The wharf at that time reached as far inland as the present-day market.

Many a delightful glimpse of Boston of yesterday is still to be found in out-of-the-way nooks and corners. There are several old homesteads still standing on Bennett Street, one of which was formerly occupied by a well-known cooper, Alexander, while a second was lived in by a coppersmith, Benjamin Luckis. We speak of these two houses, as they are considered to be fine examples of architecture of that period and were finished inside with large fireplaces, for wood fires were the only means of heating in those days. That was when it was not considered necessary to draw the shades with the lighting of the lamps, and passers-by could see into the interior.

Salem Street, which is situated at the North End, has still fine houses. In some of these, more especially those that stood near the old Charlestown Ferry, were housed after the Battle of Bunker Hill the sick and wounded men. On the corner of Prince and Lafayette avenues is a charming example of old-time architecture. This house, although changed in construction, retains much of its individuality. Originally two large chimneys protruded from the roof. One of these was removed not many years ago, and from the material was obtained enough second-hand brick to build a small dwelling. Inside was found an old bayonet in good condition; also, tied up in a bundle of papers, the roster of an early militia company, written in old-time script.

One of the oldest and most interesting signs in the city is found on the cor-

ner of Salem and Prince streets, over an apothecary shop. It is probably a head of Æsculapius, or some follower of the curative art. For many years this was fastened to a post on the sidewalk, but it proved an obstruction to traffic, and was removed to its present position.

Christ Church, the Second Episcopal Church, is an offshoot of King's Chapel and is in the North End. Its spire, designed by Charles Bulfinch and built in 1723, has served as a landmark to guide ships into the harbor. In 1804 it was blown down by the great gale, and was shortened about sixteen feet. The chime of bells, now silent, which hangs in the tower was made in 1744 in the foundry of Abel Ruddall of Gloucester, in the west of England. Each bell has engraved upon it an inscription denoting its history. Before being sent to America, they were consecrated by Dr. Cutler and were supposed to possess the power to dispel all evil spirits.

When the settlement of Boston was in its infancy the land on which King's Chapel now stands was chosen by one Isaac Johnson as a spot on which to build his home. This was the second lot to be occupied. The first was a grant of fifty acres on the southern slope of Beacon Hill. Johnson was a very important man in the colony, and it was under his expert direction that the settlement of the city grew. The land was bounded by what is now Washington, Tremont, Court, and School streets. It was in the southwest corner that, Chief-Justice Samuel Sewall asserts, Johnson was buried by his own request. It is impossible at the present time to determine exactly where his remains lie, as they have been removed several times for various reasons.

King's Chapel was designed by Peter Harrison of Newport, Rhode Island, Governor Shirley laying the corner-stone. After the ceremony he treated the workmen to a plentiful supply of grog. In the tower still hangs the bell, the one hundred and sixty-first to be cast by Paul Revere, who, by the way, had other occupations than bell-casting; he was also an engraver, a goldsmith, and—a dentist.

The "secret" house on Pinckney Street, dating from the earliest days of Boston's settlement

Rising above the modest houses in the Italian district on Hull Street is the old North Church, whose spire, slender and graceful in its architecture, reminds us of the memorable night of Paul Revere's ride.

Probably the most romantic and most fascinating part of the city is Beacon Hill, the highest of the three elevations which gave to the city the name of "Trimountain." Here was the center of military, social, and religious life, and no other part of the city stands forth so prominently in the story of Boston's

Wells-Adams house on Salem Street

past as does this. Not always has this been the residential section, for when the colony was first founded, the hill was covered with small cedars and native shrubbery through which wandering cattle sought pasturage. Wonderful springs of water were found along the slope, so clear and pure that they were considered worthy to be noted in the annals of the city.

Its name was taken from a beacon that was erected on the crest of the hill in 1634. There it stayed until long after the close of the Revolutionary War. Originally the hill contained one hundred acres, and when war was rife there were pitched on the side of the hill the tents of the militia.

The first house could scarcely be called a mansion, for it was a mere hut, erected on the slope just back of the Charles River by William Blackstone, or Blaxton. Here he planted his orchard, built his humble abode, and lived happily with his books and mouse-colored brindle bull that he had brought over with him from England.

Not like to-day was the elevation laid out into straight paved streets, and there were no sidewalks, as these did not come into use until after the Revolution. The first paving was laid before 1700. Three years later one hundred pounds were voted for the improvement of the roads, as the selectmen might judge needful. From this time on sums were regularly allotted for this purpose. The streets were paved only in the center, with pebbles brought from the beach. Pedestrians walked in whatever part of the road was smoothest. Later came the sidewalks, paved with cobblestones, bricks, or clay, and wide enough for one person only.

The first house of distinction on the hill was built on Beacon Street by Thomas Hancock, an uncle of the Revolutionary hero. This was in 1737. The ground on which it was placed was bounded by Beacon, Mount Vernon, and Joy streets, including that part which has been taken for the state house. It was a beautiful mansion, built of stone, with the ground laid out in orchards and gardens; in fact, the first nursery in Boston was started here. Inside great

Louisburg Square. Pinckney Street and Mount Vernon Street are connected by this quaint old square whose vine-covered houses and fresh green lawn have the atmosphere of old London

taste was shown in the furnishings, the drawing-room containing a rare set of birds'-eye maple, covered with red damask.

Hancock was a lavish host, and gave a famous breakfast to the officers of the French fleet. While the French troops were in Boston forty or more of the officers dined here every day. On one occasion so many unexpected guests appeared that Madam Hancock was driven to despair to know how to provide for them, so she had milked the cows that were pastured on the Common, whether this was agreeable to their owners or not.

Many of the neighboring houses are also distinguished in their architecture. As we tread the different streets we are constantly reminded of the great men who formerly lived here and the clever architects that designed their homes. One of the most interesting houses is the Somerset Club, where David Sears lived for many years. This was built on the site of the John S. Copley mansion. No art critic overlooks "The Boy and the Flying Squirrel," a Titian-colored composition that made Copley famous. He married the daughter of a wealthy Boston merchant, who figured prominently in the Boston Tea-party that aroused the entire country. Going abroad years afterward to live in London, Copley was offered what seemed to be a fabulous sum for his estate, only to learn later that it was worth ten times as much.

It would be impossible to enumerate all the noted persons who have at one time or another lived on the hill, for it was a locality much sought after by the wealthy citizens of Boston. One of the most interesting people was Chief-Justice Samuel Sewall, who married the daughter of John Hull, who was the mint master. The legend runs that for her wedding portion her father gave her her weight in pine-tree shillings. She was a scheming maiden, and in order that she might get full payment, she weighted her pockets with iron.

Prescott's house is still standing, full of interest, all the more as one realizes the historian's undaunted personality and remembers that, although partly

The house on Beacon Street where Prescott, the historian, lived

blind, he was able to do what few other men would have done, with an amanuensis giving to the world many valuable historic works.

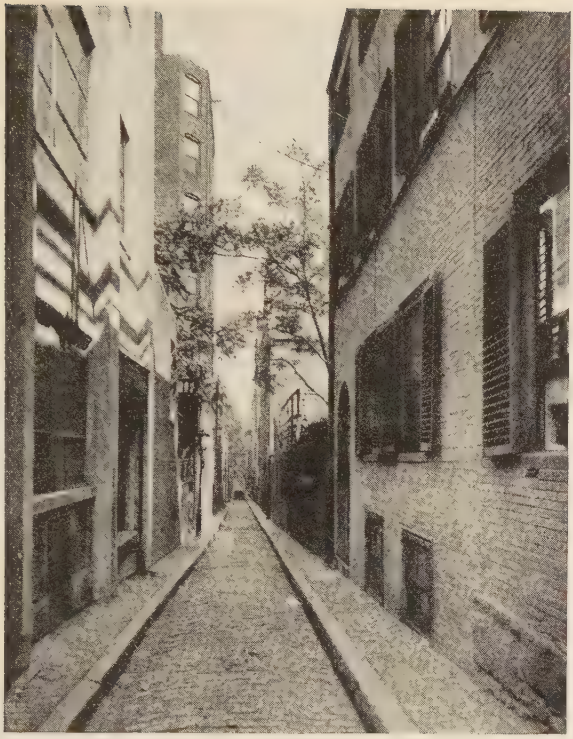
It was a pleasant company that mingled together during the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century, men and women of culture and fashion, wearing not, as to-day, dark costumes, but clad in bright colors. Gentlemen walked the streets in cocked hats, wigs, and bright-colored coats. These during the winter months were covered with knee-length coats, stiffened with buckram to make them warm. Even the boys followed in the footsteps of their sires, and were clad like little old men. The stately dames of the day wore their hair pompadour, the dressing of which was a most important proceeding. In fact, it took such an unwarrantable length of time that often the ladies, lest they tumble their headgear, would sit all night in an easy-chair.

Interest does not center in Beacon Street alone, for leading off of it are many cross streets where the same distinctive type of architecture is found.

There is no part of the city so typical of London as are Chestnut and Mount Vernon streets, where the fine mansions constructed of both wood and brick show both culture and refinement.

One of the residents, Elisha Cook, is well worthy of mention. He was a very rich merchant, who married the daughter of Governor Leverett, a contemporary of Samuel Eliot, the grandfather of President Emeritus Eliot of Harvard. His mansion is now altogether a thing of the past, yet tradition relates that in his day he was considered a very gallant gentleman of the old school, one who never changed his style of costume until the day of his death, appearing on the street in cocked hat, ruffled shirt, small-clothes, and never wearing a coat or an overcoat.

Beacon Hill serves as a background for both the Public Gardens and the



An alley in Boston

Common. The former as it stands today is laid out in charming landscape effects. This was not so, however, when the British occupied the city. At that period it was covered by a rope-walk that reached to the foot of Charles Street. The British chose this as their camping-ground, taking over the buildings for the housing of their horses. The rope-makers were quick to resent this, and frequent fights ensued, which culminated on the fifth of March in a terrific battle between the British soldiers, three hundred in number, and the rope-makers, reinforced by many brawny ship-builders, who came from Hallowell's Shipyard, at the foot of Milk Street.

During troublous times the Common was used as a camping-ground for the militia, who shared it with the cattle pastured here. This was first designated as the "Sentry Field," but later was known as the "Training-Field," by which name it was called until comparatively recent years. Here the minutemen drilled during the Revolution. Here, before the Battle of Bunker Hill, were the Colonial forces arrayed, and many a valiant soldier listened to the drum beating the "rappel" for the last time on that eventful morning, when he bravely shouldered his firelock and marched onward.

Lord Harry Brougham chose this spot for his troops, and concerning it he wrote to England: "Our camp is pitched in an exceedingly pleasant place, on a large Common used for the purpose of grazing cows. Oftimes they attempt to force their way into their old pasture, where the richest herbage I have ever seen abounds. One of them impaled herself on a firelock, going off with a bayonet sticking into her side." Every year in the month of June the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in the United States, meet here. They were founded in 1648, and have never disbanded. Every year they hold on the Common an annual "Drumhead Ellection" manouvering before the governor and his staff.

Venizelos and Hellas

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

The author has enjoyed the privilege of knowing M. Venizelos ever since he left Crete to take in hand the destinies of Greece. As correspondent of "The New York Herald" Dr. Gibbons visited Athens frequently during the years of Venizelos's great work, and he talked with him frequently as correspondent of THE CENTURY *at the peace conference.*

AMONG island Greeks fecundity is too common to be looked upon as a particular favor of the gods. How many children a woman has does not count. The crowning blessing of heaven is the ability, the good fortune, to rear children. Poor and untutored mothers expect to lose more than half their babies, but when the third child of Georgios Venizelos did not survive the first year, Cretan women shook their heads. A rich merchant was in a position to give his wife the best of care and to fight for his babies: it must be that Despina Venizelos had no luck.

The housewives of Mourmies lifted their hands in despair when the birth of a fourth Venizelos was announced. Once more the mother had come up from Canea to the little village on the mountain-side. The news went the rounds on an August morning in 1864. And the name! Eleutherios, indeed! Why stake freedom against fate? The contemporaries of Sophocles accepted the teaching that one cannot escape his destiny. The natural tendency to fatalism was deepened by twenty-three centuries of bitter experience. Contact with and subjection to Islam, while it provoked resistance, confirmed the conviction of the utter hopelessness of pitting the human will against what was foreordained. It is impossible for the freeman to comprehend the paralysis of the will, the resignation, the superstitious regulating of life and conduct by signs of the slave. No Hellenes had more reason to despair than the Cretans. They kicked blindly and passionately against the pricks. On several memorable occasions during the century of the world-wide growth of national consciousness and gradual winning of freedom by subject races, in which their own had been partly successful elsewhere, the Cretans had risen against the Turks. But each time they had been stirred up by outside events, and looked for emancipation to outside intervention. In themselves they had no faith, for in their own destiny they had no hope.

An omen is good or bad according to what happens. Had Eleutherios died, the ill luck of Despina Venizelos in children would have been confirmed. Since he lived, and with that name, the superstitiously minded, which meant everybody who had ever heard of the baby, claimed for the child a wonderful career under kindly stars.

Venizelos came just in time to be born an unredeemed Greek. Another fruitless revolution broke out when he was two years old. His father, ardent partizan of union with Greece, was involved in the movement, and exiled by the Ottoman authorities. The family went for a few years to Cythera, and thence to Syra, where Venizelos learned his first letters.

Memories of free Greece, however, must have been dim to the boy, for the amnesty of 1872 enabled the family to return to Canea. The elder Venizelos had all his property and interests in Crete, and it was home there, despite the Turkish flag. The Cretans have the right to claim the liberator of Crete and the savior of Hellas as their own. From the age of eight to twenty Venizelos attended the lower schools and high school of Canea. He grew up an unredeemed Greek, coming gradually to the consciousness of the terrible humiliation of

alien rule. The Turks were a dominant race, contributing nothing to the community, but arrogating to themselves privileges which cut deep into the souls of the Cretans, and obstructing the agricultural and commercial development of the country. The menace of the Turkish jail, of confiscation of property, even of death, was always in the air. When the Turkish garrisons left the island, and autonomy was granted, the overlordship of Constantinople was still annoying and irritating. The Moslem population, a strong minority in Canea, would not submit to laws and regulations. The Sublime Porte interfered to hamper every measure of progress and to forbid natural intercourse with free Greece. The powers sustained the Turks. There was no future for Crete or for the Cretans.

Ardent patriot as he had proved himself in his earlier days, Georgios Venizelos felt that to send his boy to Greece for further schooling would make for unhappiness. To the Ottoman Greek the consolation for his political bondage was to forget himself in trade. In a material way, at least, there was compensation. The higher education at Athens fitted the unredeemed Greek only for a life of unrest and uncertainty and vicissitudes. The man with a fortune risked its confiscation; with a business, its ruin. The professional man, after finishing the university, could enjoy freedom, but at the price of living in exile, away from his family and of no service to his compatriots. If he returned home, he had to submit to the Turks or become a revolutionary. The former course destroyed his soul; the latter involved the security of his family. When Eleutherios begged to be allowed to continue his studies and become a lawyer, his father refused. Like all men who have gone through hard times in their youth and then prospered, Georgios Venizelos wanted his son to learn by his experience and share his success. He insisted that Eleutherios go into business with him at Canea. If the boy went to Athens, he would return to become a political agitator. That did not pay. Nor would it help. If Crete became free, it would be by some outside upheaval in Europe to bring about which and in which the Cretans themselves could play no part.

Fortunately for Crete and Hellenism, the Greek Consul General at Canea was a frequent visitor in the Venizelos home. Georgios Zigomalas had long observed the remarkable intellectual gifts of Eleutherios not only from his record in the high school, but also from discussions around the dinner-table. The cause of Hellenism could not afford to lose the combination of enthusiasm and common sense, of brains and courage, of energy and self-possession, so rare in the Greek race and virtually lacking in the Cretans. Zigomalas may not have foreseen the rôle Eleutherios Venizelos would play in the regeneration of Greece, but he did know that men with the qualities of leadership were not to be found among the Cretans, that the younger Venizelos possessed those qualities to a remarkable degree, and that the essential first step in the emancipation of unredeemed Greece was the union of Crete with the Kingdom of Greece. Zigomalas told the elder Venizelos that he had not the right to deprive Crete of her potential leader. It took two years of pleading, during which Eleutherios remained in his father's counting-room. Finally he was sent to the University of Athens to study law.

Did a great man ever plan his career in his youth and follow it step by step? Some, in retrospect, have said that they did, but they have probably been led into deceiving themselves by the insidious temptation of hindsight. They may have succeeded in realizing dreams, they may have reached cherished goals; but Dick Whittingtons have no path to the lord mayoralty marked out. The rungs of the ladder appear one by one as the man of will, energy, and aspirations mounts. It is possible, however, for the man who leads his fellows to have a program from his youth up, and to go forward by making every step conform to the principles of that program. Experience modifies the details, but does not change the ideals. In this sense we can say that the life work of Venizelos was decided upon and entered upon from the moment he began his studies at Athens.

Greeks love to talk. They do their

thinking aloud, and ideas come with words. Venizelos was a student at Athens in the decade after the Turko-Russian War of 1877, when the Balkan States were feeling acutely, and trying to adjust themselves to, the decisions of the Congress of Berlin. Greece had recently acquired Thessaly. Montenegro had had the honor of being coerced by the great powers to return emancipated districts to Turkey. During the student days of Venizelos, Bulgaria annexed eastern Rumelia, the war between Serbia and Bulgaria was fought, and the Macedonian question was beginning to divide the Balkan races. The events of the years 1884-86 furnished engrossing topics of conversation for the students of the University of Athens. The young Cretan placed before his comrades the problem of the relation of Hellenes to the Kingdom of Greece. He asserted the necessity of subordinating regionalism and particularism to the ideal of Greek unity. He intended to return to Crete to work for the redemption of his country. But redemption meant the union of the Greeks, not simply union with Greece. The latter was only a step toward the goal, and would be a failure if the former did not follow.

Venizelos was proud of citing his own ancestry as an illustration of the indissolubility of the idea of Greek national consciousness with the ideal of Greek political unity. He belonged to Hellas, not to Crete. His ancestors were in charge of the great library of Alexandria when it was destroyed by Omar, and his own patronymic went back to the Florentine dukes of Athens. Saint Philothea Venizela, who suffered martyrdom at the hands of Turkish pashas in 1598, was of his family. There were branches of the Venizeloi in Macedonia and Anatolia. His grandfather emigrated to Crete from Crevata, near Sparta, and his own father was a Spartan. Was not his family history typical of the history of the race? The beautiful old definition of Greece—"Hellas is where there are Hellenes"—must be kept in mind by the patriots of the critical period when the Slavic Balkan races were awakening to nationhood and when Hamidian Turkey was skilfully using the rivalry and jealousy among the great powers to keep in slavery the subject peoples she could no longer hold down by her own military force and diplomacy alone.

Venizelos returned from Athens to Canea with his law degree in 1886. In 1910 he returned to Athens to begin the meteoric career of the last decade, which has raised Greece from an impoverished little country, rent with internal dissensions, militarily impotent, and containing within its boundaries only a fourth of the Hellenic race, to the proud position of heiress of the Byzantine Empire. It is a far cry from the little Greece that the powers felt they needed to protect from Turkish aggression to the nation whose premier could offer at San Remo to those same powers the military forces they themselves did not dispose of for the purpose of enforcing the treaty dictated to Turkey. In 1910 my French money was at a heavy premium in Athens; in 1920 I can buy three francs for two drachmæ. In 1910 Venizelos was still being bullied by a British consul at Canea; in 1920 the British King invites Venizelos to be his guest at Windsor Castle, and the British Premier hurries late in the evening to Venizelos's hotel room at San Remo to submit a project for his approval. In 1910 the kaiser asked who Venizelos was; in 1920 Venizelos plays the leading rôle in deciding the destinies of the Near East, while the kaiser saws wood in a Dutch garden with a sentry over him. In 1910 the czar warned Venizelos to take no step without consulting the Russian Minister at Athens; in 1920 Petrograd and Moscow papers feature joyfully the rumor that Venizelos is in favor of consulting Russia about the peace terms with Turkey. In 1910 I heard one of the sultan's ministers declare in the Ottoman Parliament that the Turkish subject Venizelos was to be hanged for treason; in 1920 the sultan himself would travel half-way across Europe to get a chance to speak to Venizelos.

There is no miracle, no lucky turn of the cards, in all this. The ten years of achievement follow twenty-four years of preparation. A man of vision, equipped with brains and honesty and courage, grasped an opportunity, and built upon a foundation of unusually rich expe-

rience in the situations he was to face the problems he would be called upon to solve. He could not be browbeaten, he could not be fooled, he could not be dazzled, he could not be tempted. If genius he has, it consists in knowing in just what cases the bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, and the moment when stubbornness changes from strength to weakness. Since the expression "a man of vision" is often a glittering generality, it is necessary to explain my use of that term to describe Venizelos. A man of vision is one who sees what is in his path without losing sight of the goal, and who makes each situation, each problem, each task he faces on his path yield experience and knowledge to carry him to the goal. The goal of Venizelos is the unity of Greece. Ever since 1886 he has been pushing forward toward it as a man of vision pushes forward.

Speaking at a dinner given in his honor by the journalists of the peace conference last year, Venizelos told us:

> After I finished my studies at Athens, I returned home and hung out my shingle. I had not tried many cases in the courts of my home island before it became necessary for me to take arms against the Turkish Government. Although my father was born in Greece, I was considered an Ottoman subject — therefore a rebel — because my mother was born under the Turkish flag. At the end of this revolution, I returned again to my town and resumed my legal profession. I did not have time, however, to go far with it, for I had to take arms again and go to the mountains. Soon I reached the point where I had to decide whether I ought to be a lawyer by profession and a revolutionary at intervals, or a revolutionary by profession and a lawyer at intervals. Since my compatriots met with opposition in their efforts to bring about the complete union of Crete with Mother Greece, I became a revolutionary by profession.

In succinct form, this is the story of the twenty-four years from 1886 to 1910. The object of Venizelos was "to bring about the complete union of Crete with Mother Greece." He uses the term "Mother Greece" and not "the Kingdom of Greece" for the simple reason that Venizelos, in common with all unredeemed Greeks, was taught from childhood that the little country whose capital was Athens was only a small part of "Mother Greece" and that the aspiration of Hellas was the restoration of the *status quo ante Turcos*. The "opposition" of which he speaks came not from the Turks alone. As a direct menace to the consummation of the "complete union of Crete with Mother Greece," the first step of which would be the extension of the sovereignty of Athens over Crete, the Turks were eliminated early in the career of Venizelos. He became "a revolutionary by profession" against the great powers and against the narrow personal ambitions of the princes of the house of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg. From the beginning of his career he found himself pitted also against the old-fashioned Cretan politicians, who never thought in terms of "Mother Greece," and against the hierarchy of the Orthodox Church, which, after the fashion of hierarchies, was prone to give religious interests precedence over secular liberties.

With the exception of the Turks, Venizelos has never been the enemy of those whom he has had to spend most of his energies opposing, even fighting, since he began his public career. He took to the mountains against Great Britain and France, defied their orders, and refused to accept their policy for Crete. He was nearly killed once by shells from their war-ships. But he has never failed to express his admiration and to show his friendship for the two powers which, despite the mistakes of their Turkish policy, are regarded by him as the real friends of the Greeks. When Prince George was High Commissioner of Crete he first served under him, and then rebelled against him, and made life in the island untenable for the second son of the King of Greece. But when he could have overthrown the dynasty upon his arrival in Athens a few years later, he saved the princes that cursed him. When the Cretan politicians tried to assassinate him, he restrained his followers from civil war. When the Archbishop of Crete excommunicated him, he advised the Cretans to respect the church and follow its de-

crees in so far as the hierarchy did not interfere too dangerously with the propaganda for union with Greece.

Venizelos is "all things to all men" in the way St. Paul was. From the day he entered the Cretan Assembly to San Remo, nearly forty years later, his life has been one of almost superhuman forbearance and patience when non-essentials were in question, of immediate and unwavering refusal to compromise when essentials were at stake. I am astonished by the statement one never fails to find in a journalistic summary of the character of the Greek Premier, that Venizelos makes up his mind about a policy, and then sticks it out, never yielding. Since Venizelos is not mentally unbalanced and has never suffered from hallucinations, such a characterization is absurd. As I said above, he knows the moment when stubbornness changes from strength to weakness.

In one of the earliest of the conflicts between the Venizelists in Crete and the powers, a British naval officer, who held the usual preconceived opinion concerning the folly of subject races "stirring up things" as his own ancestors had stirred them up, had an interview with "the brigand." He wrote home a letter in which his astonishment was frankly revealed. He had found Venizelos a quiet, reasonable young man, willing to come to an agreement with the powers on their own terms, provided the powers agreed to work out some modus vivendi for Crete that would lead to freedom from Turkey and union with Greece. He was able to put himself in the place of the statesmen of the powers, and see their difficulties in dealing with Turkey and appreciate their reasons for refusing the wishes of the Cretans; but he wanted these statesmen, on their side, to put themselves in his place, and appreciate why the Cretans could not agree to sacrifice themselves and the Greek ideal for the good of European commercial and political interests.

"Your Foreign Office is in a tight place," he said to the British naval officer, "and you can go as slow as you like with the Sublime Porte. Make a feint of coercing us if you feel you have to. I shall restrain my men. But it must be only a feint. If your soldiers and marines go beyond a certain line, we shall open fire."

"Why do you not put yourselves in our hands? You know we have already freed Crete all except in name, and if you work with the powers, your day will come more quickly than by forcing our hand and compelling us to oppose you," remonstrated the officer.

The response of Venizelos is the history of the last hundred years in the Near East.

"European policy is invariably the maintenance of the *status quo*, and you will do nothing for the subject races unless we, by taking the initiative, make you realize that helping us against the Turks is the lesser of two evils."

"Damn it all, the beggar is right!" wrote the British officer, "and I hope we don't have to shoot him."

To give even in bare outline the career of Venizelos during the quarter-century of preparation in Crete is impossible within the limits of a magazine article. I have said that he had arrayed against him at one time or other the Cretan political leaders, the Orthodox Church, High Commissioner Prince George, and the four protecting powers, Great Britain, France, Italy, and Russia, not to speak of the suzerain Ottoman state. The turning-point of his career was the Revolution of 1905.

Prince George, who had promised the Cretans immediate annexation when he came to Crete in 1899 and had met with the blunt *non possumus* of the protecting powers, considered that further opposition to the powers was useless. He seized upon the wide-spread discontent in the island over the years of uncertainty and intermittent uprisings to make a campaign to induce the people to accept the compromise offered by the powers; that is, autonomy under Ottoman suzerainty. The disastrous war of 1897 showed that the Greeks of the kingdom could not free Crete from Turkey. Greece was passing through a crisis of dissatisfaction with political and economic conditions. Prince George thought he could help the dynasty and feather his own nest by making for himself in Crete a permanent post, perhaps a throne. The partizans of Venizelos proclaimed at Therisso "the politi-

cal union of Crete with the Kingdom of Greece in a single state, free and constitutional," many deputies joined the movement, and Venizelos was once more a revolutionary. The prince declared him a rebel, the archbishop excommunicated him, the Turks condemned him to death, and the protecting powers sent an army against him. After several months, the opponents of Venizelos tacitly acknowledged their defeat. Prince George resigned, the church reversed its decree, the powers and the Turks agreed to give Venizelos the substance if they could have the shadow. So a Turkish flag of cast-iron was set up on a little island in Suda Bay, the suzerainty of the sultan was solemnly reaffirmed, a new high commissioner arrived and made Venizelos premier, and the powers reassured the Sublime Porte that they would preserve Turkish suzerainty over Crete by force!

Venizelos had been the master of Crete, with no Danish prince to be jealous of him and to intrigue against him, for nearly three years when the Revolution of 1908 in Turkey upset all the arrangements decided upon between the Hamidian Sublime Porte and the powers. The Young Turks, masters of the Government, declared that the new constitutional régime removed the *raison d'être* of all polite fictions concerning autonomy of subject races and outlying provinces of the empire. Turkey was one and indivisible. Austria-Hungary replied by annexing Bosnia and Herzegovina, Bulgaria by declaring independence, Italy by preparing to seize Tripoli, and Crete by once more proclaiming her union with Greece. The powers pursued a policy of *laisser faire* except in the case of Crete. Venizelos was warned that "the moment was not regarded as propitious for a definite solution of the Cretan Question by the Protecting Powers." When he disregarded the warning, warships were sent to fire upon the Greek flag he had raised and to blockade Crete to prevent deputies elected to the Athens Parliament from leaving the island.

Venizelos, of course, grasped immediately the significance of the Young Turk movement. The hour of destiny had struck for Hellas. Unless the Balkan States united against Turkey in the very near future, the Young Turks would destroy Hellenism in the Ottoman Empire and the other Christian elements as well. No help could be expected from European diplomacy. And the specious liberalism of the Young Turks would deceive European public opinion.

Four years of herculean effort passed before Venizelos was ready to begin the task of liberating unredeemed Greece. From 1908 to 1910 he waited in Crete. In the summer of 1910, when he was in conference at Lausanne with Greeks who were agreed to put themselves under his leadership, he received a telegram stating that he had been elected deputy to the assembly that was to revise the Greek constitution as the result of an understanding with the Military League. He hurried back to Crete, resigned the premiership, and went to Athens, where he was received enthusiastically on September 18. A month later, when the king asked him to form a new cabinet, he laid down his conditions, concluding: "If your Majesty consents to leave me full liberty of action and to ratify my program, I promise to present to you in five years a renovated Greece, capable of inspiring respect and supporting her rights."

Events moved too fast to allow Venizelos five years. Under the stimulus of the increasing menace of the Young Turks, who thought to cripple Greece by boycotting her commerce and to intimidate Greece and the other Balkan States by persecuting and massacring the Christians of Macedonia and Thrace, Venizelos was able to regenerate Greece internally, resist the pressure of reactionaries and hotheads and chauvinists, raise and equip a modern army, rehabilitate and increase the navy, and form a military alliance of the Balkan States by mutual compromise of territorial claims in Macedonia. As in Crete, old-fashioned politicians distrusted and opposed him, narrow-minded nationalists and self-centred irredentists upbraided him, statesmen of the powers warned him against the folly of megalomania, and the court and church feared that he was gambling with their certainties. It was a hard row, but Venizelos hoed it.

At the last moment, when the storm

was about to break, the statesmen of Europe, refusing to believe that a miracle was going to take place, attempted to intimidate Venizelos and his colleagues of the Balkan alliance. On October 8, 1912, the six great powers invoked Article 23 of the Treaty of Berlin, which they had never enforced, as a promise of reforms in European Turkey, and warned Athens, Sofia, Belgrade, and Cettinje that

> If, in spite of this note, war does break out between the Balkan States and the Ottoman Empire, they will not admit, at the end of the conflict, any modification of the territorial status quo in European Turkey.

But hell had been paved with good intentions for thirty-six years. The work of Venizelos stood the test. Within a month the Balkan States, relying upon themselves, had upset forever "the territorial status quo of European Turkey."

The collapse of Turkey was too complete for the maintenance of the solidarity of the Balkan Confederation, just as the collapse of the Central empires proved later too complete for the maintenance of the solidarity of the Entente alliance. Secret treaties for sharing spoils never can stand the test of too much spoils, once the emergency which drives nations into a coalition no longer exists. Whether the Balkan allies could have settled their territorial aspirations amicably if Italy and Austria-Hungary had not made the frontiers of Albania a question that necessitated the intervention of the powers, is problematical. But when the Balkan States were negotiating the treaty with Turkey in the spring of 1913, it was already clear that Bulgaria refused to consider the attribution of Thrace to her an argument for moderating her claims in Macedonia. Venizelos, however, keeping his mind on the goal of emancipating unredeemed Greeks from Turkish rule, was willing to go the limit in concessions to Bulgaria and to compensate Serbia for yielding to Bulgaria by a remarkably generous waiving of some Greek aspirations. Sounded as to the chances of victory if Greece and Serbia combined to resist the Bulgarian demands, the Greek General Staff answered that they were sixty per cent. only in favor of a Serbo-Greek coalition. Venizelos was also worried about the possibility of Austro-Hungarian intervention and an Italian occupation of southern Albania, which would involve Epirus. He told me that he believed the preservation of the Balkan Federation was worth the sacrifice of ten thousand square kilometres to Bulgaria. If later it was demonstrated that Bulgaria was deliberately seeking the hegemony of the Balkans, Greece and Serbia would be in a better position to resist the faithless ally, and the discussion with Turkey and Italy over the Ægean islands would have been settled.

Bulgaria decided to fight for her claims. Beaten in thirty days because of Rumanian intervention, Bulgaria had to accept the Treaty of Bukharest. Harsh as the terms were, they would have been harsher had not Venizelos still hoped in the triumph of the policy of harmonizing Balkan interests in an alliance that would keep the whip over Turkey and enable the Balkan States to talk to the great powers as an equal. His memorandum to King Constantine in 1915, advocating the cession of Kavala as the price of Bulgarian neutrality, is proof of the fact that his first thought was always the destruction of Ottoman power and the liberation of unredeemed Greeks. Since Bulgaria failed twice, in 1913 and 1915, to meet the other Balkan States half-way and coöperate in the common task of giving Turkey the *coup de grâce*, Venizelos declares that Greece need no longer consent to sacrifices, and has insisted upon the inclusion of Thrace and the rest of eastern Macedonia in greater Greece. He acknowledges that the new *status quo* is no more ideal for all concerned than that of Bukharest, and that he would prefer a Balkan confederation in which all the states were reasonably satisfied. "But what can one do with Bulgaria?" he asks.

Despite the larger boundaries won by Greece at Bukharest over those Venizelos would gladly have agreed upon at London, I am sure that Venizelos, when he returned to Athens, felt like the Rumanian Take Jonescu, who said: "Even those who in appearance gained most by the Second Balkan War would have pre-

ferred that it had never taken place. They would have to-day less territories, perhaps, but they know well that they would be stronger and more free." A hostile and revengeful Bulgaria, suspected of being under Austrian influence, was not a comfortable neighbor; for Venizelos had to face the stubbornness of Turkey in concluding the peace whose details had not been fully settled at London. The Sublime Porte refused to acknowledge Greece's title to the islands in the Ægean captured during the war. As long as Greece was superior on sea, she did not have to fear Turkish aggression. But Turkey ordered two dreadnoughts in England and several submarines and destroyers in France. Venizelos had to buy the *Idaho* and the *Mississippi* from the United States to preserve Greece's sea mastery.

Obstructionist tactics in diplomatic negotiations and naval rivalry were inevitable, and they could be fought by other means than war. Venizelos sat tight on the lid for many months after the Treaty of Bukharest. To restrain the chauvinism of his compatriots, flushed with victory in two wars, was the hardest job he ever tackled. But, as he confessed to Parliament four years later, his bellicose language to Turkey, which could be indulged in as long as the Turkish dreadnoughts were on the ways in England, was simply a bluff. "I believed it was to our national interest to have a long period of peace as much as it depended upon us. I hoped that the Anatolian question could have been postponed for a whole generation, so that Greece might have solved it by herself."

But when the European War suddenly broke out in August, 1914, Venizelos knew that the healing and fortifying years of peace were impossible. Without hesitation he offered to intervene on the side of the Entente. This was the *deus ex machina* for Greece. He knew Turkey was going to intervene on the opposite side. He felt that Bulgarian neutrality could be bought by territorial cessions. Greece could not afford to let Austria-Hungary crush Serbia. If Greece got in ahead of Italy, there never would be any question about northern Epirus at the peace conference, and Venizelos could ask boldly for the Dodecanese and Cyprus. At any secret understanding about the inheritance of the Ottoman Empire during the struggle, the door could not be shut in Venizelos's face. The offer was renewed when the Entente decided to force the Dardanelles in the early spring of 1915.

But Great Britain and France and Russia had no intention of letting Greece in. Venizelos was rebuffed. They were playing for bigger game. Italy's aid was being sought at the expense of the program of Hellenism. Even in the Balkans Bulgaria and Rumania, if they needed help, could do more than Greece, owing to their geographical position, and had no unredeemed to claim in territories the powers wanted to allot to themselves and to use to bribe Italy. Then, too, at that time Serbia was not threatened, Russia was still going strong, the Dardanelles expedition had not failed, and the submarine menace in the Mediterranean had not developed. And after things began to go wrong, the Entente did not appeal to Venizelos until they had failed to double-cross him by their negotiations at Sofia. When they were up against it, the Entente statesmen called on Venizelos to bear the brunt of the muddle they had made of their Balkan diplomacy and military policy.

A smaller man, a lesser patriot, than Venizelos would have directed those who now fawned upon him to the regions ruled over by an ancient god of his race. But the reasons for joining the Entente were as strong as ever for the interests of Greece, and the greatest of modern Hellenes thought only of Hellas. The victory of Germany would mean the hegemony of Bulgaria in the Balkans and the stamping out of Hellenism in Thrace, Constantinople, and Asia Minor. This was no hypothesis. The Turks were already at work. Venizelos did not need to draw upon his imagination to picture what that holocaust of massacre and expulsion that swept over Asia Minor in the summer and autumn of 1915 was like. He was a Cretan, brought up under the shadow of the crescent.

The struggle between Venizelos and the king, the decision to become once more a revolutionary, his excommunication by the Archbishop of Athens, the forced abdication of the king, the return

of Venizelos to Athens after weary months of building up a volunteer army at Saloniki, his success in healing dissensions and reëstablishing economic prosperity in a politician-rent country —all while the outcome of the war was still uncertain—would carry me far beyond my space. It was the experience in Crete over again, on a larger scale, with a grander setting. But Venizelos was the same, and he was playing for the same stake.

When Venizelos came to the peace conference at Paris, his prestige was far greater than that of the country he represented. Few cared about Greece: every one listened to Venizelos. But although the conference honored him, and made him a member of the League of Nations drafting commission, Venizelos found what he had always experienced in dealing with the powers, an utter unwillingness to treat sympathetically the aspirations of Greece, for Hellenism conflicted with their own political and commercial ambitions.

With the exception of the Serbians and Greeks, the territorial claims of the smaller European allies could be allowed at the expense of discredited foes to whom none was disposed to show mercy. Moreover, the resurrection of Poland and Bohemia and the aggrandizement of Rumania, far from thwarting imperialistic schemes of the victors, harmonized with their policy to crush Germany and destroy the Austro-Hungarian Empire. But success in achieving the national unity of Serbians and Greeks meant the failure of Italy to receive the reward agreed upon by the Entente powers in 1915 for Italian intervention. Pachich and Venizelos had to plead their cases before a tribunal one of whose judges, the Italian Premier, was against them. And the other judges were bound by a secret treaty to decide in favor of Italy wherever Serbian and Greek claims conflicted with Italian claims.

Venizelos was in a more difficult position than his Serbian colleague. The issue between Jugo-Slavia and Italy was clear-cut, and Pachich had an advocate in President Wilson. The quarrel involved only the Adriatic. Greece and Italy came into conflict in northern Epirus, the Dodecanese, and Asia Minor. Nor could Venizelos allow himself to forget that if he proved too intractable, Italy had a voice in the decision that would be rendered concerning Greek claims against Bulgaria in Thrace. President Wilson heaped encomiums on Venizelos, but he did not take the side of the Greeks against the Italians, although the Dodecanese and northern Epirus were far less Italian than Fiume. Added to all this, Venizelos was forced to combat powerful influences being exercised upon all the Entente powers to spare the Turks, or to divide the Ottoman Empire into spheres of influence without regard to the aspirations of Ottoman subject nationalities.

Venizelos left Paris with nothing tangible. He went to London. Still the Entente statesmen toyed with the Ottoman treaty, and began to fight among themselves. The next act of the drama has just been played at San Remo, with America out of the decisions, Wilson's advice ignored, and Premier Nitti declaring to reporters before the terms were given out that the Treaty of San Remo, like that of Versailles, was impossible of fulfilment.

But I am sure that Venizelos will not resign himself to a temporary and makeshift solution of the problem of the unity of Hellas, for that would be to deny the precedents of thirty-six years of the most remarkably consistent career among contemporary statesmen. I can see Venizelos as I write, peering at me over his glasses, and saying in that soft voice of his: "What can I do, *cher ami?* Greece is such a little country, and the powers are so big. I yield none of my principles, I do not compromise the honor of my people who trust me, but must I not take what I can get? But let us wait six years—no, three years. My people are so poor and so exhausted. We need our peace. In three years much can happen—if I do not have to be all that time at a peace conference!"

Then he smiles, and changes the subject to his long-promised American visit.

"I may never come, but there are things over there I would like to know."

"What most of all?" I venture.

"How your Government found out that Adrianople was Bulgarian and Smyrna Turkish," he said.

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Her Promised Land

By GERTRUDE M. SHIELDS

A story in which the lure of the city is realistically balanced against the counter-lure of the Hoosier farms.

THE ball of white, a rabbit's stump of a tail, disappeared among the naked elder-bushes beyond the road, and Sylvia, in turning her head to follow it with her eyes, caught sight of a mud-spattered automobile of common make rounding a turn a hundred feet away.

" 'Lo," the occupant called out to her as he rattled to a stop opposite her.

"Hello." Sylvia dug the toe of one shoe deeper into the patch of wet grass at the base of the great rock against which she was leaning. Around her, in splotches against the hillsides, lay the remnants of the morning's snow, but clumps of brilliant blue-green grass bugled "Spring!" And she was glad; that is, she had been glad a moment before, when she and the rabbit and some frolicsome squirrels had been the only visible living things on the top of Weed Patch Hill.

The valley stretching away below was traversed by a muddy stream which in summer was little more than a trickle of water through a sandy ditch, but was now a torrent recklessly tossing whitened branches under the covered bridge spanning it at the edge of the diminutive town of Nashville, Indiana, Sylvia's home.

"What j' doin'?" the boy in the car wanted to know. He tried to conceal his diffidence under nonchalance, but it was clear that a Sylvia who sought the top of Weed Patch abashed him; in the village he might attempt to assume masculine prerogatives, but up here on the hill there seemed to be a disconcerting understanding between Sylvia and the wild things about her. She was not the same girl who sat in the window of Pershing House reading or embroidering or watching the road to Helmsburg —the road which connected Nashville with the world.

"Comin' home?"

She moved doubtfully.

"Come on!" the boy urged, proving his courage, for he knew Sylvia well, and recognized his present unwelcome intrusion, although he was far from understanding why she liked being alone on a bare old hill with snow lying around. His desire for her proximity, however, was greater than his fear of her unexpressed annoyance.

Perhaps she sighed; he was not certain. At any rate, she gave a last look at the checker-board valley, with its squatting town, and came toward him.

The engine chugged away while she made leisurely progress across the sand-washed ditch and tiptoed through the yellow mud toward the automobile.

"Got your feet wet, did n't you?" Joe queried untactfully as she stepped gingerly upon the rusted running-board.

"Maybe," Sylvia admitted tentatively, and a something in her voice made him know that she was thinking that if he had done his gentlemanly duty she would not have had wet shoes.

He moved awkwardly, and began to fumble with the catch on the door.

"Never mind," she told him. "I 'll sit in back." He turned his attention to the catch on the rear door, just as stubborn as the other, until a smile wavered across Sylvia's face at his ruddiness of countenace. "I 'll sit with you, Joe," she said kindly, and slipped over the rear door, over the seat back, and into the place beside him, her eye brightened with her exertion.

During the passage down the long hill the two were silent. Joe was studying the steep, water-soaked roadway and busy guiding the car around the sharp turns and through the deep ruts.

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In addition to necessity, there was instinctive diplomacy in the boy's absorption. If you talked to Sylvia when she was in a "mood," as her mother called her periods of keeping to herself, she became monosyllabic or, worse, dumb; if you kept quiet, in time she might try to make conversation.

Indeed, when a bad place in the road at the entrance to the battered old covered bridge and Joe's effort to break the bump for Sylvia had brought about a sudden cessation of engine activity which caused him to get out and twirl the starter with all the force of his young arms, Sylvia "thawed," as Joe put it to himself.

So completely had the iciness melted out of her demeanor that when the car bounced the two of them against the top, in jolting through the worst rut on the road, and Sylvia cried out in pain over having bit her tongue, Joe let out a sympathetic "Gee!" and attempted to assuage the pain by putting his arm around her; but Sylvia immediately asserted her right of independence.

"Don't you dare, Joe Cookerley!" she stated with no uncertain meaning.

Joe relapsed into his previous condition of bashfulness mixed with pleasure in her companionship.

The "General Pershing" sign above the door of what had until a year before been "Washington Inn" rattled in the March wind, grown stronger with each afternoon hour, and the gold-leaf on the general's insignia, applied by an accommodating artist the previous autumn at the suggestion of Sylvia's mother, no longer glistened in the sun as the car came to a standstill at the edge of the board-walk in front of the hotel.

Mrs. Lowe opened the door.

"Come in, Joe," she urged the boy. "You come in and get warm. It 's nipping cold, once the sun goes under, even if it does kind o' look like spring. Cold, honey?" She put her big arm protectingly about Sylvia's slender shoulders as the three of them went through the bare hall, with its highly varnished stairs leading upward into the immaculate, sparsely furnished public room, which served as a sitting-room for the family. A fire snapped behind the bars of the stove, and Joe warmed his ungloved hands, one eye on Sylvia, who hung her coat and hat on the iron hook behind the door.

Mrs. Lowe's eyes, too, were on Sylvia.

"Get good an' warm, honey," she said solicitously. "Wisht she would n't do things like goin' up to Weed Patch these cold days." She spoke to Joe as though Sylvia were not present, a habit mothers fall into with quiet children. "Whenever she gets one of her moods she does like that. She 's like her papa; only he used to go huntin' or fishin'. He used to go off for a whole day at a time, but he never come home with a thing. He used to say the fish never bit for him. I don't believe they do for some people. Or else he threw 'em back in. And as fer rabbits and squirrels, I believe he fed 'em instead of killin' 'em. They used to be so plentiful round here before the city folks got to comin' down so much. He could n't 'a' missed gettin' at least one if he 'd tried. Well," she ended, patting Sylvia's dark hair, "guess I 'll run along and see about supper. You may as well stay, Joe. It 's pretty cold drivin' against that west wind goin' home, and you won't notice it so much if you 've got a good, warm meal inside of yuh."

She went out without waiting for his answer, and closed the door behind her, although it sprang open again and swung gently in the draft from under the outer door.

Joe turned his back to the stove's warmth and stood looking at Sylvia, indecision in his attitude. He had been much more at his ease with her mother in the room.

"D' you want me to stay?" he asked, shifting his weight from one foot to the other.

"Of course," she said gently, without turning her gaze from the window. She was looking up the road leading to Helmsburg, the nearest station on the Illinois Central Railroad.

Joe relaxed. "Of course" from Sylvia was cordiality itself.

His attention wandered around the room in search of material for conversation. He struck upon a block print on the wall above the old-fashioned secretary where Mrs. Lowe kept a tablet of onion-skin paper and a rusty pen for

the use of guests. One of the artists who often came to the hills for a few months had given the print to Sylvia.

"Wonder where he is now?" Joe pondered, as though he were really interested in the artist's whereabouts.

Sylvia turned from the window.

"Who?"

"The one who made that," Joe explained, with a sweep of his hand. "The one that painted that log house of Handy's, with the roses in bloom."

"He painted that in May." Sylvia lingered over the detail. Lights played in her gray eyes, and she quivered ever so slightly.

"Nice sisters he had," Joe continued, pleased that he had at last struck upon a subject in which Sylvia evinced interest.

But Sylvia's thoughts, circling around the topic Joe had introduced, a topic never far from her consciousness, were not put into words. For the next half-hour, while Joe made marks on onion-skin paper and sought after other topics of conversation, she lived over again those blissful days when Allen Kirk and his sisters had taken her with them on long walks—"hikes," they had called them—into the surrounding hills. During all those fleeting days of the autumn she had not only drunk in the beauty of the changing, painted woods, her love of it freshened by their appreciation, but listened eager-eyed to their talk of the events and incidents which made up their life in the city. Blissful days, indeed, when she, too, quiet little Sylvia, whose straight, lithe figure and guileless eyes belied her eighteen years, had laughed and glowed and sparkled by reflection. Life had been so busy and gay then! A wave of longing for those days and those long happy evenings around the grate, now fast sealed with a wall-paper covering, swept over her.

She remembered the promise they had made in leaving the inn that she was to come to Chicago to visit them in the spring. All winter she had cherished the promise, and that assurance that the Kirks were not to pass out of her life was what had made her so glad to see the brilliant clumps of grass on Weed Patch that afternoon. Spring was near.

But permeating her joy in the signs of spring was a fear that they would forget their promise.

"Oh, well," said Joe. Sylvia was going off into a mood again, he was certain, and he felt that it was useless to try to prevent her. "Oh, well," he repeated, with a sigh which came oddly from a sturdy-legged youth who looked as if he were more used to plowing than to sighing, "maybe I 'd better go home."

The sigh, and Joe's air of helplessness, touched a responsive chord in Sylvia. Poor Joe! Joe was such a nice boy, as her mother always put it, the best worker between Bloomington and Columbus, his father always proudly boasted, and not given to nocturnal adventures with the bolder of the country girls about, as were many of the twenty-year-olds in the neighborhood. He was "bright," too, and had been graduated from the high school at Helmsburg. Also, he came of good farming stock in Brown County, and had good prospects. Already he was owner of a promising young apple-orchard not far from Nashville.

But Joe was Joe, of course, and try as she might, Sylvia could never attach any sentiment to Joe's bulky figure and wind-burned features. There were moments, like this one due to his sigh, when she felt a strange, maternal softness toward him, but such moments were rare and short-lived.

Joe saw in her eyes now the shadow of her change of attitude; she was thinking about him instead of about something far away or about herself. He was quick to take advantage of it by walking over toward her. With a dim smile on his face he looked into her eyes.

When she did not immediately move away from him, he put his arm around her waist; and when even then she did not protest, he became emboldened.

"Sylvia,"—his voice was furry with emotion,—"let 's get married, Sylvia! Father 'll set us up. He likes you. He said he 'd set us up."

The door creaked. Laughter, smothered, but audible, issued from the hall, but before Joe could investigate, the intruder had disappeared.

"I bet it was Nan," he stated, and his

anger degenerated into embarrassment.

Sylvia attempted to hide her own embarrassment by turning her attention to the lighting of the gas-burner in the middle of the room. The tension was relieved a moment later by Mrs. Lowe's announcement that Joe could have hot water in the kitchen to "wash up," if he chose.

Sylvia was no sooner left alone than Nan loomed up in the doorway.

Nan was the "hired girl." She was of bovine countenance, large and placid, massive even, and was usually chewing gum with the same content that characterizes the cud-chewing of her four-legged prototype.

"Joe 's went, ain't he?" she drawled, making an effort not to giggle.

"He 's just in the kitchen," Sylvia told her.

Nan closed the door behind her.

"Why don't j' marry Joe?" she asked. "Er yuh goin' a let that thar McNeary gal have 'im? It looks to me like it 's kind o' dub'ous whether yer goin' a git 'im, Syl, if yuh don't jeest naterally take 'im now."

The McNearys lived on a bare little farm near Joe's father's.

"I heared 'im ask yuh, Syl." She broke into a giggle. "But, serious," she continued, "if you don't treat 'im right, Joe *mought* marry somebody else. It 's my opinion he 's leanin' a *leetle* towards McNearys' now." She paused. "I had tuh laugh when I seen 'im with 'is arm round yuh. *You* looked like a iceberg, though." Nan giggled again in reminiscence.

Sylvia frowned. She was not afraid of the McNeary girl's alienation of Joe's affections, but she resented Nan's interference in her affairs; although, considering Mrs. Lowe's attitude toward Nan as one of the family, it was not to be wondered at.

Sylvia was unusually friendly to Joe after supper. She encouraged him to talk, and listened with interested eyes while he discoursed fluently on his opinion of Ralph Waldo Emerson, mentioned always by his full name. Joe had recently been reading Emerson "for pleasure," as he put it, attempting to conceal his pride under an assumption of modesty. Joe was always reading something. Sometimes it was a farm journal, but often as not it was Shakspere or Bacon or Victor Hugo or Tolstoy.

Now, under the stimulation of receiving something more than silent toleration from Sylvia, he talked with no self-conscious dropping of his eyes, and placed his feet confidently on the nickel-plated stove-rail. He disagreed emphatically with Ralph Waldo Emerson's theory of opposites; he disagreed in detail.

Sylvia observed him with a new feeling in her heart. Everybody said Joe was bright. He *was* bright. What other boy in the county, of Joe's age, read Emerson "for pleasure"? Moreover, Joe was rather handsome, when you thought about it. When he was interested, as he was to-night, his brown eyes sparkled and his face glowed. There was an attractive cleft in his chin, too, and the shadow of a dimple that played about his mouth when he smiled.

The course of events in the parlor of Pershing House, if there was a course of events there, was changed, however, by the arrival of a transient in the person of Mr. Max Stein, representative of Blumenthal & Rosenberg, wholesale clothiers, Chicago. Mr. Stein arrived at eight-thirty in the rickety bus running between Helmsburg and Nashville after the morning and evening trains.

"Hello! Hello!" he called out as he vigorously rattled the knob of the outer door and thrust it open. A heavy sample-case struck the floor. "Booh! great little night!" he announced to Sylvia. He banged the door behind him, and stood for a moment with his back against it, rubbing his hands together. "Great little night for Eskimos, I mean," he added, beaming, and grimaced at Joe. He hurried over to the stove, bringing a breath of cold with him.

Immediately, Joe was thrust into the background by the expansiveness of the new personality.

Mr. Stein warmed his hands aggressively and characteristically, and examined the room with a series of eager, pecking glances.

"I 've been here before," he stated

conclusively. "Remember those pictures." With a grandiloquent gesture he indicated the block print and the likeness of the Handys' rose-surrounded cabin. "Any of them artists around at this season? Froze' out, I bet. Kind o' delicate, artists." He laughed good-naturedly in Sylvia's direction. He had already discarded Joe as a listener. "Artists is great little fellows—for their mamas." He chuckled boisterously.

Joe was resenting Mr. Stein poignantly. He arose and moved protectingly toward Sylvia, although Sylvia clearly did not require protection.

The new arrival filled the water-basin on the stand in one corner, ostentatiously removed his diamond rings, liberally soaked his hands, and lathered his face, sputtering as he leaned over the basin. This done, he groped for the fresh roller towel, and missed it. "Gosh!" he ejaculated.

Sylvia went to his rescue.

"That 's it. Much obliged," he said with renewed mirth as he dried his wet surfaces. He attempted, in turning around from using the towel, to tweek Sylvia's cheek, but found that it was suddenly not where he had counted upon its being.

Joe's face clouded threateningly, and his fingers doubled up.

Far from resenting the removal of the girl's cheek, however, Mr. Stein was moved to fresh gaiety by his failure to carry out his jocular intentions.

"That 's right, kiddie! Don't let us fresh old road-hoppers act impolite. Keep us in our place. My girl 'd do the same. She never would stand no freshness from the fellahs. She 's graduating from a select school this year, in the East."

There was no doubt of the glamour of select schools and of the East in the eyes of Mr. Stein.

"Some little girl, eh, little one? In 'bout three months I got to go see her graduate. I 'll get all dressed up like a plush horse—frock-coat and every little thing like that. Guess she won't have no reason to be ashamed of me, all right, girlie. Ever go away to school?"

But Mrs. Lowe's appearance in the doorway kept Mr. Stein from ascertaining Sylvia's exact educational status.

He shook hands effusively with Mrs. Lowe.

"The lady of the house," he jested. "S'pose there 's no scarcity of beds this season? This ain't no time for them artists to be hangin' around, is it? It 's all right for us, for we drummers; but who else 'd choose to travel in March? Set down, Mrs. Lowe, and join the little happy family party."

He jerked a chair from the farther side of the room, and lightly placed it near the stove for her, casting a glance at Sylvia for her approval of his gallantry.

Joe folded his hands nonchalantly about his raised knees and pretended that he was absorbed in the waves of heat rising from the roaring stove. There was no doubt about Mr. Stein's being the center of the group or of his liking for that position.

Stimulated by the respectful attention of the prettiest member, he eloquently began to discourse upon the prosperity of his "girl's" family and their reckless expenditure upon the furnishings of their new North Shore home and their extravagant affection for him, Max Stein, and the "grand time Selma —perty name, ain't it?"—and he had when the kindly winds of fortune carried him to Chicago for a blissful week-end.

Needless to say, he misinterpreted Sylvia's rapt attention, which he took to be a tribute to his account of the splendor amid which he existed in the city; he had no way of knowing that he was furnishing a stage-setting for the drama of the life of Allen Kirk and his two sisters in that same city; that when Sylvia's eyes sparkled, it was because she was following a simple artist and his sisters to the "shows" and cabarets and hotels and roof gardens referred to by her loquacious entertainer; that it was she, not Selma Wolf, who rode along the Chicago boulevards in a limousine, with fresh roses in the cut-glass vase; that it was Allen Kirk, not Max Stein, who gave instructions to a lordly chauffeur.

The halo about the head of Mr. Stein that March evening was merely the reflection of the rosy glamour lying above

Chicago, but Mr. Stein was not the man to suspect it.

"I goes up there one night," he was relating, "and there she was cryin' like a baby all over a high-class new tricolette that was the height of the fashions, chick as a Hixon gown she 'd been molded into. She 's right there with the swell togs. An' I says, 'Looky here, girlie, what 's wrong?' An' she says: 'Max, it 's papa. He don't want me to go back to that swell school next year because he thinks I 'm not happy after I get home to Chicago.' I says: 'Looky here, girlie; make your papa see you 're crazy about old Chi. Make him see you 're gay an' care-free whether you 're East or West. Come on out; get your papa and mama and Sophia and Sophia's husband and your friend Rachel Bloom and ever'body, if you want 'em all, an' we 'll go downtown and have a time! We 'll spend a nickel or two, or maybe three nickels, an' never shed a tear. We 'll take in a dinner and a show an' have supper an' ever'thing. Wipe your eyes, girlie, and come on!' "

Mr. Stein paused dramatically, and then absently looked off into space, while Joe coughed pointedly. Mr. Stein was being carried away by his recital, and went on to recount the pleasures of that evening when Selma and "him" had set about to show Papa Wolf that Selma was not being made discontented by going to the swell school in the East.

"When me and her gets home, having sent the old folks home in a tax—the limousine long before, Selma lays her little head down on my coat and just cries for joy. Had n't her papa promised her early in the evening she could go back East to graduate? 'Max,' she says, 'you 're the best boy in the world!' "

Mr. Stein rested proud thumbs in waistcoat-pockets.

Joe moved uneasily, and suggested that he had better go home before the wind got any colder. Sylvia did not demur. He must have wanted her to, for he lingered unnecessarily, and begged her with his eyes to show in some way that she had not completely lost the gentleness that she had shown earlier.

And while Mr. Stein, halo intact, slumbered audibly in the big wooden bed in the north room, sung to sleep by the wind that rattled General Pershing's portrait and howled against the tightly closed windows of the hotel, Sylvia, after waiting until her mother had gone up-stairs, composed a letter to the Kirks. She wrote, in her square, painstaking writing, upon pink paper—wrote of a long winter and of the approach of spring. There was no reference to invitations, but the Kirks must have read that into it, or remembered their promises, because in April, when the Brown County roads were even more nearly impassable than in March, Joe drove Sylvia over to Helmsburg one day, put her on the Illinois Central train, and stood watching, with hungry eyes, while it pulled off into the rain. Sylvia did not wave good-by to him; she did not think of it.

SYLVIA'S promised land had an advantage over most promised lands: it was as fair as she had pictured it. Perhaps her guides rather than the land itself were responsible for this phenomenon, for from the moment of her first entrance into it the Kirks were ready to lead her to the choicest milk and honey.

Sylvia's first impressions of the city were given laconic expression soon after her arrival. Allen waved his hand, so that the gesture included the lake and Michigan Avenue and the sky-scrapers and the elevateds and the Art Institute and Chicago's private piece of smoky sky, and wanted to know what she thought of it all.

Sylvia caught her breath over this large order, and was silent for several minutes. When she spoke, it was with unexpected and almost tearful vehemence. "That shabby little Nashville!" she said, much to the amusement of all the Kirks except Allen, who patted her on the shoulder.

"I 'd like taking you to Italy," he said kindly; but Sylvia only wondered how beautiful Italy could be, to surpass splendors like those about them.

The bliss of the first week was unalloyed, culminating in a festive afternoon at "The Merchant of Venice," which, as Allen explained with a twinkle to his sisters, was "the only 'pure' show in town, as far as I can make out.

Shakspere must have been feeling unusually virtuous the day he dashed it off, or else so successful that he was careless of popular demands."

Afterward, when they had emerged into the spring twilight, Sylvia looked up, a catch in her throat, at the twinkling lights in the high mist-enshrouded office buildings, and felt as if fairy-land, the delightful land of romance, had followed them out into the open spaces.

"Is n't it—pretty?" she said lamely.

The Sylvia who lay down that night in the four-poster bed in the Kirks' twelfth-floor apartment was not the same one who had sought the top of Weed Patch on a March afternoon little more than two weeks before. In the warm, friendly social atmosphere in which the Kirks lived she had blossomed out like a chilled flower brought into a bright hothouse.

Nashville and Joe seemed far away, buried in a dead past.

During the second week of her stay the glamour about Chicago grew dim. The exaltation accompanying the new died down. Not even Allen's taking her on Sunday afternoon to hear a celebrated pianist could revive the stimulation of the previous week.

At the concert the smartly dressed, self-confident men and women among whom they sat, the superior young men and the sophisticated young women, haughty in their assumption that the world had been made for them, disturbed her. A consciousness of, after all, not belonging to these people assailed her. She was merely grasping at the skirts of Dame Pleasure, encouraged by some kind people who had shared the hills with her.

She kept remembering two youths at the theater who had smiled at her laughter. She was afraid to show any emotion now, for fear that the large-bosomed, heavily upholstered old woman next her might frown at her, or, worse, smile patronizingly at her.

She sat, miserable and depressed, beside the artist, and suddenly she was willing to admit to herself that she was lonely for old Weed Patch, where she could be alone and happy. Spring was being kind to Weed Patch to-day, she was certain, for even in Chicago the wind was balmy, except at the corners, where the lake breeze was near to knocking one off one's feet.

The music began. During the first two movements of the opening symphony Sylvia was carried away on waves of emotion, but after that she grew tired. Her thoughts kept wandering to the Hoosier village where her mother and Joe were probably at that moment sitting before the newly opened grate in the parlor of the General Pershing, talking about her or just being silent and contented.

Or could it be that Joe was driving down the river road toward the McNearys'. Joe and the McNeary girl? Nan's words came tumbling out of some remote cubby-hole of her brain: "It 's my opinion he 's leanin' a *leetle* towards the McNearys' now."

She moved restlessly, and the large-bosomed old lady frowned in exactly the way Sylvia had known that she would.

Joe at the McNearys' absorbed her. Why, the McNearys lived in a—a shack! There were nine children, dirty children! The McNeary girl was not the kind for a bright, hard-working boy like Joe to marry.

Again Nan's words tumbled out of that cubby-hole in her brain. "It looks to me like it 's kind o' dub'ous whether you 're goin' a git 'im, Syl, if yuh don't jeest naterally take 'im now."

Nan knew the McNearys. They were kin of her father's, and had come to Indiana from Kentucky two or three years before, so that they were still regarded with the suspicion reserved in Brown County for families arriving among them any time after the Civil War. "They ain't had no fetchin' up," Nan had declared to Mrs. Lowe in Sylvia's hearing.

The applause for the symphony aroused Sylvia.

"Give him a hand!" Allen urged her. "Art never has any too much appreciation in this haughty old world."

So Sylvia added her modest applause to that echoing through the auditorium, but she scarcely heard the remainder of the program, and she naïvely breathed her sigh of relief when she and Allen were out in the fresh air, away from all those self-centered, aggressive peo-

ple who oppressed her with their too evident egotism.

Allen chided her for the sigh, and was not surprised on Monday to have her tell him rather shamefacedly that she must go home.

"I 'll think you are homesick," he teased her—"homesick for that 'shabby little Nashville!' "

She tried to laugh, but the performance was a limp sort of affair. Brown County in spring, when the blossoms magically appeared over night in the orchards, when birds sang their mating songs, when children sought the woods, when males of every age took violently to base-ball, and any one who had anything to ride in got it out and rode in it. Brown County shabby then?

Yes, she was homesick for spring in Nashville.

" 'Lo," Joe said as he caught sight of her in the group of passengers descending from the Chicago coach. He was trembling foolishly.

"Hello, Joe," Sylvia told him. There was a touch of diffidence in her voice. It was a good sign, if Joe had only known it, and it did give him courage to take her suitcase and propel her by the elbow, as approved among the swains of his acquaintance, to an old surrey, spattered to the top with dried yellow clay and drawn by two precariously thin horses. He had hired the conveyance at the Nashville livery-barn to take them home from Helmsburg.

"Where 's your car?" Sylvia demanded in surprise.

Joe was apologetic.

"Rotten old threshing-machine! It got all smashed up the day after you left. We 've gotta get a new one."

Then Sylvia considered with a suppressed gladness that there had been no driving out the river road toward the McNearys'.

The boy lying in the front seat of the surrey, the reins carelessly reposing on his stomach, blinked sleepily as Joe called to him.

"Hey, Bob! Get a move on! We 're ready."

The boy snorted.

"Git a move on yerself! This ain't no ox team. We 'll move all right when yer in."

Having relieved himself of this impertinence, he again made himself comfortable.

Joe carefully helped Sylvia into the rear seat, and placed a worn piece of dirty carpet over her feet. She smiled dimly at the attention. Then he thrust the suitcase into the seat beside her.

She looked at him.

He paused uncertainly.

Sylvia removed the suitcase to the floor of the vehicle.

"All right, Bob; if this is n't the Handy's ox team, get a move on!" Joe said to the driver, and climbed in, blushing, beside a strangely gentle Sylvia.

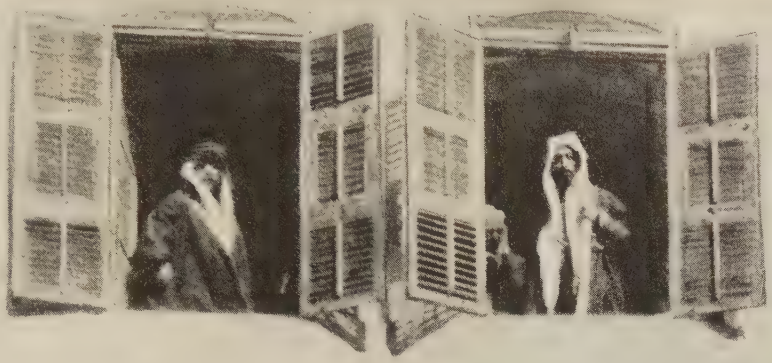
Sylvia called his attention to the faint-green mist in the tops of the trees as they jerked off into the wood road toward Nashville, and to the white points on the hard maples' long arms—points that might any morning be transformed into new leaves. The infrequent poplars were dripping golden catkins, and in front of a farm-house daffodils glowed in the grass.

"The orchards are almost in blossom!" she said joyfully. The driver turned, with some expenditure of effort, to inform her with pride that Joe's orchard was already in bloom.

"It ought to be a great season for apples," Joe prophesied. "I 'm expecting to make money on mine this year." And having made sure that the youth in front was properly engaged with guiding the thin steeds up the rising road, he looked meaningly at Sylvia.

Sylvia liked the look, although she quickly turned her eyes toward the pale moon glimmering through some white-branched sycamores.

"Yes, I 'm expecting to make some money on my apples," Joe repeated, and his satisfaction was clearly meant to include this new Sylvia, who might be interested in seeking with him a promised land, rich in the possibilities of high-priced apples and other fruits.



Mecca's Revolt against the Turk

By D. G. HOGARTH

Since Emir Feisal, son of Sheik Husein, set himself up as king of all Syria in March, 1920, in direct opposition to the wishes and plans of England and France, thereby creating a new and serious situation in the world's affairs, America is beginning to show more attention to her Eastern problems. The following article written for THE CENTURY *by the distinguished English authority on the new East should prove of particular interest, explaining, as it does, the background of the present difficulty.*

I HEARD of an Arab national movement for the first time on a singularly inappropriate occasion — at a banquet held in London in 1910 to greet Talaat Bey and his brother deputies, who had left their brand-new chamber to salute the mother of parliaments. A Mussulman sat on my right and another on my left, and both, I soon found, had provided themselves, in the parts of the unfaithful, with a plenary dispensation from the prohibition law of their prophet. A few yards farther up the table the chairman was dilating on the union of hearts in the Near East, and I, for my part, sat back, at peace with the world. Not so the deputy on my left, who represented the remote constituency of Jiddah. He had a little English, but Indian masters had not taught him to follow the stately periods of our public oratory; so he applied himself in stage whispers to my private ear. Turks were swine. This "Ottoman nation" was to be just Turks. Arabs had their due of neither seats nor office; their sacred tongue was prohibited in the ministries, and their history in the schools. Better Abdul-Hamid than Talaat. Decentralization, home rule—he had the words pat—the Arabs would have, or else—

I felt uneasy, for round about were types that in other days I should have known for "palace spies"; but I was not inordinately astonished, for I had been in Constantinople a few months earlier and had learned before I left it that if the recent revolution had made a new heaven, it was not troubling itself seriously about a new earth. Less than a year later I heard more in Syria. The sleeping sense of the Syrians had been stirred at last by religious teachers bewailing the ancient glories and once pure faith of their race. They were few, but enough to prepare the volatile Arab to strike the stars with his head when, in 1908, a message of liberty sounded from Macedonia. The Intelligenzia took fire at once, Moslem, Christian, and Hebrew alike. Syrians were not anti-Turk then, nor had they ever

been strongly anti-Hamidian. Thanks to the power of Izzet Pasha el-Abid in the councils of the tyrant, their land had suffered less than other provinces and enjoyed more betterment. During the reign something like law and order had come into being in the desert fringes and some modern development of its towns and ports. It only wanted to be pro-Committee of Union and Progress (C. U. P.), but with its American and French education it took seriously the "liberty, equality, fraternity" talk of the Young Turks, and incontinently began to speak of an Arab nation, to vaunt its history and literature, and to found clubs, even at Constantinople, for their glorification.

The powers that were on the committee, however, understood by union (and not illogically) one tradition and hope and one official speech within one Ottoman nation, and by progress, the fruits of such a union. How else, they asked, would the Ottoman peoples speak and act together, and confront the world as one polity with, above all things, one army? The Syrian Intelligenzia was brought down to earth with a crash. Arab deputies heard plain words in the chamber and plainer at meetings of the C. U. P., and a leading Arab club at Constantinople was suppressed at once in order to discourage the rest.

The Syrians grumbled, and some wilder folk at Kerak, in the Hauran and down in Asir took up arms, but could do nothing. The movement seemed stillborn. Then came, one on another, the Italian and the Balkan wars, with ebbing and flowing of hopes, which bred secret societies and conspiracy, and overtures to foreign consulates, chiefly French, for two long years. Finally the Treaty of Bukharest and the Turkish reoccupation of Adrianople dropped on the whole movement like a guillotine blade. The face of the C. U. P. was saved. The powers, as usual, fell again to courting the sick man: one lent him money, another instructors, civil, naval, military; and ever more patently the ægis of the strongest war lord in Europe was spread above him.

The Syrians ran to hide. Arabs are not bad conspirators. They can keep faith with one another as well as most, and their secret from the enemy; but these particular Arabs knew they could not cope with the C. U. P. in discipline and organizing energy. The local Ottoman administration either had little knowledge or took little account then of the Syrian clubs; but many members of these, aware of a share in such recent ebullitions as the formation of the military section of the Kahtaniya, whose program called all creeds to arms, or the Beirut strike against the suppression of the Reform Club, were disinclined to take the chance of the C. U. P. becoming better informed or more solicitous. The too timid or the too deeply committed of Beirut, Damascus, and Aleppo stole away to Egypt, and there foregathered in the years 1913 and 1914 with other malcontent Ottomans, with *agents provocateurs*, with spies of the C. U. P., and with all the familiar following of Near-Eastern unrest fermenting in a foreign asylum.

Arab deputies, journeying to and from Constantinople, were frequent visitors at the humming cafés, divans, and bars of Cairo and Alexandria, and among them sons of Sheriff Husein, Emir of Mecca, passed through Egypt more than once. Their father, then no better than a name outside his own *hedjaz*, had already dreamed of a day when he might rule Mecca for the calif without a Turkish governor or garrison; and emboldened by growing influence with the tribes and by contempt of the farce of government, civil and military, which was the best the Turks could play in Arabia, all preoccupied as they were with distant wars, he thought of emulating Ibn Saud, Emir of Nejd, the only Arab to strike a blow after the Balkan War, who had turned the Turks out of Hasa.

But a project to hold up the gathered pilgrims at the great feast till the European powers, to free their subjects, should make his terms with the Porte, had not survived mature reflection. Now, during a passing visit to Cairo, his second son, Abdullah, called, as his condition demanded, on Lord Kitchener, but gained nothing for the moment beyond sympathetic attention from the great man's Oriental secretary, Ronald Storrs, whose duty was to appraise the

conspiracies of the cafés with an eye, not to impossibilities in Arabia, but to possibilities in Egypt.

At that moment, of course, no one was thinking of the coming war, least of all with Turkey. But Lord Kitchener, aware of the revival of pro-Turk feeling in Egypt, which the Sinaitic boundary dispute of 1906—the so-called "Tabah Incident"—had first brought to the light, had been concerned for some time about the failure of our embassy at Constantinople to make friends with, or head against, the real power there or to counteract the steady absorption of Turkey into a German sphere of influence. Behind the embassy stood the home Government, and behind this again the British public, growing ever less sympathetic to the Young Turks. Even the Liberals who welcomed the manifesto of 1908 and applauded the victory of 1909 had been alienated by the Adana massacre, by the C. U. P.'s policy in Macedonia, and by recent sympathy with Greeks, Bulgars, and Serbs. Kitchener therefore could change nothing, but when war broke out with the Central powers, and it grew clearer and clearer that Turkey would join the array and preach a holy war, he bethought himself, or was reminded, of Sherif Abdullah and the dormant nationalism of the Arabs.

That, in the event of war with Turkey, we should invite the Arab-speaking communities to throw off her yoke was inevitable, notwithstanding the small addition which their military contribution promised. The liberation of subject races in the Ottoman Empire is a traditional preoccupation of the British public, and meager success has not hurt its enthusiasm. No ministry, forced into hostilities with the Turks, would have been suffered to abstain long from the declaration of a Pro-Arab policy, and from measures to enforce it. Kitchener's responsibility in 1914, therefore, was not for the adoption of such a policy, but only for the initial measures taken to declare it and to put it in action.

Obviously, the Arab society to be invited to take the lead in liberation was the Syrian, which was distinctly the most advanced in civilization and alone had manifested a general nationalist spirit. But, apart from great difficulty in communicating with its leaders, and still greater difficulty in determining which of them, if any, would be generally followed, it was futile, even criminal, to attempt to foster a general rising in Syria till Asiatic Turkey should have been cut at the waist by a military landing in force at or near Alexandretta, on the racial frontier between the Turk and the Arab. Till that operation could be carried out,—and it was not only projected definitely, but prepared actively from November, 1914,—Syria was best left in peace. Our declaration and our earnest of action must be communicated to the Arabs at some other point. Kitchener, then in London, persuaded his Government to let the ground be tried in the remote Arab province of Hedjaz, and a messenger was despatched from Cairo to sound Sherif Abdullah about the wishes and aims of his father should Turkey join our enemies in arms. The reply demanded a guaranty of Arab national independence. On the day of Turkey's entry into the war this was given without reserve, should the Arabs, as champions of Islam, take the field for our alliance.

Even, however, if Syria were closed, why was this particular Arab, Husein, Emir of Mecca, a man long past the prime of life and of meager resources, chosen to give and enforce our message to the Arabian race? He enjoyed no personal sanctity, no wide prestige for capacity or sacred learning, nor had he been named to us for spokesman by the nationalist clubs. The reply is that he controlled Mecca. We appealed to him on account, first and last, of the city of his authority. We were faced with the immediate proclamation of a holy war by the calif. Whether or not a general holy war can be accepted by Moslems in these days of wide dispersion and distinctions of creed, at least there can be no unanimous response to the call if Mecca holds aloof, still less if she declares against it. The voice of her local chieftain is the only one which can be heard in Islam against the call of the calif. Moslems in general might receive it with anger, even with contempt, but not with indifference.

Moreover, we had to find some chief,

The Holy City of Medina

widely known, if only by his title, whose local situation in the Ottoman Empire made it humanly possible for him to rise and endure in arms long enough to affect the course of the war. Other Arab chiefs, protected by distance and deserts, disposed of more resources and better fighting material than Husein,—Ibn Saud, for example, and the Imam Yahya of Yemen,—but they were sectaries or of only local power. Looking aside from the semi-independent princes of the peninsula to the settled Arabs of Syria and Mesopotamia, we saw a level mediocrity. Lastly, a strategical consideration had weight. The narrow Red Sea passage, flanged on its northern part by the Hedjaz railway, lay open to Turco-German enterprise; and submarine and wireless stations, or jumping-off points for enemy emissaries to the farther East or Africa, might easily be found on its long eastern shore. But not only could Hedjaz cut communications with Yemen, but its revolt might render the railway useless and the coast southward from Akaba virtually inaccessible to Turks and Germans.

For many months, however, Husein made no sign. His mood was to wait and see. With Turkish governors and garrisons established in the Hedjaz towns, Husein, having little money and less armament, must still be their candid and rather oppressive friend. Asked for Ottoman recruits, he levied a regiment of no-man's men and sent it under his eldest son, Ali, to Medina, where, after his demand that it should halt and the Turkish battalions leave for service in the north, had been rejected, a part of it entrained to supply us with some prisoners when the Turks attacked Katia in the spring of 1916. Nor would Husein refuse to help the *Emden* party out of its desperate pass near Jiddah in March, 1915. Later in that year his third son, Feisal, who had gone to Constantinople, reported ill of our prospects in the Gallipoli peninsula, and Husein therefore contented himself with extending the radius of his pecuniary resources, and his local influence in the peninsula, affronting Ibn Saud by transactions with the great Akeiba tribe and by proclaiming that he had saved him from the Ibn Rashid's attack. The last was the worst affront of the two.

For our part, after opposition to all plans for the landing near Alexandretta had caused them to be abandoned once for all and our preparations to be diverted to other ends, leaving no reasonable way of promoting a successful Syrian revolt, we fell into neglect of the Arab question. To the exiles who

The two pillars which mark the entrance to the sacred territory of Mecca

beset us in Egypt with requests for money and arms, each in turn asseverating he could raise the Syrians as one man, we turned reluctantly a deaf ear, well knowing such wild-cat enterprises as theirs would make the last state of a stricken land worse than the first. We did, indeed, proclaim our intention to support the Arab cause to the Egyptians and the Sudanese, neither of whom, to tell the truth, displayed enthusiasm for it. But that platonic demonstration was little more than the natural consequence of an earlier proclamation issued from London, which, inspired by the first, or Syrian, plan of our Arab policy and adumbrating only a remote possibility of war spreading to Arabia, had assured Moslems that their holy cities, with the port of Jiddah, should be exempt from military operations, a pledge of which the British naval officer who commanded before that port a year later was honestly unaware.

As the summer drew on, the Arab question receded still further from practical politics. Our armies, checked in the Gallipoli peninsula, weak in Mesopotamia, stationary on the canal, gave little promise of achieving anything decisive in the Eastern theaters; whereas on the enemy side the thoroughness with which Jemal Pasha was combing "Young Arabs" out of Syria did promise to remove at no distant date the last possibility of its revolt.

Yet from that very disaster of the Arabs in one part of their lands came the impulse which ultimately caused the liberation of all; for it was the report of those Syrian "atrocities," exciting perhaps some fear of their repetition in Hedjaz, which determined Emir Husein's ultimate decision. Among many Syrians who tried to flee from Jemal's police, some were caught on the frontier of Hedjaz, and one at least died well, leaving a strangely moving message, which spread far and wide. Others passed through to Mecca, and finding asylum at the emir's court, told their tales, and for the first time, so far as we know, asked Husein to rise in the name of all Arabs. The emir, who was discouraged by reports from his son Feisal, newly returned from Jerusalem, and, like him, unwilling to do anything to impair the strength of Islam, hesitated for the last time. At length, in July, he signed a letter to Abdullah's friend, Ronald Storrs. The memory of Syrian martyrs and the presence of Syrian exiles determined its tenor. It invited a "firm offer" for Arab coöpera-

tion. The future area of Arab national independence, to which we had given no bounds in space, must be understood to extend northward between the sea and the Persian frontier up to the thirty-seventh parallel of latitude. Husein excepted Aden, but not any part of Mesopotamia or any part of Syria, not even Turk-speaking districts north of Aleppo and in Cilicia. For the entire independence of all that area equally both parties must engage to fight, neither giving up the battle without the other.

I was in Cairo when this reminder of an almost forgotten policy and invitation to take our main action upon it in one of the most barbarous Arab provinces, instead of that obviously best fitted to lead in nation-making, came under discussion. It was not a cheerful time. Our warfare made no progress in the west, and the shadow of failure in the Dardanelles darkened our prospect on the canal. A rising in Hedjaz might make, it was true, a timely diversion; but its fighting men,

> "The lank Arab, foul with sweat, the drainer of the camel's dug,
> Gorged with his leek-green lizard's meat, clad in his filthy rag and rug"—

how should he stand up anywhere but in his own wastes before troops we could not dislodge? It was a vague answer we sent at last to Mecca. Was the emir seriously expecting more than his own independence in Hedjaz, or was he talking big, as one talks in opening a bargain in the East?

The rejoinder came very quickly, considering the perilous path it had to travel, and it left no room for doubting the mind of Husein. This time he addressed himself directly to Sir Henry M'Mahon, chief officer of the British Government in Egypt, and wrote as spokesman of a nation to which acceptance of its full territorial claim must be an affair of life or death.

His offer and his conditions were equally embarrassing. Experience of nearly a twelvemonth had almost dispelled our fear of a holy war; the few isolated points where it had broken out were exceptions proving a rule that Islam, beyond reach of Turkish help, would not rise in arms. The menace in the Red Sea loomed also less large—less large than, as we were to know some months later, it might still prove to be. We had just learned from Idrisi's farcical campaign against Loheia how poorly Arab levies would acquit themselves against Turkish regulars.

On the whole, useful as the moral influence of Mecca might be, we did not now desire Husein to take arms in his impenetrable Holy Land. On the other hand, we were pledged to him, and to refuse his whole-hearted offer to fulfil his part of the bargain would be less than fair even in war. Not less embarrassing were his territorial conditions. If, reasonably, we could refuse to recognize Cilicia and northernmost Syria as Arabic *irredenta*, there was no denying the Arabism of Pasra, which the Viceroy of India had publicly pledged us to retain, or the Arabism of Syria, where France maintained unabated her old, but undefined, claim.

The upshot of such debate in Cairo and London was contained in a second letter from Sir Henry M'Mahon, despatched in October. Speaking for the British Government, he barred the Turk-speaking districts of north Syria and also its coast-line, with the Lebanon as far south as the range runs; further, he declined to be committed about any other part of Syria in which our ally, France, should prefer interests. Basra was reserved for special consideration in the future.

These reservations were not withdrawn in any subsequent correspondence with the emir, nor did he for his part abate a jot of his original claim in behalf of the Arab nation saving and except to Cilicia. But in his fourth letter, dated at the opening of 1916, he did explicitly agree to differ on territorial questions and to put the dispute to sleep till the day of peace and meanwhile get on with the war. A final friendly warning from Sir Henry to the effect that on that day our obligations to France would certainly be not less binding upon us than before provoked no comment from Mecca; and thereafter Husein was content to correspond only about money and supplies, ammunition and rifles,

T. E. Lawrence

making demands to which we could respond but tardily, partly because of difficulties of delivery while the Turks remained in Hedjaz, partly because in 1916 rifles and all munitions were still desperately hard to come by. In five months a few thousand Japanese weapons of doubtful utility represented the most we could procure and run ashore. It was the fixed belief of Cairo, at any rate, that these would never be used to promote anything more serious than an increase of the usual Bedouin unrest, which Husein was in a position to direct without much danger to himself. To send him modern guns was useless,—he had not a man to handle them,—and we could not then foresee the possibility of introducing any one into Hedjaz to assist his incapacity to organize or equip regular warfare. In May, 1916, he seemed hardly fitter to take the field than a year before.

I cannot speak at first hand about London at the moment when conversations on the Arab question began with French representatives, but when I returned from Cairo at the end of 1915 I found it being discussed seriously only as it might affect Syria, no one in authority heeding Husein's claim to speak for more than himself, or to give pledges on behalf of an Arab nation. Even the Syrian question was regarded as academic except in so far as it was disturbing the mind of our most important ally. The earlier London conversations, whose inception was owed less to the sherifian negotiations than to previous difficulties about operations on the Syrian coast, were directed in chief to reassuring France. As time went on, the increasing preoccupation of our Government with matters of more obvious urgency allowed the conversations to devolve upon subordinates, and by the time I reached London Sir Mark Sykes was for all practical purposes in sole charge in the British behalf, negotiating directly with M. Georges Picot.

Sykes had gained, in an honorary diplomatic position at Constantinople and in several tours in Asiatic Turkey, an acquaintance with some parts of the Near East, which led to his interesting himself as an amateur in the Arabs of the past and as an enthusiast in Arabs of the present. Such qualification,

added to popularity as a rising politician, his assured position in society, and his honorable character, commended him to harassed ministers anxious to shift anything possible to other shoulders. So long as he succeeded in placating France, he was free to provide, if it pleased his fancy, for a future Arab state; and so long as French claims were kept intact against a future day, M. Picot was free to second a fantasy in which his Government believed no more than the British.

Both negotiators left Emir Husein out of the picture; and thus in the spring of 1916 an agreement was reached without much difficulty. One power wanted Syria; the other did not. Neither expected it to be in the market, or believed that any Arab could bid for it either during the war or after. When one party, negotiating for the future, desires a commodity, and the other prefers agreement, the former is likely to get the lion's share, and such a share M. Picot certainly did get for his Government and for the French colonial party from which he often expressed dissent, but never departed.

Under this "bearskin pact" France earmarked at least three parts of Syria to Great Britain's one, while a fifth part, Palestine, was to pass under international control. A large interest conceded to a third party, czarist Russia, would affect only Kurds, Armenians, and Turks. Great Britain's compensation was to be in Mesopotamia, if and when she should conquer it; but separate conquest was to confer no separate right, the geographical distribution of the Allied forces being regarded as ordained in common to a common end. No other Arab territories were provided for expressly; but silence seemed to imply consent that all peninsular Arabia, except perhaps Hedjaz, should fall into an exclusive British sphere of influence.

Throughout the negotiations the French representative had known of Cairo's correspondence with Emir Husein; and since neither before that time nor later was any treaty made with him, there was no more to know. M. Picot and his Government took then as little account of Hedjaz as we did, not expecting it to affect in any way the issue of the war or the ultimate Syrian question, although *pro forma* the parties to the agreement engaged mutually to promote and support an Arab independent state or states in the interior of Syria should occasion ever arise for such to be constituted.

Wisdom after the fact condemns that agreement for its failure to provide for the claim of the Arabs themselves to an ultimate voice in their own destiny, even if at the moment their embryonic and anarchic "nation" could not have been made a party to it. But it must be borne in mind at the same time that in April, 1916, the prospect of Arabs taking any part in their own liberation was nebulous. Even in Hedjaz revolt seemed further off than ever. Husein, in response to hints from Cairo, which was growing a little weary of despatching driblets of arms and cash into the blue, had lately done no more than speak vaguely by his messengers of raising his flag "after Ramadan" or again "after the Haj,"—that is, the latter part of September in that year,—and Cairo, which knew all his unreadiness, interpreted these promises as the eternal "to-morrow" of the Arab—his Greek calends. Moreover, Hedjaz, even if it should rise, seemed little likely to affect Syria, a thousand miles north of Mecca. And wisdom after the fact may be reminded that in all human probability Husein's revolt would have ended as it began—a revolt in Hedjaz, but for the eventual entry, impossible to foresee in April, 1916, of two personalities on the local scene, Allenby and Lawrence.

But one never knows in the East. Less than a month later a signal, transmitted by a Red Sea patrol-ship, informed Cairo that the emir had communicated his intention to revolt without further delay for urgent, but unspecified, reasons, and begged instantly that a representative of the British Government repair to the Hedjaz coast to hear his plans and confer with Abdullah. The news caused equal consternation and surprise. Not nearly enough material and sinews of war had been put into Hedjaz, nor were we ready to coöperate in any other part of the Arab area. Should effervescence ensue in

The Arab state entry into Medina after its surrender

Syria, it would find us unable to reach the imperiled population by land or by sea.

Nevertheless, while in honor we could not abandon the emir to his fate, we must at least know what was toward. Storrs, being known to Abdullah, was deputed to go to the Hedjaz coast, and K. Cornwallis and I went with him, we two being the officers of the then infant "Arab Bureau." At that date Storrs was still the leading personality in the Hedjaz negotiation despite his subordinate official position at Cairo, but already he was tiring of a dilatory and unpromising affair. His was not the faith or the character of Mark Sykes. Other protagonists since the first had been Sir Henry M'Mahon, and Lieutenant-Colonel G. F. Clayton, director of military intelligence. The first put all his singular acumen, courage, and deliberate forethought into the Arab business, finding perhaps more scope therein than in English affairs, overridden as they were then by military law. The second, diplomatist rather than soldier, of long and clear vision, may claim to have guided first and last the most of our Arab policy. Two other names should be cited. Sir Reginald Wingate, sighing at Khartum, in a day of great events, for a new world to conquer, had not failed from the first to urge that Hedjaz be brought into the war; and T. E. Lawrence, whose power of initiative, reasoned audacity, compelling personality, and singular persuasiveness I had often had reason to confess in past years, was still a second lieutenant in the Cairo military intelligence, but with a purpose more clearly foreseen than perhaps that of any one else, he was already pulling the wires. His day of direct action was near at hand.

It was a very warm ship that took us down the Red Sea, curious what we were to hear. Touching at Port Sudan to pick up the emir's messenger, we learned little more from him than that his master meant all he had said; but not being over sure of us, wished to see his man again before appointing a time and place for conference. So we ferried the old sheik across through wicked reefs by a passage known probably to no large craft except our ship, and brought him to a blistered strand north of Jiddah, where his home stood among a few palms and sandy patches of corn-

THE EMIR FEISAL, SON OF THE KING OF THE HEDJAZ

The Emir Feisal, son of the King of the Hedjaz. Standing behind the prince are Mohammed Rustum Bey Haidar, General Noury Said Pacha, Captain Pisani of the French Colonial troops, Colonel T. E. Lawrence, and Captain Hessan Bey Kadri

land. In the evening we carried him on southward and landed him at the nearest point to Mecca. Making tryst with him for the third day, we turned northward, to fill in time standing on and off the blockaded coast. We made the near acquaintance of an island as scorched by heaven as any vent of earth's fires, and of long miles of submerged coral, greens and blues dappled with gold. Afar above the morning mists we saw the majesty of Jebel Radhwa, and below, little sun-struck ports still held by Turks. A naked fisherman paddled his bark canoe through the shark-infested sea to tell an incredible tale of German officers and a German lady gone southward to Yambo a few days before, and on the morrow, off Yambo itself, we heard of this party again as lodged with the Turkish governor of the fort; but we passed on southward, believing in nothing but some sudden advent of Europized Turks in unfamiliar uniforms.

The fisherman, however, had not been deceived, and in his tale had lurked the secret of the precipitation of the Hedjaz revolt. Germans had indeed come down from El-Ala on the Hedjaz Railway to Yambo, including a major on the staff, Baron Othmar von Stotzingen, with at least two aides. His body servant was an Indian deserter from our side, with whom he communicated in English; his interpreter, the notorious Jew, ex-storekeeper, ex-prisoner of the califate, Heinrich Neufeld. The latter's Kurdish bride from Damascus, some fifty years his junior, was the "German lady." This party was after doing just what we had used to fear; namely, organizing stations for enemy offense and propaganda down the Red Sea coast, coincidently with the march of a picked Turkish force from Medina and Mecca to the south. That force, appearing in Medina unknown to us, but reported by Sherif Ali to his father, had determined Husein to revolt at once lest a worse thing befall him. The Germans, whose mission was not to the liking of Ahmed Jemal, Pasha of Damascus, had been stopped short of holy Medina and sent round by the coast road to rejoin beyond Hedjaz. But they

did not pass Yambo. Warned of the imminence of revolt, Stotzingen, with Neufeld and his lady, headed back, and succeeded in reaching the railway again; but others of the party, trying to follow northward by boat, were caught and, it is said, drowned, but not before the papers had been taken from their persons, which would reveal what has just been told and not a little besides. Had the sherifian revolt never done anything else than frustrate that combined march of Turks and Germans to southern Arabia in 1916, we should owe it more than we have paid to this day.

The sheik duly kept the tryst on the third day, bringing word from Mecca that not Abdullah, but his youngest brother, Zeid, would be on the shore at daybreak a few miles farther south. The revolt was all but declared, and Abdullah must stay by his father.

We had not come so far to see a boy, but there was no help for it, and we slipped down before sunset to an anchorage as near as might be to the reefs which guarded the desolate spot appointed. The day was well begun, however, before any horsemen could be descried moving down through the dunes, and when we rowed in, bumping over the coral, the June sun was fierce. Cavalry appeared above the beach, and Storrs was bidden alone to the tent prepared, while the rest of us had to grill on a molten, shadeless sea. At last he reappeared, leading Zeid and a pock-marked man, well known in the revolt as Sherif Shakir, Emir of the Areiba, to the bark canoe which alone could cross the inner reefs. They came aboard our boat, and we all went out to the ship, which had been joined meanwhile by another, under the officer commanding in the Red Sea; and after drink and food the conference was set.

The news was decisive: the banner of revolt had been raised by Sherif Ali the day before outside Medina. Mecca was to follow in three days' time, and Jiddah and Taif would be invested. Husein wanted guns and gunners, more rifles, more munitions, more money, and again guns. We would do our best, and our ships' guns would help the Arabs at Jiddah (none of us knew there and then of any commitment to keep it out of the war!). This offer, however, was not well received. Would we not cut off the Turks of Europe by seizing Alexandretta? That proposition, it was objected, would have to be referred to the Council of the Allies; but the Hedjaz Railway should be cut if possible. The boy protested that all his father's hope was in us. He was plainly nervous, while Shakir was very watchful; but we parted good friends, they to ride all night for Mecca, we to steam for Suez. The day after we landed in Egypt Husein called out his Meccans against the Turks in the forts and barracks, Taif was invested, Jiddah was attacked, and the revolt was afoot.

That revolt was to keep the field for more than two years. It would not have been begun but for Kitchener's invitation in the first instance, and assurance of British support in the second; it could not have been sustained without the money, food-stuffs, and munitions of war which Great Britain provided; it might never have spread beyond Hedjaz but for the long sight and audacious action of Lawrence; and it won through to Damascus only as a flying right wing of Allenby's last drive.

Nevertheless, it was primarily an Arab affair. Husein's courage and activity brought it into being, won its early successes, and upheld it through subsequent reaction; Feisal's faith and diplomacy prepared its way northward, and his liberal leadership converted his army from Islam to nationalism. Finally, it was the Ruwalla Bedouins of Nuri Shealan—Arabs of Arabs—who forced it through to its goal ahead of all Allies. Its armies fought throughout under men of their race; none of their European lieutenants, not even Lawrence, ever took the command. As rebel forces go, this of the Arabs can claim as fairly as any in history to have been a national force, which brought a nation to the birth; and if Syria owes her liberation chiefly to alien arms, the actual pride of self-respect, which makes the Syrians a nation, rests on the fact that liberation was not accomplished without a prolonged military effort, sustained to victory, by men of Arab race.

The Success of the Season

By ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

"Again and again as the curtains rose and fell from August until June, the box-office statements of the theaters capital gave evidence that there had grown up an alert, discriminating, sophisticated public, numerous enough at last to make profitable the most aspiring ventures of which the theater's personnel is capable. This could not have been said ten years ago."

NOW is the summer lull, when many a theater is dark and many an auditorium swathed and shrouded from the dust, when the stages are given over for the most part to the more vapid musical comedies, and only those playhouses are really astir which, in places like Atlantic City, are used by the managers as experimental stations, where, on chance audiences gathered in from the beaches and boardwalks, they can test the farces and melodramas in preparation for next winter, in the manner of scientists with guinea-pigs.

Now is the season of 1919-20 a matter of history and, according to honorable custom, this is the time for moody or kindly retrospect, for summaries of achievement, with perhaps a glowing word for whatever Barrymore has triumphed most, and probably an oracular outgiving as to the ten best plays of the year. Yet there are some of us who would be inclined to think that the greatest success was scored this year by no actor, no playwright, no producer. The success of the season was scored by the New York public.

When on rare occasions the late Charles Frohman would produce a play he knew was rare and fine,—such a play, for instance, as "The Silver Box," the Galsworthy tragedy which Miss Barrymore played in New York before there were audiences for such works to be had,—and it would have to be withdrawn after a few weeks of sparse and chilling attendance, he would shake his head sadly and say to the disbanding company: "Well, children, you did n't fail. It was the public that did that; it was the public that failed."

But of the New York public in the season just closed no manager has been able to say that. Again and again as the curtains rose and fell from August until June, the box-office statements of the theater's capital gave evidence that there had grown up an alert, discriminating, sophisticated public, numerous enough at last to make profitable the most aspiring ventures of which the theater's personnel is capable. This could not have been said ten years ago. It could not be said to-day of any American city except New York.

The triumphs of this new public can be measured both by what it has supported and what it has rejected. For those of us who have proudly watched it growing, the hearty and heartening indorsement it gave to the play about our Lincoln which came out of England was no more exhilarating than the contemptuous dismissal it awarded as the portion of a ludicrous venture in melo-

drama called "The Blue Flame." Indeed, the conspicuous metropolitan failure of "The Blue Flame" was one of the most magnificent successes scored in many a day, a triumph for the public that stayed away in droves, a triumph for all those plays, perhaps mere manuscripts in a trunk in some hall bedroom, whose potential place in the sun had been preëmpted by this terrible piece.

"The Blue Flame" was concocted by several authors as a vehicle for the stage début of one Theda Bara, a lady who had achieved considerable renown in the movies in what are known as vampire rôles. She had a pleasant voice, and though there was no evidence at the time, and none subsequently adduced, that she knew anything whatever of the art of acting, it was felt that the curiosity to see her would more than serve the not dizzyingly lofty purpose of her manager. The play opened in Boston, and for two weeks it enjoyed there one of the most spectacularly successful engagements in all that city's somewhat puzzling theatrical history. Though it was the Lenten season, there was never a vacant seat, never an inch of standing room to spare. The stampede of the avid Bostonians was so great and the staring mob at the stage-door so large that on several occasions it became necessary, or at least plausible, to call out the reserves, which procedure may throw some light on the question as to why Boston policemen go on strike. Anyway, Miss Bara's share of the venture was said to have run to something like six thousand dollars a week.

Of all this triumph, rumored echoes had preceded the play to Broadway. They were not received without some chafing grains of skepticism, because New York has a notion, based on some rather embarrassing evidence, that in matters theatrical there is no American city with taste quite so low as Boston's. Still, it was generally felt that "The Blue Flame" must be in for a phenomenal run.

Then the play itself arrived. It was received not with boos and whistling, after the fashion of London and Paris. It was received not even with the chilly silence wherewith New York is wont to express its critical displeasure. It was received with gales of incredulous laughter. There were those among the chronic first-nighters who, bred in the more impoverished and discouraging days of twenty years ago, still felt that anything so bad must be destined for a long and prosperous career. But times are changing. The New York public is growing up. After a few weeks of playing to half-empty houses, "The Blue Flame" was ignominiously withdrawn.

It seems destined to go a-touring throughout all or a part of the coming season, and it will be more than mildly interesting to measure the cities of America by their response to its quality as entertainment. Meanwhile, let it be set down on the credit side of Gotham's ledger that a wildly preposterous melodrama which had flourished like the green bay-tree up Boston way died a miserable death in New York, while just across the street the no longer Little Theater was packed to the doors by an austere and uncompromising tragedy called "Beyond the Horizon," which any old-time manager would have picked for immediate failure, and around the corner there was not room enough in the spacious Plymouth for all the people who wanted to see "Richard the Third," a play that had not previously been successful in a hundred years of sporadic effort to make it so.

This difference in taste between New York and other cities is no new story. There has been evidence of it a-plenty in other years. The events of the last two or three seasons have merely intensified a familiar tendency. Theatrically, America is divided into New York and the hinterland. The former may be described as the place where Galsworthy's "Justice" ran for months to large and appreciative audiences. The latter may be described as the land, nay, the realm, of William Hodge. There is, New York likes to think, a certain kind of coarse-grained, naïve entertainment, catalogued in the jargon of the theater as "hokum," which is devoured by the country at large with the same avidity that rolls up such royalties for Harold Bell Wright, yet which cannot seem to find any audience in the biggest city of all. For example,

"Experience," which made a fortune on tour and was fairly adored in Boston and Philadelphia, was kept alive on Broadway only by the continuous application of artificial stimulants. Not even these were efficacious in the sad case of Mr. Tully's "Omar, the Tentmaker," yet this same "Omar, the Tentmaker" was quite by way of being a triumph in the provinces. Almost all the Frohman profits of the 1918-19 season were gathered on the road by Otis Skinner in a hopelessly cheap and worthless play called "Mister Antonio," which had proved a dismal failure on Broadway.

Now the hinterland, particularly the stirring and aspiring industrial cities of the Middle West, are ever loud in their lament over the indifferent theatrical provisions, canned and shipped to them every year by the manufacturers of such stuff whose habitat is Broadway. More and more mutinous grow the murmured threats of secession, the defiant calls upon Chicago and Los Angeles each to set up two new centers of production, each to lay out two new Broadways. The way is long and difficult, but such secession is surely coming, simply because it must.

But in the meantime New York can retort, with pardonable asperity and no little justice, that when it has sent its very best out into the country, the country has ignored it. When John D. Williams, the producer of "Justice," reads a Chicago newspaper's complaint against the paltry stuff shipped by New York for Chicago's consumption, it is probable that he remembers the box-office receipts of "Justice" in Chicago —remembers and, stifling a yawn, turns to something else to read. Certainly Mr. Belasco knows, deep in his heart, that he never produced anything of finer texture and more delicate fancy than "The Phantom Rival," never staged a comedy more suited to the taste of the discerning playgoer. He remembers the acclaim with which it was received in New York and the adequate return made by the box-office of his theater there. He also remembers, you may be sure, the starvation which was the portion of "The Phantom Rival" in Boston. Arthur Hopkins is familiar enough with the difference between New York and the hinterland in their respective attitudes toward the pretty wit, the tangential humor, and the airy whimsicality of Clare Kummer's comedies. And all managers know that "John Ferguson," that somber, ironic, and powerful play by St. John Ervine, which ran for six months in New York last year and could not even be discouraged by the hot weather, was no more than barely self-supporting on tour, if it was quite that. It is true that the two roving companies which gave it were in large measure substitutes for the original cast, but in some of the rôles, at least, these road companies could hardly have been worse than the one which was borne along by the rush of the play in New York. "John Ferguson" had a hard time of it in Philadelphia, and in Boston played to receipts that were spectacularly, historically low.

Indeed, Boston has failed so often when fine plays have passed its way, and been so effusive in its enthusiasm over "Experience" and the art works of William Hodge, that it is proverbially a city of depraved taste, according to New York. There have been many idle guesses why. One embittered producer, himself a Harvard product, has been known to ascribe it to the proximity of Cambridge. Certainly one is led to suspect that the Cabots and the Lodges do not consider theater-going a quite desirable recreation, and one is driven to the conclusion that drama was no part of the education of Henry Adams. It is curiously true, however, that no amount of culture and intellectual capacity will inspire a response to the right thing in the theater. According to all press despatches from Washington, the boiling-point of Mr. Wilson's enthusiasm in the theater is very, very low indeed. People who may read wisely and be discriminating enough in matters of music and painting will, nevertheless, applaud the most maudlin flapdoodle in the theater and desert utterly those more venturesome theaters where reckless men are trying to do something worth while.

After all, a preliminary course in the mere habit of seeing plays, and seeing

good ones, is needed to create in people that theater sense (or let us call it theater sophistication) which only New-Yorkers seem to possess in sufficient numbers, sufficiently organized, to make profitable the production of sophisticated plays, of thoughtful plays that constitute not merely idle make-believe, but which have as their invisible fourth dimension a criticism of life. During the last twenty-five years so few of these have ventured to tour the rough (and roughening) road that it is perhaps small wonder no large and dependable public has been built up for their successors. In all these lesser cities the very people who would make the best and most intelligently responsive audiences for honest and more aspiring dramatic works have found so little in average fare to whet their appetites for more that they have ceased to go to the theater at all, and so are home reading "White Shadows in the South Seas" or listening to a Werrenrath record on the phonograph when a "John Ferguson" comes to town.

New York, on the other hand, has seen at least whatever experiments have been tried. Trial flights of finer plays have been made there again and again. They may have lasted only a few weeks and then seemed to fail, but even in their brief lives they have done something. They have little by little enlarged that public which will support their kind. So "Justice" paved the way for "Redemption," and "Redemption" made the going a little easier for "Beyond the Horizon" and "John Ferguson." "John Ferguson," in turn, not only made many friends for itself; it also made many friends for "Jane Clegg," which came after.

But there are other factors at work to expand in geometrical proportion the intelligent New York public. Of course the man who loves that big churning city of cities, that teeming harbor empire, will say it is ten times more stimulating a place than any other community on this hemisphere, and that, naturally enough, its people are more alert and inquiring, more zestful for the truth, more sophisticated in the ways of that nature to which the stage holds up a somewhat clouded mirror. When faced with the inescapable fact that a large proportion of every audience in a New York theater is made up of visitors from afar, he will lightly suggest that their very presence in his town is evidence of a cerebral keenness which makes them exceptions to the rules of their stay-at-home neighbors.

But such invidious distinctions hardly find the answer. Since the rest of the country is abreast with New York in its taste for music and literature, the question of comparative intelligence must be dropped. What the rest of the country lacks is not the intelligence to recognize good plays, but the habit of going to them, and for that lack New York, or, rather, the strictly commercial men higher up in the American theater of the last twenty-five years must accept the ultimate responsibility. Besides, these invidious distinctions are unnecessary. There are more immediate, more obvious, and more measurable factors at work.

There is, for instance, the increasing percentage of the foreign-born in prosperous New York, particularly from Russia and the Central empires, people with an innate art sense and a fine hunger for strong meat in the theater, people who are giving New York at least a tinge of Berlin and Vienna and Moscow, people to whom "The Old Homestead" would have seemed appalling, but to whom "Beyond the Horizon," another play of American farm life, seems very stimulating indeed. It was clearly these people who, over and above the growing popularity of John Barrymore, made possible the long and gainful run of "Redemption."

Recently, among the wrathful and ominous letters that have been sent North by Southerners on the subject of the foreshadowed production of a play by John Drinkwater on Robert E. Lee, there have been many intimations that such an impertinence would be tolerated only in a city a large part of whose population had no kin in America at the time of the Civil War. This was getting unconsciously warm in the search for an explanation of New York's different attitude toward the theater, New York's seemingly greater response to truth and authentic beauty

on the stage. Whatever else may be said about the hundred-per-cent. American of whom the platform orators sing, there is no evidence that he has ever been a particularly discerning fellow at the play.

There is little doubt, then, that the advance out of mere grubbing for subsistence on the part of those immigrants our fathers saw herded into this country has contributed considerably to the changed character of New York audiences. Now the galleries are gone from the new theaters, and the ones still left in the old buildings are usually empty. It has been customary to say that the gallery gods of yesterday are at the movies to-day. But not all of them. Some, grown prosperous, are buying orchestra seats, paying three dollars and a half a seat, mind you, for Shakspere, and are studying the bolder plays with keen eyes and minds unafraid. The true gallery gods have come up in the world and come down in the theater.

But, after all, the most easily recognizable factor has been just the tremendous growth of New York, accompanied, thanks to the seeping process of wealth, by an even greater growth in the playgoing population. With Broadway boasting nearly fifty first-class theaters, this outdoes all other cities in the world, and with the construction of at least fifteen new ones merely waiting the pleasure of the wrangling building trades, it is not exactly astonishing that a few of them should be devoted to the finer stuffs of the stage.

The patrons of these finer enterprises are still in the minority, of course. The majority is still for a jig or a tale of bawdry or it sleeps. But the season just closed has been marked by the passing of a memorable mile-post. It has demonstrated that this minority is at last large enough to make decently self-supporting as ambitious a venture as any of our playwrights and producers are likely to launch. It was disheartening to stage the more rarefied plays in the days when a few weeks would exhaust their popularity, and they would have to go forth into the wilderness with their bills half unpaid and their prospects of utter bankruptcy very good indeed. Now such productions can derive sufficient subsistence on Broadway and even acquire a tidy bank balance without ever stirring a mile from Times Square. The passing of this mile-post means much in the bosoms of producers like Arthur Hopkins, John D. Williams, George Tyler, and William Harris, Jr., who all have considerable itch to do the right thing by the true playgoer and who can now proceed with their ventures with redoubled courage.

These true playgoers are in the minority, it is true, but New York's minority is quite as large as the majorities in Philadelphia and Boston, larger than the total play-going populations of the lesser cities. There was no instance during the last season of any fine play having failed of its support. There is no question that if Ethel Barrymore were to come forth now in a revival of that same Galsworthy play at which her followers sniffed some years ago, it would run for many and many a month. It is rather to be hoped that when this fine actress becomes disentangled from her present overpowering success, she will take "The Silver Box" down from the shelf, blow the dust from its pages, and give New York a chance to redeem itself.

It is this difference in taste between New York and the rest of the country which leads to many complications, because the theaters of America are still managed by the surviving machinery of a by-gone day, because all but a negligible fraction of the theatrical entertainment in America is produced in New York and then shipped, somewhat the worse for wear, to the rest of the country. If American audiences from Battery Park to the Golden Gate were all of one mind, all of one level of sophistication, the problem of the producing managers would be simple. But there are inescapable regional values for plays. Some, Manhattan boasts, are so naïve that they can prosper only outside Manhattan. Some are so rarefied that they cannot prosper anywhere else.

However, there remains of course,

the great middle class of entertainments, and on these the theater-goers of the country will chiefly subsist. New York has loved "Lightnin'" and "East Is West." So will the rest of the country. New York has stampeded to "The Gold Diggers," and after another year or so it, too, will tour far and wide. There will no doubt be long and prosperous journeys for "The Sign on the Door," a melodrama of considerable violence, and for "The Purple Mask," the Ditrichstein melodrama of Napoleonic France wherein Brandon Tynan scored a conspicuous hit when the piece was new on Broadway. "Scandal," the sedulous naughty piece written by Cosmo Hamilton to thrill the telephone girls, should also prove by no means too fragile for the provinces. The same is true of the new Montague Glass play, of a forest-fire melodrama called "The Storm," of the spiritistic comedy in which Jane Cowl revealed herself, and of "Wedding Bells," a jolly farce by Salisbury Field. And those comical fellows William Collier and Clifton Crawford each has a farce that is guaranteed to make any one hilarious. But when one speaks of the successes scored in the last season by the New York public, you think of none of these. You think of "Abraham Lincoln," "Beyond the Horizon," "Richard III," "Déclassée," "The Famous Mrs. Fair," "Jane Clegg," and "Ruddigore." These were the great achievements of the year.

Of these it seems probable that all, or nearly all, will go forth to the country some time, most of them in the autumn, and that of the eight at least four are of wide enough appeal and familiar enough idiom to find response in Omaha as well as in New York.

John Barrymore's first appearance in Shakspere revealed a magnificent performance that was accorded immediate recognition. With no hemming and hawing the old playgoers hung this rich and colorful portrait in the gallery of their memories along side the *Katherine* of Ada Rehan and the *Hamlet* of Forbes Robertson. If in the autumn Mr. Barrymore has sufficiently recovered from the illness which cut short his triumphant engagement last spring, he will doubtless resume the run of "Richard III" at the Plymouth, but it is doubtful if it will be offered to other American cities yet. Ever since the spring of 1918 he has taken full and luxurious advantage of the changed conditions which permit so commanding a player to do all his work within the boundaries of Manhattan, but there seems to be a half-formed, or perhaps only half-veiled, project to build for him a répertoire of such pieces as this one, "The Jest," "Redemption," "Justice," and probably one or two more,—"Othello," possibly,—and therewith to invade London before making the grand tour of America, like the Mansfield whose successor John Barrymore has clearly become.

The future of "Ruddigore" is also uncertain. The casual revival of this enchanting Savoy opera by a local stock company discovered the new public instantly. Put on for a week in January, it ran the season out, and would now be booked for a cross-country jaunt were not its singers a resident organization that will be busy in the autumn with new projects, happy in the realization that there is now a sufficient audience in New York to support for many years a company dedicated to these Gilbert and Sullivan classics. Perhaps it will occur to some manager that a little pot of money might be made by sending a special company on tour with "Ruddigore."

Far more certain of national prosperity are "The Famous Mrs. Fair," James Forbes's expert and engrossing comedy of the absentee wife, in which Henry Miller and Blanche Bates have been happily engaged this last season; "Clarence," the diverting comedy in which Booth Tarkington finally tapped for the stage the same vein of humor which had enlivened his *Willy Baxter* stories; "Déclassée," the glittering play by Zoë Akins, which is now destined for London and the road since it was turned into a glowing triumph by the artful and queenly Ethel Barrymore, who can boast that for the first time in its history the old Empire Theater has been occupied an entire season by a single play; and finally "Abraham Lincoln," which will probably be play-

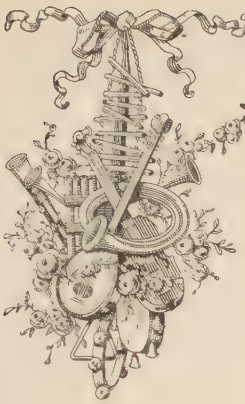
ing on and on in America long after all the others have dropped out of sight.

It is significant that "Abraham Lincoln" was put on without much hope, indeed that several of these notable successes found difficulty in reaching the public at all because of the still insistent notion that no play of finer texture can stand the strain in this country. With the exception of "Déclassée" and "The Famous Mrs. Fair," and possibly of "Richard III," they were all put on without faith—faith, that is, in the public.

There is a rumor that "Clarence" was put on only to humor Mr. Tarkington; that Mr. Tyler regarded it as an indulgence which would cost him money, but which his other ventures would support handily enough. As it turned out, "Clarence" supported the whole family. Certainly the same distrust of the public scheduled "Ruddigore" for a run of no more than two or three weeks and postponed for some time the production of the Lincoln play. Despite its freak success in the outskirts of London, American managers all edged away from it uneasily, and when William Harris, Jr., finally arranged to produce it, it was with an heroic mien—nay, a martyr's bearing. From his office there radiated the distinct impression of an apology for having staged such paltry, though prosperous stuff as "East Is West," and the suggestion that only by such purely commercial ventures would it be possible to indulge the precious with such noble, but profitless, undertakings as "Abraham Lincoln." As it turned out, "Abraham Lincoln" began immediately to accumulate its own fortune, and will in the long run make a greater profit than "East Is West."

Then "Jane Clegg," a masterpiece of domestic drama, kicked around Broadway for some years before it was picked up and staged by the Theatre Guild. Even then no merit of its own, but the previous success of "John Ferguson," by the same author, led to its production last winter. Immediately the Guild's box-office began selling out for the first time in the season.

As for "Beyond the Horizon," it quite had to be smuggled into New York. This poignant and searching tragedy of the young wanderer, whom a passing whim fettered to a hill-bound New England farm, had lain for a year or more on Mr. Williams's desk. Probably he had great misgivings about proffering anything so uncompromisingly somber, and certainly he knew that if he did prepare it for production, it would be trampled under foot in the rush of new plays to New York. So he came boldly in with a cheap melodrama of the sort that always had succeeded and so would find a ready entrance to any theater, and, once inside the magical city, began rather stealthy rehearsals of the tragedy with the same, or largely the same, company. When it was ready, he put it on here and there for special matinées wherever a stage was vacant. The public flocked to it. It had not a single recognizable ingredient from the standard recipe for popularity, but the public flocked to it. Soon it was so obviously sturdy that it was able to cast aside the melodrama like so much wooden scaffolding and to push a weaker piece out of the Little Theater and settle down there for the rest of the season. The sight of this theater packed to the doors on the third month of this unyielding tragedy was one of the most exhilarating and heartening spectacles the season afforded. All in all, we must applaud New York most for its patronage of "Beyond the Horizon." This was the great success of the season. It will be interesting to note and record what befalls this play upon the road next autumn. We shall see. Meantime we shall go on our way cheered by the fact that, in New York at least, we are less likely to hear the ravens of Broadway croaking as of yore: "You can't put that piece on, because it does n't end happily" and "That's a great play, but it won't make a penny." If it is a great play, and it is well staged, it will make money. That day has come.



Musical Adventures of the Season

By JAMES GIBBONS HUNEKER

"Music is the one art in which a composer may preach anarchy, advocate free love, or commit the sin against the Holy Ghost and go scot-free. Therefore the commentator on musical performances ought to be envied instead of commiserated."

THE great compensation in the drab daily toil of a music-critic is his enjoyment of masterpieces. That is his unique adventure. I doubt if any of his colleagues in the other arts may boast the privilege. Masterpieces, need I say, are rare. Our theater seldom shows one; when it does, it is usually Shakspere. We have many industrious native painters and sculptors, yet angel's visits are more frequent than the apparition of the masterpiece. In literature the idea is almost unthinkable. If a book by any chance be well written, it is immediately set down as immoral and duly suppressed by pious vulgarians. Art is the one unforgivable offense. But music thus far has escaped the censor, notwithstanding puritanical ears anxiously inclined to detect adultery in a chromatic scale, or a fracture of the commandment forbidding manslaughter. The psychical police would enjoin Schoenberg, Ornstein, Scriabin, Prokofieff if they could, but as it is not possible to arrest the chord of the ninth and hale it to the bar of justice, such impure-minded puritans are helpless in the presence of serious aural crimes. Music is the one art in which a composer may preach anarchy, advocate free love, or commit the sin against the Holy Ghost and go scot-free. Therefore the commentator on musical performances ought to be envied instead of commiserated. He may, at will, listen to Bach, Beethoven, or Brahms, who suggest none of these shocking things I mention, while his critical brethren are forced to endure the rubbish of the footlights, view a thousand mediocre canvases and marbles, or read books whose only claim to the name is that they are paper soiled with ink and bound between covers. The meager exceptions do but prove the validity of this assertion.

My adventures among the musical masterpieces during the past season were, luckily enough, numerous. Imprimis, there were always Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms as foundational elements. Not a week passed without one or the other of them being heard, which heartens a chronicler. Secundo, to counterbalance this immortal trio, there was grand opera—the Metropolitan and the Chicago companies. Lovers of singing in costume surrounded by painted scenery must have been gratified to the bursting point, so liberal was the highly seasoned fare, though hardly nourishing, artistically. Opera occupies such a lowly position when compared with the symphony or string quartet that it would not be worth discussing were it not for the immense row it raises in the newspapers. The public dearly loves a prima donna. Better far than her singing does this same dear and indiscriminating many-headed mon-

ster adore the gossip that floats like a foolish aura about the pretty ladies. The success of the season at our opera was Geraldine Farrar's *Zaza*, a third-rate transpontine melodrama set to stupid, vulgar music, and well designed to glorify the lingerie of the heroine.

The concerts brought to us much excellent music if no startling novelties. Among pianists we most enjoyed Leopold Godowsky, Josef Hofmann, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Harold Bauer, Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, Winifred Byrd, and, among the new-comers, Bruno, Moiseiwitsch, a decided acquisition; Arthur Rubinstein, Joseph Lhvinne, Ernest Hutcheson, John Powell, Leo Ornstein, Levitski, Rachmaninoff, and the adorable Guiomar Novaes. The choir of violinists were chiefly Russian, a bouquet of Saschas, Jaschas, Mischas, who one and all bore the Leopold Auer stamp, therefore the seal of finished artists. And yet the veteran Eugène Ysaye is their master, despite his years. Since August Wilhelmj, he is to me the most sympathetic interpreter of Bach and Beethoven. And he has a charm, absent in the playing of his successors, with the solitary exception of Jascha Heifetz. The best-balanced intellect of the younger men is possessed by Mischa Elman. He seems destined for the longest race. No one promises as yet to fill the place of Maud Powell, who recently died, an artiste and woman of sterling qualities. I put Fritz Kreisler *hors concours*. He is incomparable.

The American singer was very much to the fore last year both on the operatic boards and on the concert stage, and when I say American, I mean English-speaking singers: Geraldine Farrar; Mary Garden, who, born in Scotland, is true Yankee because of her residence here since childhood; Florence Easton; Rose Ponselle; Myrna Sharlow, Florence Macbeth, and a number of other young women whose names I have forgotten. The list of men is weighty: Clarence Whitehill, easily leading; Thomas Chalmers; Reinald Werrenrath; Louis Graveure; Royal Dadmun, new and promising vocal timber, as well as timbre; Edward Johnson; Orville Harrold; Paul Althouse; and Charles Hackett, whose finished art has endeared him to Metropolitan audiences. Kathleen Howard again demonstrated her superior abilities as a comedienne whether in "Marouf," "Schicchi," or as the mother of *Zaza*, a humorous portrait, or the low-comedy woman in Puccini's one-act "Il Tabarro." There is also a covey of young women with the New York and Chicago operatic organizations who are, to say the least, promising. To top the national note, we have heard "Parsifal" sung in the satisfactory version of Henry Edward Krehbiel, and an all-American cast in "Faust." Decidedly the "sun do move."

I shall not attempt a comprehensive enumeration of the season's activities,—that way boredom lies,—but I shall, like a certain famous alpine animal, leap lightly from crag to crag in the pursuit of the novel, the significant. Let us begin with grand opera in several languages and many keys.

WE have enjoyed at the Metropolitan half a dozen interesting revivals. There were "Le Prophète" and "La Juive" to begin with, in which Caruso and Matzenauer scored heavily in the Meyerbeer work, and Caruso and Ponselle, in the Halévy opera, created a sensation. Old-fashioned, tedious, cumbrous as is the story, with its music of the Jewess, the remarkable characterization of the Jewish father by Enrico Caruso set the public pulse beating fast. It is, this portrait, the most finished, dramatically and lyrically, in the long and crowded gallery of the distinguished Italian tenor. His *Jean of Leyden* is another picture; nevertheless it seems theatrical after the sincere impersonation of the poor persecuted Hebrew. Miss Ponselle was admirable as the daughter, and she again proved her mettle as *Rezia* in "Oberon." Florence Easton, too, sang admirably the same Weber music, as she did *Kundry* in "Parsifal." Then we had the good old melodrama, "The Force of Destiny," with Verdi's melodramatic music, and the participation of Caruso and Ponselle. The accustomed Puccini group, "Tosca," "Butterfly," the "Triptich," with Farrar as *Suor Angelica*, and "Manon Lescaut" and "Bohème" all intrigued the interest of the rank and file of opera-goers, bless their unmusical

naïveté! Geraldine Farrar, whose recrudescence, musically and histrionically, was a surprise and a delight to her admirers,—during the previous season she had seemed to abide in a slough of despond,—sang her allotted music in Puccini's operas, while adding *Zaza* to her chaplet of "creations," and reviving Massenet's "Manon." Antonio Scotti, come years, go years, retains his primacy at our opera by sheer force of his dramatic endowments. He would be difficult to replace as *Baron Scarpia*, or in other rôles.

"The Blue Bird," music by Albert Wolff, the book adapted from the play by Maurice Maeterlinck, was, artistically speaking, a fiasco, which even the presence at the première of the Belgian poet and the composer, who conducted his score, did not redeem. From the start such a mixture of symbolism and music was doomed. The production was gorgeous, and during the season the work was liked by the children, for, notwithstanding its recondite mysticism, Maeterlinck's is a fairy-play. Yet the entire enterprise was a mistaken one. The qualities we had expected were a happier wedding of words with music, more atmosphere, poetry, characterization. Rarely were they present and never in conjunction. Credit must be given the composer for his avoidance of the merely big, the grotesque, the melodramatic. He sought for simplicity; he often grazed the frivolous, though seldom the pretentious. His phrases are choppy; they lack distinction. He is a skilled music-maker, he scores with taste, and he writes better for massed than for solo voices. He has not abused the leading motive, and only once does he display his scholastic training in a short-breathed *fugato*. He quotes from masterpieces with admirable impartiality. The Wolff music is cast in such a commonplace mold that it would be complimenting him to describe him as an eclectic. He leans on Massenet, while echoes of Wagner are occasionally overheard. The Rhine-Daughters disport themselves in triplet figures, the fateful knocking at the door of the sinister *Hunding* is not forgotten. But the absence of melody is the chief defect of the opera. *Tyltyl* tells us that there is no such thing as death. He ought to have said that where no melody exists there is death in the musical sense. The one song allotted to *Tyltyl* is not inspiring, and the violin solo, a reverie, does not challenge the "Meditation" in "Thais," best beloved at table-d'hôtes. Throughout the composer employs a system of free tonal speech which soon proves monotonous in color and figuration. We had expected more rhythmic variety. The interludes are too numerous by half, being neither progressive nor eloquent commentary; they were generously cut in later performances. There are no harmonic surprises. All is colorless; all is mild as mother's milk. The charm and mystery of Maeterlinck's poem have evaporated. Nor were the singing and acting more than mediocre.

"Zaza" was the antithesis, being a success from the parting of the curtains; though a vulgar theme, vulgarly handled by Leoncavallo, it was cleverly enacted by Miss Farrar and her associates, Kathleen Howard in particular. The story of the play is too familiar to need recapitulation. Its adaptation to the lyric stage is competently done. *Zaza* is the whole show; the others "feeders." Geraldine of the starry eyes is a singing actress in the true sense of the abused term. She has never sung for years as she has in this meretricious music. She positively melts and thrills. She is *Zaza*. Réjane played the rôle in a more literal key, as befitted the theater. Mrs. Carter was alternately shrill or tigerish; but Miss Farrar cuts nearer the essential bone of the feverish, artificial, and shallow character. She is as flamboyant as the late Gaby de Lys, and outfeathers her in head-dress. She is dazzlingly vulgar. She can't make her eyes behave. She is intense when she turns the brain and sense of the weak lover, and wonderful, because unaffected, in her delineation of mental suffering at the home of the man. There are pathetic moments in the interview with *Toto*, impersonated so nicely by little Ada Quintina. In this essentially false and theatrical situation Farrar creates the illusion of reality, truly an artistic feat. Women wept, strong men wiped their eyes, and hardened critics longed for rum.

Like Mascagni, though not so gifted, Leoncavallo was saddled and bridled for life with one success, "Pagliacci." Composed, or rather compiled, eight years after that sprightly operetta, "Zaza" is fairly stuffed with its echoes (that is, if it be permissible to serve up an echo *farci!*). Obsessed by its tunes, the score of "Zaza" is evidently a desperate effort to avoid repetition. In vain the popular prologue pokes its head through the bars of the music; other of his melodies lurk in the vocal writing. The choppy conversation of the libretto militates against sustained cantilena. There are, to be sure, a few set arias and duos, but so banal that they need just be mentioned. The variety-hall and brass-band music in the first scene is the most characteristic stuff. *Zaza's* air in Act II bears a suspicious resemblance to one song by Farrar as *Catharine Huebsecher* in "Madame Sans-Gene." However, it is superfluous to dwell upon a vapid composition. "Zaza," musically speaking, is dry rot, hardly worth a critical match to set its stubble afire; but it serves in its insincerity to accompany the thrice-insincere story of a scarlet heroine who would a-wooing go. Best of all, it gave us a taste of Geraldine Farrar's quality in comedy.

Rossini's "L'Italiana" in Algeria was thin stuff even with a competent cast. "Eugene Onegin," by Tschaikowsky, did not compensate for the trouble it gave to managers, singers, orchestra, and scene-painters. Don Marquis in the "Evening Sun" probably made the sorry title immortal by his version—"Eugene, one gin, and be d—d quick about it!" which is distinctly funny, painful as it may sound in the pudic ears of a prohibitionist. "Cleopatra's Night," an opera in two acts, proved to be sterner dramatic stuff. It was composed by the resourceful Henry Hadley. The book after Gautier's well-known tale, "One of Cleopatra's Nights," was modified by Alice Leal Pollock. Hadley's music is always melodious, usually effective, and so "Cleopatra's Night" may be set down as one of the season's too few successes. As a conductor of his own composition, Mr. Hadley was much in evidence during the season. I must not forget to add that the scenic investiture, designed by the imaginative Mr. Norman Bel-Geddes, was an attractive feature in Cleopatra.

At the uncomfortable Lexington Theater the Chicago Opera Association insisted on a five weeks' visit, largely wind and mismanagement. The death of Cleofonte Campanini was sorely felt in the poor performances and general disorder. Too many people tried to run the show, with the usual inartistic results. Yet, what a roster of singers this company boasts! Bonci, to begin with, his voice in good condition, his style as polished as ever; then the popular Galli-Curci, who is precisely the same as last season; Rosa Raisa, with her equipment and her little art, alas! Her *Norma* was amateurish in conception and execution, but what a glorious voice! Mary Garden, who electrified us in "L'Amore dei tre Re," her newly studied character of *Fiora* sweeping away all memories of her predecessors; and the baritones and basses, Baklanoff and Ruffo, the most stalwart. The tenors were feeble; Dolci, Tito Schipa, and other conventional singers and actors. Edward Johnson was an exception. As *Avito*, he gave Miss Garden excellent support, singing with fervor, acting with poetic distinction. His vocal assets are not great, but he has artistic intelligence, taste, temperament. Mary Garden left the most abiding impression of all the singers, simply because she is their superior artistically, though not in voice. Her *Carmen* was better this year than last, her *Aphrodite* lovely to gaze upon; but despite the furor she created in Paris, the music is not worth the powder and shot to blow it to the place it came from. The ballet was the attraction, not the music, not the fumbled libretto.

The night Maurice Maeterlinck sat in a box and heard for the first time his "Pelléas and Mélisande" with Debussy's music, he confessed that he also saw for the first time the *Mélisande* of his poetic dreams, Mary Garden. He said all this to the artiste and it was promptly printed in the newspapers. The dissenting opinions as to her art are amusing when they are not downright stupid. As Felix Borowski, the Chicago critic and composer, said in effect, it is nonsense to repeat the ignorant verdict that

Mary Garden has no voice and can't sing. She sings admirably, and when she is in voice, as she was the opening night, her performance proved remarkable. She revived *Louise*, but only sang the *Juggler* once. Why does n't she reappear in "Salome" or as Hadley's *Cleopatra?* We know what a serpent of old Nile she would be. She was the magnet of the season, and in Boston drew bigger houses than the idol, Galli-Curci, or the thundering Tito Ruffo and Raisa of the organ tones. Miss Garden also made such a stir in concert that she will be frequently heard in song recitals next season.

"Rip Van Winkle," by the late Reginald De Koven, did not measure up to expectations. For one thing, it was imperfectly interpreted because miscast. A pleasing novelty was "Madame Chrysanthème" by Andre Messager, another version of the eternal Loti tale which served so well the mediocre muse of Puccini. The Frenchman's score is more delicate, more distinguished, an aquarelle, not a melodrama. "The Birthday of the Infanta" after Oscar Wilde, music by John Alden Carpenter, and "Boudour" by Felix Borowski, were welcome pantomimic novelties. For some unexplained reason, "Le Chemineau," a success in 1919, was not revived; instead we were treated to the most piquant composition of the rather ineffectual Chicago season, "L'Heure Espagnole," music by the diabolically clever French composer, Maurice Ravel. It is a parody on Spanish music, on the picaresque tale, on life and love and the proprieties generally. The old-fashioned intrigue of a husband-weary Spanish woman is given a fillip, a titivation by the composer which tickles our rib risible and arouses what Henry James was fond of calling "the emotion of recognition." There was no doubt as to the "recognition," nor as to the quality of the "emotion" expressed with such subtle art by Yvonne Gall, Maguenat, and the others. I would rather hear this delightful satire than a thousand "Parsifals."

We have heard too many orchestral concerts; we are promised more next season. The Boston Orchestra, sadly jarred by discordant elements, but, like the fabled phenix, will arise with renewed life from its ashes; the New York Philharmonic; the New York Symphony Orchestra; the Philadelphia Orchestra; the band from Cincinnati—what orchestras did we not hear? The New Symphony has changed its name to the National Symphony Orchestra, and will be conducted by Artur Bodanzky in conjunction with Willem Mengleberg, the first conductor of the Amsterdam Concert-Gebouw, one of the best drilled orchestrations in Europe, as I can personally testify, for I spent a year at Utrecht, Holland, half an hour away from Amsterdam, and figuratively sat at the feet of this virile interpreter of Richard Strauss and other moderns. Notwithstanding the numerous concerts, the novelties were not noteworthy, with one reservation, a tone-poem by Charles Tomlinson Griffes, who died last April a young man with a future that seemed more than bright. He called his composition "The Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan," after Coleridge's famous poem, "Kubla Khan." It was an evocation of that fantastic region where "Alph the sacred river ran," a visionary landscape, dream-haunted, and shown us through the medium of most suggestive art. Frankly I can't name a young native composer whose untimely death I mourn more than Griffes. Pierre Monteux and the Boston Orchestra played the work for the first time here; it is the only composition by the gifted man I know, though he wrote some piano music and a poem for flute and orchestra introduced by Georges Barrière. By all means let us have a repetition of "Kubla Khan." Its Oriental coloring is one of its charms. The Flonzaleys, I believe, produced his string quartet.

The single performance in March of Leopold Godowsky, with the New Symphony Orchestra, bordered on the uncanny; perfection was well-nigh achieved and canonic standards of beauty maintained. Godowsky is on a pedestal apart; he is the super-pianist. Nevertheless, such an attribution entails well-defined limitations; to recognize these limitations gives us the cue. Godowsky is not a keyboard-thunderer. Godowsky never makes concessions to lovers of the sensational. Godowsky never offers bribes

—the bribes of sentimentalism, particularly conventional Chopinesque sentiment. He avoids the obvious rubato, the hectic passion, and the sensual "poetry" so much in vogue. He presents us with an objective picture of the classic Chopin.

There are some critics and concert-goers who demand more Godowsky and less Chopin; in a word, subjective interpretation, because the personal, the "human interest" is an element more seductive to the uncritical than an interpretation in which tonal balance is exquisitely interwoven with clarity in phrasing, which phrasing is related to the page, the page to the movement, the various movements to the synthetic whole. Intellect and temperament are in subtle accord. To drag in technical considerations would be an impertinence. It is there that supreme Godowsky technic was displayed in high relief for those who had the leisure to analyze the silvery flow, as if from a Pierian spring, of the virtuoso's eloquence. The first allegro of Chopin's F Minor Concerto was shaped to suit its architectonics. No melodramatic emphasis, no morbid lingering on preferred phrases; it was the early Chopin we listened to, the young lover, but also the shy, delicate poet. The romanza was charming in tonal symmetry and purity of expression. The rondo, with its rhythmic dancing themes, was delightful. But for me the most fascinating episode was the delivery of the recitatives in the slow movement; they were lyric declamations, dramatic, yet plangent, and sounded as if sung by a Patti.

For an audience attuned to the loftier reaches of his spiritual and transcendental art, the interpretation of Leopold Godowsky is an inspiration. Like the great god Brahma, he seems to play with the creative processes of music. They could all go to school to him, the others, and some of them do.

The season was rounded off by a monster oratorio festival held in the 71st Regiment Armory, with monster chorus and orchestra conducted by Walter Damrosch the indefatigable. The affair was musically monstrous, a combination of Chautauqua and a Welsh Eistofodd. But I am prejudiced against such Brobdignagian gatherings, for they are essentially unmusical, being founded on that popular fallacy that quantity is better than quality. The Bethlehem Bach Choir came to this affair, and disappointed the critical because it was more Bethlehem than Bachian. There were celebrated singers and instrumentalists. We heard for the first time Edgar Stillman Kelley's "Pilgrim's Progress" and we should like to hear it once more. Rachmaninoff figured as composer and piano-virtuoso. It was altogether a huge success, considering the audiences, yet more suitable to a provincial city. New York hears too much music as it is; such circus-like exhibitions are not for art's, but for notoriety's, sake. *Basta!*

And now I 'm sure you know what 's coming. I best enjoyed the Flonzaley Quartet, and I may write the same sentence this time next year. Boastfully I declared last season that I hoped I should not be forced to endure another one like that of 1918-19. Now I sha'n't repeat that boast. I honestly wish the new season were already here. The season is dead. Long live the season! But my reason is not a melomaniac's reason. I long for the completion of the next musical season because I then shall be one year nearer the cremation urn.

Of such stuff are the dreams of music-critics. He who lives by the pen shall perish by the pen.

Where is America Going?

By WEBB WALDRON

The third of the series of letters by an American reporter to Bernard Roberval, French historian and philosopher.

New York, April 3, 1920.

MY dear Roberval:

You ask me to give you a picture of after-the-war New York. You wonder what traces the greatest war of history has left on the face of the greatest city of the world, and whether it has wrought any essential changes.

In a corner of the balustrade in front of the Public Library on Fifth Avenue stand two little girl-scouts holding a little flag out by the four corners to catch the pennies of passers-by. Beside them stand two little boy-scouts. One of them timidly beats a little drum. The other holds up a little placard tacked to a stick which reads: "America's Gift to France—A Monument to Commemorate the Marne." But the drum is almost inaudible in the roar of motors and the rush of feet and the clamor of newsboys. The crowd surges by without noticing it or the flag or the placard; or, if they notice, they give nothing but a preoccupied glance. A block farther on I pass a one-legged soldier in a soiled uniform, clinging to a lamp-post with his left hand while with his right he holds out a tattered trench-cap. The crowd surges by him, too, in intense preoccupation.

I think of the Fifth Avenue of two years ago, a sea of billowing flags, booths, platforms, posters, machine-guns, tanks, orators at every corner detailing Hun atrocities, appealing for recruits to fight the Hun, money to entertain the men who were fighting the Hun. The air throbbed with the voice of guns and bugles. The crowd moved up and down slowly, drinking it in with shining eyes, parting at intervals to give place to soldiers in brand-new uniforms striding swiftly on important errands. It was the most glorious circus America has ever seen. That 's gone now, of course; the war 's over. But why does to-day's crowd rush past the beating drum and the one-legged soldier with such determined preoccupation?

An explanation suggests itself. No doubt the crowd has spent all its money on clothes, and has nothing for less important matters. The idea seems plausible. Almost every one of the thousands of women thronging the sidewalk wears a fur coat, silk stockings, and new shoes. A glance at the prices in the window of a shoe-shop is sufficient proof that any one who has purchased one pair of new shoes must be virtually penniless. No; the surmise is wrong. The crowd is boldly swooping into the shops that line the avenue not merely to look, but to buy—to buy stockings at the former price of shoes, shoes at the former price of gowns, and gowns at—well, at what were kings' ransoms before the war brushed away most of the kings. "Two years ago," the manager of the stocking department in one of the shops tells me, "our stocking sales were about fifty thousand dollars. This year they will be approximately one million dollars. Oh, yes, increase in price accounts for some of the difference; but it mostly comes from the shift from cotton to silk. No one will wear cotton stockings any more."

"No one?" I repeat. "You mean no one who can afford silk."

"*Every one* can afford silk."

And he tells me about some stockings at twenty-five dollars a pair.

So it is n't lack of money that hurries the crowd past the timidly beating drum and the one-legged soldier who, I own, has no business begging on Fifth Avenue. That determined preoccupation is the sign of a change of mood that would have astounded one who had foreseen it two years ago.

"Shall I say that the heroine had been a Red-Cross nurse?" a popular novelist friend of mine asked his editor the other day, discussing the plot of a forthcoming serial.

"No, no, no. Write the story just as if the war had never happened."

Editors win their success by shrewdly guessing the public taste; this man is a very successful editor, so he must have known what he was talking about. Indeed, Roberval, a large part of America is trying to do just this—act as if the war had never happened. You who look at us from a distance, and attempt to estimate the effect on us of the greatest event of history, must always remember one important thing—our naïve belief in our superiority to the rest of the world. For three years we watched the Old World conflict with a certain contempt. To be sure we had a vague sentimental preference for the Allies, but on the whole our feeling was exactly that of tolerant contempt for a hemisphere which could n't settle its little differences without an orgy of bloodshed. Then we came in. We had ridiculed Henry Ford's peace ship, but, after all, we went at making war much in the way that Ford went at making peace. It was a simple business. Go in, smash the Germans, then set the poor old eastern hemisphere on its feet so it would n't get into such a pitiful mess again. Well, the war was won, and peace has come, and suddenly America discovers that nothing is settled. We find we 've simply played a part in a stage of Europe's complicated affairs. Our soldiers came home, bringing a fresh confirmation of our feeling of superiority to the rest of the world, and so we are all the more puzzled, hurt, that our participation in the war had so slight an effect on you peculiar mortals over there. To our amazement, you remain the same incomprehensible mix-up of racial and capitalist and nationalist rivalries and ambitions and thwarted hopes and cheerful, inveterate hates. It is a terrific blow to our pride. To save our pride, to preserve our belief in ourselves, we have decided to wipe the war and all its associations off the slate, as we say. Naturally, this is n't at all a conscious process of mind, and remember, of course, that I 'm speaking of the crowd.

On a board fence at the next corner, from behind which comes the *racka-tack* of pneumatic hammers shaping the frame of a new sky-scraper, is a poster with the startling head-line: "The Kingdom Of God Will Come In A Day!" At the bottom of the poster is the signature, "Interchurch World Movement." Another trace of the war on the face of New York.

What a cry ran through England in 1914 that the war would bring a spiritual rebirth! That cry was repeated

here in 1917. It rang from every pulpit—almost every pulpit. And the people crowded to the churches, as they had in England in 1914. But then—

"After the first two months of war," Joseph Fort Newton of the Church of the Divine Paternity said to me the other day, "the congregations vanished from the English churches. Now the church in England is dead." Dr. Newton has just returned to America after several years' work in London. "The people left the church because they found they were getting the same thing there that they got in their newspapers —mad, bloodthirsty rage."

Here in America the same thing has happened. The wilder the rage preached from the pulpit, the greater the reaction. A typical case is that of a nationally known preacher of Brooklyn, who, when hostilities broke out, went to France and was filled by official propaganda bureaus with detailed accounts of all the German atrocities that had and had n't occurred. This minister of the gospel carried these stories from Atlantic to Pacific, whipping his audiences into savage fury. And a few days ago I read in a magazine a frantic appeal he writes to the American people. "The church is dying," he cries.

By adopting the rôle of exciter to bloodshed, the church naturally had a fleeting access of strength. But people unconsciously expected something different from the church. Not necessarily that it should oppose the war, but that it should be the moderator, the healer of wounds and hate. During our silly "Red" excitement of last spring and winter the pulpit outdid the press in violent hysterical denunciations. There were distinguished exceptions here, too; a group of churchmen issued a written protest against the illegal un-American deportation of aliens without judicial trial. But in this crisis, as in the Great War, and in almost every other war, the church as a whole took the easier, weaker course. Dying? The Interchurch World Movement, with its elaborate executive and publicity organizations that crowd floor after floor in several office buildings,—its advertisements I see on billboards and in newspapers and magazines, framed in the style of cigarette "copy,"—is a last desperate, impossible effort to save something that cannot be saved unless, by a miracle, a real spiritual movement comes. But for that some other cause than the war must be sought.

Yet, curiously enough, Roberval, many people believe that this spiritual movement is here or is briskly on its way. "Did you ever hear so much talk about spiritualism?" a woman asked me recently. No, I admitted, I never did. When real religion goes, superstition comes in. All New York is mad about ouija-boards. The ouija-board fills the same place in empty lives that was once filled by picture-puzzles and ping-pong, only it is a much better sort of game, with the shivery thrill of the unknown hovering over the players' heads. There is a play on Broadway called "The Ouija-Board." Children tease their parents for ouijas as they used to tease for velocipedes.

"Has your ouija told you anything yet?" I asked a little boy the other day.

"No," he admitted, "not yet; but I 'm going to coax it."

And, finally, the ouija is proving a wonderful virgin field for comic cartoon serials, conclusive proof that it has become a serious part of life.

I stroll on. The billowing mass of evening newspapers on the news-stand at the next corner suggests another trace of the war on New York and America. The crowd is buying the papers with its usual automatic eagerness. But is it reading them with the same confidence it read them before the war? I wonder. One of the great weapons of the war was propaganda at home and abroad. That had to be so. But somehow that propaganda was done too, too well. In France your newspapers, you have often said to me yourself, Roberval, are papers of political and economic cliques, with one or two exceptions. Each of your papers speaks its own gospel to its clique, and to that clique all other papers are anathema. We have, or have had, a large number of independent newspapers of national reputation, tied to no party or social or political philosophy, papers whose news had the confidence of every one regardless of party. But in the last two years

or so, I find, people have begun to suspect that all news, even in these papers, all supposedly authentic information on any subject,—politics, foreign affairs, labor,—is written with a twist unjustified by the facts. People have got into the troublesome habit, I find, of comparing the foreign news in one authoritative paper with that in another, or even comparing to-day's authoritative news with yesterday's or last week's in the same newspaper. In some persons this habit produces deep confusion; in others frank cynicism. I have been forced to explain several times the genesis of our foreign news—how the correspondent must, by tradition, build his picture of the economic or political or social situation of a country out of vagrant scraps of conversation picked up in hotel lobbies, supplemented by the neatly typed "releases" passed out by official publicity bureaus, and how he is often impelled to select even among these scraps and "releases" so as to frame a despatch agreeable to the policy of his paper. Strangely, I have been unable to convince certain stubborn minds that this is the necessary method of gathering foreign news.

"People," I said. Yet I realize that all this refers merely to the circle of people I know. People as a whole may accept the newspapers as implicitly as they did before the war. In a recent letter I told you how thoroughly bankrupt, in the eyes of those who see clearly, are the two great political parties in America, and yet how blindly Americans accept these two parties—as they are—as the only avenue of political expression, and vote automatically for the candidates the party leaders name. So why should one imagine a vital change of attitude toward the newspaper which manufactures political opinion along with opinions on all other matters?

I turn west toward Times Square. This is the "cocktail hour," when the bars of the big hotels once were lined with tired business men, three deep, seeking balm after a hard day's labor in those American achievements, the Bronx, the Clover Club, the Royal Smile. The doors of the regal bar, at the Times Square corner, with its Parrish painting of "Old King Cole," are grimly closed. The bar has been transformed into an overflow bedroom, a clerk tells me sadly. I go on up toward another famous resort at the "cocktail hour"; it displays the sign "Soda." I peep in. There is a magnificent soda bar, and dainty tables scattered about a daintily decorated room, with dainty Chinese damsels in kimonos waiting to serve you to the latest elaborations in sodaed and iced and candied and chocolated drinks. Soda, soda, soda, and candy-shops! I suddenly realize that just as almost every other door used to sport the sign "Café," our euphemism for bar, now almost every other sign here in Times Square is "Candy, Soda." The righteous war mood that gave us prohibition was strengthened by substantial contributions from the soft-drink and candy-makers, I have heard it suggested. If so, no money was ever more shrewdly spent.

Across the street is another great hotel. Yes, the bar is still here, but the glittering array of bottles has vanished. Behind the bar, in a far corner, lurks a single dejected aproned person. Do they call them bartenders now?

"What have you got to drink?" I whisper.

"Ginger-ale," he proposes sadly, "pluto water, grape juice—"

I turn away. Yes, prohibition has come to New York.

But half-way back across the square I am hailed by a friend whom I have not seen in over two years.

"Come and have a drink," he welcomes.

"Drink of what?"

"A drink," he explains, and I follow in wonder.

We enter an establishment only half a block from Broadway. My friend says something in a low tone, a bottle appears from beneath the bar, and the two tiny glasses placed in front of us are swiftly filled. It is, veritably, a drink.

"Five places in a minute's walk of here where you can get anything you want," my friend advises. "You 've got to know the bartender; that 's all. If there are five right here, how many are there in Manhattan? Have another?"

I decline regretfully. One such drink is a quite adequate welcome home. My friend pays,—the price is one dollar a drink,—and we go out. He gives me other interesting information. "The ——," he names a large historic Fifth Avenue hotel,—"has three sub-cellars stacked with booze, enough to last twenty years. All you 've got to do is to get enrolled as one of their customers, and they 'll put your name on as many bottles as you order. Then you can go there at any time and call for what you want."

"If you 've got the price."

"Um—well, their Scotch is forty dollars a bottle."

"Is that all?" I cry, astonished.

New York does n't believe in prohibition; it can't.

I bid my friend adieu and stroll on.

Already, up against the fading rose of the western sky, a row of tiny tots, twenty feet tall, have begun to kick up their legs and salaam and salute in honor of a famous brand of our national delight—chewing-gum. Now a graceful electrically limbed lady, thirty feet tall, takes off her soiled waist and begins to launder it with a marvelous glittering soap; a cute little pajamaed codger, forty feet tall, yawns and announces that it is time to retire, and thereupon vanishes to give place to the name of an automobile tire; a kitten the size of a cow begins playing with a ball of silk the size of a cart-wheel; a giant bull snorts electric fire; a cock somewhat larger than an ostrich crows a vast electric cockadoodledoo; a little colossal miss mounts a swing and swoops across the heavens, her incandescent hair streaming behind her; a tremendous bell tolls silently; and an automobile somewhat larger than an express-train bears down out of the zenith at terrifying speed. Then the blazonry of forty theaters and a dozen moving-picture palaces leaps out of the early dusk. Everything has suddenly become a dazzling phantasmagoria of brobdingnagian animals and men and things to smoke and things to eat and things to wear and leaping fiery fountains and showering stars of crimson and gold and green and blue, set off more and more vividly against the darkening spring sky. It is hideous and gorgeous. It is infernally ugly and somehow fascinating. The crowd hurries along apparently oblivious of this sky-circus. But don't be fooled. The crowd knows it is there, and is proud. This is New York, and they are of it. This is what every Main Street in America would like to be. I pity you, Roberval. You have nothing like this.

Yet these lights of forty theaters suggest another fact in our quest for results of the war in America. This is the most successful theatrical season New York has ever known. There is the usual quota of jazzy musical comedies, trick melodramas, and snappy mechanical farces. But this year there is something else. Play-producers have always taken it for granted that nothing could succeed on Broadway unless built to the last phrase with this sole aim—to thrill and amuse. To the amazement of producers, several plays that are nothing but pieces of life, and pretty tragic pieces at that, have last year and this outrun certain sure-fire farces and melodramas. Last year St. John Irvine's "John Ferguson" ran all through spring and summer and on into the autumn; his "Jane Clegg" has now been running for several months, and at another theater a genuine and unforgetable play of American life, "Beyond the Horizon," by Eugene O'Neill, is finding enormous success. Gorki's "Night-Lodging" has been very successful in matinée performances and will shortly be put on as a regular evening attraction. These plays would n't have run a week before the war. Has the war made their success possible? As I consider that question, I think of what booksellers in New York, Cleveland, Detroit, and Boston have told me in the past few weeks. "We never had such a call for serious books," was a representative remark. "Think of it, 'The Education of Henry Adams' has sold over one hundred and fifty thousand copies, and Keynes's 'Economic Consequences of the Peace' over fifty thousand. Both expensive books, too. Books of this sort would never have sold like that before the war; never."

Suddenly I am caught by an eddy of the crowd and whirled on helplessly,

and then brought up sharp by a traffic cop, to let pass a glittering string of limousines. I twist my head and meet the spectacled gaze of an old friend, a professor in Columbia University. We fight free into the comparatively peaceful clamor of a side street.

"Effect of the war on America?" he repeats when greetings are over and I explain the object of my quest. "No effect whatever." I recite the things that have just been passing through my mind. He purses his lips. "Passing moods; that 's all."

But as I walk home along Sixth Avenue my eye catches something I hadn't seen before—immense electric letters pendent over the sidewalk: "Château-Thierry Delicatessen." Who dares say that a war which achieved that linguistic triumph has done nothing to America?

April 7, 1920.

Almost the first whisper into the foreign visitor's ear is the assurance that New York is n't America. Yet sometimes it seems to me that, if one knew all of New York, one would have a pretty fair epitome of America. Of course New York is America's dictator of fashion; New York sets our social standards. But how many foreigners realize to what an extent New York is our intellectual center? Chicago has its own intellectual and artistic life, but go to Pittsburgh, Louisville, Cleveland, Detroit, St. Louis, Kansas City, and what do you find? Not only does the social set look to New York for its cues, and the pillars of opinion to the New York newspapers for confirmation of their prejudices, but the group of artists and writers and thinkers in each of these cities turns its eyes constantly on New York. Consider the case of the young person in a small town of the Middle West or Far West with artistic or literary ambitions or, unluckily for himself, with a mind that questions social and economic standards. The more individual he is, the more he suffers in his surroundings. He goes to the nearest large city and gets in with the group of his kind there. But almost all of our magazine editorial offices and our book publishers are in New York. New York is the music center of the country. All our play-producers are in New York. New York is the single big art-market. An illustrator, if he wants to break into the big magazines, must live in or near New York. New York is the birthplace of rebel movements.

And so the best, the most daring, and the ambitious out of these groups from Atlantic to Pacific are constantly being drained off by New York. New York draws even from Chicago. If a boy on an Iowa farm, for instance, dreams of becoming an artist, his goal is the Chicago Art Institute. Suppose he wins some success there; he realizes that to win the biggest success in America he must of necessity come to New York. Sooner or later he is almost certain to come.

Here in New York the young painter, poet, playwright, musician, would-be reformer, finds the cream of his kind from all America, and the freedom he or she has dreamed of.

"New York is the only place I know where one can be what one wants to be and not be thought queer or dangerous," a girl writer said. "You may live where you please and in any way you please, and it 's no handicap." Then she added something which would astonish most Americans, whether in New York or out of it. "New York is the only place in the United States where a poor person does n't have to feel apologetic."

What has the war done to these people, the artists and writers and thinkers? It sent some of them to jail as conscientious objectors, it sent some of them to France as flaming patriots; but it has left most of them I know in a mood of disillusion, whatever part they did or did n't play in it.

"We 're trying to find where we are at," an artist explained to me the other day. "It is n't a question of what the war has given. It 's a question of what the war has taken away, and whether we can get it back—the old confidence that beauty had its place and authority."

Which seemed to me approximately the answer any real artist would make, whether in America or France or Germany or England.

April 8.

Down in Southampton, Long Island, is a butcher who is sailing for France this month with his wife and family to visit the butcher of Miséry, a little town in Picardy. The Southampton butcher has never seen the Miséry butcher. He is no blood relation to him. In fact, he never even heard of him till two Americans came to Southampton from Paris last summer with stories of Miséry (aptly named!) and other villages in the *pays dévasté*. These two Americans are Otis and Elizabeth Mygatt. I don't remember whether I spoke to you about them in Paris or not. Their scheme, perhaps I told you, was to interest Americans in French people of the same profession ruined by the war. It is a striking idea, and had an instant success. Scores of American engineers, architects, lawyers, doctors, for instance, have pledged themselves to pay for the education of the children of French engineers, architects, lawyers, doctors killed in the war. The purpose is to make this pledge the basis of a real friendship between an American family and a French family by constant interchange of letters, photographs, reports showing the progress of the children, and so on.

The Mygatts worked on this idea for over two years in Paris. When they came back to this country last year and went down to Southampton for the summer, they soon had interested virtually every family in Southampton in a family of corresponding station in France. The Southampton butcher sent money to buy a pig for the ruined butcher in Miséry. Imagine his satisfaction when he received a photograph of the Miséry butcher standing happily beside his new pig and her litter. No wonder the other butchers in town pricked up their ears. They wrote to the Miséry butcher and sent him one thing and another, and finally said they did n't see why they should n't rebuild that butcher's house and set him up in business again. Every time the Mygatts went down town the butcher who had sent money for the pig had some new question to ask. Once it was whether they did n't think he might be descended from French ancestry. (His name is very Irish.) Once it was to know the fare to France. And now he 's sailing!

In this way it has come about that Miséry finds itself adopted by Southampton, not wholesale and impersonally, but every man, woman, and child in it has become a household name and personality in some Long Island home.

The Mygatts have been carrying this scheme of developing real Franco-American friendship to other towns of our East. What can sooner upset our ridiculous sense of superiority to the rest of the world, and our piqued ego at our failure to adjust the world's future at a stroke, than this sort of real relationship with other peoples?

Must Franco-American affairs be determined by the manœuvers of politicians and military men? Can't there be something more genuine than that? You and I asked ourselves this question years ago. When some thousands of French and American families know one another as well as yours and mine, for instance, or as well as the Miséry and Southampton butchers, then we can talk about international understandings.

Yours sincerely,
WEBB WALDRON.

Cedar Ridge, Colorado,
April 27, 1920.

My dear Roberval:

The answer one finds out here to our question, "Where is America going?" is "Going West." There is an impression in the East that our West is a settled country by this time, that every one has found his plot long ago and settled on it for life. It is n't true. This is still a way-station on the journey West.

I came out here unexpectedly a few days ago to look after some land that I homesteaded and "proved up on" soon after I got out of college. From the door of the log cabin I perched here ten years ago on the south slope of Grand Mesa, I can look down to the shining loops of the Gunnison River, twenty miles away, yet apparently so near one could fling a stone into it. Beyond the river rises fold after fold of barren yellow mesa and cañon, up, up, up, to the

saw-tooth line of the San Miguel Mountains, always covered with snow. Though those mountains are over a hundred miles away, at certain hours of the day they seem not only to thrust to the zenith, but to be toppling over upon my head. So, you see, my location is rather stagy.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago settlers began to transform these sage-brush and scrub-oak slopes into apple-orchards. And now the whole valley from the river up to the edge of the cedars is an orchard patchwork. Settlers, I said. But people don't come here to settle. The man who buys land or homesteads and chops out scrub-oak, pulls sage-brush and blasts rock and sets an orchard, waits only till the orchard gets far enough along so that he can attract a buyer and move on—West. The same impulse that drove him from a tenant farm in Iowa to a try at dry-farming in Kansas still drives him on—to Oregon, Washington, California. The buyer is another restless farmer, tired of Kansas or Nebraska, who has read the bonanza stories of Colorado apple yields.

After a man has sold his ranch, he invariably holds an auction sale of his household goods, animals, and farm machinery. He must have an auction, even if he 's taking most of his stuff with him. The fence-posts at cross-roads are constantly plastered with "Auction Sale."

I 've just been to one of these sales. Everybody goes. It 's a sort of country-side festival. The auctioneer stood on a box at the side door of the house and induced the crowd clustered round to buy rusty pots and cracked kitchen chairs at somewhat more than the price of new, and meantime I gathered the gossip of the country. It was a "move-on" gossip. What a contrast to the French country-side, where each man reverently farms the little strips of ground which his father and his father's father farmed before him—ground he clings to even when shells have churned it into a likeness to the plains of hell!

And here I met old Mrs. Johns, who used to live across the creek from my homestead, but has now bought a chicken ranch farther down the valley. Mrs. Johns had two sons. One was drafted, went to France, and was killed in the Argonne.

I knew Herb Johns when I taught in the Cedar Ridge School, and I 've been talking to Mrs. Johns about him.

"I hated to have him go, of course," she said. "But it was all right, because this was n't a war like others. Least that 's the idea we got from the papers—what the President said. A war to stop wars for good."

Yes, old Mrs. Johns had the American ego, too—the belief that our entrance into the war would sweep away the past of Europe, make wars forever after impossible. But Mrs. Johns's after-war state of soul is n't exactly pique. It 's something rather troublesome to face.

We walked out toward some cotton-woods at the edge of the road. The auctioneer's voice was cut off by a corner of the house. The dazzling South-western sunshine filled the valley. We looked down toward the glittering Gunnison. Mrs. Johns's voice had grown rather choked.

"But it looks as if it had n't settled anything," she went on after a minute. "The Delta paper says they 're getting ready to fight again, and we may have to join in. What 's the reason? Is it because Congress did n't pass the peace treaty?"

I told her I was afraid it was n't so simple as that.

"We don't know much about such things out here, but I can tell you one thing." Her browned, wrinkled hand closed on the rickety gate. "No son of mine 's going to fight in any foreign country again. Not for any reason whatever. He 'll go to jail first."

We who think about international friendship, world peace, leagues of nations, must take account of Mrs. Johns. Why is she embittered, disillusioned? Why does she think her sacrifice was useless? Whose fault is it?

As ever, yours sincerely,

WEBB WALDRON.

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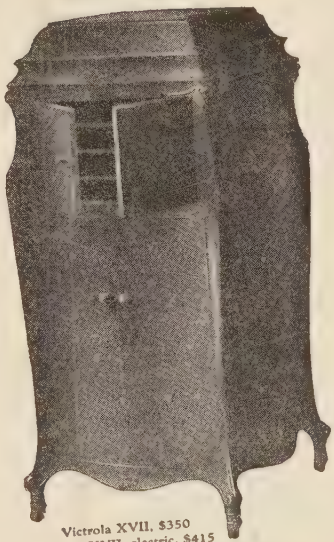

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THE CENTURY

AUGUST — Volume 100 — 1920 — No. 4

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"A SECOND LATER SHE SAW, ALMOST WITH UNBELIEF, THAT THE YOUNG MAN WAS LOOKING AT HER"

From a painting made for THE CENTURY by George Giguère
(Illustrating "Cash")

THE CENTURY

Vol. 100 AUGUST, 1920 No. 4

Cash

By FRANCES RUMSEY

Illustrations by George Giguère

Habes tota quod mente petisti

MAMIE had known from the first that she was extremely lucky to get the place. Her conclusions always had the final stamp of knowledge rather than of opinion. As she sat at her desk, in the shifts of her service, and watched the crowd come and go, she had never ceased to say to herself that she was fortunate. Her hours were not easy, and her first increase in salary, when it came, meant also added work; but she quite understood it as a tribute to her competence when the manager, after her first fortnight, asked her to take the longest hours, coming every night for dinner and on certain days for lunch and leaving the desk to the hands of the second cashier only on her rare evenings off. On the day when Mr. Schwarz made the suggestion, with his hat on the back of his head and a cigar in the farthest corner of his mouth, she had not hesitated. She was too intelligent in the methods of her world to seem to jump at it, as she was too intelligent to appear indifferent; but in her own mind she was never uncertain either as to what she wanted or as to exactly how far she would go to get it; and she had caught from Mr. O'Brien, the managing clerk, who was standing attentively at Mr. Schwarz's elbow, a glance which paid tribute to her manner of acceptance.

As she watched the slow, dominant eye of the head waiter count the seconds she took to verify her checks and make her change, and as she kept her head clear and her voice cold when the waiters, whom she would never allow herself to loathe, pushed around her desk, she never for a moment lost sight of the fact that this was all privilege. It was not, as she would have been the first to say, that she had had a harder time than most girls; but as far back as she could think, and the sophistication of the New York working-girl gave her memory a distant extension, she had been what she called restless. Life had been difficult for her because she intensely wanted to get on. She had had a native intolerance of failure, which drove through her blood and hung before her a continually lifted horizon.

Her first place had been in a button factory, where day after day she had sat aware only of the progressive hardening of her determination to leave. She knew that in the eyes of the other girls it had hardened her into silence, and it seemed to her that toward the last it hardened even her body and that the tips of her fingers were no less metallic than the molds they manipulated.

All the girls around her meant to get on in the world, but Mamie was always wondering how it could be that so rooted a habit of movement should have so little the result of progression. The final separation between her and her companions was the only separation which really clove people in their situation. It was a separation of attitude. Outwardly it would have been impossible to differentiate her from the others. Differences were things to be afforded, and none of them ever had a cent to spare. She and they had the same sharpness about money and the same pallor, they ate the same heavy, sweet food, and they had the same resentment of the forewoman and the same jokes at her expense; but despite their surface identities, she knew they could not forgive the fact that they were taken in and she was not. The girls were, on the whole, probably happier than she; but on her last day in the workroom she fancied that she saw a sudden doubt, not of her, but of themselves, in one or two of the faces raised to see her go. She was promoted for the competence they would never recognize as the only thing which counted—promoted to be file-girl in the outer office, with a chance to go to a business school at night and to learn stenography.

It had been when she was in her third position as a restaurant cashier that she had answered the message from Mr. Schwarz's secretary and had been taken into the inner office to see Mr. O'Brien.

Her self-confidence had in the intervening years grown to assurance in the precise degree in which she had found it more and more marketable. Each step in her advance she knew was due to the quality in her sharp young eyes which made it impossible for images to have any of the softness and grace of refraction. Every inch of her was inured to combat, yet she was latently aware of a sense of dumbness of all she felt and could n't say. She found herself sensitive to things which astonished her by the richness of their promised revelations—things which she had neither words nor definitions nor grammar to express. At times it came over her that the ceaseless stricture of her life had impoverished her in a way deeper and wider than the actual. The frictions and stimulants of her contacts were only in favor of what was tawdry, and yet her deepest reaction was against the pretentious and evanescent. She would stand in a Grand Street store the day before Easter, using all the play of her slang and all her knowledge of her world to get herself a hat for fifty cents less rather than more, and suddenly she would be gripped by a detestation of all cheapness, of bargains because they meant bargaining; and she would long for immunity from the things she could not understand why she hated.

She had answered Mr. O'Brien and got his terms, with the clearest conviction she had ever had of her own accomplishment. They walked together into the dining-room, which was now empty, and her gaze passed indifferently from the crystal lusters, which, Mr. O'Brien was explaining, were exact copies of some in a royal palace, to appraise critically the tilt of the chair at the cashier's desk. She had felt from the first, with her quick nerves, some definite attention in the way he looked at her. Her inaccessibility was evidently the measure for him of her superiority. As he let her out he explained to her again how set Mr. Schwarz had been on getting her; it then came out that it had been Mr. O'Brien who had dined one night at the small hotel where she had previously been employed and who had been immensely struck, as he put it, by the way she handled things. She felt, as she left, a vague distaste for his elaborateness, but her distaste did not for a second impose on her cautious sense of advantage.

SHE had never learned to count time except by her fatigue, and on the night she first saw Captain Wigham the glittering room was as strange to her as the other rooms in which she had methodically stamped checks. All that mattered to her was that her eye had grown clearer and quicker and that her hands were now so sure of themselves that she could keep a dozen waiters hanging about her desk while she made her change in the exact proportion she wished to make it. The evening had been specially crowded and hot, and Mr.

Morey, the head waiter, had particularly annoyed her. She had turned away, with a movement of her impatient shoulders, to relegate his incessant journeys to the side of her desk to the unimportance they deserved, when her empty eyes lighted on a man sitting within a few yards of her.

It was like life, she supposed, or like her life, that probably for an hour he should have been so near, and that she felt only now the strange pang which her first glance at him sent through her. The intervening tables were emptied, and seated directly in her line of vision, he remained isolated. He was looking over the room and its few occupants, idly and without purpose, with a cigarette in his hand and his coffee in front of him. His light eyes passed absently here and there, his elbow was on the table, and his fingers, which she instantly saw were extraordinarily long, kept touching and retouching his small mustache.

For a few seconds her surprise at herself held her immovable, and as she relaxed, with the sudden return of wit to her fingers and blood to her face,her first thought was that this was the first time anything had so held her. Something had struck fire from the flint-like surface within her. She could feel the rise of the flame more actually than she had ever felt actuality. She was aware that she sat motionless for the time it took him to finish his coffee. All her perception was waiting for the moment when the brief fantastic fabric should fall to pieces. There he sat—her only name for him was a blond young man—in his aloofness and completeness, and at a glance she, the cashier, had fallen in love with him. It was the most flawless exposition of the romantic illusion she despised. In the gray years of her experience there was an utter refutation of these few seconds. The sense of an impending end shook her nerves as it shook her hand. She saw him throw his napkin on the table; he was so near that she could see the impatience in his eyes when, after a moment's delay, the waiter for whom he had been fruitlessly looking hurried up to him. The moments which remained seemed to her to be counted out to their infinitesimal parts. The waiter was beside her now, and as she realized his presence, she also realized that this gave her the only means by which she could, for the briefest instant of a lifetime, arrest the blond young man's attention. She took the check, and with as much of her air of assurance as she could command she made a mistake in its addition. As the waiter went off with it a sense of pride flashed through her that her training had held and that she had made, with an instinctive exactness, the mistake she meant to make.

She had wondered how she could keep her head enough to seem sufficiently detached until the waiter, a little maliciously, since she was regarded as above error, brought back the check. A second later she saw, almost with unbelief, that the young man was looking at her. The warmth in her stirred again. She thought, with a sharp regret, how much it mattered in this instant that she was n't what people called pretty. Long before she had computed that her only claim to beauty was her eyebrows. She raised them now, as if their fine intelligence expressed all her disdain.

It was only in the sudden increase of her inner tensity that she showed her knowledge of the fact that he had risen and was approaching her, on his way to the door. She felt throughout her the friendliness of the smile with which he paused just in front of her desk and said, with an absent ease:

"I add so beastly badly myself that I was n't at all sure you were n't right."

Her look indicated how little it all mattered, and also just how far she allowed people, on general principles, to go with her.

"Oh, I may have made a mistake, but I 'm never wrong."

He turned and looked back, with his smile even kinder and more charming, to say:

"Never?"

Her eyebrows still carried it off for her, but she let her own smile just show.

"Never. It don't pay."

FROM the moment she measured to what a depth she was involved Mamie understood that she had become vulnerable. The realization had come to her

poignantly when she opened the kitchen door on her father and her sister Ida. Her father was sitting under the gas-jet, with the air of a perpetual grievance which gave him an excuse to do nothing; and Ida, whom she usually viewed with a tolerant cynicism, had raised her eyes from last Sunday's supplement long enough to ask if things were looking up. But Mamie tested her own uncertainty by the way she flew out at them.

"Looking up? Oh, yes, everything looks up all right as long as I keep going. I 'm twenty-six, and if I 've got to the place I 'm at, I 'm not such a fool that I don't know I 've the smallest chance of getting any further. I 'm good for another fifteen years if my lungs don't go. They want cashiers of forty a lot, don't they!"

She had banged the door behind her, and she stood, in the dark, narrow bedroom, feeling as if the flame in her must penetrate the obscurity and mount to some realm of peace. For the first time she understood in a dim way that the instinct of the human heart is against gravitation. Her inner self was lifted with a sense of the exquisiteness of living. In the last hour her mind and her hope had seemed to her to struggle through the crust of her disillusions and to break out and upward. She did n't know toward what, but she felt overwhelmingly their direction, and she sank on her bed with her face in her hands.

The next day she was off duty at the noon-hour, and it was not until half past six that she unlocked her cash-drawer, straightened her books, and drew her chair forward with her accustomed competent motion. In her alternation between happiness and pain,—she scarcely knew which name to give it,—she had been comforted to feel that when she came back to her desk she would come back to her senses. With her disciplined precision she had forced herself, since the night before, to compare her emotion with the strict necessities of her existence. She could face it now as a troublesome preoccupation, something which would tend to reduce her efficiency and to which it would be good business to oppose a constant and systematic resistance. She was aware that she braced her shoulders as she looked across the room to the table where Captain Wigham—she had heard the waiters use his name as they exchanged observations on her error of the night before—had sat. If her impulse had been unreal, she understood that this was the time when it would become apparent to her. For a second she actually hoped that she would have to sacrifice it to the realm of the fugitive, and there was a sense of sadness under the finality of the conviction which gradually came to her. It did n't matter how impossible it seemed: she had definitely dedicated herself, and the lines of her life had fallen into their ultimate proportions.

She was scarcely surprised when, toward eight o'clock, Wigham walked in. The color had come back to her cheeks, and she had worked all evening with her usual inflexibly businesslike manner. Wigham had seated himself at the same table he had had the night before, which the same waiter appeared to have kept for him. Mr. Morey, moreover, came and went in his direction constantly, and seemed to know exactly how he liked his sole done and his wine iced. Later on, Mamie knew, she would deal with all these things and try to make out what his being there so promptly again argued of his habits and her future chances of seeing him. Just now she was at work on facts beyond these coincidences.

The evening had been full of the first great crowd of the season, and the music had never sounded louder, and the press of the people past her desk had never seemed more actually to jostle her. Her attention had been held for a second by her struggle with the incompetent methods of a new waiter when she suddenly raised her head, to find, standing at the rail of her desk, the object of her scrutiny.

She saw instantly that it was inevitable that he should be held for a moment while the people in front passed out of the entrance. What was not inevitable was that he should turn, while he waited, and speak to her, directly and unmistakably, but with a perfection of frankness which disposed sum-

marily of whatever Mr. Morey might say and of anything the waiters might think.

"It 's fearfully hot, is n't it?" he remarked; then, with his smile suddenly touching his face he added: "I signed my check to-night. I 'm sure I don't know why I did n't last night. I live here, so far as food goes, so much of the time, and it 's so much easier to sign. I did n't take any chances on your being wrong, you see. By the way, I suppose you 're always here?"

He was gone, as he had ended, with a nod so easy that she wondered what he could have thought of the blankness both in her silence and her stare. A moment later she understood why she had been powerless to answer him. He had been able to recreate the world for her, but it was extraordinarily difficult to bear the futility of these few words from him. Her second shock came as her eyes were drawn after him to the door. She had caught his look again as he turned back, and the defensiveness always alert in her had seen that his glance, in all its frankness, was practised and alive with a definite suggestion.

MAMIE pinned on her hat and slipped her arms into her coat, at half past nine, with her accustomed decisiveness. It had begun to rain since she came in, and this gave her a reason to stop in the light from the inner office and to look critically out at the wet street. She stood fastening her gloves for so prolonged a moment that Mr. O'Brien, of whose scrutiny she was every evening aware as she passed, had time to rise from his desk and to join her.

His greeting was full of the consideration which she had established as due her.

"Not much of a night, Miss Gaffney. Seems to have been a big crowd, though; we always get it the first week of the opera." He broke off as she still lingered. "You really would n't call it raining. Are you taking the subway? No? Walking? Well, I 'm about through, and it seems to me my way 's the same as yours. I wonder if you 'd mind waiting just a second while I lock the safe and get my hat."

"No, I don't know as I would," said Mamie, clearly.

She did n't know why it was, but as they stepped out of the revolving-door and fronted together the mist of the autumn night, she found her mind clinging to the fact that even to be walking out of the restaurant with the distinction of his notice was in line with her other progressive successes. Mr. O'Brien's methods had puzzled her at first, but not his intentions. In the vivacity of her consciousness she had understood that his business instinct was as inerrant as her own. Since the first day he had seen her he had paid a constant tribute to her superiority. If he asked her to go out in the evening, he had carefully chosen the play or the movie to which they went; and he had once said to her, on the subject of one of the neighboring beaches: "It 's always too late in the season for a place like that, Miss Gaffney. For my part, I could n't see you there; it 's not the thing for you."

She waited until they had passed through the dank air along the length of two or three blocks, and were momentarily held up at a cross-street by a congestion of cars and cabs. This gave her a chance to look away down the glittering line of lights and to brace her thin shoulders. Mr. O'Brien had been sounding the note which, on their leaving what he called the "establishment," he had instantly taken. There was nothing like exclusiveness when it came to attracting business. It was a big thing, this, and every one would get the good of it sooner or later.

Mamie spoke slowly. "Well, yes; I guess you 'll get the good of it. But I don't know as I 'll be there to."

Mr. O'Brien turned so sharply that she might have been satisfied that she had produced her effect. "Why, it 's not possible you 're thinking of leaving us!"

"I don't exactly know as I am. Only I 'm not sure."

"Not sure? Not sure of what? Well, I must say, Miss Gaffney, I 'm surprised. Only last week Mr. Schwarz said to me: 'O'Brien, that young woman 's got a head on her shoulders. She 's worth ten of all the rest.' "

"Oh, Mr. Schwarz has been very kind.

And you have, too, Mr. O'Brien. I 'm sure every one 's been real kind."

"I suppose, Miss Gaffney,"—his face, she saw, was troubled and reddened,—"pardon the liberty, but I suppose you have had a better offer."

"No, it 's not that."

"Of course you might get a better offer from one of these second-rate new places that are more like railroad stations than hotels."

"Oh, yes; I 'd never take a place like that. It 's only"—she accented it carefully—"that I want a raise."

"Well, I 've no authority to speak for Mr. Schwarz,—you must know that,—but I hope you 'll let me put it up to him before you accept anything else."

"It 's not the money I mean. What I mean is"—she had turned her head toward him, and she was convinced, as she spoke, that she had felt out the best way to success and that this was above all others what would appeal to him—"that I want something different. Oh, I know most girls just get along any way their wages let them get along. Well, that don't happen to be my way. I don't want just better money; I want a better chance. I might even try Boston or go West; I don't know. They say there 's lots of hotels going up and that the push is n't as bad as it is here. Oh, I 'll be frank with you, Mr. O'Brien. What I really want is a different kind of life. That 's where I want my raise to come in. Father 's not in good health, and I 'll always have to do what I can for him; but my sister 'd really rather take care of him than work, and if I could send them the rent and a little over, they 'd do well. I know it 'll be a pull; but I 'm the kind that wants her own way. I want the kind of place"—her head was even higher—"that I can ask my friends to."

She had been aware in her first sentences of the completeness of his understanding, but it was only as she ended that she got the completeness of his interest. The silence of his absorbed attention was the first sign she had that she stood on the verge of success. She had never before known him to be silent, and she realized that his pause measured how deeply he was affected.

"Oh, if I say it myself, I 'm just the one to see what you 're after." He hesitated again. "A girl like you—well, she 's got her own ideas."

"Yes, that 's so. I 've always had my own ideas."

"And she 's got—you 'll pardon me for saying it—she 's got her refinement."

"Yes, she 's got her refinement." For an instant she wondered if it was possible that she could conceal the sense the word woke in her. Two days ago she would have believed, as he did, that refinement meant more complex conduct; now she understood that it was an added capacity for suffering. "Yes, I 've got my refinement, and I mean to keep it." She smiled dimly. "I mean to make it pay."

"You 're a wonder, Miss Gaffney; I 've always said it. Then you think Boston or the West—"

"Yes, I guess it 'll be Boston or the West."

She could feel the intensity of his problem not only because she knew that it was part of the superiority of view he had assumed toward her that he could never propose to her anything less than marriage, and that he instinctively knew that her business sense was as set on all the conventional symbols of achievement as his own, but also because he had at the outset of their acquaintance explained to her that he did n't mean to marry, not at least for another two years or so, when he should have a percentage interest in the desk receipts. It was some minutes before his voice changed to the certainty of decision.

"It seems to me that you and I might do worse than get married."

Mamie felt her flush rise slowly to her cheeks. Her eyes were bright, and she was aware that her hands, which had been gripping each other in her muff, released their hold. In the embarrassed pleasure of his habitually expressionless face she saw that her competence had told again. It was that alone which could have moved him; never, she did n't need to be told, anything like her eyebrows. In the face of the thought she felt her resolution go suddenly to pieces. She turned her

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"'No; there 's been something between us all right'"

head sharply away, hesitated, paused, and burst into tears.

Her outbreak had passed in a moment, and she found that Mr. O'Brien's arm was passed through hers. She vaguely realized that the sudden exhibition of her femininity had given him an unexpected assurance; while to her—it seemed to her the one fact she could hope to live by—it guaranteed forever her private knowledge of her complete inaccessibility.

It frequently struck Mamie, as the next weeks passed, that the only unbearable thing in her fantastic situation was that she could n't be sure how definitely Wigham saw her. He had never said a word further to her beyond the briefest good evening if he chanced to pass near enough to her desk, and this held no more significance than the glance, half idle and half amused, which she sometimes caught from him. It would have been easier, she thought, if he had systematically disregarded her; and when, across the clamor of the music, she counted the hours she had lain awake, with all her thought more and more closely enmeshing itself about him, it seemed intolerable that he could look at her and not take her in as he went by.

The disproportion gave her a weariness deeper than she had ever known. It grew as the sensitive secret life within her grew. She had wondered again and again whether it could go on; she never asked herself if she were happy or extremely miserable. She knew only, on the nights when his engagements took him elsewhere, that the vastness of the world closed mutely around her heart. Her relation to Mr. O'Brien made the matter inexorably clear. She had wanted irretrievably to commit herself to the good business of her engagement. What her instinct feared was some extraordinary contradiction in herself.

It constantly touched her ironic sense as she sat at her work that from now on she must always look at the room not with the single conviction of what had risen from the depths of her existence, but with Mr. O'Brien's instinctive computation of how much the crowd would pay. She was aware that her chief reason for training herself to do this was a latent sense of injustice in the bargain she had made. Mr. O'Brien never lingered for a moment to chat when he saw her home at night without stirring in her tired mind a dim pity for his effort to convince himself that her father was more dissipated than vicious, and that Ida, with whom he had established an exchange of constant chaff, probably looked more vulgar than she was. She never considered the elements of her situation without a certain satisfaction. Mr. Schwarz had signified his approval of the engagement, and had declared that he must at all costs hold on to them both, at least until their young family came along; even Mr. Morey recognized that her little diamond ring stood for all the appurtenances of formality. But as the days went by she found it increasingly difficult to think of the future to which it led, and to discuss the relative advantages of being married in late June, and so to get an added holiday over the Fourth of July, or of setting the date earlier, and taking advantage of Decoration day. She could not have said that she found Mr. O'Brien anything but easy to deal with. His sense of the conventions of their situation was far stronger in him than any effusion, and if, as he left her at night, he slipped an arm around her shoulders and kissed her, usually, by the quick turn of her head, on her ear or her throat, she was careful to permit herself no weakening self-pity.

She had felt her weariness one night in December so penetratively that for the first time it was a relief to her not to see Wigham. It had entered her mind that she had a closer bond with him when she wove it merely through her imagination. She had begun to understand the price she must pay for becoming accustomed to the sight of him. The information which she had with great caution gathered about him from Mr. Morey,—that he had been duck-shooting in the South, that he had a luxurious little flat on one of the upper floors of the restaurant building, and that his taste in polo ponies was unequaled, — and all of which had

seemed to her the height of initiation, fell to pieces under the touch of his presence and his abstraction; whereas with only her vision of him present, she had a vivid perception of him which was beyond the contradiction of facts.

She rose from her desk at half past nine, and she had paused for an instant in the outer lobby to wonder idly whether, since Mr. O'Brien was fortunately away for a week, she should take the time to walk, for the sake of clearing her thoughts, when she became aware that on the leather lounge nearest to her Wigham was sitting.

He had evidently just come in. His motor-coat was flung down beside him, and with his head resting against the back of the lounge he was staring at the ceiling and smoking. Mamie caught in a second his look of preoccupation, as instantly as she realized that he was tired, that he had not dressed for dinner, and that he carried his fatigue with his usual charm.

He recognized her, it was evident, a moment after her recognition of him, and he rose and dropped his cigarette.

"I thought even people as energetic as you had all gone home long ago." He laid exactly the right amount of emphasis on the slight thread of their acquaintance, and she had a flash of incredulity that any one could say such simple words with such a perfection of ease. "Good heavens! but it must be a bore to sit at that desk so many hours!"

She had sufficiently recovered herself to sling her black leather bag on her arm and to busy herself in fastening her fur collar.

"Oh, I don't know as it 's so bad." Her tone was cold and cautious. "Most things get tiresome after a while, but I guess they don't get more tiresome for me than for you."

He laughed. "Of course you 're a philosopher. That was evident the night you snubbed me about the check. I 've always remembered it, you know. But, all the same, I should think you 'd get mortal sick of them, our checks. And how you ever add up all the items!"

Mamie's voice warmed a little.

"You do eat an awful lot, all of you. But, then, I guess I 'd order dinners like that, too, if I could pay for them." Her smile had met his, and it gave her a warmth of pleasure which she had never dared to imagine. The fact that they stood talking without the intervening rush of waiters and of people shook her steadiness more than any difficulty could have shaken it. "But you did n't have much of a check for me to add up tonight."

He caught her up quickly. "Oh, so you see, do you? You notice the nights I don't dine here?"

She looked at him steadily.

"Oh, I see everything. That 's one of the things I 'm paid for—to see everything."

He appeared to linger for a moment, with some amusement, on the impersonal competence of her tone; then his face changed, and with a restless movement he looked away. "Well, to-night I did n't dine anywhere. I had a club sandwich in my rooms, and then I drove my car out to High Bridge. Rather nice in this cold. I had just stopped for a smoke and a drink before turning in." He turned back to her, and his smile seemed to hesitate. "How far are you going?"

The vigilance in Mamie's eyes suddenly deepened. The central point in her consciousness was her vivid memory of the look which, over his shoulder, he had given her before. All her experience lurked in her face, a sophistication every phase of which was crude and without beauty: her knowledge of pursuit, by men and of them, of the dangers of the streets at night, of the risks of accidental propinquities, and of all the rougher forms of vice. She felt for an instant very slight and white in her quick defiance. Then a rare wave of scarlet broke over her cheeks. It was her ignorance and her lack of finer values, she saw, which had led her into the common assumption that, if he spoke to a girl, it was only for a single purpose.

Her tone turned to gentleness.

"It 's real kind of you, but if you mean that it 's late, why, I 'm used to that, and the subway 's so near."

He instantly responded.

"It would be most awfully kind of *you* to let me walk over with you. May I? You know, I 've always wanted to

talk to you. You 're such a wonder, the way you run things in that beastly hot place. Your name 's Gaffney, is n't it? One of the men said so. Well, I 'm a useless beggar called Philip Wigham, and I 'm very far from a wonder." He caught up his coat and asked if she were sure her fur was fastened; it was n't windy, he said, but there was a biting cold. A moment later she was in the street, with him beside her.

What instantly came to her was just how, in the short distance which lay between them and the subway entrance, she could manage to catch every word and to treasure every sensation. She heard that he went on talking, as idly as he swung his stick, of the crowds in town and the time they took to serve meals, with this push on. What he said seemed to her to merge into the hard clarity of the winter night, the dry, scentless December air, and the stillness of the blue stars. The city, which she had always looked upon as a vast struggle of conglomerate lives, was touched with mystery and with the flame of personality. It was some moments before, with what she dimly understood to be his easy egoism, Wigham waited for her to answer, and that she gathered herself with an effort from her thoughts.

"Yes, I suppose the service is n't as good as it ought to be." The habit of her usual judgments came to her naturally. "I 've told Mr. Schwarz so. His check system is just awful. In the kitchens they 're wild about it. He won't hold this trade unless he plays up to it."

"Do you know, you sound fearfully competent." She felt his glance on her. "And you look fearfully clever. You look as if you knew everything there is to know about us all."

Mamie shook her head. "Oh, I don't know anything except what you eat. A girl just picks things up the best way she can. If you 're not wise to that, you don't get much of a chance in this world."

"Have n't you had much of a chance?"

"Gracious, yes; more than most girls: only I 've had to make my chances myself."

He made an impatient gesture then.

"Things are always easy for a person like you. Any one with your capacity —why, just the way you manage those fools of waiters is a wonder. I 've watched you at it, oh, dozens of times."

Mamie smiled again. She understood him so perfectly now that she understood the impersonal quality in his personalities, and how much of his caste was carried in it: he could be familiar with her, she realized, when she could never in the smallest degree be familiar with him.

"I do things well because I have to. If I don't, I 'll lose my place. I guess that 's about all there is to it."

He turned and looked at her with a more definite attention than he had yet shown. "No, there 's more to it than that. One feels something in you—even across a room. It may sound dreadful rot, but you somehow seem, as you sit there, to be not only so competent,"—he paused,—"but so kind. That, of course, is the reason I 've so often noticed you, especially when I 've been rather down."

They had paused at a crossing, where the lights flared above them, and as she shot a quick glance at him, the strain of his expression caught her eyes and held them.

"You look awful' tired. I 'm so sorry. Do you"—she wavered—"do you have things to bother about?"

"Good Lord! my dear girl, I 've nothing but bothers."

Mamie's look grew grave.

"Well, it don't do you any good to worry. Worry just kills you."

"It 's all very well to talk that way, but there are times when life,"—his face darkened,—"well, when it just seems to snow you under; and then even a philosopher like you has n't got much philosophy left."

She caught her breath. The unbelievable fact to her was that he liked her well enough to want her sympathy. She knew exactly how far it went, but a warmth she had never dreamed of rose to her eyes.

"I just wish I could make you see it 's not that way." She hesitated. "You 've got to manage things somehow; just the way"—her smile showed faintly—"I

manage the waiters. And you can, you know. You can make most anything in this world go straight if you 've a mind to."

"Can you?" He smiled. "Well, Miss Gaffney, I expect you can. That 's the reason, just in watching you across a room, one holds on to you a bit. That 's the reason one 's sure, if one had a real chance to know you, one would like you so awfully."

Mamie waited to answer; she had seen, half a block away, the glare of the subway entrance. Something told her that what he would like better than anything else was her tacit comprehension. She stopped only far enough from the lighted stairway to have her last word with him out of the crowd.

"This is where I get a Lexington express. It was real kind of you. Thanks."

He fixed his eyes on her fully for an instant.

"But it 's I who thank you. You 've done me good; you 've smoothed me out. You really have."

"Have I?" Her clear eyes showed all the depth of her simplification. "And do you know why?"

"Because you 're such an awfully nice person,"—his smile broke once more,—"and because I like you."

"No, it 's not that. There 's not much of me in it all; I really have n't anything to do with it. It 's just that I happen to make you feel—"

"Well, what?"

"Well, to make you feel straight—about life, about people, about lots of things."

SOMETHING in the safety of at last owning a definite relation with him, however tenuous, made her on the following night avoid the strain of watching for Wigham with her usual intensity. Even after she was aware of his presence, she let her eyes frequently wander in order to have the sudden pleasure, as they returned to him, of an established comprehension between them. Her attention had absently fixed itself on a lady who came in so late that she took the table nearest to the desk. Mr. Morey, as he passed, had murmured to her that this was the Mrs. Everall whose picture, in the highest tiara, frequently appeared in the papers, and the number of whose ropes of pearls every one knew. But Mamie's deepening look at her—a look which stirred from apathy to interest—realized that there was something which definitely separated her from the other women in the room. Her greatest respect was for people with direction and intention, and from Mrs. Everall's thin, pointed shoes to the furs on her shoulders there was a definiteness no less—Mamie realized the cynicism of the context—than her own. She was dining alone and she wore a hat and a traveling dress; her elbows were on the table, and her idle eyes passed negligently over the crowd and lost themselves in space. Her perfect detachment, as she swung to and fro the little diamond watch which hung from a long black ribbon around her throat, struck Mamie as representing, more than anything she had ever imagined, the assurance of privilege. She found herself recollecting the chronicle of Mrs. Everall's marriages, which Ida intimately followed: that one of her husbands had shot himself, that the second alternated between suing her for liabilities she had assumed and attempting to remarry her, and that her extravagances had driven Everall into a marriage with a Chilean heiress in order to pay her debts. As her glance traveled back and back to Wigham, Mamie had wondered, with a flare of her imagination, if they knew each other.

The room was almost clear when she saw Wigham rise. He had lingered so late over his dinner that she had incredulously wondered if he might not be lingering for a word with her as he went out. Her eyes blurred with the anticipation of the friendliness of his smile. Then she saw him pause, with a peculiar abruptness, and go over to the table where Mrs. Everall sat.

Mamie caught the turn of her neck as she became aware of him; and what seemed even stranger than the odd deliberation with which she raised her head, as if, with her back to him, she had none the less seen every inch of both his hesitancy and his approach, was, as Mamie was sure she could make out

across the distance and the tantalizing figures which still intervened, that they did not speak. Wigham merely looked down at her, and she looked up at him. Mrs. Everall had evidently settled her bill,—Mamie had an instinctive flash of having seen the check pass before her,—and after a moment she rose, and they as silently walked out of the room together.

Her eyes were set rigidly in front of her when she became aware of Mr. Morey, with his elbow on the desk, in the attitude of intimacy which the late hour permitted him to assume.

"See those two go out together, young Wigham and Mrs. Everall? There is n't nothing to be said about them, dear me, no! He ran through the fortune he got from that rich old aunt because of her. They say she wants to marry him. If that 's so, I 'll back her to do it."

Mamie lost the thread of the words. Her thoughts waved brokenly to and fro, and all they had any connection with was the motion of the long feather in Mrs. Everall's hat as she had passed the desk.

THERE began for her that night a life of watching, when all the force of her nascent perception worked against her lack of illusion. Sometimes she felt an actual terror at her knowledge of what went on behind her back and out of her notice. All of her imagination had burst into flame. She felt the pain and the humiliation of the things Wigham was experiencing; she felt, too, their brutal pleasure. Her sense of values was so strong that she could tell just how much his subjugation paid him.

Night after night—and she saw them always together now—she traced, with her sensitiveness at the point of white heat, the successive stages of what went on. In her bald definition, a relation with a woman either coarsened a man or made him what she would have known, though she could not have named the term, as finer. It was her knowledge of Wigham's surrender, of the gradual disintegration of what she felt to be his integral quality, of the meaning of his bored, surfeited air and of the weakness in his eyes, that was unbearable to her. Her only moments of conscious incapacity were those when he turned to look at her or when he threw her a word of greeting. The grip of her loneliness on the nights when he ignored her—a loneliness not so much for what his friendly recognition could give her as for what she could give him—was easier to bear. The opportunity to communicate with him, however briefly and indirectly, emphasized her inability to do so. She had wondered hour after hour how she could manage to convey to him her faith, her support, and her absolute sympathy. She thought of waylaying him or of writing to him. Yet there remained her latent uncertainty. At this point her sensitiveness blocked the very need for expression which it revealed to her. Would n't he perhaps look at her in astonishment and say, "My dear girl, what nonsense!" She could even fancy that there were shades in the tone in which he said, "Good evening, Miss Gaffney." She had instantly measured the difference in his greeting to her when he was behind Mrs. Everall's lovely back. He scrupulously recognized her,—that was part of his courtesy,—but it was with the simple admission that now he was in the company of a woman to whom he gave a separate consideration, a person to whose world Mamie could never belong. This instinctive reversion in him to formality, where she knew there was so much disorder, threw her back on the intricacy of all his codes and suppositions.

She was idly turning over the checks on her desk one rainy lunch-hour in the mid-week, during which work had been particularly light, when she became aware that some one was approaching her not from the dining-room, but from the entrance leading to the outer hall. She had turned indifferently, but a second later her mind had leaped into vigilance. It was Mrs. Everall who stood beside her, looking at her, she instantly saw, with a particular intensity. This came at once to Mamie like a warning. She had often thought of late, with her sardonic twist of mind, that it was a stiff training and one which should enhance her marketable qualities, this necessity to get things in seconds of concentration. Mrs. Everall stood wait-

ing, with one arm, in its long white glove, resting on Mamie's desk. The odd incongruity between it and her own hands, her rubber stamps, her blotters, and her books, placed the situation for Mamie, at a stroke, in all of its delicate irony.

Mrs. Everall seemed to measure the effect she had produced before she spoke.

"You 're Miss Gaffney, you 're the cashier, are n't you?"

"That 's my name," said Mamie, briefly.

"Miss Gaffney, I 'm Mrs. Everall. You know who I am? I have one of the flats just across the street; you know? I should very much like to see you for a few minutes."

"Me? You want to see me?"

Mamie had met her eyes with her usual steadiness, and Mrs. Everall's look dropped as she straightened the gardenia in the lace of her dress.

"Yes. There 's something I particularly want to say to you."

Mamie was aware of the sudden relaxation of relief; she was implicated in the situation, then: somewhere or somehow she might get her chance, unbelievable as it might appear, and it did n't matter at how personal a cost, to stretch out a hand to Wigham or to utter a warning. She took her time and paused to redistribute her checks before she answered.

"I 'm sure I 'd be very glad, but I 've really not got much off time. They keep us pretty late here evenings."

"I should n't ask you if it were n't important; and it is—extremely important. I can't explain to you now, here, but if you could find time to come in, perhaps to-night—"

Her eyes met Mamie's again with an insistence which was undeniable. Mamie heard herself respond, with all the cold conciseness she could have wished: "All right. I 'll come to-night a little before six." They exchanged another look, hard and clear on her part, and with the same disturbing tenacity on Mrs. Everall's; then, with the faint stir of a perfume of mingled violets and sables, Mrs. Everall turned back to the door.

The odor hung in the air after her. It clung about the girl's nerves, and she suddenly felt, with the lapse of tension, all their unsteadiness. It was not so much what Mrs. Everall was going to say, and what plainly concerned Wigham, which left her helpless. It was her baffled sense of her own inadequacy in the face of all her cleverness; the sense of that world of subtler and finer values, which she now so needed to comprehend and to which she could never attain—the world where there were explanations of such conduct and such feelings. She felt the desperation of impotence as she had never felt it before, the maddening finality of knowing so much more than all these people, and yet of never quite understanding what they meant.

THE maid had closed the door of the warm little drawing-room, which seemed to her of such a fragile perfection, and left her standing; and with the passage of each second Mamie stiffened to a clearer attention. The tall silver vase of white roses at her elbow, the diamonds flashing in the dark-blue enamel of the snuff-boxes on the table, and the intricate little monograms on the violet bindings of the books had instantly touched the sensitiveness of her senses; but beneath this feeling was the shrewdness which could compute the elements of her strength, and her cautious sense of calculation rose as it had risen on the occasions when she had made a demand for higher wages.

Mrs. Everall's manner as she entered had a sudden graciousness.

"Miss Gaffney, this is really so good of you! Really, I don't know how to thank you." She turned to the fire. "But what I have to say will explain so much."

Mamie took her seat cautiously on the edge of the deep arm-chair opposite Mrs. Everall's little sofa. She was instinctively aware that nothing was as dangerous in her hostess as her effusion and that only a woman who was dishonest could have such lovely graces and hesitations.

Mrs. Everall went on, with the same warmth:

"I know I must seem to you dreadfully selfish when you 've so little time

to yourself; and one does so hate, in this difficult world, to seem selfish, does n't one?" One of her arts, Mamie could see, was her charming eagerness, which gave one the sense that at any instant it could lapse into a light, polite brutality.

"Well, it has n't been such a heavy day; but I 'm afraid I 've got"—Mamie glanced at the little clock on the mantel, with its surrounding circle of brilliants—"only about twenty minutes; and if there 's anything particular you wanted to say—"

"Oh, I realize how busy you must be. I sha'n't keep you long; indeed, I sha'n't. What I have to put to you goes, after all, into such a few words." She closed her eyes for a second and pressed her hand over them. "Of course you know why I asked you to come?"

Mamie was aware of a further consciousness of advantage; Mrs. Everall was going to make the mistake of treating her with drama. She could hear that her voice was dry as she answered:

"How should I know why?"

"Oh, you must have imagined it without knowing. Women have, after all, the bond of suffering, and sometimes in the last weeks"—her hands clasped each other more warmly—"it 's seemed to me that you, who are a stranger to me, must understand my pain."

"I 'm sure I don't know, Mrs. Everall, what you can be talking about." Mamie spoke with her accustomed brevity.

"I 've wanted to see you," pursued Mrs. Everall, with a gradual increase in the emotionality of her tone, "because I felt I had to say it to you face to face. Miss Gaffney, will you give up Captain Wigham?"

The color drained from Mamie's face, leaving her, as it died, with a stony pallor. She was aware that her hands twitched for a moment before they resumed their usual immobility.

"I don't know as I quite understand you," she replied.

Mrs. Everall's manner had now a confidential intimacy. "Captain Wigham and I are to be married. You may know it; he 's perhaps told you, though men are so incredible about those things! Well, for months I 've had the most awful time. My former husband has simply persecuted me. Oh, not Mr. Everall. He 's in Africa, I believe, and he 's always been most sympathetic and understanding; but Mr. Haughton, my second husband. There was a question about some stocks; really, it was all too petty and too horrible. He 's threatened proceedings, and I 've been trying to make Captain Wigham see that there was only one way out of it, and that was for us to be quietly married and to slip away out of all these miserable legal matters. Everything 's tended to mix things up and to put things off. I 've been worried out of my senses for weeks. Heaven only knows what I 've gone through." Her voice quivered on the words. "And then I noticed you."

"You noticed me!" Mamie's astonishment was so complete that it carried her beyond the need of simulation.

"Yes; and of course,"—Mrs. Everall's gesture was indescribable,—"it explained everything."

Mamie stared at her.

"The first thing I noticed," Mrs. Everall hurried on, "was the way Phil noticed you. And he spoke of you, oh, again and again; of how clever you were, that you had such an extraordinary personality—oh, endless things, things I could n't count; things"—her eyes never left Mamie's—"that could have only one meaning."

"What meaning?" Mamie's tone had never been blunter.

Mrs. Everall spread open her hands. "But the only meaning possible. After all, there is only one meaning possible, is n't there, in any relation between a man like him and a girl like you? It was n't as if"—the words seemed to Mamie the final touch of her art—"you could have been friends."

Mamie was silent for a second.

"And Captain Wigham told you—"

"Oh, he told me nothing. No nice man ever does—naturally!"

Mamie's thoughts were whirling around the problem. "If you 'll tell me just what you want to say—" she held herself a little straighter.

"Oh, I knew things were n't going right." Mrs. Everall had drawn out her handkerchief, and she touched her eyes with it from time to time. "Phil has seemed so apart, so unlike his old

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"Wigham had meanwhile been drawing some papers from his pocket"

self. And I—of course I knew enough about life to know what *that* meant." All the intricacies of her intermixed experience were suddenly apparent. "I knew it meant, if he had something on his mind, that that something was a woman."

"And you thought that I—that Captain Wigham and I—" She broke off.

"Well,"—Mrs. Everall's shoulders rose and dropped under their laces,—"had n't I seen him look at you?"

A dim sense of pity stirred in Mamie. It was the last sensation she had expected to experience. In all the harsh contradiction between the conditions of her outer life and her inner feeling, she had never felt a sadder discrepancy than that it should have been possible to see between her and Wigham only the brevity of his glance and not the eternity of her feeling.

Mrs. Everall's thought never wavered.

"You see, the moment I saw it was you, I felt so much safer. I saw what good sense and judgment you must have. The way you behaved, oh, it was perfect! And the way you 'd evidently influenced Phil to behave, for we women always set the tone in these things, whoever we may be, don't we?" Her eyes appealed to Mamie for corroboration. "I never for a moment supposed you to be like all these other girls; don't for an instant think that. I know how men drift into such situations. And I said to myself: 'If I put it to her, she 'll see that a break 's the only possible thing. Her last idea in the world would be to hold Phil back, with all our plans made.' You see, I 've tried to be absolutely fair, have n't I? I came to you directly. I could so easily have spoken to Captain Wigham, only men hate so to talk of those matters; they always think one 's trying to make a scene. Or I could so easily—"

"Or you could so easily have had me dismissed; yes, I see." Mamie's smile was strained.

"And here he is, with all his future before him. Don't you see? Won't you see, Miss Gaffney, that it 's only fair to him that it should end now?"

Mamie's determination sprang suddenly to her eyes.

"No, I don't think I do see it at all."

"You don't?" Mrs. Everall was so completely held by the word that her attitude, in an instant, lost its continuity. "But, my dear child, you can't mean that!"

"It 's just what I do mean: I don't see it that way and I don't know as I intend to." Mamie's tone grew sharper from moment to moment. "That 's as far as I 'll go."

"Then I was right; it has been you who 've been upsetting him and making him so uncertain about everything." Mrs. Everall's voice shook, and the imperceptible lines in her face deepened. "Oh, I knew it! He 's so changed! Nothing amuses him, nothing takes him out of himself. And I 've been so helpless!"

Mamie's cynicism touched her lips.

"I 'm real sorry, Mrs. Everall, if it 's upset your plans. But that 's the way things happen sometimes."

"But I thought I should only have to put it to you. I thought the moment you understood Phil was definitely engaged, you 'd see it was the only possible thing to do." Her voice had a note which verged on shrillness. "Don't you see that if I insist he shall break with you, I can so easily manage it? And it 's far more to your advantage"—the varieties of her history rose before Mamie again—"to be the one to break with him. If you do it, you know, on a nice ground—the ground of consideration for him. I don't see how you can in any decency refuse."

"If you 'd thought there was any risk of my refusing, I suppose you 'd never have spoken to me. Well, I 'm sorry." Mamie rose, and drew her coat together. "I guess there 's nothing more to say."

Mrs. Everall, still bending forward on the sofa, still fixed her. "No, I can't understand it. You don't seem to me the sort of girl who can't respond to decency, to generosity. Don't you realize"—she dropped her voice to a warning—"that these things never last?"

Mamie's hand was on the door-knob.

"Well, you 're wrong, Mrs. Everall. There 's some things do last." She turned back. "And so that was all you thought there was to it!" she brought out, with a last look at her hostess.

"But of course it 's all I thought there was to it. Why else should Phil ever have noticed you? What else could it be?"

"What else?" Mamie shook her head. "I 'm sure I don't know what else."

"But surely you don't deny"—Mrs. Everall had reached a final exasperation —"that there 's been something between you!"

Mamie's smile just gleamed. "No; there 's been something between us all right," she ended.

THE clock struck half past six as she hurried across the street. Yet she turned not into the dining-room, but into a small gilt-and-red writing-room and drew from the nearest desk a sheet of the heavily engraved note-paper. A word of inquiry from the hall porter as she came in had told her that Wigham was out of town for the night and until the next afternoon. It was too late to do anything to-day, then; but would he meet her, she hastily wrote, at half past six to-morrow? She could get an hour off then; and before he saw her, would he please not see Mrs. Everall?

Her hands were tremulous and cold, and it gave her an odd breathlessness, as she signed and sealed the sheet, to raise her head and see the earliest arrivals going toward the dining-room and to realize that she was not in her place. She rose and went to the threshold, and as she did so, the door of Mr. Schwarz's office opened, and Mr. O'Brien stepped out.

Mamie looked at him mutely while he asked her what on earth was wrong and what had made her so late. A single fact had risen to the surface of her mind; she felt an intolerable pathos in her knowledge that he had risked so much on her and that his risk would go against him. It would n't be a permanent loss; she had that to console her. She knew he would always ultimately find a way to make everything pay. She has probably been his sole adventure into the unknown, his single flight of the imagination; somewhat in the way —the perfection of it seemed almost the ultimate perfection in all the fine ironies of her experience—that Wigham had been hers.

"Yes, I know I 'm late." She searched for her words. "I 'll fix it up with Morey; it 's all right. Look here, Ed," —she paused,—"why don't you take Ida out to-night?"

"Ida!" He looked even more astonished. "But—"

She gave him back his look fully. "The child 's had a hard week; father 's been real bad with his rheumatism, and she 's just about down and out. Go to a show. There 's a good one at the Palace, I guess."

"But, Mamie,"—he, too, for a moment forgot the pressure of time and came a step closer to her,—"it 's you, you know, I 'd rather take, by a long shot. Of course Ida 's all right; but you—"

She shook her head, smiling through the kindness in her eyes.

"Oh, Ida 's a lot more than all right."

"What do you mean?" His dark face reddened a little.

"Oh, I 'm all very well, but I keep you too much in mind of business." She laid her hand quickly on his arm. "Just go and have a good time. I must run. Goodness! it 's late! And Morey 's just awful, the way he can upset the men." She wavered in the doorway. "And, say, take her in somewheres to dance afterward."

"WHERE shall we go?" Wigham had said when he joined her, and as she answered, "Oh, anywheres; it don't matter," Mamie had begun to realize how extraordinarily clear the atmosphere between them was, and that there was n't to be the smallest mitigation of their directness.

"There 's a little hotel just beyond Park Avenue—do you know it? Yes? Why can't we dine there?"

She had nodded her acquiescence, and had followed him out of the hall with no break in the clearness of her thoughts. As they walked rapidly through the two or three streets which separated them from their destination, she began, in the complete steadiness of her judgment, to be aware of something more. They were n't only confronting each other like human beings, independent of equipment and circumstance; they were n't only at direct speech, probably

for the single and final occasion. It was she, incredibly enough, who had the hard technic of experience, and he who knew nothing, who had to be informed and warned.

Her first instinct, when she took her seat opposite him, had been that of her constant play of valuation, and of the contrast between the glitter to which she was habituated and the quiet, brown tones of her present surroundings. In a flash she could calculate, and to a nicety, as she glanced at the menu and the unobtrusive couples sparsely distributed here and there, how much a head the dinner could pay; then, as she raised her eyes to Wigham's, everything was lost in the instant personal present.

As soon as the waiter had left them, all his anxiety showed in his light eyes. "What on earth 's up? Mrs. Everall—" He broke off and waited.

She nodded. There was a delicacy in her which could divine how incredible it must seem to him that she had the right to any part in his personal affairs. Lying awake through the night before, she had dimly tried to feel her way through his initial reserves in even mentioning Mrs. Everall's name to her; but, as her prehensive instinct had seen, once it was done, the very reason he would talk to her would be because she was n't what was technically called a lady.

"You mean that something 's happened between you and Mrs. Everall?"

Mamie nodded again.

"You've seen her? She sent for you?"

"Yes." She wondered how gradually she could accustom his thought to the facts. "I 've seen her."

"She sent for you because—why was it? Because she thought—" He was helpless before the supposition.

"That 's it," said Mamie, dryly; "because she thought everything. She thought I was the one"—her eyes met his clearly—"that was keeping you from marrying her."

"And a girl like you—" he broke off. "Good Lord, how ghastly!"

Her consideration gave her a vivid warning that she must make, in her recital, such attenuations as would n't let it hurt him.

"Well, you see, she don't exactly feel sure of things. She 's got an idea that you want to get out of it all, that you don't want to get married. And I suppose she thought—I don't know as I blame her, either—that you must have got mixed up with some girl—"

"And she believed that you—"

"Well, I guess that was about it." The nascent refinement in her quivered under the offense which Mrs. Everall's coarseness must be to his own refinement, and she hurried on: "You know, you can't blame people when they get ideas like that, and I guess she thought that if she could have a talk with me, she could break it all up—what she supposed was going on."

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed again. He leaned across the table toward her. "My dear, I can't tell you how confoundedly sorry I am!"

She felt a quick scarlet in her cheeks. This was her time to play carefully. She had always been aware that there was nothing she more instinctively rejected than pathos. Her eyes were fixed on his, and she put her question with a steadiness which equaled the steadiness of her look. "I 'd like to know, if you don't mind telling me; do you want to marry her?"

It was his turn to change color, and his eyes fell from hers.

"Well—poor Lily! It 's all been fearfully rough on her—" He waited, and she had a dim sense of all the complicated restrictions of his courtesy. "You see, we 've rather drifted along; nothing 's been absolutely definite, because she got in this row with old Haughton; but probably on the whole—"

"Yes?" She had a quick incredulity that it should be she who was encouraging him.

"Oh, probably on the whole, as things go, it 's really better all round that I should n't."

Mamie's chin set decisively. "Well, now, if you don't want to, you need n't. You 've got a reason for breaking things off."

Wigham's eyes had caught hers again.

"A reason? What reason?"

"Why, me." Her voice had never been surer. "What she supposes. Don't you see?"

"You mean to say you did n't contradict her? That you let her believe—"

"Sure; that 's what I mean. She supposed you had a reason for not wanting to get married, and that I was at the bottom of it. Oh, I know; but, anyway, that 's what she thinks."

"And you 've let her suppose—" He waited.

Mamie frowned impatiently.

"It don't matter to me what she supposes. What does matter is that this gives you your chance. She 'll be all ready for a break with you; she 's angry, and when a woman like her is angry, she 's ready for a break. She 'll make some kind of a fuss, but it won't last. She 'll be over it in a week." She paused. "If you want to, you can go on like you were before, and marry her tomorrow. Tell her I was lying or fooling or anything you want. I don't care. But if you don't want to, here 's your chance."

"You mean," he said directly, "that you 're my chance."

She pursued persistently. "She thinks now—well, just everything. Let her go on thinking it. It don't hurt me."

"And you 're willing to let her go on supposing—"

"Of course I 'm willing. It don't cost me nothing."

He gave her a long, clear look in which she could make out his incredulous surprise and his definite, if faint, relief. Her sense of it was so vivid that her flush rose again, and she answered, more hurriedly than she had yet spoken, the words she had felt in his silence.

"Oh, I know how those things are. All you needed was just a reason to break things off with her, and a woman 's the only reason she 'd understand."

When he finally spoke, it was to bring out, with an accent of gravity: "I wonder what on earth will become of her."

"Well, I guess it 'll upset her for a while; but she 's the kind—is n't she?—that gets over things."

"Yes, she 's the kind that gets over things." He fixed his gaze on her for another moment, and then he bent toward her, across the table, pushing aside his plate. "Miss Gaffney, I scarcely know you, and yet no one 's ever been a better friend to me."

She shook her head. "I have n't done anything."

"But you 've given me an enormous lift, a tremendous lift. I don't know how to put it, but I 'd be ashamed, after what I 've seen of your straightness, to be less straight myself—to marry, for Mrs. Everall's sake or for mine, just because I 'd drifted into it. I 'd be ashamed to lack the grit to be clear about it. Somehow I 'll square it, and I 'll owe it to you; that and far more. You 've set me right with things, you 've braced up something in me that has n't been braced up for years." He waited once more, and then he broke out suddenly, "Look here—"

His voice changed and stopped, and Mamie had a strange sense that her heart stopped with it. The animation seemed to have gone from her body, and her only life to be in her eyes, clinging persistently to his. A radiance had flooded her, some clearer and lighter air than she had ever breathed. Her head was swimming, and her lips were unsteady. Once again in her relation with him she had the sense of an incredible felicity, of a knowledge of the ultimate reason why people were alive. For a second the penetrating perfection of the moment held her dumb. In her effort to regain her control she had again turned her eyes to the room. As she did so, her glance rested on the cashier behind the desk. For the length of time which it took her to steady herself she had a blind impulse of flight; but her look, wavering at first, concentrated on the girl with a relentlessness which increased each instant, before she turned back to Wigham eyes which had been touched by the shadow of her silent sense of fate. After all, it was valuation which told. What she could n't face was the discrepancy between them —that what was perpetual to her should be temporary and incidental to him. She spoke with an unaccustomed gentleness.

"Oh, don't get it all mixed up. I 've nothing to do with it all."

"But why have n't you?"

Mamie shook her head; her tone was tremulous, but the drive of her clarity had never been stronger.

"I 'm not your reason for leaving her. I 'm just your excuse."

Wigham again waited, as if to give her full time to make what was so clearly a decision. "Are you sure?"

"Yes; oh, yes."

"And that 's all there is to it?"

"Yes; that 's all there is to it." She faltered, and her eyes fell to the coffee-cup in front of her. "Gracious! but it 's late. I 'll have to be getting back. I 've got to relieve Miss Quinlan and I have n't made up my cash yet."

For the last time his look waited for her disposal of the matter; then his shoulders rose and fell. "All right, then—" He turned and signed to the waiter.

It was not until they had left the room and stood side by side on the curb, waiting for a taxi, since the night had turned to snow, that the numbness in her brain seemed to lift. Then her old sense of the inevitable boundary of duration suddenly returned to her. In a second more they would be in the cab; in a few seconds beyond that he would raise his hat to her in the lighted hallway, the crowd would absorb him, and she would find herself once more in the seat at her desk. The passage of time had never stood for so much to her; now it meant that the beauty of the personal was drifting permanently out of her grasp; that living would never again, after the next few moments, resume itself in the bloom of a single human relation.

After the door of their cab shut upon them, they both watched in silence the snowflakes gather against the windows and blur the lights. Then Wigham abruptly faced her.

"I hope there 's been nothing in all this stupid mix-up with my affairs to upset or distress you. You 're so positive a person, so direct and definite, so unlike most women, that one does n't quite know— And to have distressed you, great heavens! I would n't do it for anything."

Mamie's face, kept toward the window, which was fast thickening with snow, softened for the briefest instant.

"You have n't distressed me; you must n't think that. I 've understood it all too well."

"I don't see. What have you understood?" It was one of the few occasions, in their brief exchanges, that she saw she had really arrested him and held some part of his attention behind his geniality and his general desire to be kind.

"Everything. All there was to understand." She pressed her lips closely together. "I sha'n't see you again, Captain Wigham. I 'm leaving my place."

"You 're leaving? But you can't be leaving! And why on earth sha'n't I see you, when you 've been so endlessly kind! Do you mean that you 're going away from New York?"

"Yes; I 've decided to try Chicago."

"But when every one thinks so much of you here; and just now, at midwinter, and the papers say it 's so hard to get work!"

"Well, for once, the papers are right. But I 'm going all the same. Oh, I 'll make a good thing of it wherever I am. I 'm giving Mr. Schwarz notice to-morrow, and they 'll have to make out as well as they can. So I guess I 'll be saying good-by."

He continued to protest his astonishment and his disappointment, his conviction that New York hotels always paid better wages, the reports he had heard of how crowded the trains to the West were and how high the fare must be. It was the only time he had spoken when she had not heard what he said. All of her perception was merged in a single concentration. Her eyes were fixed on the bare hand on his knee. She was noticing for the final time its ease, its color, its shape, and its various signs of breeding. She felt that the tremulousness in her blood penetrated to the dim fastnesses of her being. The cab slowed for the final stop, and she drew sharply back. Then, with a response to her perpetual inner instinct, she took from her lap the tight ball into which her cotton gloves were rolled and drew them on. As she finished, the look she raised to Wigham had lost its flame and quivered with her usual smile. It was, after all, only honest, she was thinking, that she should forego the direct contact of his touch, since while to her it would mean consecration, to him it would mean less than nothing.

Wigham had meanwhile been drawing some papers from his pocket, separating them, and bending over them with what she realized was a sudden confusion; he kept a single envelop in his hand and turned back to her.

"Miss Gaffney, I 'm sure you 'll understand that I can't let it end, between you and me, this way. You 've been so extraordinarily nice and so infinitely helpful, and without rhyme or reason except your own kindness. It is n't as if I ever could express to you my gratitude,—that I know I can't,—but if you 'd let me stand a bit in the light of a friend to you—you 're going to take this long journey and you 'll inevitably have some delays and uncertainties about getting a place good enough for you. I know you 've got responsibilities, and times are so awfully hard—would you let me have the pleasure of feeling you were n't pushed or worried about money and—like an old friend, as I say—stand by you a little?"

Her recoil was so sharp that she felt herself turn cold under it; for an instant all the patient effort she had sustained for continuity seemed to her to be drowned in the immensity of her humiliation: but in a second more her reaction, in its instinctive upward movement, had righted her. She saw what the money in the envelop meant to him; that in his mind it disposed of the whole situation, that it explained to him what he could never have understood, that it placed her and made an end.

She put out her hand.

"Thanks; it 's real kind of you—"

"Cash—well, cash is, after all, fearfully important in this world."

Her eyes fell from his face as if they had taken their fill.

"Yes, that 's so," she said.

The Fairy Goldsmith

By ELINOR WYLIE

Here 's a wonderful thing,
A humming-bird's wing
  In hammered gold,
And store well chosen
Of snowflakes frozen
  In crystal cold.

Black onyx cherries
And mistletoe berries
  Of chrysoprase,
Jade buds, tight shut,
All carven and cut
  In intricate ways.

Here, if you please,
Are little gilt bees
  In amber drops
Which look like honey,
Translucent and sunny,
  From clover-tops.

Here 's an elfin girl
Of mother-of-pearl,
  And moonshine made
With tortoise-shell hair,
Both dusky and fair
  In its light and shade.

Here 's lacquer laid thin,
Like a scarlet skin
  On an ivory fruit;
And a filigree frost
Of frail notes lost
  From a fairy lute.

Here 's a silver chain
Of sun-shower rain
  To wear if you wish;
And glimmering green,
With aquamarine,
  A silvery fish.

Here are pearls all strung
On a thread among
  Pretty pink shells;
And bubbles blown
From the opal stone
  Which ring like bells.

Touch them and take them,
But do not break them!
  Beneath your hand
They will wither like foam
If you carry them home
  Out of fairy-land.

Oh, they never can last
Though you hide them fast
  From moth and from rust;
In your monstrous day
They will crumble away
  Into quicksilver dust.

The "popular plaice to eat"

A Good Action

By STACY AUMONIER

Illustrations by Bryant Fryer

In a complacent moment a successful fish-dealer gave up his work for the day to perform a good action. How Fate may camouflage good actions the reader of this story will learn.

IT is undoubtedly true that the majority of us perform the majority of our actions through what are commonly known as mixed motives. It would certainly have been quite impossible for Mr. Edwin Pothecary to analyze the concrete impulse which eventually prompted him to perform his good action. It may have been a natural revolt from the somewhat petty and cramped punctilio of his daily life, his drab home life, the bickering, wearing, grasping routine of the existence of fish-and-chips dispenser. A man who earns his livelihood by buying fish and potatoes in the cheapest market, and selling them in the Waterloo Road, cannot afford to indulge his altruistic fancies to any lavish extent. It is true that the business of Mr. Edwin Pothecary was a tolerably successful one; he employed three assistants and a boy named Scales, who was not so much an assistant as an encumbrance and wholesale plate-smasher. Mr. Pothecary engaged him because he thought his name seemed appropriate to the fish trade. In a weak moment he pandered to this sentimental whim, another ingredient in the strange composition which influences us to do this, that, and the other. But it was not by pandering to whims of this nature that Mr. Pothecary had built up this progressive and odoriferous business, with its gay shop-front of blue and brown tiles. It was merely a minor lapse. In the fish-and-chips trade one has to be keen, pushful self-reliant, ambidextrous, a student of human nature, forbearing, far-seeing, imaginative, courageous, something of a controversialist, with a streak of fatalism as pronounced as that of a high priest in a Brahmin temple. It is better, moreover, to have an imperfect nasal organism and to be religious.

Edwin had all these qualities. Every day he went from Quince Villa at Buffington to London—forty minutes in the train—and back at night. On Sunday he took the wife and three children to the Methodist chapel at the corner of the street to both morning and evening service. But even this religious observance does not give us a complete solution for the sudden prompting of an idea to do a good action. Edwin had attended chapel for fifty-two years, and such an impulse had never occurred to him before. He may possibly have been influenced by some remark of the preacher, or was it that twinge of gout which set him thinking of the unwritten future? Had it anything to do with the Boy-Scout movement? Some one at some time had told him of an underlying idea—that every day in one's life one should do one pure, good, and unselfish action.

Perhaps, after all, it was all due to the gaiety of a spring morning. Certain it is that, as he swung out of the garden gate on that morning in April, something stirred in him. His round, puffy face blinked heavenward. Almond-blossoms fluttered in the breeze above the hedgerows; larks were sing-

ing. Suddenly his eye alighted upon the roof of the Peels' hen-house opposite, and Mr. Edwin Pothecary scowled. Lord! how he hated those people! The Peels were the Pothecarys' *bêtes noires*. Snobs! pirates! rotters!

The Peels' villa was at least three times as big as the Pothecarys'. It was, in fact, not a villa at all. It was a "court," whatever that is. It was quite detached, with about fourteen rooms in all, a coach-house, a large garden, and two black sheds containing forty-five fowls, leading an intensive existence. The Pothecarys had five fowls, which sometimes did and sometimes did n't supply them with two or three eggs a day; but it was known that the Peels sent at least two hundred and fifty eggs to market every week, besides supplying their own table. Mr. Peel was a successful dealer in quills and bristles. His wife was the daughter of a post-office official, and they had three stuck-up daughters who would have no truck at all with the Pothecarys. You may appreciate, then, the twinge of venom which marked the face of Edwin as he passed through his front gate and observed the distant roof of the Peels' fowl-house. And still the almond-blossoms nodded at him above the hedge, the larks sang. After all, was it fair to hate any one because they were better off than oneself? Strange how these moods obsess one! The soft air caressed Edwin's cheek. Little white flecks of cloud scudded gaily into the suburban panorama. Small green shoots were appearing everywhere. One sought not to hate any one at all, of course. It is absurd. So bad for oneself, apart from the others. One ought rather to be kind, forgiving, loving all mankind. Was that a lark or a thrush? He knew little about birds. Fish, now! A not entirely unsatisfactory business, really, the fried-fish trade, when things went well, when customers were numerous and not too cantankerous. Quite easy to run, profitable. A boy came singing down the road. The villas clustered together more sociably. There was the movement of spring life.

As Edwin turned the corner of the Station Road the impulse crystallized. One good action—to-day he would perform one good, kind, unselfish, unadvertised action. No one should ever know of it. Just one to-day; then, perhaps, one to-morrow; and so on. In time it might become a habit. That is how one progressed. He took his seat in the crowded third-class smoker and pretended to read his newspaper, but his mind was too actively engaged with the problems of his new resolution. How? When? Where? How does one do a definitely good action? What is the best way to go to work? One could, of course, just quietly slip some money into a poor-box if one could be found. But would this be very good and self-sacrificing? Who gets money put into a poor-box? Surely his own family were poor enough, as far as that went. But he could n't go back home and give his wife a sovereign. It would be advertising his charity, and he would look silly doing it.

His business? He might turn up and say to his assistants: "Boys, you shall all have a day's holiday. We 'll shut up, and here 's your pay for the day." Advertising, again; besides, what about the hundreds of poor workers in the neighborhood who relied for their midday sustenance on "Pothecary's Pride-of-the-Ocean Popular Plaice to Eat"? It would be cruel, cruel, and bad for business in the future. The public would lose confidence in that splendid gold-lettered tablet in the window which said: "Cod, Brill, Halibut, Plaice, Pilchards Always on Hand. Eat Them or Take Them Away."

The latter sentence did not imply that if you took them away you did *not* eat them; it simply meant that you could either stand at the counter and eat them from a plate, with the aid of a fork and your fingers, or at one of the wooden benches, if you could find room, an unlikely contingency; alternatively, you could wrap them up in a piece of newspaper and devour them without a fork at the corner of the street.

No, it would not be a good action in any way to close the "popular plaice to eat." Edwin came to the conclusion that to perform this act satisfactorily it were better to divorce the proceeding entirely from any connection with home or

business. The two things did n't harmonize. A good action must be a special and separate effort in an entirely different setting. He would take the day off himself, and do it thoroughly.

Mr. Pothecary was known in the neighborhood of the Waterloo Road as "the Stinker," a title easily earned by the peculiar qualities of his business and the obvious additional fact that a Pothecary was a chemist. He was a very small man, bald-headed, with yellowy-white side whiskers, a blue chin, a perambulating nostril, with a large wart on the port side. He wore a square bowler hat, which seemed to thrust out the protruding flaps of his large ears. His greeny-black clothes were always too large for him, and ended in a kind of thick spiral above his square-toed boots. He always wore a flat white collar, more or less clean, with no tie. This minor defect was easily atoned for by a heavy silver chain on his waistcoat, from which hung gold seals and ribbons connecting with watches, knives, and all kind of ingenious appliances in his waistcoat-pockets.

The noble intention of his day was a little chilled on his arrival at the shop. In the first place, although customers were arriving for breakfast, the boy Scales was slopping water over the front step. Having severely castigated the miscreant youth and prophesied that his chances of happiness in the life to come were about as remote as those of a dead dogfish in the upper reaches of the Thames, he made his way through the customers to the room at the back, and there he met Dolling.

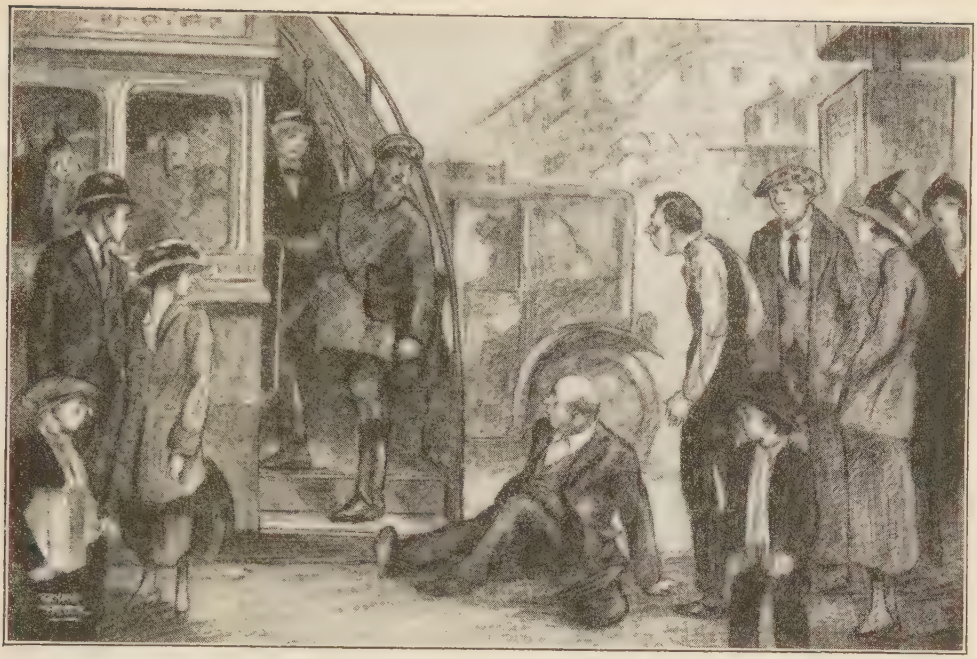
Dolling was Edwin's manager, and he cannot be overlooked. In the first place, he was remarkably like a fish himself. He had the same dull, expressionless eyes and the drooping mouth and drooping mustache. Everything about him drooped and dripped. He was always wet. He wore a gray flannel shirt and no collar or tie. His braces, trousers, and hair all seemed the same color. He hovered in the background, with a knife, and did the cutting-up and dressing. He had, moreover, all the taciturnity of a fish and its peculiar ability for getting out of a difficulty. He never spoke. He simply looked lugubrious, and pointed at things with his knife. Yet Edwin knew that he was an excellent manager; for it must be observed that, despite the gold-lettered board outside, with its fanfare of cod, brill, halibut, plaice, and pilchards, whatever the customer asked for, by the time it had passed through Dolling's hands it was just *fish*. There was no nonsense about it at all; it was just plain fish, leveled with a uniform brown crust. If you asked for cod, you got *fish*. If you asked for halibut, you also got *fish*. Dolling was something of an artist.

On this particular morning, as Edwin entered the back room, Dolling was scratching the side of his head with the knife he used to cut up the fish, a sure sign that he was perplexed about something. It was not customary to exchange greetings in this business, and when he observed "the guv'nor" enter, he just withdrew the knife from his hair and pointed it at a packing-case on the side-table. Edwin knew what this meant. He went up to the case and pressed his flat nose tight against the chest of what looked like an overworked amphibian that had been turned down by its own trades-union. Edwin sneezed before he had time to withdraw his nose.

"Yes, that 's a dud lot," he said. And then suddenly an inspirational moment nearly overwhelmed him. Here was a chance. He would turn to Dolling and say:

"Dolling, this fish is slightly tainted. We must throw it away. We bought it at our own risk. Yesterday morning, when it arrived, it was just all right, but keeping it in that hot room downstairs where you and your wife sleep has probably finished it. We must n't give it to our customers. It might poison them — ptomaine poison, you know. Eh, Dolling? It would be a good action, a self-sacrificing action, eh?"

But when he glanced at the face of Dolling, he knew that such an explosion would be unthinkable. It would be like telling a duck it must n't swim or an artist that he must n't paint or a boy on a beach that he must n't throw stones into the sea. It was the kind of job that



"As he stepped off the backboard, the conductor gave him a parting kick, which sent him flying to the pavement"

Dolling enjoyed. In the course of a few hours Edwin knew quite well that, whatever he said, the mysterious and evil-smelling monster would be served out in dainty parcels of halibut, cod, brill, plaice, etc.

Business was no place for a good action. Too many others depended on it, were involved in it. Edwin went up to Dolling and shouted in his ear, for he was rather deaf:

"I 'm going out. I may not be back to-day."

Dolling stared at the wall. He appeared about as interested in the statement as a cod might be that had just been informed that a Chinese coolie had won the Calcutta sweepstake. Abashed, Edwin crept out of the shop. He felt horribly uncomfortable. He heard some one mutter, "Where 's the Stinker off to?" and he realized how impossible it would be to explain to any one there present that he was off to do a good action.

"I will go to some outlying suburb," he thought.

Once outside in the sunshine, he tried to get back into the benign mood. He traveled right across London and made for Golders Green and Hendon, a part of the world foreign to him. By the time he had boarded the Golders Green bus he had quite recovered himself. It was still a brilliant day. "The better the day, the better the deed," he thought aptly. He hummed inaudibly; that is to say, he made curious crooning noises somewhere behind his silver chain and signets. The sound was happily suppressed by the noise of the bus.

It seemed a very long journey. It was just as they were going through a rather squalid district near Cricklewood that the golden chance occurred to Edwin. The fares had somewhat thinned. There were scarcely a dozen people in the bus. Next to him, barely a yard away, he observed a poor woman with a baby in her arms. She had a thin, angular, wasted face, and her clothes were threadbare, but neat. A poor, thoroughly honest, and deserving creature, making a bitter fight of it against the buffets of a cruel world. Edwin's heart was touched. Here was his chance. He noticed that from her wrist was suspended a shabby black bag, and the bag was open. He would slip up near her and drop in a half-crown. What joy and rapture when

she arrived home and found the unexpected treasure! An unknown benefactor! Edwin chuckled, and wormed his way surreptitiously along the seat. Stealthily he fingered his half-crown and hugged it in the palm of his left hand. His heart beat with the excitement of his exploit. He looked out of the window opposite, and fumbled his hand toward the opening in the bag. He touched it. Suddenly a sharp voice rang out:

"That man 's picking your pocket!"

An excited person opposite was pointing at him. The woman uttered an exclamation and snatched at her bag. The baby cried. The conductor rang the bell. Every one seemed to be closing in on Edwin. Instinctively he snatched his hand away and thrust it into his pocket, which was the most foolish thing he could have done. Every one was talking. A calm, muscular-looking gentleman who had not spoken seized Edwin by the wrist and said calmly:

"Look in your bag, madam, and see whether he has taken anything."

The bus came to a halt. Edwin muttered:

"I assure you—nothing of the sort—"

How could he possibly explain that he was doing just the opposite? Would a single person believe a word of his yarn about the half-crown? The woman whimpered:

"No, 'e ain't taken nothin', bad luck to 'im! There was only four pennies and a 'alfpenny, anyway. Dirty thief!"

"Are you goin' to give 'im in charge?" asked the conductor.

"Yer can't if 'e ain't actually taken nothin', can yer? The dirty, thievin' swine, tryin' to rob a 'ard-workin', honest woman!"

"I was n't! I was n't!" feebly spluttered Edwin, blushing a ripe beet-root color.

"Shame! Shame! Chuck 'im off the bus! Dirty sneak! Call a copper!" were some of the remarks being hurled about.

The conductor was losing time and patience. He beckoned vigorously to Edwin and said:

"Come on! Off you go!"

There was no appeal. He got up and slunk out; popular opinion was too strong against him. As he stepped off the backboard, the conductor gave him a parting kick, which sent him flying to the pavement. It was an operation received with shrieks of laughter and a round of applause from the occupants of the vehicle, taken up by a small band of other people who had been attracted by the disturbance. Edwin darted down a back street, to the accompaniment of boos and jeers.

It says something for Edwin Pothecary that this unfortunate rebuff to his first attempt to do a good action did not send him back to the fried-fish shop in the Waterloo Road. He felt crumpled, bruised, mortified, disappointed, discouraged; but is not the path of all martyrs and reformers strewn with similar debris? Are not all really disinterested actions liable to misconstruction? He went into a dairy and partook of a glass of milk and a bun. Then he started out again. He would seek more rural, less sophisticated people. In the country there must be simple, kindly people needing his help. He walked for several hours, with only a vague sense of direction. He calculated that he must be somewhere in the neighborhood of Hendon. At the end of a lane he met a sallow-faced young man, walking rapidly. His eyes were bloodshot and restless. He glanced at Edwin and stopped.

"Excuse me, sir," he said.

Edwin drew himself to attention. The young man looked up and down nervously. He was obviously in a great state of distress.

"What can I do for you?"

"I—I—h-hardly like to ask you, sir. I—"

He stammered shockingly. Edwin turned on his most sympathetic manner.

"You are suffering. What is it?"

"Sh-sh-shell-shock, shir."

"Ah!"

At last! Some heroic reflex of the war darted through Edwin's mind. Here was his real chance at last, a poor fellow broken by the war and in need, neglected by an ungrateful country. Almost hidden by his outer coat he observed one of those little strips of colored ribbon that implied more than one campaign.

"Where did you—meet your trouble?" he asked.

"P-P-P-Palestine, sir, capturing a

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" 'I s'pose you 'ave n't seen a pale young man up the lane?' "

T-T-Turkish redoubt. I was through G-G-Gallipoli, too, sir, but I won't distress you. I am in a—in a—hospital at St. Albans; came to see my g-g-g-girl, but she 's go-g-g-gone, v-v-vanished."

"You don't say so!"

"T-t-trouble is, I l-l-l-lost my pa-pass back. N-not quite enough m-mon—"

"Dear me, how much short are you?"

"S-s-s-six shill—s-s-s-six—"

"Six shillings? Well, I 'm very sorry. Look here, my good fellow, here 's seven-and-sixpence, and God bless you!"

"Th-th-thank you very much, sir. W-will you give me your n-name and—"

"No, no, no; that 's quite all right. I 'm very pleased to be of assistance. Please forget all about it."

He pressed the soldier's hand and hurried on. It was done; he had performed a kind, unselfish action, and no one should ever hear of it. Mr. Pothecary's eyes glowed with satisfaction. Poor fellow! Even if the story was slightly exaggerated, what did it matter? He was obviously a discharged soldier, ill and in need. The seven-and-sixpence would make an enormous difference. He would always cherish the memory of his kind, unknown benefactor. It was a glorious sensation. Why had he never thought before of doing a kindly act? It was inspiring, illuminating, almost intoxicating. He recalled with zest the delirious feeling which ran through him when he had said, "No, no, no." He would *not* give his name. He was the good Samaritan, a ship passing in the night. And now he would be able to go home or go back to his business.

He swung down the lane, singing to himself. As he turned the corner he came to a low bungalow. It was in a rather deserted spot. It had a board outside which announced: "Tea, Cocoa, Light Refreshments. Cyclists catered for."

It was past midday, and although tea and cocoa had never made any great appeal to the gastronomic fancies of Edwin Pothecary, he felt in his present spiritually elevated mood that here was a suitable spot for a well-merited rest and lunch.

He entered a deserted room, filled with light oak chairs, and tables with green-tiled tops on which were placed pink vases containing dried ferns. A few bluebottles darted away from the tortuous remains of what had once apparently been a ham, lurking behind tall bottles of sweets on the counter. The room smelt of soda and pickles. Edwin rapped on the table for some time, but no one came. At last a woman entered from the front door leading to the garden. She was fat and out of breath.

Edwin coughed and said:

"Good mornin', madam. May I have a bite of somethin'?"

The woman looked at him and continued panting. When her pulmonary contortions had somewhat subsided, she said:

"I s'pose you 'ave n't seen a pale young man up the lane?"

It was difficult to know what made him do it, but Edwin lied. He said:

"No."

"Oh," she replied, "I don't know where 'e 's got to. 'E 's not s'posed to go out of the garden. 'E 's been ill, you know."

"Really?"

"'E 's my nefyer, but I can't always keep an eye on 'im. 'E 's a bright one, 'e is. I shall 'ave 'im sent back to the 'ome."

"Ah, poor fellow! I suppose he was —injured in the war?"

"War!" The plump lady snorted. She became almost aggressive and confidential. She came close up to Edwin and shook her finger backward and forward in front of his eyes.

"I 'll tell yer 'ow much war 'e done. When they talked about conscription, 'e got that frightened 'e went out every day and tried to drink himself from a A 1 man into a C 3 man, and 'e succeeded."

"You don't say so!"

"I do say so. And more. When 'is time came, 'e was in the 'orspital with delirious trimmings."

"Good Lord!"

"'E 's only just come out. He 's all right as long as 'e don't get 'old of a little money."

"What do you mean?"

"If 'e can get 'old of the price of a few whiskeys 'e 'll 'ave another attack come on. What are yer goin' to 'ave, tea or cocoa?"

"I must go! I must go!" exclaimed

the only customer Mrs. Boggins had had for two days, and gripping his hat, he dashed out of the shop.

"Good Lord! there 's another one got 'em!" ejaculated the good landlady. "I wonder whether 'e pinched anything while I was out? 'Ere! come back, you dirty little bow-legged swipe!"

But Mr. Pothecary was racing down the lane, muttering to himself:

"Yes, that was a good action, a very good action indeed!"

A mile farther on he came to a straggling village, a forlorn and unkempt spot, relieved only by a gaudy inn called "The Two Tumblers." Edwin staggered into the private bar and drank two pints of government ale and a double gin as the liquid accompaniment to a hunch of bread and cheese.

It was not till he had lighted his pipe after the negotiation of these delicacies that he could again focus his philosophical outlook. Then he thought to himself: "It 's a rum thing 'ow difficult it is to do a good action. You 'd think it 'd be dead easy, but everythin' seems against yer. One must be able to do it *somewhere*. P'raps one ought to go abroad, among foreigners and black men. That 's it! That 's why all these 'ere Bible Society people go out among black people, Chinese, and so on. They find there 's nothin' doin' over 'ere."

Had it not been for the beer and gin it is highly probable that Edwin would have given up the project, and have returned to fish and chips. But lying back in a comfortable seat in "The Two Tumblers," his thoughts mellowed. He felt broad-minded, comfortable, tolerant; one had to make allowances. There must be all sorts of ways. Money was n't the only thing. Besides, he was spending too much; he could n't afford to go on throwing away seven-and-sixpences. One must be able to help people by—helping them, doing things for them which did n't cost money. He thought of Sir Walter Raleigh throwing down his cloak for Queen Elizabeth to walk over. Romantic, but extravagant and silly; really a shrewd political move, no doubt, not a good action at all. If he met an ill-clad tramp, he could take off his coat and wrap it round his shoulders, and then—walk home to Quince Villa in his braces? What would Mrs. Pothecary have to say? Phew! One could save people from drowning, but he did n't know how to swim. Fire? Perhaps there would be a fire. He could swarm up a ladder and save a woman from the top bedroom window. Heroic, but hardly inconspicuous; not exactly what he had meant. Besides, the firemen would never let him; they always kept these showy stunts for themselves. There *must* be something.

He walked out of "The Two Tumblers."

Crossing the road, he took a turning off the High Street. He saw a heavily built woman carrying a basket of washing. He hurried after her, and, raising his hat, said:

"Excuse me, madam; may I carry your basket for you?"

She turned on him suspiciously and glared:

"No, thanks, Mr. Bottle-nose, I 've 'ad some of that before. You 'op it! Mrs. Jaggs 'ad 'ers pinched last week that way."

"Of course," he thought to himself as he hurried away, "the trouble is I 'm not dressed for the part. A bloomin' swell can go about doin' good actions all day and not arouse suspicions. If I try to 'elp a girl off a tram-car, I get my face slapped."

Mr. Pothecary was learning. He was becoming a complete philosopher, but it was not till late in the afternoon that he suddenly realized that patience and industry are always rewarded. He was appealed to by a maiden in distress.

It came about in this way. He found the atmosphere of northern London entirely unsympathetic to good deeds. All his actions appeared suspect. He began to feel at last like a criminal. He was convinced that he was being watched and followed. Once he patted a little girl's head in a paternal manner. Immediately a woman appeared at a doorway and bawled out:

"'Ere, Lizzie, you come inside!"

At length, in disgust, he boarded a south-bound bus. He decided to experiment nearer home. He went to the terminus and took a train to the station just before his own. It was a small town called Uplingham. This should be the

" 'It 's a girl, and it 's been duly christened Fred in a Christian church' "

last dance of the moral philanderer. If there was no one in Uplingham upon whom he could perform a good action, he would just walk home, barely two miles, and go to bed and forget all about it. To-morrow he would return to fish and chips and the normal behavior of the normal citizen.

Uplingham was a dismal little town, consisting mostly of churches, chapels, and pubs, and apparently quite deserted. As Edwin wandered through it there crept over him a sneaking feeling of relief. If he met no one—well, there it was; he had done his best, and he could go home with a clear conscience. After all, it was the spirit which counted in these things.

"O-o-oh!"

He was passing a small stone church standing back from a little-frequented lane. The maiden was seated alone in the porch, and she was crying. Edwin bustled through the gate and, as he approached her, had time to observe that she was young, quietly dressed, and distinctly pretty.

"You are in trouble," he said in his most feeling manner.

She looked up at him quickly and dabbed her eyes.

"I 've lost my baby! I 've lost my baby!" she cried.

"Dear! dear! that 's very unfortunate. How did it happen?"

She pointed at an empty perambulator in the porch.

"I waited an hour here for my friends and husband and the clergyman. My baby was to be christened." She gasped incoherently. "No one turned up. I went across to the vicarage. The vicar was away. I believe I ought to have gone to St. Bride's. This is St. Paul's. They did n't know anything about it. They say people often make that mistake. When I got back, the baby was gone. O-o-o-oh!"

"There, there, don't cry," said Mr. Pothecary. "Now I 'll go over to St. Bride's and find out about it."

"Oh, sir, do you mind waiting here with the perambulator while I go? I want my baby! I want my baby!"

"Why, yes, of course, of course."

She dashed up the lane, and left Mr. Pothecary in charge of an empty perambulator. In fifteen minutes' time a

thick-set young man came hurrying up to the porch. He looked at Edwin, and, pointing at the perambulator, said:

"Is this Mrs. Frank's or Mrs. Fred's?"

"I don't know," said Edwin, testily.

"You don't know! But you 're Old Binns, are n't you?"

"No, I 'm not."

The young man looked at him searchingly and then disappeared. Ten minutes elapsed, and then a small boy rode up on a bicycle. He also was out of breath.

"Has Mrs. George been 'ere?" he asked.

"I don't know," replied Edwin.

"Mr. Henderson says he 's awfully sorry, but he won't be able to get away. You are to kiss the baby for 'im."

"I don't know anything about it."

"This is St. Bride's, is n't it?"

"No, this is St. Paul's."

"Oh!" The boy leaped on to the bicycle and also vanished.

"This is absurd," thought Edwin. "Of course the whole thing is as plain as daylight. The poor girl has come to the wrong church. The whole party is at St. Bride's; somebody must have taken the baby on there. I might as well take the perambulator along. They 'll be pleased. Now, I wonder which is the way."

He wheeled the perambulator into the lane. There was no one about to ask. He progressed nearly two hundred yards till he came to a field with a pond in it. This was apparently the wrong direction. He was staring about when he suddenly became aware of a hue-and-cry. A party of people came racing down the lane, headed by the thick-set man, who was exclaiming:

"There he is! There he is!"

Edwin felt his heart beating. This was going to be a little embarrassing. They closed on him. The thick-set man seized his wrists and at the same time remarked:

"See he has n't any firearms on him, Frank."

The large man referred to as Frank gripped him from behind.

"What have you done with my baby?" he demanded fiercely.

"I 'ave n't seen no baby," yelped Mr. Pothecary.

"Oh, 'ave n't yer! What are yer doin' with my perambulator, then?"

"I 'm takin' it to St. Bride's Church."

"Goin' in the opposite direction?"

"I did n't know the way."

"Where 's the baby?"

"I 'ave n't seen it, I tell yer. The mother said she 'd lost it."

"Do you know the mother 's in bed, sick? You 're a liar, my man, and we 're goin' to take you in charge. If you 've done anythin' to my baby, I 'll kill you with my hands."

"That 's it, Frank. Let 'im 'ave it. Throw 'im in the pond!"

"I tell yer, I don't know anythin' about it at all, with yer Franks and Freds and Georges! Go to the devil, all of you!"

Despite his protestations, some one produced a rope, and they handcuffed him and then tied him to the gate of the field. A small crowd had collected and began to boo and jeer. A man from a cottage hard by produced a drag, and between them they dragged the pond, as the general belief was that Edwin had tied a stone to the baby and thrown it in, and was then just about to make off.

The uproar continued for some time, mud and stones being thrown about rather carelessly. The crowd became impatient that no baby was found in the pond. At length another man turned up on a bicycle, and called out:

"What are you doing, Frank? You 've missed the christening!"

"What!"

"Old Binns turned up with the nipper all right. He 'd come the wrong way."

The crowd was obviously disappointed at the release of Edwin, and the father's only apology was:

"Well, it 's lucky for you, old bird!"

He and his friends trundled the perambulator away rapidly across the fields. Edwin had hardly time to give a sigh of relief before he found himself the center of a fresh disturbance. He was approaching the church when another crowd assailed him, headed by the forlorn maiden. She was still in a state of distress, but she was hugging a baby to her.

"Ah! you 've found the baby!" exclaimed Edwin, trying to be amiable.

"Where is the perambulator?" she demanded.

"Your 'usband 'as taken it away, madam. He seemed to think I—"

A tall, frigid young man stepped forward and said:

"Excuse me, I am this lady's husband. Will you please explain yourself?"

Then Edwin lost his temper.

"Well, damn it! I don't know who you all are!"

"The case is quite clear. You volunteered to take charge of the perambulator while my wife was absent. On her return you announce that it is spirited away. I shall hold you responsible for the entire cost, nearly ten pounds."

"Make it a thousand!" roared Edwin. "I 'm 'aving a nice cheap day!"

"I don't wish for any of your insolence, either. My wife has had a very trying experience; the baby has been christened Fred."

"Well, what 's the matter with that?"

"Nothing!" screamed the mother. *"Only that it is a girl!* It 's a girl, and it 's been duly christened Fred in a Christian church. Oh! there 's been an awful muddle!"

"It 's not this old fool's fault," interpolated an elderly woman, quickly. "You see, Mrs. Frank and Mrs. Fred Smith were both going to have their babies christened to-day. Only Mrs. Frank was took sick, and sent me along with the child. I went to the wrong church, and thinkin' there was some mistake, went back home. Mrs. Frank's baby 's never been christened at all. In the meantime the ceremony was ready to start at St. Paul's, and Frank 'imself was there. No baby. They sends old Binns to scout around at other churches. People do make mistakes. Finds the good lady's child all primmed up for christening, in the church door, and no one near; carries it off. In the meantime the father had gone on the ramp. It 's him that probably went off with the perambulator and trounced you up a bit, old sport. It 'll learn you not to interfere so much in future, perhaps."

"And the baby 's christened Fred!" wailed the mother. "My baby! my Gwendoline!" And she looked at Edwin with bitter recrimination in her eyes.

There was still a small crowd following, and boys were jeering, and a fox-terrier, getting very excited, jumped up and bit Mr. Pothecary through the seat of his trousers. He struck at it with a stick, and hit a small boy whose mother happened to be present. The good lady immediately entered the lists.

"Baby-killer! Hun!" were the last words he heard as he chased up the street and across the fields in the direction of his own village.

When he arrived it was nearly dark. Mr. Pothecary was tired, dirty, battered, torn, outraged, bruised, and hatless. And his spirit hardened; the forces of reaction surged through him. He was done with good actions. He felt vindictive, spiteful, wicked. Slowly he took the last turning, and his eyes once more alighted on—the Peels' fowl-house.

And there came to him a vague desire to end his day by performing some action the contrary to good; something spiteful, petty, malign. His soul demanded some recompense for its abortive energies. And then he remembered that the Peels were away. They were returning late that evening. The two intensive fowl-houses were at the end of the kitchen garden, where all the young spring cabbages and peas had just been planted. They could be approached between a slit in the narrow black fence adjacent to a turnip-field. Rather a long way round. A simple and rather futile plan sprang to his mind, but he was too tired to think of anything more criminal or diabolic.

He would creep round to the back, get through the fence, force his way into the fowl-house. Then he would kick out all those expensive Rhode Island pampered hens, and lock them out. Inside he would upset everything and smash the place to pieces. The fowls would get all over the place. They would eat the young vegetables. Some of them would get lost, stolen by Gipsies, killed by rats. What did he care? The Peels would probably not discover the outrage till the morrow, and they would never know who did it. Edwin chuckled inwardly, and rolled his eyes like the smooth villain of a fit-up melodrama. He glanced up and down to see that no one was looking, then he got across a gate and entered the turnip-field.

In five minutes' time he was forcing the door of the fowl-house with a spade.

The fowls were already settling down for the night, and they clucked rather alarmingly; but Edwin's blood was up. He chased them all out, forty-five of them, and made savage lunges at them with his feet. Then he upset all the corn he could find, and poured water on it and jumped on it. He smashed the complicated invention suspended from the ceiling, whereby the fowls had to reach up and get one grain of corn at a time. To his joy he found a pot of green paint, which he flung promiscuously all over the walls and floor, and incidentally his clothes.

Then he crept out and bolted both of the doors.

The sleepy creatures were standing about outside, some feebly pecking about on the ground. He chased them through into the vegetable-garden, then he rubbed some of the dirt and paint from his clothes and returned to the road.

When he arrived home he said to his wife:

"I fell off a tram on Waterloo Bridge. Lost my hat."

He was cold and wet, and his teeth were chattering. His wife bustled him off to bed and gave him a little hot grog.

Between the sheets he recovered contentment. He gurgled exultantly at this last and only satisfying exploit of the day. He dreamed lazily of the blind rage of the Peels when they returned.

It must have been half past ten when his wife came up again to bring him some hot gruel. He had been asleep. She put the cup by the bedside and rearranged his pillow.

"Feeling better?" she asked.

"Yes. I 'm all right," he murmured drowsily.

She sat on a chair by the side of the bed and after a few minutes remarked:

"You 've missed an excitement while you 've been asleep."

"Oh?"

"Yes. A fire!"

"A fire?"

"The Peels came home about an hour and a half ago, and found the place on fire at the back."

"Oh?"

"Their cook Lizzie has been over. She said some straw near the wash-house must have started it. It 's burnt out the wash-house and both the fowl-houses. She says Mr. Peel says he don't care very much, because he was heavily insured for the lot. But the funny thing is, the fowls was n't insured, and they 've found the whole lot down the field on the rabbit-hutches. Somebody must have got in and let the whole lot out. It was a fine thing to do, or else the poor things would all have been burnt up. What 's the matter, Ned? Is the gruel too hot?"

The Posture of Authors

By CHARLES S. BROOKS

"It seems as if rather a richer flavor were given to a book by knowing the circumstances of its composition. Not only would we know the complexion of a man, . . . but also in what posture he works and what objects meet his eyes when he squares his elbows and dips his pen."

THERE is something rather pleasantly suggestive in the fashion employed by many of the older writers of inscribing their books from their chambers, or lodging. It gives them at once locality and circumstance. It brings them to our common earth and understanding. Thomas Fuller, for example, having finished his church history of Great Britain, addressed his reader in a preface from his chambers in Sion College. "May God alone have the glory," he writes, "and the ingenious reader the benefit, of my endeavors! which is the hearty desire of Thy servant in Jesus Christ, Thomas Fuller."

One pictures a room in the Tudor style, with oak wainscot and tall mullioned windows and leaded glass, a deep fireplace, and black beams above. Outside, perhaps, is the green quadrangle of the college, cloistered within ancient buildings, with gay wall-flowers against the sober stones. Bells answer from tower to belfry in agreeable dispute upon the hour. They were cast in a quieter time, and refuse to bicker on a paltry minute. Such a dedication from such a place might turn the most careless reader into scholarship. In the seat of its leaded windows even the quirk of a Latin sentence might find a meaning. Here would be a room in which to meditate on the worthies of old England, or read a chronicle of forgotten kings; queens and protesting lovers that have faded into night.

Here we see Thomas Fuller dip his quill and make a start. "I have sometimes solitarily pleased myself," he writes, and he gazes into the dark shadows of the room, seeing, as it were, the pleasant specters of the past. Bishops of Great Britain, long dead, in stole and miter, forgetful of their solemn office, dance in the firelight on his walls. Popes move in dim review across his studies and shake a ghostly finger at his heresy. The past is not a prude. To her lover she reveals her beauty. And the scholar's lamp is her marriage torch.

Nor need it entirely cool our interest to learn that Sion College did not elope thus in country fashion to the peaceful waters of the Cam, with its fringe of trees and sunny meadow; did not possess even a Gothic tower and cloister. It was built on the site of an ancient priory, Elsinge Spital, with almshouses attached, a Jesuit library, and a college for the clergy. It was right in London, down near the Roman wall, in the heart of the tangle traffic, and street cries kept breaking in—muffins, perhaps, and hot, spiced gingerbread and broken glass. I hope, at least, that the good gentleman's rooms were up above, somewhat out of the clatter, where muffins had lost their shrillness. Gingerbread, when distance has reduced it to a pleasant tune, is not inclined to rouse a scholar from his meditation, and even broken glass is blunted on a journey to a garret. I hope that the old gentleman climbed three flights or more, and that a range of chimney-pots was his outlook and speculation.

It seems as if rather a richer flavor were given to a book by knowing the circumstance of its composition. Not only would we know the complexion of a man, whether he "be a black or a fair man," as Addison suggests, "of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor," but also in what posture he

works and what objects meet his eyes when he squares his elbows and dips his pen. We are concerned whether sunlight falls upon his papers or whether he writes in shadow. Also, if an author's desk stands at a window, we are curious whether it looks on a street or on a garden or whether it squints blindly against a wall. A view across distant hills surely sweetens the imagination, whereas the clatter of the city gives a shrewder twist to fancy.

And household matters are of proper concern. We should like to be informed whether an author works in the swirl of the common sitting-room. If he writes within earshot of the kitchen, we should know it. There has been an argument whether a steam radiator chills a poet as against an open fire, and whether a plot keeps up its giddy pace upon a sweeping day. Histories have balked before a household interruption. Novels have been checked by the rattle of a careless broom. A smoky chimney has choked the sturdiest invention.

If a plot goes slack, perhaps it is a bursted pipe. An incessant grocer's boy, unanswered on the back porch, has often foiled the wicked earl in his attempts against the beautiful *Pomona*. Little did you think, my dear madam, as you read your latest novel, that on the very instant when the heroine, *Mrs. Elmira Jones*, deserted her babies to follow her conscience and become a movie actress, that on that very instant when she slammed the street door, the plumber (the author's plumber) came in to test the radiator. *Mrs. Jones* nearly took her death on the steps as she waited for the plot to deal with her. Even a marquis now and then, one of the older sort in wig and ruffles, has been left, when the author's ashes have needed attention, on his knees before the *Lady Emily*, begging her to name the happy day.

Was it not Coleridge's cow that calved while he was writing "Kubla Khan"? In burst the housemaid with the joyful news. And that man from Porlock, mentioned in his letters, who came on business? Did he not despoil the morning of its poetry? Did Wordsworth's pigs —surely he owned pigs—never get into his neighbor's garden and need quick attention? Martin Luther threw his ink-pot, supposedly, at the devil. Is it not more likely that it was at Annie, who came to dust? Thackeray is said to have written largely at his club, the Garrick or the Athenæum. There was a general stir of feet and voices, but it was foreign and did not plague him. A tinkle of glasses in the distance, he confessed, was soothing, like a waterfall.

Steele makes no complaint against his wife Prue, but he seems to have written chiefly in taverns. In the very first paper of the "Tatler" he gratifies our natural curiosity by naming the several coffee-houses where he intends to compose his thoughts. "Foreign and domestic news," he says, "you will have from St. James Coffee House." Learning will proceed from the Grecian. But "all accounts of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment shall be under the article of White's Chocolate House." In the month of September, 1705, he continues, "a gentleman was washing his teeth at a tavern window in Pall Mall when a fine equipage passed by, and on it, a young lady who looked at him. Away goes the coach—" Away goes the beauty, with an alluring smile—rather an ambiguous smile, I 'm afraid—across her silken shoulder. But for the continuation of this pleasant scandal (you may be sure that the pretty fellow was quite distracted from his teeth) one must turn up the yellow pages of the "Tatler."

We may suppose that Steele called for pens and paper and a sandbox, and took a table in one of White's forward windows. He wished no garden view or brick wall against the window. We may even go so far as to assume that something in the way of punch, canary, or negus *luke*, my dear, was handy at his elbow. His paragraphs are punctuated by the gay procession of the street. Here goes a great dandy in red heels, with lace at his beard and wrists. Here is a scarlet captain who has served with Marlborough and has taken a whole regiment of Frenchmen by the nose. Here is the Lady Belinda in her chariot, who is the pledge of all the wits and poets. That little pink ear of hers has been rhymed in a hundred sonnets—ear and tear and fear and near and dear. The king has been toasted from her slipper. The pretty creature has been

sitting at ombre for most of the night, but now at four of the afternoon she takes the air with her lap-dog. That great hat and feather will slay another dozen hearts between shop and shop. She is attended by a female dragon, but contrives by accident to show an inch or so of charming stocking at the curb. Steele, at his window, I 'm afraid, forgets for the moment his darling Prue and his promise to be done.

There is something rather pleasant in knowing where these old authors, who are now almost forgotten, wrote their books. Richardson wrote "Clarissa" at Parson's Green. That ought not to interest us very much, for nobody reads "Clarissa" now. But we can picture the fat little printer reading his daily batch of tender letters from young ladies, begging him to reform the wicked *Lovelace* and turn the novel to a happy end. For it was issued in parts, and so, of course, there was no chance for young ladies, however impatient, to thumb the back pages for the plot.

Richardson wrote "Pamela" at a house called the Grange, in the open country just out of London. There was a garden at the back, and a grotto—one of the grottoes that had been the fashion for prosperous literary gentlemen since Pope had built himself one at Twickenham. Here, it is said, Richardson used to read his story day by day, as it was freshly composed, to a circle of his feminine admirers. Hugh Thomson has drawn the picture in delightful silhouette. The ladies listen in suspense,—perhaps the wicked master is just taking *Pamela* on his knee,—their hands are raised in protest. La! the monster! Their noses are pitched up to a high excitement. One old lady hangs her head and blushes at the outrage. Or does she cock her head to hear the better?

Richardson had a kind of rocking-horse in his study, and he took his exercise so between chapters. We may imagine him galloping furiously on the hearth-rug, then, quite refreshed, after four or five dishes of tea, hiding his villain once more under *Pamela's* bed. Did it never occur to that young lady to lift the valance? Half a dozen times at least he has come popping out after she has loosed her stays, once even when she has got her stockings off. Perhaps this is the dangerous moment when the old lady in the silhouette hung her head and blushed. If *Pamela* had gone rummaging vigorously with a poker beneath her bed she could have cooled her lover.

Goldsmith wrote his books for the most part in lodgings. We find him starving with the beggars in Axe Lane, advancing to Green Arbour Court,—sending down to the cook-shop for a tart to make his supper,—living in the Temple, as his fortunes mended. Was it not at his window in the Temple that he wrote part of his "A History of the Earth and Animated Nature"? His first chapter—four pages—is called a sketch of the universe. In four pages he cleared the beginning up to Adam. Could anything be simpler or easier? The clever fellow, no doubt, could have made the universe—actually made it out of chaos, stars and moon, and fishes in the sea—in less than the allotted six days and not needed a rest upon the seventh. Goldsmith had nothing in particular outside of his window to look at but the stone flagging, a pump, and a solitary tree. Of the whole green earth this was the only living thing. For a brief season a bird or two lodged there, and you may be sure that Goldsmith put the remnant of his crumbs upon the window casement. Perhaps it was here that he sent down to the cook-shop for a tart, and he and the birds made a common banquet across the glass.

Poets, depending on their circumstance, are supposed to write either in garrets or in gardens. Browning, it is true, lived at Casa Guidi, which was "yellow with sunshine from morning to evening," and here and there a prosperous Byron has a Persian carpet and mahogany desk. But for the most part we put our poets in garrets as a cheap place that has the additional advantage of being nearest to the moon. From these high windows sonnets are thrown on a windy night. Rhymes and fancies are roused by gazing on the stars. The rumble of the lower city is potent to start a metaphor. "These fringes of lamp-light," it is written, "struggling up through smoke and thousandfold exhalation, some fathoms into the ancient reign of Night, what thinks Boötes of

them, as he leads his Hunting-dogs over the Zenith in their leash of sidereal fire? That stifled hum of Midnight, when Traffic has lain down to rest."

Here, under a sloping roof, the poet sits, blowing at his fingers. Hogarth has drawn him—"The Distressed Poet"—cold and lean and shabby. That famous picture might have been copied from the life of any of a hundred creatures of "The Dunciad," and with a change of costume it might serve our time as well. The poor fellow sits at a broken table in the dormer. About him lie his scattered sheets. His wife mends his breeches. Outside the door stands a woman with the unpaid milk-score. There is not a penny in the place, and for food only half a loaf and something brewing in a kettle. You may remember that when Johnson was a young poet, just come to London, he lived with Mr. Cave in St. John's Gate. When there were visitors he ate his supper behind a screen because he was too shabby to show himself. I wonder what definition he gave the poet in his dictionary. If he wrote in his own experience, he put him down as a poor devil who was always hungry. But Chatterton actually died of starvation in a garret, and those other hundred poets of his time and ours got down to the bone and took to coughing. Perhaps we shall change our minds about that sonnet which we tossed lightly to the moon. The stars travel on such lonely journeys! The jest loses its relish. Perhaps those merry verses to the Christmas,—the sleigh-bells and the roasted goose,—perhaps those verses turn bitter when written on an empty stomach.

But do poets ever write in gardens? Swift, who was by way of being a poet, built himself a garden-seat at Moor Park when he served Sir William Temple, but I don't know that he wrote poetry there. Rather, it was a place for reading. Pope in his prosperous days wrote at Twickenham, with the sound of his artificial waterfall in his ears, and he walked to take the air in his grotto along the Thames. But do poets really wander beneath the moon to think their verses? Do they compose "on summer eve by haunted stream"? I doubt whether Gray conceived his "Elegy" in an actual graveyard. I smell oil. One need not see the thing described upon the very moment. Shelley wrote of mountains, the awful range of Caucasus, but his eye at the time looked on sunny Italy. Ibsen wrote of the North when living in the South. When Bunyan wrote of the Delectable Mountains he was snug inside a jail.

Where did Andrew Marvell stand or sit or walk when he wrote about gardens? Wordsworth is said to have strolled up and down a gravel path with his eyes on the ground. I wonder whether the gardener ever broke in—if he had a gardener—to complain about the drought or how the dandelions were getting the better of him. Or perhaps the lawn-mower squeaked, if he had a lawn-mower, and threw him off. But was n't it Wordsworth who woke up four times in one night and called to his wife for pens and paper lest an idea escape him? Surely he did n't take to the garden at that time of night in his pajamas with an ink-pot. But did Wordsworth have a wife? How one forgets! Coleridge told Hazlitt that he liked to compose "walking over uneven ground, or breaking through the straggling branches of a copse-wood." But, then, you recall that a calf broke into "Kubla Khan." On that particular day, at least, he was safe in his study.

No, I think that poets may like to sit in gardens and smoke their pipes and poke idly with their sticks, but when it comes actually to composing they would rather go inside, for even a little breeze scatters their papers. They put their stick on one pile and their pipe on another and they hold down loose sheets with their thumb. But verses are vagrant in the wind. Nor do poets care to suck their pencils too long where some one may see them; perhaps Annie at the window rolling her pie-crust. And they can't kick off their shoes in the hot agony of composition. And also, which caps the argument, a garden is undeniably a sleepy place. The bees drone to a sleepy tune; the breeze practises a lullaby; even the sunlight is in the common conspiracy. At the very moment when the poet is considering little Miss Muffet and how she sat on a tuffet,—doubtless in a garden, for there were spiders,—

even at the moment when she sits unsuspectingly at her curds and whey, down goes the poet's head and he is fast asleep. Sleepiness is the plague of authors. You may remember that when *Christian,* who doubtless was an author in his odd moments, came to the garden and the Arbour on the Hill Difficulty, "he pulled his roll out of his bosom and read to his comfort . . . thus pleasing himself awhile he at last fell into a slumber." Has it not been written that even the worthy Homer nods? Is not Shakspere allowed his forty winks?

A pleasing land of drowsyhed it was:
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
Forever flushing round the summer sky.

No, if one has a bit of writing to put out of the way, it is best to stay indoors. Choose an uncomfortable, straight-backed chair. And if some one will pay the milk-score and keep the window mended, a garret is not a bad place to write.

Novelists, unless they have need of history, can write anywhere, I suppose, at home or on a journey. In the burst of their hot imagination a knee is a desk. I have no doubt that Mr. Hugh Walpole, touring in this country, contrives to write a bit even on a Pullman. The ingenious Mr. Oppenheim surely dashes off a plot on the margin of the menu between meat and salad. We know that "Pickwick Papers" was written partly in hackney-coaches while Dickens was jolting about the town.

An essayist, on the other hand, needs a desk and a library near at hand, because an essay is a kind of back-stove cookery. A novel needs a hot fire, so to speak. A dozen chapters bubble in their turn above the reddest coals, while an essay simmers over a little flame. Pieces of this and that, an odd carrot, as it were, a left-over potato, a pithy bone, discarded trifles, are tossed in from time to time to feed the composition. Raw paragraphs, when they have stewed all night, at last become tender to the fork. An essay, therefore, cannot be written hurriedly on the knee. Essayists, as a rule, chew their pencils. Their desks are large and are always in disorder. There is a stack of books on the clock-shelf; others are pushed under the bed. Matches, pencils, and bits of paper mark a hundred references. When an essayist goes out from his lodging he wears the kind of overcoat that holds a book in every pocket; his sagging pockets proclaim him. He is a bulging person, so stuffed even in his dress with the ideas of others that his own leanness is concealed. An essayist keeps a notebook and he thumbs it for forgotten thoughts. Nobody is safe from him, for he steals from every one he meets. Like the man in the old poem, he relies on his memory for his wit.

An essayist is not a mighty traveler. He does not run to grapple with a roaring lion. He desires neither typhoon nor tempest. He is content in his harbor to listen to the storm upon the rocks, if now and then by a lucky chance he can shelter some one from the wreck. His hands are not red with revolt against the world. He has glanced upon the thoughts of many men, and as opposite philosophies point upon the truth, he is modest with his own and tolerant of others. He looks at the stars and, knowing in what a dim immensity we travel, he writes of little things beyond dispute. There are enough to weep upon the shadows; he, like a dial, marks the light. The small clatter of the city beneath his window, the cry of peddlers, children chalking their games upon the pavement, laundry dancing on the roofs, and smoke in the winter's wind—these are the things he weaves into the fabric of his thoughts. Or sheep upon the hillside, if his window is so lucky, or a sunny meadow is a profitable speculation. And so, while the novelist is struggling up a dizzy mountain, straining through the tempest to see the kingdoms of the world, behold the essayist, snug at home, content with little sights! He is a kind of poet—a poet whose wings are clipped. He flaps to no great heights, and sees neither the devil nor the seven oceans nor the twelve apostles. He paints old thoughts in shiny varnish and, as he is able, he mends small habits here and there.

And therefore, as essayists stay at

home, they are precise, almost amorous, in the posture and outlook of their writing. Leigh Hunt wished a great library next his study. "But for the study itself," he writes, "give me a small snug place, almost entirely walled with books. There should be only one window in it, looking on trees." How the precious fellow scorns the mountains and the ocean! He has no love, it seems, for typhoons and roaring lions. "I entrench myself in my books," he continues, "equally against sorrow and the weather. If the wind comes down the passage, I look about to see how I can fence it off by a better disposition of my movables." And by movables he means his books. These were his screen against cold and trouble. But Leigh Hunt had been in prison for his political beliefs. He had grappled with his lion. So perhaps, after all, my argument fails.

Mr. Edmund Gosse had a different method to the same purpose. He "was so anxious to fly all outward noise" that he wished for a library apart from the house. Maybe he had had some experience with Annie and her clattering broomstick. "In my sleep," he writes, " 'when dreams are multitude,' I sometimes fancy that one day I shall have a library in a garden. The phrase seems to contain the whole felicity of man. . . . It sounds like having a castle in Spain, or a sheep-walk in Arcadia."

Montaigne's study was a tower, walled all about with books. At his table in the midst he was the general focus of their wisdom. Hazlitt wrote much at an inn at Winterslow, with Salisbury Plain around the corner of his view. Except for ill health, and a love of the South Seas (here was the novelist showing itself), Stevenson would probably have preferred a windy perch overlooking Edinburgh.

It does seem as if rather a richer flavor were given to a book by knowing the circumstance of its composition. Consequently readers, as they grow older, turn more and more to biography. It is not chiefly the biographies that deal with great crises and events, but rather the biographies that are concerned with small circumstance and agreeable gossip.

Lately in a book-shop at the foot of Cornhill I fell in with an old scholar who told me that it was his practice to recommend four books, which, taken end on end, furnished the general history of English writing from the Restoration to a time within his own memory. These books were Pepys' "Diary," Boswell's "Johnson," the "Letters and Diaries" of Madame D'Arblay, and the "Diary" of Crabbe Robinson.

Beginning almost with the days of Cromwell, here is a chain of pleasant gossip across the space of more than two hundred years. Perhaps at the first there were old fellows still alive who could remember Shakspere; who still sat in chimney-corners and babbled through their toothless gums of Blackfriars and the Globe. And at the end we find a reference to President Lincoln and his freeing of the slaves.

Here are a hundred authors, perhaps a thousand, tucking up their cuffs, looking out from their familiar windows, scribbling their masterpieces.

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"Aye, but I remember certain moonlit nights,
And gay girls laughing, and the earth's delight."

La Bonne Chanson

By JOHN McCLURE

Sad men go singing with a sound of sorrow:
"Beauty and loveliness shall pass away.
Therefore be pity. Bow your heads in sorrow.
Death shall reap the blossom of every seed ye lay.
The grave yawns darkening. Death shall reap the flower.
Splendor must vanish, and gentle beauty fade.
Loveliness may flourish but a futile hour,
Then comes the nightfall and the obscene shade.
Therefore be pity. Bow your heads in sorrow.
Give over straining in the unfair strife."
Sad men go singing with a sound of sorrow,
"Beauty is a painted hell; and a nightmare, life."

Sad men, sad men, singing ten-a-penny,
You may keep your sad songs, for we need n't any.
We have got the gay dreams, we have got the song
Makes the pathway rosy and the hour long.
Sad men, sad men, singing all together,
We would trade your sad songs for a penny feather.

"Death is the end of all delight; desire
Ends but in sorrow; yearning, in the dust.
Therefore be pity. Turn your hearts, then, higher;
Look on oblivion, the mold, and the rust.
Vain as a shadow, futile as a dream,
All things perish, every bubble broke;
Who but a fool would pleasure in a dream
Vain as a shadow, emptier than smoke?
Who but a fool would prate of high adventure,
Who but a fool unmindful of his doom?
Who but a fool would pleasure in adventure
When all adventures lead but to the tomb?"

Beauty and loveliness, then, shall pass away?
Even so shall ugliness. Which is better, pray?
Though the grave be gaping, though the doom be near,
Beauty still is beautiful, and dear things dear.
Good ye be at singing, sad men all;
Ye were dainty singers at any funeral.
Aye, but I remember one good song sung,
"The sea-birds flapping, and the white foam flung."
Aye, but I remember in the snowy North
Strong men marching sternly back and forth.
Aye, but I remember certain moonlit nights,
And gay girls laughing, and the earth's delights.
Aye, but I remember, though they perish all,
There be things that follow full as beautiful.
Sad men, sad men, singing ten-a-penny,
You may keep your sad songs, for we need n't any.

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Wanted: An American Foreign Policy

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

"Any other policy than insisting upon the renunciation of particular selfish interests by all the great powers as the price of American coöperation in remaking the world means the virtual exclusion or permanent handicapping of American trade and capital in developing and profiting by the resources of the world."

THE vogue in America of Maynard Keynes's "Economic Consequences of the Peace" is an encouraging sign. It shows that there is a wide-spread interest for post-bellum Europe in this country and that intelligent American public opinion realizes the futility of any effort to withdraw once more within our shell and play the rôle of Pontius Pilate. Gone forever is the day when a President of the United States could enjoin his fellow-countrymen to be neutral "in thought as well as in action" and to "put a curb upon our sentiments as well as upon every transaction that might be construed as a preference of one party to the struggle before another." Hereafter, when a great war breaks out involving groups of nations, we shall realize that we are going to get into it sooner or later. In view of our experience since 1914, has not the time come for the American people to formulate a foreign policy and to hold those whom we elect to represent us responsible for the defense and advancement of American interests throughout the world?

This is not going to be an easy thing to do. Because we have lived and prospered for more than a hundred years without feeling the need of a foreign policy, our traditions are against it, and our organs of government have developed in such a way as to make the shaping of foreign policies an incidental matter. Our relations with foreign nations are in the hands of the executive, who is not bound by precedents and *faits accomplis*, and not controlled by popular sentiment as expressed in a congressional election. As has been proved by recent events, if a crisis in foreign relations arises, the President is in a position to act as he thinks best and cannot be prevented from following his own judgment even when the country has decided against him at the mid-term congressional election. If domestic issues had been involved, it would have been impossible for President Wilson to have ignored the adverse vote of November, 1918, after he had made a special and definite plea for popular support. But in foreign affairs the majority in Congress, adverse to the administration, although empowered with a mandate from the people, was able to assume no constructive part and exercise no constructive action in shaping American policies and in settling the issues at stake. In every grave international question President Wilson used the expressions "this Government" and "the American people" interchangeably with "I." Of course the Senate later exercised its constitutional prerogative. Failing to secure modifications and reservations that would safeguard American interests, the Senate refused to ratify the Treaty of Versailles. But the mischief had been accomplished. Point as we may to our Constitution, our allies, or associates, think we have gone back on them, even that we have welched.

It is foolish to content ourselves with the assertion that those by whose side we fought the recent war have no reason to accuse us of having let them in or down. By standing on a technicality or by repudiating *post factum* the plenipotentiary powers of President Wilson as a negotiator, we do not square ourselves in the eyes of Europe. Europeans will never understand our

lack of a foreign policy and the peculiarities of our haphazard system of managing international relations. How can we expect them to understand? We tell them they were wrong to think that President Wilson spoke at Paris for the American people. Then why did we not send him instructions before we went through the motions of signing the treaty? Or why did we not replace him by a delegation authorized to speak for us? The bewilderment of European friends is increased when they see that we are all like President Wilson —politicians and writers and laymen. We tell the Europeans what we do not like and what we will not do, but we neglect to add what we do like and what we will do!

If one reads the notes of the State Department on matters affecting the peace settlement since the signing of the Treaty of Versailles, the speeches and letters and telegrams of President Wilson, the statements of Mr. Hoover and other Presidential candidates, the voluminous and acrimonious Senate debates, and the editorials and articles written on the treaty situation by American publicists, including myself, one finds virtually nothing but negative or destructive criticism and vague generalities. Our references to American foreign policy are limited to obeying the wise counsel of George Washington and safeguarding the Monroe Doctrine. We are asked by the Wilsonian group to keep the heart of the world from breaking and save our national honor as well as civilization by joining the League of Nations, which is supposed to be the embodiment of American principles and ideals, and by ratifying and helping to enforce the Versailles and other treaties, which are from beginning to end a negation of those principles.

Great Britain and France and Italy have sacrificed the principles for the sake of advancing their national interests. If our President could show us some concrete material gains to compensate for the failure of our idealism in the treaties of Versailles and St.-Germain, he would at least be offering us something tangible. But he seems to think that we can continue to be idealists and realize our ideals when our associates are showing themselves to be eminently practical, each caging birds in the hand.

Americans who have read Mr. Keynes are apt to be misled by his frank condemnation of the treaty and his specious internationalism. I believe that Mr. Keynes is sincere and inspired by the best of motives, but his amazing disingenuousness is like the disingenuousness of Mr. Lloyd George and Signor Nitti. When these gentlemen attempted to pose as humanitarians by chiding France for her ungenerous attitude toward Germany and by pleading for the revision of the Treaty of Versailles on the grounds of *salus mundi*, they had in mind exclusively the interests of British and Italian foreign policy. Did they not then limit their revision program to matters in which revision would be of advantage to themselves and ask sacrifices only of France and other nations? Signor Nitti, for instance, shared the view of the Italian press that the Sarre Valley business was a shameful disregard of the principle of nationalities, but he repulsed with indignation the suggestion that Italy limit her Tyrol frontier to avoid enslaving Germans. Mr. Lloyd George was worried about France's implacability and desire to force Germany to disband her army and pay up her indemnity obligations. For the sake of hastening the return to normal conditions and giving Germany a chance to recuperate, Mr. Lloyd George did not hesitate to speak out his mind on the question of French obstinacy. But Mr. Lloyd George did not believe the naval clauses of the treaty could be revised, that Germany should have back her merchant ships and colonies, and thus be given a chance to recuperate by trading in markets where she would compete again with Great Britain. You can read through Mr. Keynes, too, without finding a single passage where he advocates a remedy for Europe's trouble that would mean a sacrifice of British interests or a surrender of any of the numerous advantages Great Britain gained from the war.

Aggressive and whole-souled nationalism inspired the Conference of Paris

and almost everything that has been written about the conference by Europeans. In this atmosphere President Wilson tried to bring into being the League of Nations. Mr. Wilson was much encouraged by British support of his views. But while Mr. Lloyd George was agreeing with Mr. Wilson at Paris, he was negotiating through his minister at Teheran by bribery and intimidation the Anglo-Persian Treaty for the sole advantage of Great Britain and at the expense of other nations. Mr. Wilson was deceived to the point of assuring the unheard Persian delegation at Paris that he would look after their interests. Mr. Wilson was also induced to agree to the Shan-tung clauses, the British protectorate over Egypt, and the attribution of Germany's Pacific islands without exacting anything in return, not even the protection of existing American interests in the territories thus affected. Every other negotiator at Paris was out for his own country's real or fancied interests. Mr. Wilson alone pursued a will-o'-the-wisp.

Critics of Mr. Wilson have failed to point out the two handicaps that made impossible his success at Paris. Enjoying limited, but ill defined and uncertain, authority to speak for the country he represented, he was associated with three men who had full powers to negotiate. Enjoying an unlimited opportunity to speak and act and decide as he saw fit, he was associated with three men who had definite programs and who were inspired to put these programs through by the knowledge that failure would mean almost automatic withdrawal of their powers. In explaining why these statements are not self-contradictory, I think I can put my finger upon the inherent weakness, the irremediable vulnerability of an American negotiator in an international conference.

Article II, Section 2, of the Constitution of the United States provides that the President "shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur." Thus the treaty-making power is clearly coördinated. In practice, of course, it would not be possible to have a large group of men actively participating in the long and delicate processes of negotiation. In every country enjoying representative government, negotiations with other nations are intrusted to the executive, and the result submitted for ratification to the legislative branch of the government. President Wilson invoked this universal and sensible method of procedure to justify his assumption that the Treaty of Versailles ought to be ratified without modification or reservation. He has recently asserted, in fact, that our national honor is at stake if we do not do so.

But there is no analogy between us and other democracies in this matter. In Great Britain, France, and Italy premiers and their cabinets exercise executive authority as appointees of parliaments. They can be interpellated at any time by the elected representatives of the people, and if their policies and methods are not explained and defended to the satisfaction of the members of parliament, they must resign. Against parliamentary tyranny or obstruction, the executive can appeal to the country by ordering another general election. This flexibility of European governmental systems enables parliament and people to express their will and opinion. It gives unquestioned authority to negotiators, and at the same time keeps the trend of negotiations in the hands of the people

When he believed that he could confront the Senate with a *fait accompli* in presenting the Treaty of Versailles solely for their ratification, Mr. Wilson assumed the ground of the infallibility, or at least the irrevocability, of an official negotiator's decisions. They were not to be questioned, modified, changed. But at Paris he denied this quality to one of his fellow-members of the Big Four. President Wilson appealed to the people of Italy over the head of the official Italian negotiator, and would not consider his judgment concerning Fiume as representing Italian sentiment until Signor Orlando had gone before his parliament and returned to Paris with a new mandate on this specific question. Alas! the American governmental system provides no such simple means of testing the executive's

leadership and authority. And President Wilson took full advantage of his temporary immunity from check or control, to his country's detriment and to his own gradual loss of prestige.

The limitation of the authority of an American negotiator, paradoxically coupled with his temporarily unlimited power due to the fact that control can be applied only *post factum*, might not have proved a serious handicap to a man of another temperament, who would have noticed that "advice" preceded "consent" in the constitutional provision under which he was acting. But the wisest and most considerate of negotiators would still have been at a serious disadvantage at table with Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and Orlando.

The three European premiers had definite objects in view. The causes they had to plead were those of Great Britain, France, and Italy. The various points of foreign policy they had to advance and defend were not of their own making. With Great Britain and France they were the growth of centuries, a part of the national consciousness of the peoples they represented, tested by experiences and modified by lessons in their own and their ancestors' history. Whatever question arose in any part of the world, the British and French premiers received their cue from unnamed gentlemen of the Foreign Office and the Quai d'Orsay[1]. These unnamed gentlemen gave the cue from *dossiers*, which a thousand men, and a thousand men before them, had spent a lifetime revising and replenishing. Neither Lloyd George nor Clemenceau dared ignore these cues. Concerning specific objects of foreign policy they had no say. Their rôle was strictly confined to deciding upon and using the best methods to "put over" the program handed them. Where these specific objects brought British and French interests into conflict, it was the job of the premiers to get together and compromise solely on the basis of *do ut des*.

Banks and groups of banks, chambers of commerce, manufacturers' and shippers' and traders' organizations, watched every step of the negotiations, and reached the ear of the premiers through the Foreign Office and the Quai d'Orsay before the next morning's meeting. Lloyd George and Clemenceau were daily being instructed and advised and warned. It used to amuse me to read the newspapers on Lloyd George's vacillation and Celtic changeableness. Dear me! dear me! dear me! "The Inside Story of the Peace Conference" is much more interesting than your book, my good friend Dr. Dillon. You and Mr. Keynes know that story, but you tell the American public only what you think it is wise and good for us to know.

In an international tournament, where the other contestants, trained and coached, rode clad in the armor of their ancestors, with well tried weapons, the United States entered Don Quixote, or, rather, he entered himself. A year and a half later, in a Presidential campaign, Americans are debating whether or not our knight won or could have won, or, if he did n't or could n't, why he did n't or could n't. And we are searching for light on the subject in books written by representatives of other contestants!

Much more to the point would it be for us to confess that we were unprepared for the tournament and did not know its rules, and that the responsibility for being worsted does not rest solely or primarily upon our knight. He was errant because we let him be so, and in all justice to him it must be said that the American nation as a whole stood behind him in the objects for which he went to fight and believed that he could win.

If we are willing and ready to profit by the bitter and humiliating lesson we have learned, the refusal of the Senate to ratify the Treaty of Versailles may prove a turning-point in our history.

[1] I have often been asked why Signor Orlando seemed unable at Paris to display the aggressiveness and resourcefulness and stubbornness of his British and French colleagues. In questions of general policy, Italian influence appeared to be almost always limited and secondary. On the other hand, throughout the conference, Italian newspaper comment was decided and comprehensive on almost every question. It may be answered that Italy did not have as much at stake in the settlements affecting Germany, that there was a serious division of public opinion in Italy on colonial questions which the press did not reflect, and that the military strength and economic situation of Italy did not permit her premier to "talk big." But the main reason was the comparatively recent and as yet uncertain development of Italian foreign policy. Much of what Lloyd George and Clemenceau stood for was firmly imbedded in the national consciousness of their respective nations before Italy, as a united nation, was born.

For the first time the broad and general question of America's international relations, not simply some specific issue, is before the American people in a Presidential campaign. Both parties tried in vain to shelve or subordinate this question. It was something new and uncertain, and politicians do not like the unknown. I am compelled to write this article before the party conventions have adopted their platforms and before the candidates have made their speeches of acceptance, but taking into consideration the character of President Wilson, one can be reasonably sure that he will find some way of putting the League of Nations and the Treaty of Versailles before the electorate.

Our relations with our associates in the recent war, in regard to the enforcement of punitive treaties upon Germany and the other enemies, might not necessarily involve us in a permanent and radical change in our international relations. Membership in the League of Nations, however, means formulating and passing upon an American foreign policy and finding the method, at present lacking, of bringing the conduct of our foreign relations under the control of the American people through their elected representatives. For once we have abandoned our traditional isolation, we shall find that international questions will affect our daily life as much as domestic questions, and the ambiguity and uncertainty of the present system will no longer be tolerated.

Our foreign policy—what shall it be? "No entangling alliances with Europe," said Washington. "No further extension of the political systems or political control of European states in the Western Hemisphere," said Monroe. "The freedom of the seas," said every President from Washington to Wilson. "The open door in China," said John Hay. "Arbitration treaties, supplementing the Hague tribunal," said William Jennings Bryan. "A League of Nations to end war," said Woodrow Wilson. Since the issue of "imperialism" in 1900 did not affect our relations with other nations, but could be considered an internal question, the above seem to be all the foreign policies one can find in reading American history to win national support for which the administration of the hour made a nation-wide appeal.

Until the present crisis arose there has been no temptation to form an alliance with any European nation or group of nations. In the recent war we did associate ourselves with one European group against another, but it was a temporary association, entered into for the purpose of availing ourselves of the aid of an existing coalition which was fighting the same enemy as ourselves. Immediately after the armistice was signed a considerable portion of American opinion, steadily growing ever since, advocated withdrawal from Europe, a policy which meant a refusal to guarantee the peace, whatever it might be. President Wilson agreed to the limited obligation of coming to the aid of France in case of a new German aggression, but he himself hedged on the exact nature of this obligation after his return to America. The Franco-Anglo-American alliance has not been ratified by the Senate.

The same deep-rooted instinct against European entanglements has prevented a spontaneous movement in the United States to help Armenia officially or to accept any other mandate. American interest in Armenia, and American sympathy for Armenia, are undeniable. Neither lack of generosity nor of chivalry militate against the Armenian or general Near-Eastern mandate, but we are too afraid of the implications of such a departure from our traditions to undertake it. If we do come to the point of helping Armenia or any other small nation that cries to us for aid, it will be a matter between that nation and ourselves, and not the United States acting as the agent for the European powers.

The Monroe Doctrine is the corollary of the Washingtonian injunction, and is as essential for the maintenance of our complacent isolation. "We shall not meddle in your affairs; so you shall not meddle in ours," we told Europe. And so convinced have we been that European intervention in South or Central America would disturb us that it never required any effort on the part of an American President to win popular

support, unanimous support, in fact, when he confronted an interfering European nation with the Monroe Doctrine. Lincoln and Jackson threatened France; Cleveland, Great Britain; and Roosevelt, Germany. But the Monroe Doctrine has never given us anything more than negative advantages. It is not at all, as European writers frequently and American writers occasionally put it, a case of the United States having South America and the European powers having Africa and Asia. God forbid! or, alas!—which expression ought I to use?—we do not "have" any alien territory in the European diplomatic connotation of that word. We guarantee the political independence of Latin-American states. The European powers have steadily sought to destroy the political independence of African and Asiatic states. In the Treaty of Versailles Great Britain and France aimed to get our assent to the denial in Africa and Asia of the underlying principle of what little foreign policy we have had during the last hundred years.

Bryan's arbitration treaties, made possible by the establishment of the Hague Tribunal, consecrated an ideal which has always dominated American foreign relations. Because we have never had a neighbor as powerful as ourselves and because we have always been able to raise our own food-supplies, we have never looked upon war as something that comes suddenly, leaving no chance to talk. Before the advent of submarines and airplanes we were not easy to get at, and only our shipping, of which we had virtually none from 1865 to 1917, would have suffered from a surprise attack; so we could afford to be advocates of the arbitration panacea for wars.

Much fun has been poked at Mr. Wilson's point about the freedom of the seas, and we have been assured by Americans who have forgotten or have never studied the history of their country that the British navy made the seas free for us. There is no truth whatever in this absurd contention. Our statesmen have always upheld the doctrine in precisely the same terms as Mr. Wilson. No great American has considered it a "meaningless jumble of words." If we had not felt deeply the importance of it during the last half-century, it is because our merchant flag disappeared from the high seas with the Civil War, and we have not been competitors with European nations for the world's carrying trade. But in the few cases where our rights as neutrals on the high seas were interfered with, our State Department protested instantly and vigorously. Now that we are coming again into possession of a great competitive merchant marine, the question of the freedom of the seas is bound to become once more important. It is unfortunate that our British cousins have refused to discuss this question, for if we can arrive at no international agreement, binding on all alike and in all circumstances, the alternative is as certain as it is inevitable. We shall do everything in our power to become as quickly as possible the first naval power in the world, and follow the example Great Britain herself has set. For lack of international agreement, we shall apply superior force to secure respect for what we deem to be our rights.

Up to this point in the scope of international relations we can safely trust to our instincts. Perhaps if we were content to let matters drift in every phase of international relations and rely upon our constantly increasing wealth and strength to meet the crises of the future, we could afford to live in the present and let the future take care of itself. But we Americans are a peace-loving people, and if there is a way to avoid the necessity of invoking the argument of force we want to find it and base our foreign policy upon it. That is why what are known as the "Wilsonian principles" appeal to our common sense as well as to our altruism, and why we still cling to those principles and to the ideal of a League of Nations, although our European associates have flouted the principles and denatured the league. Politicians of both parties are in for a rude awakening if they mistake the temporary eclipse of the idea of international coöperation to prevent wars for a permanent discrediting of the vision of a new world that was before us and that led us on during two glorious years.

From 1917 to 1919 other forces tending to the breaking down of our secular isolation were created; and they are at work silently, but powerfully, to prevent withdrawal from active interest in world politics. We are a creditor nation, we have surplus capital, we have a merchant marine. Our banking groups have entered the international field, our productive industries have realized the possibilities of overseas trade, and farmers and manufacturers alike are beginning to think in terms of world markets and to plan their activities accordingly. We can use to advantage raw materials that come from abroad; we want to sell to foreign nations.

These currents, fully as much as theoretical and practical idealism in our new and constructive thinking about international relations, are going to demand of the next administration the adoption of a foreign policy and a radical change in the way we handle our international relations. May the day soon come when public opinion will not tolerate amateur ambassadors and ministers, and a consular service paid less than day laborers!

The keystone of our foreign policy, whether we will have it so or not, is bound to be dollar diplomacy. This expression was invented to discredit American commercial expansion overseas. In a sweeping generalization, which contained only a half-truth, President Wilson, in his first important pronouncement concerning America's foreign relations, condemned linking up diplomacy with business. As long as he was President, American financial interests and private citizens who made investments abroad need not look to our Government for help of any kind. The particular case in hand he regarded as an attempt to encroach upon the sovereignty of China and to exploit the Chinese. American public opinion in 1913 approved the President's refusal to promise government backing to bankers who would participate in the new Chinese loan not primarily because of the fear that the Chinese would be exploited, but for the same reason that makes us balk at the League of Nations, mandates, etc. When the average American read President Wilson's indictments of dollar diplomacy in Mexico as well as in China, he said to himself: "Good! We always have gotten along very well by minding our own business."

But now, if we do find ourselves so hopelessly bound up with the rest of the world that we cannot extricate ourselves from participation in and responsibility for the new world-wide political and economic *status quo*, that same average American will soon begin to resent seeing Uncle Sam played for a sucker, especially as this country is gradually and naturally beginning to apply the creditor's mentality to international relations. We had a striking proof of this in the caustic American press comments on the Anglo-French financial agreement at Hythe. Spontaneously and simultaneously a hundred editorial writers remarked that if any part of the indemnity to be recovered from Germany was going to be diverted from reconstruction in Belgium and northern France, it must not be forgotten that the United States headed the creditor list.

By the same token, American public opinion will soon awaken to the necessity of insisting upon "a peace that is worth guaranteeing and preserving, a peace that will win the approval of mankind, not merely a peace that will serve the several interests and immediate aims of the nations engaged." In rejecting the false leadership of Wilson of 1919 and 1920, we shall hark back to Wilson of 1917 and 1918. We shall appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober, and return to our starting-point, the policy summed up by President Wilson in his Senate speech of January 22, 1917:

> I am proposing that all nations henceforth should with one accord adopt the doctrine of President Monroe as the doctrine of the world: That no nation should seek to extend its policy over any other nation or people, but that every people should be left free to determine its own policy, its own way of development, unhindered, unthreatened, unafraid, the little along with the great and powerful.

Why? Merely because we are idealists and humanitarians, hypnotized by the doctrine of self-determination? Or because we feel that a durable world

peace is possible only through the renunciation of particular selfish interests by all the great powers? To a certain extent, yes. But the most powerful factor will be our realization that any other policy, with the United States quiescent and not participating in the game of grab, means the virtual exclusion or permanent handicapping of American trade and American capital in developing and profiting by the resources of the world.

The alternatives before us, in formulating an American foreign policy are: (1) getting into the European game, as Japan has done, and claiming a share of the plunder; or (2) insisting that there shall be no plunder.

American public opinion rejects the first alternative. Colonies, protectorates, spheres of influence, and mandates do not appeal to us. The privileges and gains leave us cold. Even for humanity's sake—witness Armenia—we are loathe to accept the responsibilities, however slight they may be.

What is left to us, then, but to make "the Monroe Doctrine for the world" the foundation-stone of our foreign policy? This means the extension of our defense of the independence of small and weak nations against the encroachment of European eminent domain from Latin America to the whole world. In his memorable notes opposing the partition of China, John Hay blazed the path for American foreign policy. He gave baldly the compelling reason for the adoption of this policy by the United States. Against "spheres of influence" he championed "the open door." The independence of China must be respected, the integrity of China must be maintained, in order that American trade and American capital should enjoy everywhere in that country equality of opportunity and privileges and safeguards with the trade and capital of every other country. Mr. Hay's common sense and far-sightedness did not prevent large portions of China from being fenced in against our trade for the simple reason that neither our trade nor our savings needed China badly enough to make a row, or rather a series of rows, worth while. We were the only country participating in the suppression of the Boxer Rebellion which got nothing for its pains then or afterward. We had no "sphere of influence" to defend or extend, no "special interests" to advance, and we refused to accept an indemnity from China.

Is our intervention in the European War to have the same result? We read through the Treaty of Versailles and the other treaties with enemies who would not have been defeated save for us, and we search in vain for any advantage to the United States. We did not come out of the Conference of Paris with even the moral satisfaction of the triumph of the principles for which *"and for no others"* we fought to offset the decided material gains of every other participant that contributed human lives and treasure to the common victory. Because we did not play the game at Paris on the basis of grab and barter, because we did not sanction and agree to enforce treaties that brought us absolutely no advantages, moral or material, we are now being upbraided. The former German colonies? No business of ours! The Near East? No business of ours! China? No business of ours! Egypt? No business of ours! Persia? No business of ours! And so it goes.

And so it will go until we realize that Uncle Sam is the one and original blind man running around in the game of buff, in which the other players, with eyes wide open because they know what they want and how to get it, are laughing at us while they fill their pockets. I do not blame any of them. The fault is ours. We put the bandage on our eyes and we keep it there.

Our rôle as a world power reminds me of boys who were playing automobile. One was steering, another tooting the horn, another performing the part of chassis, and others turning handsprings for wheels. Some distance down the road a little fellow brought up the rear.

"And what are you doing?" he was asked.

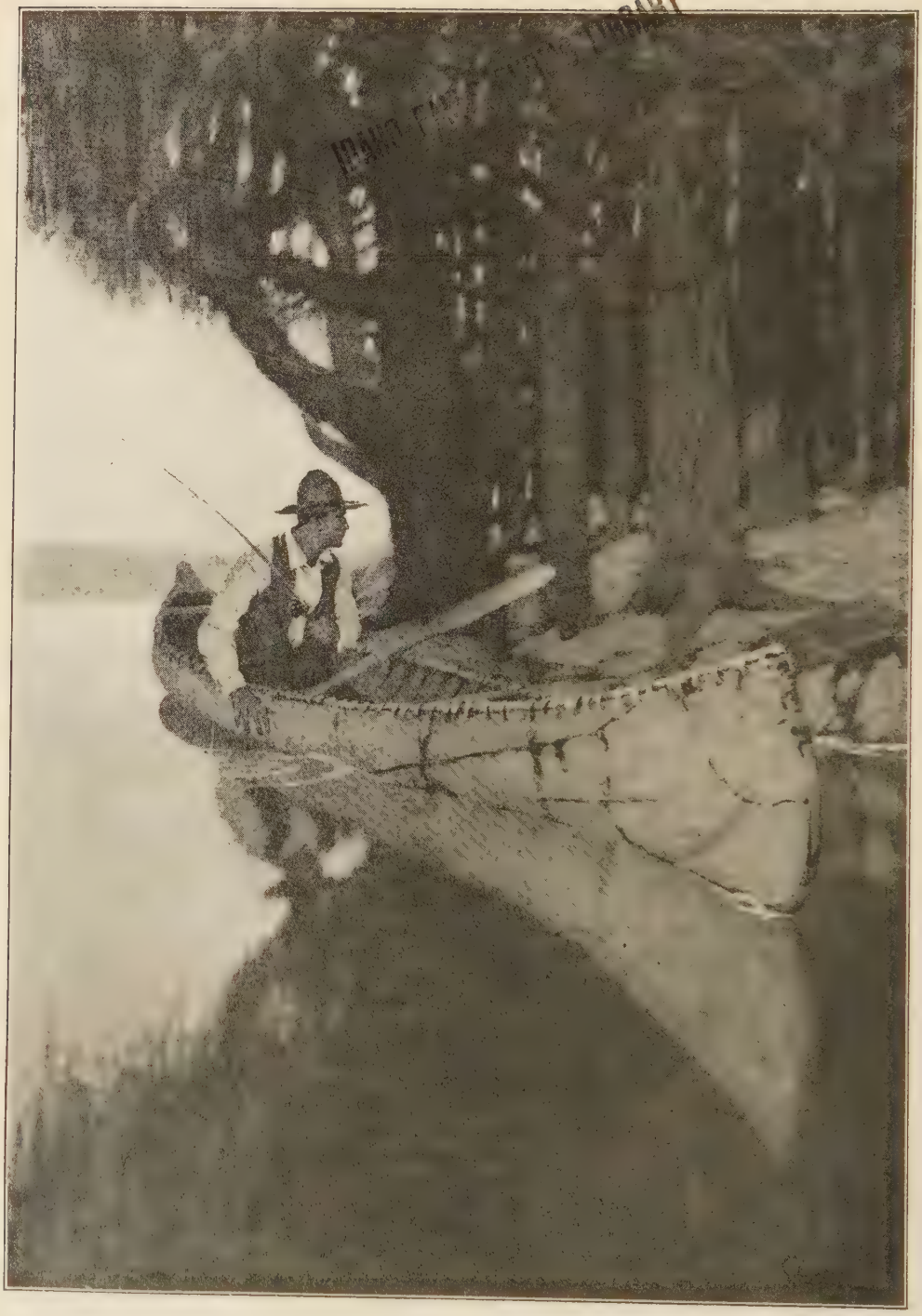
"Playin' automobile," he answered.

"Why, the boys playing automobile are up ahead there."

"Oh, I 'm in it, too," he answered.

"But what are you?"

"I 'm the smell."



"The feeling stole over him without the slightest warning. He was not alone"

Running Wolf

By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD

Illustrations by J. Clinton Shepherd

"Loneliness in a backwoods camp brings charm, pleasure, and a happy sense of calm until, and unless, it comes too near. Once it has crept within short distance, however, it may easily cross the narrow line between comfort and discomfort."

THE man who enjoys an adventure outside the general experience of the race, and imparts it to others, must not be surprised if he is taken for either a liar or a fool, as Malcolm Hyde, hotel clerk on a holiday, discovered in due course. Nor is "enjoy" the right word to use in describing his emotions; the word he chose was probably "survive."

When he first set eyes on Medicine Lake he was struck by its still, sparkling beauty, lying there in the vast Canadian backwoods; next, by its extreme loneliness; and, lastly—a good deal later, this—by its combination of beauty, loneliness, and singular atmosphere, due to the fact that it was the scene of his adventure.

"It 's fairly stiff with big fish," said Morton of the Montreal Sporting Club. "Spend your holiday there—up Mattawa way, some fifteen miles west of Stony Creek. You 'll have it all to yourself except for an old Indian who 's got a shack there. Camp on the east side—if you 'll take a tip from me." He then talked for half an hour about the wonderful sport; yet he was not otherwise very communicative, and did not suffer questions gladly, Hyde noticed. Nor had he stayed there very long himself. If it was such a paradise as Morton, its discoverer and the most experienced rod in the province, claimed, why had he himself spent only three days there?

"Ran short of grub," was the explanation offered; but to another friend he had mentioned briefly, "flies," and to a third, so Hyde learned later, he gave the excuse that his half-breed "took sick," necessitating a quick return to civilization.

Hyde, however, cared little for the explanations; his interest in these came later. "Stiff with fish" was the phrase he liked. He took the Canadian Pacific train to Mattawa, laid in his outfit at Stony Creek, and set off thence for the fifteen-mile canoe-trip without a care in the world.

Traveling light, the portages did not trouble him; the water was swift and easy, the rapids negotiable; everything came his way, as the saying is. Occasionally he saw big fish making for the deeper pools, and was sorely tempted to stop; but he resisted. He pushed on between the immense world of forests that stretched for hundreds of miles, known to deer, bear, moose, and wolf, but strange to any echo of human tread, a deserted and primeval wilderness. The autumn day was calm, the water sang and sparkled, the blue sky hung cloudless over all, ablaze with light. Toward evening he passed an old beaver-dam, rounded a little point, and had his first sight of Medicine Lake. He lifted his dripping paddle; the canoe shot with silent glide into calm water. He gave an exclamation of delight, for the loveliness caught his breath away.

Though primarily a sportsman, he was not insensible to beauty. The lake formed a crescent, perhaps four miles long, its width between a mile and half a mile. The slanting gold of sunset flooded it. No wind stirred its crystal surface. Here it had lain since the redskin's god first made it; here it would

lie until he dried it up again. Towering spruce and hemlock trooped to its very edge, majestic cedars leaned down as if to drink, crimson sumachs shone in fiery patches, and maples gleamed orange and red beyond belief. The air was like wine, with the silence of a dream.

It was here the red men formerly "made medicine," with all the wild ritual and tribal ceremony of an ancient day. But it was of Morton, rather than of Indians, that Hyde thought. If this lonely, hidden paradise was really stiff with big fish, he owed a lot to Morton for the information. Peace invaded him, but the excitement of the hunter lay below.

He looked about him with quick, practised eye for a camping-place before the sun sank below the forests and the half-lights came. The Indian's shack, lying in full sunshine on the eastern shore, he found at once; but the trees lay too thick about it for comfort, nor did he wish to be so close to its inhabitant. Upon the opposite side, however, an ideal clearing offered. This lay already in shadow, the huge forest darkening it toward evening; but the open space attracted. He paddled over quickly and examined it. The ground was hard and dry, he found, and a little brook ran tinkling down one side of it into the lake. This outfall, too, would be a good fishing spot. Also it was sheltered. A few low willows marked the mouth.

An experienced camper soon makes up his mind. It was a perfect site, and some charred logs, with traces of former fires, proved that he was not the first to think so. Hyde was delighted. Then, suddenly, disappointment came to tinge his pleasure. His kit was landed, and preparations for putting up the tent were begun, when he recalled a detail that excitement had so far kept in the background of his mind—Morton's advice. But not Morton's only, for the storekeeper at Stony Creek had reinforced it. The big fellow with straggling mustache and stooping shoulders, dressed in shirt and trousers, had handed him out a final sentence with the bacon, flour, condensed milk, and sugar. He had repeated Morton's half-forgotten words:

"Put yer tent on the east shore. I should," he had said at parting.

He remembered Morton, too, apparently. "A shortish fellow, brown as an Indian and fairly smelling of the woods. Traveling with Jake, the half-breed." That assuredly was Morton. "Did n't stay long, now, did he?" he added in a reflective tone.

"Going Windy Lake way, are yer? Or Ten Mile Water, maybe?" he had first inquired of Hyde.

"Medicine Lake."

"Is that so?" the man said, as though he doubted it for some obscure reason. He pulled at his ragged mustache a moment. "Is that so, now?" he repeated. And the final words followed him downstream after a considerable pause—the advice about the best shore on which to put his tent.

All this now suddenly flashed back upon Hyde's mind with a tinge of disappointment and annoyance, for when two experienced men agreed, their opinion was not to be lightly disregarded. He wished he had asked the storekeeper for more details. He looked about him, he reflected, he hesitated. His ideal camping-ground lay certainly on the forbidden shore. What in the world, he wondered, could be the objection to it?

But the light was fading; he must decide quickly one way or the other. After staring at his unpacked dunnage and the tent, already half erected, he made up his mind with a muttered expression that consigned both Morton and the storekeeper to less pleasant places. "They must have *some* reason," he growled to himself; "fellows like that usually know what they 're talking about. I guess I 'd better shift over to the other side—for to-night, at any rate."

He glanced across the water before actually reloading. No smoke rose from the Indian's shack. He had seen no sign of a canoe. The man, he decided, was away. Reluctantly, then, he left the good camping-ground and paddled across the lake, and half an hour later his tent was up, firewood collected, and two small trout were already caught for supper. But the bigger fish, he knew, lay waiting for him on the other side by the little outfall, and he fell asleep at length on his bed of balsam boughs, annoyed and disappointed, yet wondering how a

mere sentence could have persuaded him so easily against his own better judgment. He slept like the dead; the sun was well up before he stirred.

But his morning mood was a very different one. The brilliant light, the peace, the intoxicating air, all this was too exhilarating for the mind to harbor foolish fancies, and he marveled that he could have been so weak the night before. No hesitation lay in him anywhere. He struck camp immediately after breakfast, paddled back across the strip of shining water, and quickly settled in upon the forbidden shore, as he now called it, with a contemptuous grin. And the more he saw of the spot, the better he liked it. There was plenty of wood, running water to drink, an open space about the tent, and there were no flies. The fishing, moreover, was magnificent; Morton's description was fully justified, and "stiff with big fish" for once was not an exaggeration.

The useless hours of the early afternoon he passed dozing in the sun, or wandering through the underbrush beyond the camp. He found no sign of anything unusual. He bathed in a cool, deep pool; he reveled in the lonely little paradise. Lonely it certainly was, but the loneliness was part of its charm; the stillness, the peace, the isolation of this beautiful backwoods lake delighted him. The silence was divine. He was entirely satisfied.

After a brew of tea, he strolled toward evening along the shore, looking for the first sign of a rising fish. A faint ripple on the water, with the lengthening shadows, made good conditions. *Plop* followed *plop*, as the big fellows rose, snatched at their food, and vanished into the depths. He hurried back. Ten minutes later he had taken his rods and was gliding cautiously in the canoe through the quiet water.

So good was the sport, indeed, and so quickly did the big trout pile up in the bottom of the canoe that, despite the growing lateness, he found it hard to tear himself away. "One more," he said, "and then I really will go." He landed that "one more," and was in the act of taking it off the hook, when the deep silence of the evening was curiously disturbed. He became abruptly aware that some one watched him. A pair of eyes, it seemed, were fixed upon him from some point in the surrounding shadows.

Thus, at least, he interpreted the odd disturbance in his happy mood; for thus he felt it. The feeling stole over him without the slightest warning. He was not alone. The slippery big trout dripped from his fingers. He sat motionless, and stared about him.

Nothing stirred; the ripple on the lake had died away; there was no wind; the forest lay a single purple mass of shadow; the yellow sky, fast fading, threw reflections that troubled the eye and made distances uncertain. But there was no sound, no movement; he saw no figure anywhere. Yet he knew that some one watched him, and a wave of quite unreasoning terror gripped him. The nose of the canoe was against the bank. In a moment, and instinctively, he shoved it off and paddled into deeper water. The watcher, it came to him also instinctively, was quite close to him upon that bank. But where? And who? Was it the Indian?

Here, in deeper water, and some twenty yards from the shore, he paused and strained both sight and hearing to find some possible clue. He felt half ashamed, now that the first strange feeling passed a little. But the certainty remained. Absurd as it was, he felt positive that some one watched him with concentrated and intent regard. Every fiber in his being told him so; and though he could discover no figure, no new outline on the shore, he could even have sworn in which clump of willow bushes the hidden person crouched and stared. His attention seemed drawn to that particular clump.

The water dripped slowly from his paddle, now lying across the thwarts. There was no other sound. The canvas of his tent gleamed dimly. A star or two were out. He waited. Nothing happened.

Then, as suddenly as it had come, the feeling passed, and he knew that the person who had been watching him intently had gone. It was as if a current had been turned off; the normal world flowed back; the landscape emptied as if some one had left a room. The disagreeable feeling left him at the same

time, so that he instantly turned the canoe in to the shore again, landed, and, paddle in hand, went over to examine the clump of willows he had singled out as the place of concealment. There was no one there, of course, or any trace of recent human occupancy. No leaves, no branches stirred, nor was a single twig displaced; his keen and practised sight detected no sign of tracks upon the ground. Yet, for all that, he felt positive that a little time ago some one had crouched among these very leaves and watched him. He remained absolutely convinced of it. The watcher, whether Indian, hunter, stray lumberman, or wandering half-breed, had now withdrawn, a search was useless, and dusk was falling. He returned to his little camp, more disturbed perhaps than he cared to acknowledge. He cooked his supper, hung up his catch on a string, so that no prowling animal could get at it during the night, and prepared to make himself comfortable until bedtime. Unconsciously, he built a bigger fire than usual, and found himself peering over his pipe into the deep shadows beyond the firelight, straining his ears to catch the slightest sound. He remained generally on the alert in a way that was new to him.

A man under such conditions and in such a place need not know discomfort until the sense of loneliness strikes him as too vivid a reality. Loneliness in a backwoods camp brings charm, pleasure, and a happy sense of calm until, and unless, it comes too near. It should remain an ingredient only among other conditions; it should not be directly, vividly noticed. Once it has crept within short range, however, it may easily cross the narrow line between comfort and discomfort, and darkness is an undesirable time for the transition. A curious dread may easily follow—the dread lest the loneliness suddenly be disturbed, and the solitary human feel himself open to attack.

For Hyde, now, this transition had been already accomplished; the too intimate sense of his loneliness had shifted abruptly into the worse condition of no longer being quite alone. It was an awkward moment, and the hotel clerk realized his position exactly. He did not quite like it. He sat there, with his back to the blazing logs, a very visible object in the light, while all about him the darkness of the forest lay like an impenetrable wall. He could not see a foot beyond the small circle of his campfire; the silence about him was like the silence of the dead. No leaf rustled, no wave lapped; he himself sat motionless as a log.

Then again he became suddenly aware that the person who watched him had returned, and that same intent and concentrated gaze as before was fixed upon him where he lay. There was no warning; he heard no stealthy tread or snapping of dry twigs, yet the owner of those steady eyes was very close to him, probably not a dozen feet away. This sense of proximity was overwhelming.

It is unquestionable that a shiver ran down his spine. This time, moreover, he felt positive that the man crouched just beyond the firelight, the distance he himself could see being nicely calculated, and straight in front of him. For some minutes he sat without stirring a single muscle, yet with each muscle ready and alert, straining his eyes in vain to pierce the darkness, but only succeeding in dazzling his sight with the reflected light. Then, as he shifted his position slowly, cautiously, to obtain another angle of vision, his heart gave two big thumps against his ribs and the hair seemed to rise on his scalp with the sense of cold that shot horribly up his spine. In the darkness facing him he saw two small and greenish circles that were certainly a pair of eyes, yet not the eyes of Indian, hunter, or of any human being. It was a pair of animal eyes that stared so fixedly at him out of the night. And this certainty had an immediate and natural effect upon him.

For, at the menace of those eyes, the fears of millions of long dead hunters since the dawn of time woke in him. Hotel clerk though he was, heredity surged through him in an automatic wave of instinct. His hand groped for a weapon. His fingers fell on the iron head of his small camp ax, and at once he was himself again. Confidence returned; the vague, superstitious dread

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"It sat there with the pose, the attitude, the gesture in repose of something almost human"

was gone. This was a bear or wolf that smelt his catch and came to steal it. With beings of that sort he knew instinctively how to deal, yet admitting, by this very instinct, that his original dread had been of quite another kind.

"I 'll damned quick find out what it is," he exclaimed aloud, and snatching a burning brand from the fire, he hurled it with good aim straight at the eyes of the beast before him.

The bit of pitch-pine fell in a shower of sparks that lit the dry grass this side of the animal, flared up a moment, then died quickly down again. But in that instant of bright illumination he saw clearly what his unwelcome visitor was. A big timber wolf sat on its hindquarters, staring steadily at him through the firelight. He saw its legs and shoulders, he saw its hair, he saw also the big hemlock trunks lit up behind it, and the willow scrub on each side. It formed a vivid, clear-cut picture shown in clear detail by the momentary blaze. To his amazement, however, the wolf did not turn and bolt away from the burning log, but withdrew a few yards only, and sat there again on its haunches, staring, staring as before. Heavens, how it stared! He "shoed" it, but without effect; it did not budge. He did not waste another good log on it, for his fear was dissipated now, and a timber wolf was a timber wolf, and it might sit there as long as it pleased, provided it did not try to steal his catch. No alarm was in him any more. He knew that wolves were harmless in the summer and autumn, and even when "packed" in the winter, they would attack a man only when suffering desperate hunger. So he lay and watched the beast, threw bits of stick in its direction, even talked to it, wondering only that it never moved. "You can stay there forever, if you like," he remarked to it aloud, "for you cannot get at my fish, and the rest of the grub I shall take into the tent with me!"

The creature blinked its bright green eyes, but made no move.

Why, then, if his fear was gone, did he think of certain things as he rolled himself in the Hudson Bay blankets before going to sleep? The immobility of the animal was strange, its refusal to turn and bolt was still stranger. Never before had he known a wild creature that was not afraid of fire. Why did it sit and watch him, as with purpose in its dreadful eyes? How had he felt its presence earlier and instantly? A timber wolf, especially a solitary timber wolf, was a timid thing, yet this one feared neither man nor fire. Now as he lay there wrapped in his blankets inside the cozy tent, it sat outside beneath the stars, beside the fading embers, the wind chilly in its fur, the ground cooling beneath its planted paws, watching him, steadily watching him, perhaps until the dawn.

It was unusual, it was strange. Having neither imagination nor tradition, he called upon no store of racial visions. Matter of fact, a hotel clerk on a fishing holiday, he lay there in his blankets, merely wondering and puzzled. A timber wolf was a timber wolf and nothing more. Yet this timber wolf—the idea haunted him—was different. In a word, the deeper part of his original uneasiness remained. He tossed about, he shivered sometimes in his broken sleep, he did not go out to see, but he woke early and unrefreshed.

Again, with the sunshine and the morning wind, however, the incident of the night before was forgotten, almost unreal. His hunting zeal was uppermost. The tea and fish were delicious, his pipe had never tasted so good, the glory of this lonely lake amid primeval forests went to his head a little; he was a hunter before the Lord, and nothing else. He tried the edge of the lake, and in the excitement of playing a big fish, knew suddenly that *it*, the wolf, was there. He paused with the rod, exactly as if struck. He looked about him, he looked in a definite direction. The brilliant sunshine made every smallest detail clear and sharp—boulders of granite, burned stems, crimson sumach, pebbles along the shore in neat, separate detail—without revealing where the watcher hid. Then, his sight wandering farther inshore among the tangled undergrowth, he suddenly picked up the familiar, half-expected outline. The wolf was lying behind a granite boulder, so that only the head, the muzzle, and the eyes were visible. It merged in

its background. Had he not known it was a wolf, he could never have separated it from the landscape. The eyes shone in the sunlight.

There it lay. He looked straight at it. Their eyes, in fact, actually met full and square. "Great Scot!" he exclaimed aloud, "why, it 's like looking at a human being!" And from that moment, unwittingly, he established a singular personal relation with the beast. And what followed confirmed this undesirable impression, for the animal rose instantly and came down in leisurely fashion to the shore, where it stood looking back at him. It stood and stared into his eyes like some great wild dog, so that he was aware of a new and almost incredible sensation—that it courted recognition.

"Well! well!" he exclaimed again, relieving his feelings by addressing it aloud, "if this does n't beat everything I ever saw! What d' you want, anyway?"

He examined it now more carefully. He had never seen a wolf so big before; it was a tremendous beast, a nasty customer to tackle, he reflected, if it ever came to that. It stood there absolutely fearless and full of confidence. In the clear sunlight he took in every detail of it—a huge, shaggy, lean-flanked timber wolf, its wicked eyes staring straight into his own, almost with a kind of purpose in them. He saw its great jaws, its teeth, and its tongue, hung out, dropping saliva a little. And yet the idea of its savagery, its fierceness, was very little in him.

He was amazed and puzzled beyond belief. He wished the Indian would come back. He did not understand this strange behavior in an animal. Its eyes, the odd expression in them, gave him a queer, unusual, difficult feeling. Had his nerves gone wrong? he almost wondered.

The beast stood on the shore and looked at him. He wished for the first time that he had brought a rifle. With a resounding smack he brought his paddle down flat upon the water, using all his strength, till the echoes rang as from a pistol-shot that was audible from one end of the lake to the other. The wolf never stirred. He shouted, but the beast remained unmoved. He blinked his eyes, speaking as to a dog, a domestic animal, a creature accustomed to human ways. It blinked its eyes in return.

At length, increasing his distance from the shore, he continued fishing, and the excitement of the marvelous sport held his attention—his surface attention, at any rate. At times he almost forgot the attendant beast; yet whenever he looked up, he saw it there. And worse; when he slowly paddled home again, he observed it trotting along the shore as though to keep him company. Crossing a little bay, he spurted, hoping to reach the other point before his undesired and undesirable attendant. Instantly the brute broke into that rapid, tireless lope that, except on ice, can run down anything on four legs in the woods. When he reached the distant point, the wolf was waiting for him. He raised his paddle from the water, pausing a moment for reflection; for this very close attention —there were dusk and night yet to come—he certainly did not relish. His camp was near; he had to land; he felt uncomfortable even in the sunshine of broad day, when, to his keen relief, about half a mile from the tent, he saw the creature suddenly stop and sit down in the open. He waited a moment, then paddled on. It did not follow. There was no attempt to move; it merely sat and watched him. After a few hundred yards, he looked back. It was still sitting where he left it. And the absurd, yet significant, feeling came to him that the beast divined his thought, his anxiety, his dread, and was now showing him, as well as it could, that it entertained no hostile feeling and did not meditate attack.

He turned the canoe toward the shore; he landed; he cooked his supper in the dusk; the animal made no sign. Not far away it certainly lay and watched, but it did not advance. And to Hyde, observant now in a new way, came one sharp, vivid reminder of the strange atmosphere into which his commonplace personality had strayed: he suddenly recalled that his relations with the beast, already established, had progressed distinctly a stage further.

This startled him, yet without the accompanying alarm he must certainly have felt twenty-four hours before. He had an understanding with the wolf. He was aware of friendly thoughts toward it. He even went so far as to set out a few big fish on the spot where he had first seen it sitting the previous night. "If he comes," he thought, "he is welcome to them. I 've got plenty, anyway." He thought of it now as "he."

Yet the wolf made no appearance until he was in the act of entering his tent a good deal later. It was close on ten o'clock, whereas nine was his hour, and late at that, for turning in. He had, therefore, unconsciously been waiting for him. Then, as he was closing the flap, he saw the eyes close to where he had placed the fish. He waited, hiding himself, and expecting to hear sounds of munching jaws; but all was silence. Only the eyes glowed steadily out of the background of pitch darkness. He closed the flap. He had no slightest fear. In ten minutes he was sound asleep.

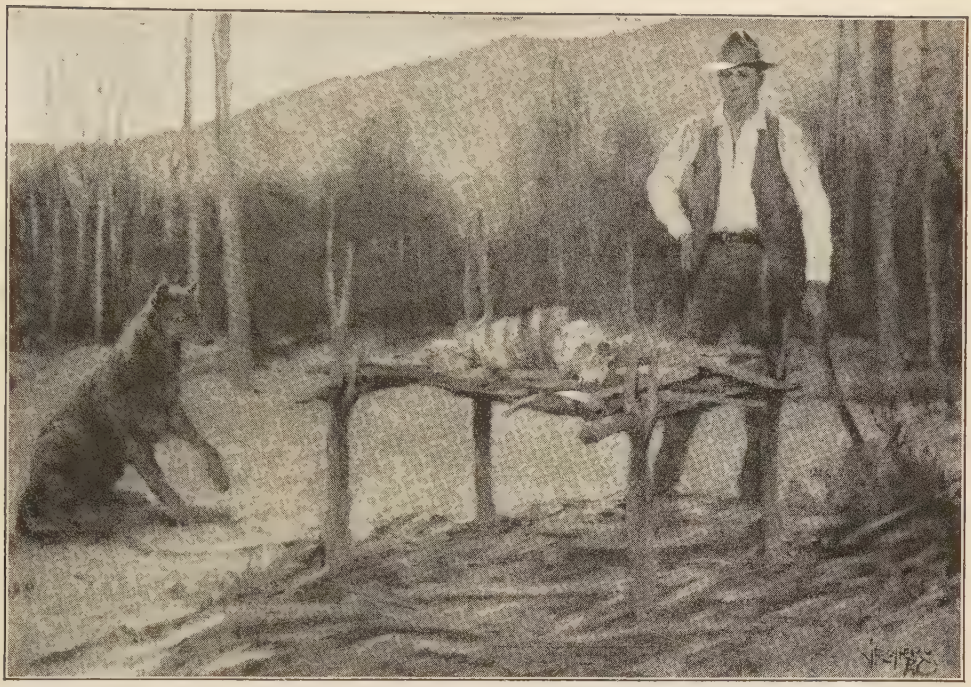
He could not have slept very long, for when he woke up he could see the shine of a faint red light through the canvas, and the fire had not died down completely. He rose and cautiously peeped out. The air was very cold; he saw his breath. But he also saw the wolf, for it had come in, and was sitting by the dying embers, not two yards away from where he crouched behind the flap. And this time, at these very close quarters, there was something in the attitude of the big wild thing that caught his attention with a vivid thrill of startled surprise and a sudden shock of cold that held him spellbound. He stared, unable to believe his eyes; for the wolf's attitude conveyed to him something familiar that at first he was unable to explain. Its pose reached him in the terms of another thing with which he was entirely at home. What was it? Did his senses betray him? Was he still asleep and dreaming?

Then, suddenly, with a start of uncanny recognition, he knew. Its attitude was that of a dog. Having found the clue, his mind then made an awful leap. For it was, after all, no dog its appearance aped, but something nearer to himself, and more familiar still. Good heavens! It sat there with the pose, the attitude, the gesture in repose of something almost human. And then, with a second shock of biting wonder, it came to him like a revelation. The wolf sat beside that camp-fire as a man might sit.

Before he could weigh his extraordinary discovery, before he could examine it in detail or with care, the animal, sitting in this ghastly fashion, seemed to feel his eyes fixed on it. It slowly turned and looked him in the face, and for the first time Hyde felt a full-blooded, superstitious fear flood through his entire being. He seemed transfixed with that nameless terror that is said to attack human beings who suddenly face the dead, finding themselves bereft of speech and movement. This moment of paralysis certainly occurred. Its passing, however, was as singular as its advent. For almost at once he was aware of something beyond and above this mockery of human attitude and pose, something that ran along unaccustomed nerves and reached his feeling, even perhaps his heart. The revulsion was extraordinary, its result still more extraordinay and unexpected. Yet the fact remains. He was aware of another thing that had the effect of stilling his terror as soon as it was born. He was aware of appeal, silent, half-expressed, yet vastly pathetic. He saw in the savage eyes a beseeching, even a yearning, expression that changed his mood as by magic from dread to natural sympathy. The great gray brute, symbol of cruel ferocity, sat there beside his dying fire and appealed for help.

This gulf betwixt animal and human seemed in that instant bridged. It was, of course, incredible. Hyde, sleep still possibly clinging to his inner being with the shades and half-shapes of dream yet about his soul, acknowledged, how he knew not, the amazing fact. He found himself nodding to the brute in half-consent, and instantly, without more ado, the lean gray shape rose like a wraith and trotted off swiftly, but with stealthy tread into the background of the night.

When Hyde woke in the morning his first impression was that he must have



"In a moment before actually lighting the little fire he had turned to note what his companion did"

dreamed the entire incident. His practical nature asserted itself. There was a bite in the fresh autumn air; the bright sun allowed no half-lights anywhere; he felt brisk in mind and body. Reviewing what had happened, he came to the conclusion that it was utterly vain to speculate; no possible explanation of the animal's behavior occurred to him: he was dealing with something entirely outside his experience. His fear, however, had completely left him. The odd sense of friendliness remained. The beast had a definite purpose, and he himself was included in that purpose. His sympathy held good.

But with the sympathy there was also an intense curiosity. "If it shows itself again," he told himself, "I 'll go up close and find out what it wants." The fish laid out the night before had not been touched.

It must have been a full hour after breakfast when he next saw the brute; it was standing on the edge of the clearing, looking at him in the way now become familiar. Hyde immediately picked up his ax and advanced toward it boldly, keeping his eyes fixed straight upon its own. There was nervousness in him, but kept well under; nothing betrayed it; step by step he drew nearer until some ten yards separated them. The wolf had not stirred a muscle as yet. Its jaws hung open, its eyes observed him intently; it allowed him to approach without a sign of what its mood might be. Then, with these ten yards between them, it turned abruptly and moved slowly off, looking back first over one shoulder and then over the other, exactly as a dog might do, to see if he was following.

A singular journey it was they then made together, animal and man. The trees surrounded them at once, for they left the lake behind them, entering the tangled bush beyond. The beast, Hyde noticed, obviously picked the easiest track for him to follow; for obstacles that meant nothing to the four-legged expert, yet were difficult for a man, were carefully avoided with an almost uncanny skill, while yet the general direction was accurately kept. Occasionally there were windfalls to be sur-

mounted; but though the wolf bounded over these with ease, it was always waiting for the man on the other side after he had laboriously climbed over. Deeper and deeper into the heart of the lonely forest they penetrated in this singular fashion, cutting across the arc of the lake's crescent, it seemed to Hyde; for after two miles or so, he recognized the big rocky bluff that overhung the water at its northern end. This outstanding bluff he had seen from his camp, one side of it falling sheer into the water; it was probably the spot, he imagined, where the Indians held their medicine-making ceremonies, for it stood out in isolated fashion, and its top formed a private plateau not easy of access. And it was here, close to a big spruce at the foot of the bluff upon the forest side, that the wolf stopped suddenly and for the first time since its appearance gave audible expression to its feelings. It sat down on its haunches, lifted its muzzle with open jaws, and gave vent to a subdued and long-drawn howl that was more like the wail of a dog than the fierce barking cry associated with a wolf.

By this time Hyde had lost not only fear, but caution, too; nor, oddly enough, did this warning howl revive a sign of unwelcome emotion in him. In that curious sound he detected the same message that the eyes conveyed—appeal for help. He paused, nevertheless, a little startled, and while the wolf sat waiting for him, he looked about him quickly. There was young timber here; it had once been a small clearing, evidently. Ax and fire had done their work, but there was evidence to an experienced eye that it was Indians and not white men who had once been busy here. Some part of the medicine ritual, doubtless, took place in the little clearing, thought the man, as he advanced again toward his patient leader. The end of their queer journey, he felt, was close at hand.

He had not taken two steps before the animal got up and moved very slowly in the direction of some low bushes that formed a clump just beyond. It entered these, first looking back to make sure that its companion watched. The bushes hid it; a moment later it emerged again. Twice it performed this patomime, each time, as it reappeared, standing still and staring at the man with as distinct an expression of appeal in the eyes as an animal may compass, probably. Its excitement, meanwhile, certainly increased, and this excitement was, with equal certainty, communicated to the man. Hyde made up his mind quickly. Gripping his ax tightly, and ready to use it at the first hint of malice, he moved slowly nearer to the bushes, wondering with something of a tremor what would happen.

If he expected to be startled, his expectation was at once fulfilled; but it was the behavior of the beast that made him jump. It positively frisked about him like a happy dog. It frisked for joy. Its excitement was intense, yet from its open mouth no sound was audible. With a sudden leap, then, it bounded past him into the clump of bushes, against whose very edge he stood and began scraping vigorously at the ground. Hyde stood and stared, amazement and interest now banishing all his nervousness, even when the beast, in its violent scraping, actually touched his body with its own. He had, perhaps, the feeling that he was in a dream, one of those fantastic dreams in which things may happen without involving an adequate surprise; for otherwise the manner of scraping and scratching at the ground must have seemed an impossible phenomenon. No wolf, no dog certainly, used its paws in the way those paws were working. Hyde had the odd, distressing sensation that it was hands, not paws, he watched. And yet, somehow, the natural, adequate surprise he should have felt, was absent. The strange action seemed not entirely unnatural. In his heart some deep hidden spring of sympathy and pity stirred instead. He was aware of pathos.

The wolf stopped in its task and looked up into his face. Hyde acted without hesitation then. Afterward he was wholly at a loss to explain his own conduct. It seemed he knew what to do, divined what was asked, expected of him. Between his mind and the dumb desire yearning through the savage animal there was intelligent and intelligi-

ble communication. He cut a stake and sharpened it, for the stones would blunt his ax-edge. He entered the clump of bushes to complete the digging his four-legged companion had begun. And while he worked, though he did not forget the close proximity of the wolf, he paid no attention to it; often his back was turned as he stooped over the laborious clearing away of the hard earth; no uneasiness or sense of danger was in him any more. The wolf sat outside the clump and watched the operations. Its concentrated attention, its patience, its intense eagerness, the gentleness and docility of the gray, fierce, and probably hungry brute, its obvious pleasure and satisfaction, too, at having won the human to its mysterious purpose—these were colors in the strange picture that Hyde thought of later when dealing with the human herd in his hotel again. At the moment he was aware chiefly of pathos and affection. The whole business was, of course, not to be believed, but that discovery came later, too, when telling it to others.

The digging continued for fully half an hour before his labor was rewarded by the discovery of a small whitish object. He picked it up and examined it—the finger-bone of a man. Other discoveries then followed quickly and in quantity. The cache was laid bare. He collected nearly the complete skeleton. The skull, however, he found last, and might not have found at all but for the guidance of his strangely alert companion. It lay some few yards away from the central hole now dug, and the wolf stood nuzzling the ground with its nose before Hyde understood that he was meant to dig exactly in that spot for it. Between the beast's very paws his stake struck hard upon it. He scraped the earth from the bone and examined it carefully. It was perfect, save for the fact that some wild animal had gnawed it, the teeth-marks being still plainly visible. Close beside it lay the rusty iron head of a tomahawk. This and the smallness of the bones confirmed him in his judgment that it was the skeleton not of a white man, but of an Indian.

During the excitement of the discovery of the bones one by one, and finally of the skull, but, more especially, during the period of intense interest while Hyde was examining them, he had paid little, if any, attention to the wolf. He was aware that it sat and watched him, never moving its keen eyes for a single moment from the actual operations, but of sign or movement it made none at all. He knew that it was pleased and satisfied, he knew also that he had now fulfilled its purpose in a great measure. The further intuition that now came to him, derived, he felt positive, from his companion's dumb desire, was perhaps the cream of the entire experience to him. Gathering the bones together in his coat, he carried them, together with the tomahawk, to the foot of the big spruce where the animal had first stopped. His leg actually touched the creature's muzzle as he passed. It turned its head to watch, but did not follow, nor did it move a muscle while he prepared the platform of boughs upon which he then laid the poor worn bones of an Indian who had been killed, doubtless, in sudden attack or ambush, and to whose remains had been denied the last grace of proper tribal burial. He wrapped the bones in bark; he laid the tomahawk beside the skull; he lit the circular fire round the pyre, and the blue smoke rose upward into the clear bright sunshine of the Canadian autumn morning till it was lost among the mighty trees far overhead.

In the moment before actually lighting the little fire he had turned to note what his companion did. It sat five yards away, he saw, gazing intently, and one of its front paws was raised a little from the ground. It made no sign of any kind. He finished the work, becoming so absorbed in it that he had eyes for nothing but the tending and guarding of his careful ceremonial fire. It was only when the platform of boughs collapsed, laying their charred burden gently on the fragrant earth among the soft wood ashes, that he turned again, as though to show the wolf what he had done, and seek, perhaps, some look of satisfaction in its curiously expressive eyes. But the place he searched was empty. The wolf had gone.

He did not see it again; it gave no sign of its presence anywhere; he was

not watched. He fished as before, wandered through the bush about his camp, sat smoking round his fire after dark, and slept peacefully in his cozy little tent. He was not disturbed. No howl was ever audible in the distant forest, no twig snapped beneath a stealthy tread, he saw no eyes. The wolf that behaved like a man had gone forever.

It was the day before he left that Hyde, noticing smoke rising from the shack across the lake, paddled over to exchange a word or two with the Indian, who had evidently now returned. The redskin came down to meet him as he landed, but it was soon plain that he spoke very little English. He emitted the familiar grunts at first; then bit by bit Hyde stirred his limited vocabulary into action. The net result, however, was slight enough, though it was certainly direct:

"You camp there?" the man asked, pointing to the other side.

"Yes."

"Wolf come?"

"Yes."

"You see wolf?"

"Yes."

The Indian stared at him fixedly a moment, a keen, wondering look upon his coppery, creased face.

"You 'fraid wolf?" he asked after a moment's pause.

"No," replied Hyde, truthfully. He knew it was useless to ask questions of his own, though he was eager for information. The other would have told him nothing. It was sheer luck that the man had touched on the subject at all, and Hyde realized that his own best rôle was merely to answer, but to ask no questions. Then, suddenly, the Indian became comparatively voluble. There was awe in his voice and manner.

"Him no wolf. Him big medicine wolf. Him spirit wolf."

Whereupon he drank the tea the other had brewed for him, closed his lips tightly, and said no more. His outline was discernible on the shore, rigid and motionless, an hour later, when Hyde's canoe turned the corner of the lake three miles away, and landed to make the portages up the first rapid of his homeward stream.

It was Morton who, after some persuasion, supplied further details of what he called the legend. Some hundred years before, the tribe that lived in the territory beyond the lake began their annual medicine-making ceremonies on the big rocky bluff at the northern end; but no medicine could be made. The spirits, declared the chief medicine man, would not answer. They were offended. An investigation followed. It was discovered that a young brave had recently killed a wolf, a thing strictly forbidden, since the wolf was the totem animal of the tribe. To make matters worse, the name of the guilty man was Running Wolf. The offense being unpardonable, the man was cursed and driven from the tribe:

"Go out. Wander alone among the woods, and if we see you, we slay you. Your bones shall be scattered in the forest, and your spirit shall not enter the Happy Hunting Grounds till one of another race shall find and bury them."

"Which meant," explained Morton, laconically, his only comment on the story, "probably forever."

To M. G.

By ANNE STODDARD

She stands, more gracious in adversity,
Her world a toppled ruin at her feet;
And like this broken spray of rosemary,
Gives forth bruised fragrance, doubly sweet.

Free!

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

"I have wondered what it would seem like to be . . . jogging along with nowhere to go save where one pleased."

THE young-old philosopher was speaking.

"I had a strange experience yesterday. To have spent twenty years or so at office work, and then suddenly to arrange one's affairs so that a portion of the week became one's own—that is an experience, is n't it?"

We admitted that it was an achievement to be envied.

"How did you manage it?" was the natural question.

"That is a detail of little importance," he replied. "Let the fact of one's sudden liberty be the point dwelt upon. I found myself walking up the avenue at the miraculous hour of eleven in the morning, and not going to a desk! I was headed for the park, where I knew the trees had long since loaded their branches with leaves, and the grass was so green that it made the heart ache with its loveliness. You know how perfect yesterday was, a summer day to remember and to be grateful for.

"To you who have never known what it is to drudge day in and day out, this may seem a trifling thing to speak of. For myself, a miracle had happened. I could not believe that this golden hour was mine completely. I had never seen shop-windows with quite this slant of the sun on them. Always I had viewed them early or late, or wistfully at noon, when the streets were so crowded with other escaped office men that I could take no pleasure in what I beheld. Shop-windows at eleven in the morning were for the elect of the earth. That hour had always heretofore meant for me a manuscript to be read or edited, a conference to be attended, a telephone call to be answered, a visit from some one seeking advice—something, at any rate, that made it impossible for me to call it my own. I have looked often from a high window at that hour, and seen the people in the streets as they trailed like ribbons round and round the vast city, and I have wondered what it would seem like to be one of them, not hurrying on some commercial errand, but jogging along with nowhere to go save where one pleased.

"At last my dream had come true, and when I found myself projected upon that thrilling avenue, and realized that

I had nothing, absolutely nothing, to do until luncheon-time, and I could skip that if I wished, I could scarcely believe that it was I who had thus broken the traces.

"The green of the park greeted me, and, like Raleigh's cloak, a gay pattern of flowers was laid at the entrance for even my unworthy feet metaphorically to tread. And to think that these bright blooms unfolded here day after day and I had so seldom seen them! An old man dozed on a bench near at hand, oblivious to the beauty around him; and a septuagenarian gardener leaned over the circular border, just as Narcissus looked into the pool. Perhaps he saw some image of his youth in the uplifted face of a flower.

"I know that I saw paths and byways everywhere that reminded me of my vanished boyhood; for I am one of those who have always lived in Manhattan, and some of the happiest days I ever spent were those in the park as a child, seeing the menagerie, feeding the squirrels, and rolling a hoop on a graveled pathway.

"I remembered Rossetti's line, 'I have been here before,' as I walked along on this exultant morning; and it indeed seemed as if in some previous incarnation, and not in this life, I had known my footsteps to take this perfumed way. For in the hurry of life and in the rush of our modern days we forget too soon the leisure of childhood, plunging as we do into the rough-and-tumble of an agonized manhood.

"And all this while the park, like a green island set in a throbbing sea, had waited for me to come back to it! No lake isle of Innesfree could have beguiled the poet more. Anchored at a desk, I had dreamed often of such an hour of freedom; and now that it was really mine, I determined that I would not analyze it, but that I would simply drink in its wonder. It would have been as criminal as to pluck a flower apart.

"Policemen went their weary rounds, swinging their sticks, and it suddenly came to me that even in this sylvan retreat there was stern labor to be done. Just as some one, some time, must sweep out a shrine,—possibly nowadays with a vacuum-cleaner!—so papers must be picked from God's grass, and pickpockets must be diligently looked for in holiday crowds. Men on high and practical sprinkling-carts must keep the roadways clean, and emissaries of the law must see to it that motorists do not speed too fast. You think of ice-cream as being miraculously made in a park pavilion, and unless you visit the city woodland at the hour of eleven or so in the morning, you may keep your dream. But I beheld a common ice-wagon back up to the door of that cherished house of my childhood, and a strong, rough fellow proved himself the connecting-link between the waitress and her eager little customers.

"At this hour it was as though I had gone behind the scenes of a theater while the stage-hands were busy about their necessary labors. Wiring had to be done,—I had forgotten that they have telephones even in the park,—and a mason was repairing a crumbling wall. How much better to let it crumble, I thought. But all my practicality, through my sense of strange freedom, had left me, and I was ardent for a mad, glad world, where for a long time there would be nothing for anybody to do. I wanted masons and policemen and ice-men and nurse-maids and electricians and keepers of zoölogical gardens to be as free as I, forever and ever.

"You see, my unexpected holiday had gone to my head, and it was a summer morning, and I felt somehow that I ought to be working rather than loitering here.

"I suppose I shall be sane to-morrow, but I wonder if I want to be."

And we all wondered if we did n't like him better when he was just this way, a child with a new toy, or, rather, a child with an old toy that he had almost, but not quite, forgotten how to play with.

IDAHO FALLS PUBLIC LIBRARY

DWELLERS OF THE DESERT

Camera Studies by Forman Hanna

Indians of Santo Domingo

The pueblo of Santo Domingo is one of the largest of the New Mexican Indian pueblos. The people are intelligent and very friendly, though timid

IDAHO FALLS PUBLIC LIBRARY

Girl of Walpi

This Hopi girl is dressed in native costume of finely woven woolen cloth, with leggings of dressed buckskin. The necklace is made of beaten silver, set with turquoise, and is very valuable. The dressing of the hair in whorls denotes maidenhood and is not used after marriage

Walpi

The pueblo of Walpi in northern Arizona is the best known of the Hopi villages. Built on the rocky point of a high mesa, there is a wonderful view of the Painted Desert. Countless feet have worn away the solid rock of the trail over which the woman is carrying water from the plains five hundred feet below

LIBRARY

Navajo camp, Cañon de Chelly

The collection of poles and canvas in the foreground is a summer camp of the Navajo Indians. In winter they occupy conical mud huts called "hogans." Cañon de Chelly is one of the most magnificent of the Arizona cañons, with walls of red sandstone in places rising to a height of a thousand feet. The immense height of the cañon can be gaged by the approaching group of horsemen, some hundreds of yards away.

An Apache squaw

This woman, sitting outside her tepee, is a member of the White Mountain Apaches. The basket she is holding is made of split willow and "devil's claw," is very strong, and an excellent example of weaving. It takes months to make one of these baskets, and they are sold for two or three dollars

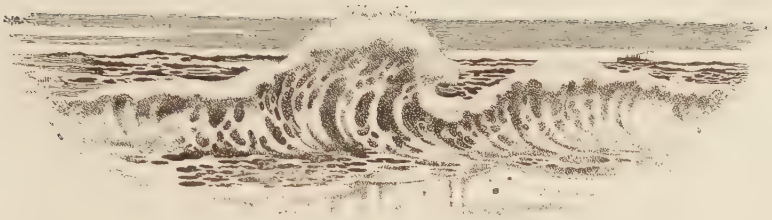
IDAHO FALLS PUBLIC LIBRARY

House arrangement, Taos

The houses of Taos are of adobe, a clay-like substance, mixed with straw, and hardened in the sun. The rooms are plastered and are clean and cool. The ovens in the foreground are used to bake a delicious wheat bread. Taos is the best known and finest of the New Mexico villages and a favorite locality for painters

Hopi Woman

This very charming member of the Hopi village of Hotavilla was eating breakfast with her husband when I passed their home. He invited me in, and gave me a seat on the earthen floor. The man talked very fluently, but his wife would not say a word. She was very reluctant to being photographed, but finally consented. The Indians of Hotavilla are very shy, though hospitable



The Tide of Affairs

Comment on the Times

By GLENN FRANK

THE RED TRINITY OF WORLD POLITICS—RED GERMANY—REDDER RUSSIA —REDDEST TURKEY—NEAR-SIGHTED CLASS JOURNALISM—KRASSIN: BOLSHEVIST AND ENGINEER—THE NATIONAL ASPECT OF EDUCATION—THE MODERN GREEK TRAGEDY—THE DIVINE RIGHT TO QUIT WORK.

THE RED TRINITY OF WORLD POLITICS

THE other evening a group of sophisticated gentlemen were indulging in a reminiscent mood. They recalled the luxury of fear they reveled in as children when, on winter evenings, they read H. Rider Haggard's stories of gruesome adventure in "She" and in "Alan Quatermain." Their memories lingered with evident fondness over the delicious shivers that ran riot up and down their spines as they read of dark caverns, murderous battle-axes, and consuming fires. They sketched with a Hogarth vividness the affrighted dash to bed when the book was closed, and chuckled over their remembrance of protecting coverlets pulled tight over their heads to shut out black warrior-giants who were then to them more life than literature. "I 'd give a cool million for one of those thrills to-day," said one of the men.

He can have his thrill for less than a million if he will only read the increasing "peril" literature of world politics. There is always at least one *Banquo's* ghost for every table around which world affairs are discussed. The predicted peril does not always materialize on scheduled time; if not, then there is always another, dated safely in the future. Some of this prophecy of peril is the intelligent warning of honest watchmen in the towers; some of it is a deliberate play to the near universal hunger for thrills.

We have had our "yellow-peril" literature. We have watched Usher and Cheradame out-Haggard Haggard in their blue-prints of Pan-Germanism; we have heard ourselves described as the thin and ragged remnant of a white race about to be inundated by a tidal wave of lusty-colored folk; and of late Bolshevism has moved like a sinister eclipse across the future.

Just now speculation is rife over the possibility of a huge "Red Empire" that may come into being through a combination of Germany, Russia, and Turkey. The accumulating discussion of this "red peril" is reminiscent of the discussions of Mittel-Europa that a little while ago were sending us to bed affrighted. This red triple entente is not looked upon as the grandiose scheme of a renascent imperialism. It is regarded as a goal toward which, with all the fatality of a Greek tragedy, Germany, Russia, and Turkey are being driven by the combined forces of economic necessity and Allied stupidity.

One of the most richly detailed statements of this "red peril" that has recently appeared is from the pen of Dr. W. D. P. Bliss. In a recent issue of "The New York Times" he presented a long and carefully worked out discussion of the possibilities involved in this suggested red trinity of world politics. His introductory paragraphs ran as follows:

There is rising, before our blinded eyes, a Red Empire, composed of Red Germany, Redder Russia, and Reddest Turkey. Only the date of the completion of the structure and its exact form are uncertain. People do not believe this, partly because they do not want to; partly because it is being built in sections and the parts are not yet put together; mainly because people do not see that the basis for this empire lies, not in the uncertainties of political combinations, but in the grim certainties of economic necessity.

People watch politics; what they need to study is the food market, if they would know what will be in the world. Germany, Russia, and Turkey are being forced together, not by Germany's being Bolshevised, nor by the Bolsheviki's desiring India or Constantinople, but because the peoples of these great territories need and desire to live. . . . Diplomats discuss how to treat Bolshevism, how to deal with Germany, whether or not to drive the Turk from Constantinople. All these are secondary questions. What they need to ask first is how the Germans, Russians, and Turks are going to live. Then they will see that these countries are being forced together principally by economic forces.

They must come together or die separately. It is a safe prediction, therefore, that in some way, in some form, they will come together. And the present policy of the Allies is hastening the process. The Paris Conference may be called the Construction Firm of the Red Empire. . . . This dread combination is in the world's path and must be looked forward to. Politics may affect its when and its how; politics—at least what men call politics—cannot prevent its coming.

This, then, is the "red peril" feared by many—feared more than the "red peril" of world-wide Bolshevist propaganda; a "red peril" that will not depend for its furtherance upon the inflammatory appeals of apostles of revolution, but will be fostered by the silent and invincible arguments of bread and clothes and raw materials. Let us look more closely into Dr. Bliss's thesis, reviewing in turn what he has vividly termed Red Germany, Redder Russia, and Reddest Turkey.

I. RED GERMANY

Certain basic facts are stated at the outset. Germany needs, and needs desperately, bread and raw materials. Her money is next to valueless in the markets of the West; but in the markets of the East, from Russia, including Asiatic Russia, Germany can buy what she needs at reasonable prices and on favorable terms. Her baker is in the East, and to the East she will turn for bread, it is asserted, and the Western banker will be unable to lure her from the Eastern baker. She will prefer this direct purchase of bread from the East, it is contended, to a huge Western loan that would only perfect and perpetuate Germany's economic vassalage.

These facts of economic necessity, rather than any overwhelming political tendency toward Bolshevism, will force Germany into the "Red Empire" of the future. Dr. Bliss argues as follows:

Starting from the economic basis, the present political bias or complexion of the German people is not of extreme importance. Suppose things politically in Germany remain about as they are. Suppose Germany, in the main, endeavors to carry out the provisions of the Versailles treaty. . . . The conclusion seems forced that Germany, even if she tries, cannot carry out the Versailles treaty without revolution. And what will that mean? It can but mean either occupation by the Allies or military recourse to the Bolsheviki. Which will it be? No matter what their political views, both militarists and the extremist Reds in Germany will prefer alliance with the Bolsheviki rather than see France or Great Britain permanently in Berlin. . . . A French effort to enforce rigidly the Versailles treaty will be but a forcing of Germany into the Red Empire.

On the other hand, suppose Germany, through the influence of either the militarist or the Red parties, endeavors to avoid fulfilling the Versailles treaty, to whom can she turn for assistance against the Allies except the Bolsheviki? . . . From Germany's economic position, her political and military alliance with the Bolsheviki is only a question of time, no matter what be the present politics of Germany.

Here, then, is a Germany "beyond politics," if not a Nietzschean Germany "beyond good and evil." Here is an illustration of the impotence and irrelevancy of mere politics in an interdependent economic world. Here is a Germany that might conceivably enter a "Red Empire" without sympathy for Bolshevism because the instinct of self-preservation so dictated.

II. REDDER RUSSIA

If Germany will turn to Russia for bread and raw materials, Russia will turn to Germany for executive talent in the economic reorganization and rehabilitation of Russia. If Germany will enter an alliance with a Russia that is redder than herself because she needs and must have bread and raw materials, so Russia will enter an alliance with a Germany that may be far less red than herself, because she needs and must have the Teutonic organizer to supplement the Slavic dreamer. They will not haggle over their varying shades of red. It will not be common ideals that will draw them together; common necessities will drive them together. Both will be pragmatic. Both will play the opportunist.

Lenine and Trotzky will, so Dr. Bliss contends, effect an alliance with Germany, regardless of Germany's degree of enthusiasm or indifference respecting Bolshevism as such, on their principle that the end justifies the means. In a series of brilliant paradoxes Dr. Bliss analyzes the Machiavellian trait of Lenine and Trotzky that will lead them to make an alliance with a nation that may not be at heart Bolshevist. He says:

> They are willing to sacrifice every program, every fond ideal, in order to win. To seek Communist power, they give up communism. To win peace, they make war. To prepare for war, they make peace. Communism, peace, war, all are indifferent to them, provided they can win the power for the proletariat classes, with themselves as the leaders. And in this they are probably not posers, but honest fanatics. Hence largely their power.
>
> They are honest people who honestly do not believe in honesty as a method. Their end justifies to them any means. . . . Just at present they realize the failure, the complete failure, of industrial communism. So they have given it up in agriculture and are giving it up in industry. From agricultural communism they have reverted to peasant proprietorship, and in place of industrial communism they are substituting enforced labor. . . . The Bolshevist armies in a large part are being put into the workshop and the field.
>
> But the leaders are clever and they know that Russians are better at dreaming and at fighting than at organization. They also know that, of the peoples at all in sympathy with them, the Germans are far the best in organization. Hence the German-Russian engineer, Krassin, is at the head of their industrial plans, and Germans are steadily coming into positions of economic importance in Russia. Clever Russians know as well as Germans what the inexhaustible natural resources of Russia, including Russia in Asia, might produce under right development. Hence, in order to win, the Bolsheviki are doing two things: They are steadily, although slowly, extending their military power and equally persistently developing their industrial organization on German lines and increasingly under German management.

Lenine and Trotzky are pictured as perfectly willing to bide their time for a world offensive in behalf of their dream of proletarian government. Meanwhile they are clearing the way for a coming Russo-German alliance and sending out feelers for a "peace" with the Allies that would give them a breathing-spell for recuperation and a chance to obtain from the Allies the agricultural and other implements they need in the creation of a sound economic base from which they can effectively operate in the future.

III. REDDEST TURKEY

The motive back of Turkey's adhesion to the "Red Empire" will be, according to Dr. Bliss, compounded of her passion for self-preservation and her instinctive inhumanity. Turkey is looked upon as a nation that is red by nature and super-red by long practice, a nation dyed not with the red of radicalism so much as with the red blood of slaughtered victims. This distinctive Turkish red of the "Red Empire" is described by Dr. Bliss as follows:

> The Red Empire will probably have its reddest hands in Turkey, including Tartary. There is a difference between the redness of Germany or of Russia and that of Turkey. In Germany and in Russia, the Red Socialist will tell you that the red of his banner typifies the common blood which flows through the veins of all humanity. The red of Turkish hands is chiefly due to the blood that flows from the veins of the men and women and children they have slaughtered. Turkish politics have nothing to do with humanity. Turkey's specialty is inhumanity.

The argument respecting Turkey's entrance into the red trinity of the future may be summarized as follows: Turkey has a facile inhumanity. She functions with greatest self-satisfaction in turmoil and social disorder that gives the cue to her atrocities. The Allies are driving Turkey into the "Red Empire" by a Near-East policy that is creating the disorder that always lures Turkey into action and proving to Turkey that the only way to escape the carving-knife is to join the "Red Empire" suggested. Dr. Bliss does not mince words in his arraignment of Allied policy in this connection. He says:

> In the Near East the Allies have not a single friend left. They have mocked and maddened the Turks; they have lied to and deceived the Christian and Arab subject races. They induced the Arabs of Syria and the Armenians of Asia Minor to aid them in fighting the Turks by promising them independence; but now that the war is done they are forgetting their promises, and dividing up Turkey on a basis of robbery and greed—in many ways actually treating the Turks better than the Christian and Arab subject races. Armenia they are mocking by giving her a little Armenia so weak and small that they might as well place her as a choice lamb in the mouth of the Turkish wolf. A large part of Armenia they are taking and giving to the Kurds, the worst race in the Near East—Moslems chiefly famed for the massacres of Armenians.
>
> Hell is everywhere in the Near East, thanks largely to the policies of Great Britain and France. Under this situation, the Turk . . . finds in the hell which the Allies have created abundant opportunity for hellish deeds, and above all turns to Turanian Central Asia, with its Bolshevist masters, for his military hope.

IV. HOW SHALL WE MEET THE MENACE?

All this coming together of Germany, Russia, and Turkey might be dismissed as one of the inevitable incidents of after-the-war readjustment of alliances, were it not for the fact that these three contiguous territories hold an almost unlimited possibility of economic and military power. A glance at the map will show what self-sufficiency such an empire might achieve through the development of its railway, river, and canal systems of transportation. An hour with "The Statesman's Year Book" will bring statistical proof of the staggering possibilities of these united territories in matters of area, population, forests, wheat, corn, oats, barley, rye, potatoes, beet sugar, cotton, wool, flax, cattle, horses, sheep, swine, coal, iron, steel, copper, petroleum, and so on. If the "Red Empire" materializes, it will have a sound economic base for offense or defense.

What is the counsel of wisdom in this matter? What should be our attitude toward this possible alliance? Dr. Bliss suggests certain things we cannot, in the interest of peace and safety, permit ourselves to do. There are four policies of pure folly. Into any one of them we may fall. All of them we should avoid. The "Red Empire" is en route. We cannot ignore it, surrender to it, bribe it, or crush it by military

force. All it asks is that we disbelieve its coming. Under the shadow of our complacency it will grow lusty. We shall not circumvent it by surrendering to it. Mere affability will not change the course of the present stream of tendency. We may forgive Germany her sins and her debts, we may accept Lenine's "peace" of accommodation, and tell the Turk that we do not think him such a beast after all, but such a display of international good manners will not touch the real economic causes that are bringing the "Red Empire" into being. Bolshevism is not on the bargain counter. We cannot wheedle it away from its ultimate purpose by holding out to it the sugar-plums of trade and raw materials. The ghost of Machiavelli still walks in Russia. Our bribes might be accepted, but they would be turned to the good account of the proletarian world offensive in the future. To attempt to meet Bolshevism with armies would be only one more act in the farce of force. Dr. Bliss well says:

> Attempting to overthrow Bolshevism by militarism means, sooner or later, a world war, and a world war to which the last war will be child's play, partly because far more people will be involved, mainly because the working millions of Western Europe and the United States cannot be counted on to support a war against the working classes of menaced Russia and Germany. If the Allies attempt military struggle, they will find that the working classes of the world will say that in this war, not Germany and Russia, but France and Great Britain in their governments are the military threat. They that draw the sword will perish by the sword. This may be true of a blinded capitalism as of a blinded Kaiser.

What, then, will prevent an alliance between Germany, Russia, and Turkey or, failing to prevent, turn such an alliance into a mainstay instead of a menace to the future? The answer is as simple as the situation is complex: nothing short of the economic salvation toward which the Bolsheviki purport to be working, despite the economic suicide they seem to be effecting. The best antitoxin for radicalism is justice. The stars in their courses are making for an economic entente between Germany, Russia, and Turkey. Its inevitability need not, however, mean despair in world politics.

Given an international program of economic justice, given a sincere world-wide effort toward industrial democracy, given a real league of nations that will administer in intelligent coöperative fashion the economic life of the world, not a mere alliance of imperialisms that has stolen the livery of a league of free nations, a league that will include Germany and Russia—given these things, the red trinity might prove only another step toward that intelligent integration of the economic world without which Europe in particular and the world in general will remain the cockpit and bear-garden of old.

NEAR-SIGHTED CLASS JOURNALISM

THE most perilous disease in the world is not leprosy, but lopsidedness. Inadequate and perverted information leading to misplaced emphasis is at the bottom of many tragic blunders in political and industrial policy. We have long been criticized as a nation that reads in head-lines and thinks in catchwords, by which indictment is meant that the average American forms his opinions upon a too narrow base of facts. We have been charged with the sin of superficiality. We do our thinking, it is charged, under the tutelage of some newspaper that reflects faithfully, and faithfully fosters, our particular prejudices. The typical American conversation on public affairs opens with "I see by the paper." Whatever its extent, this dependence upon the daily paper for our opinions would be bad enough; but of late the journalistic basis of American opinion has become still narrower.

Hitherto we may have taken our opinions from a daily paper that confirmed us in our general conservatism or radicalism, but we are more and more taking our opinions from trade and professional and craft journals

that, despite the most honest of editorial intentions, must be classified as the journalism of special pleading. It is no longer a matter of "I see by the paper." With the farmer it is "I see by my farm paper." With the manufacturer it is "I see by my manufacturer's journal." With the banker it is "I see by my financial magazine."

If there is any one thing that we need, and need desperately, in this country just now it is an intelligent inter-class understanding. Without intention, class journalism may seriously delay this understanding. Charles Moreau Harger, in a recent issue of "The Evening Post" of New York, reported some very interesting facts regarding this development of class journalism and its contribution toward social unrest and misunderstanding. He asserts that the latest list of American journals shows over four thousand class publications, ranging all the way from unambitious bulletins to impressive magazines. He says:

> The dealer in awnings or wall paper, in coal or fish, the horseshoer, philatelist, auctioneer, grocer, banker, farmer, electrical engineer, nurse, garment maker, steel or coal worker, stone cutter, house-wife, railway employee, milliner, lawyer, dentist, priest, labor union member, and a hundred other classes have prepared for their business reading publications well edited, brimful of information concerning their craft—and sometimes tinctured with propaganda that reaches exactly the most fertile field for its germination.

Now, it is not suggested that the editors of these class or craft publications are class-conscious designers with a narrow outlook. It is simply a matter of their living too close to their particular problem to resist the temptation to special pleading. Mr. Harger, in his investigations, saw repeated evidence of the inter-class misunderstanding that class journalism may produce. A producer said to him: "I see in my farm paper that there is less money in raising feed than in selling it. Something ought to be done to regulate the middleman." Within an hour a grocer, discussing his high prices, said: "My Merchant's paper says that the farmer is getting the big end of the profits these days. The prices ought to be fixed for his products." Multiply these incidents in the light of the increasing thousands of class publications, and it is easy to see the warped judgment that may result and the unrest that may be stimulated.

It would be a salutary move if we could eliminate a few tons of the irrelevant material disgorged annually from our government printing-presses and use the money saved in the publication of a digest of the editorial opinions in the mass of class and craft publications, and in a wide-spread distribution of such a digest, so that we might see the other man's point of view. Mr. Harger quotes the manager of one of the largest public utilities in the Middle West as saying:

> I do not excuse myself from one-sided reading. To my desk come many journals devoted to our particular business. Naturally their influence is to make their readers feel that the public utility is to-day struggling under heavier and more unfair burdens than any other. But my farmer patron reads a farm paper which tells him that the public utility is favored and the agriculturist is discriminated against unduly. We have hundreds of patrons among railway men—their magazines apparently lead them to exaggerated ideas of the prosperity of the public utility and the hampering conditions of the employee.
>
> Now, it would be a most educating and helpful influence if I could read the farmer's paper and the railway man's magazine, and they could study my public service journal. Each would obtain a more comprehensive view of the other man's problems—and the country to-day greatly needs this knowledge, with the accompanying broader outlook on business conditions.

The bad influence of class journalism in the fostering of misunderstanding between classes is not a question of bad intentions on the part of editors and publishers. It is merely one of the penalties we have to reckon with in the increasing specialization of modern life. Specialization is at once the hope and the peril of modern civilization.

Specialization in industry has made the present vast machinery of production and distribution possible, but it has also produced the machine slave who goes to a daily task that challenges him to creative work no more than it challenges a cog on a wheel. Specialization in education has made possible a pushing further of the frontiers of knowledge, but it has also given us the sterile Ph.D. training that has been a real handicap to real education in our colleges of liberal arts, the sort of training that Mr. Leacock says demands that the graduate student devote his whole mind to "the study of the left foot of the garden frog, or to the use of the ablative in Tacitus, or to the history of the first half-hour of the Reformation." Specialization in journalism has given us access to a mass of detailed information respecting our specific tasks that we would never find in a general journalism, but it has ministered to interclass misunderstanding.

We cannot turn back the hands of the clock. We cannot return to handicraft methods and revert to small-scale production. We cannot return to the simple synthesis of the small college of earlier days. We will not close the editorial offices of our class and craft publications. There is no simple solution of the problems raised by specialization. But it is of value for us to remind ourselves now and then of the dangers that attend specialization. Particularly in this matter of general and class journalism it behooves us, as editors, to bring to our task an intelligent tolerance, a fine justice of judgment, and a catholic sympathy with divergent points of view, and, as readers, always to allow for the specialist's unconscious bias.

KRASSIN: BOLSHEVIST AND ENGINEER

BEFORE these comments reach the reader, the policy of Great Britain and France respecting the resumption of trade relations with Russia may have been determined through official conferences with Gregory Krassin, Bolshevist Commissioner, who is in London, as this is being written, negotiating with the British Government.

Aside from Nicolai Lenine, Gregory Krassin is probably the most significant figure in Russia to-day. If Bolshevism survives the destructive phase of revolution, it will probably be Krassin who will embody its constructive phase. Sooner or later every revolution reaches a stage in which it becomes an engineering problem, in the wider sense of engineering; a time when power must pass from the propagandist to the engineer. If it does not, the "revolution" is not a revolution; it is a mere revolt. The propagandist can shatter an old order; only the statesman-engineer can construct the new order.

It does not argue greatness to overthrow a despotic government. That is the simplest and easiest part of revolution. Russia is a case in point. The sullen anger of centuries—an anger that had been passed on the mother's milk from one generation of Russians to another—waited only for a challenge to smash the czarist régime. Lenine and Trotzky have proved good recruiting sergeants, enlisting the hatreds and resentments of a great people under the red banner of revolution. But always there comes the cold gray dawn of the morning after; and in its gray coldness the masses who have shouted themselves hoarse in celebration of their deliverance demand that their new leaders organize and administer the government in a manner that will bring the benefit they were denied under the old order. It is then that the propagandist must turn administrator. If he proves a bad administrator, the mercurial masses will turn upon him and rend him as quickly as they shouted for him and followed him in his wrecking of the old régime. Nowhere are men revolutionists just for the fun of being radical. Despite the headless hysteria of revolution, men rebel for a purpose, and sooner or later they call their leaders to reckoning. And in the end the inefficient radical is no more immune than the inefficient reactionary from the wrath of the mob.

The stupid policy of the Allies, in attempting to crush Bolshevism with military force or to maintain a state of

war under the euphonious name of a *cordon sanitaire*, has postponed this day of reckoning for Lenine. The threat of invasion and of counter-revolution financed by bourgeois governments has given him a continuing basis for an appeal to unity. But the moment of reckoning is at hand in Russia. Bolshevism must make good as a government as well as a propaganda, or the Russian people will not tolerate it for long. To the credit of Lenine's statesmanship, it must be said that he has recognized this from the beginning. He has always placed heavy emphasis upon the administrative responsibilities that Bolshevism must shoulder.

The question now is, Will Lenine and his associates, in facing this challenge of administration, really attempt to put into practice the Bolshevist principles of their early preachments, or will they give up their extreme Bolshevist principles and experiment their way toward some more workable system? In the absence of first-hand knowledge of the situation and an intimate knowledge of Lenine's mind and the minds of his associates, one man's guess is as good as another's. At this distance no one can answer dogmatically. There are indications, however, that Lenine and his associates are of a more practical turn of mind than our war-warped and hysterical conception of a Bolshevist might lead us to believe.

This tendency toward the practical in the high councils of Bolshevism was happily illustrated in an interview granted by Gregory Krassin a few days before he left Russia for London. The interview appeared in a recent issue of "The Manchester Guardian."

Krassin is the one outstanding technician among the Communist leaders. He is brisk and businesslike and has an uncanny mastery of details. He looks more the engineer than the radical. If any one succeeds in bringing *realpolitik* into the Cubist dreams of Bolshevist theory, it will probably be Krassin. In March, 1919, he was made *commissar* of transport and later minister of munitions, trade, and industry as well. Without any attempt to guess his future policies or to assess his sincerity in this interview or in his negotiations in London, it will be interesting to record certain of his statements that show the practical bent of his mind and that indicate, perhaps, something of the adaptation that Bolshevism may undergo in the months ahead.

His interviewer told Krassin that in Allied countries he was regarded as decidedly pro-German and that it was thought that he would work for an economic entente between Russia and Germany. He replied:

> That is easily explicable. An engineer is, in the main accustomed to judge things exclusively from a practical point of view. There has always been a difference between German and other firms. The Germans always tried to suit the market; others, English, for example, tried to force the Russians to buy whatever they found it convenient to sell. Again, English machines were very good, but very heavy and consequently expensive, because the old Russian tax was by weight. The Germans, to meet this tax, made lighter machines, or made the delicate, lighter parts of the machines in Germany, and the heavier parts in Russia, thereby avoiding the tax.
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> Further, the Germans knew Russia better, and conducted their correspondence in Russian, while the British insisted on writing in their own language, whether the customer understood it or not. Finally, the Germans used to allow long credit. The situation is now completely changed. Germany is defeated, crushed. It will be ten or twenty years before she is able to compete in supplying Russia with machines. *Her sole article of export now is not machines but German skilled technicians.* As a Russian, from a purely Russian point of view, I shall welcome technicians, whether German or British, provided only that they are good technicians.

This statement shows a refreshing practicality. It may make for the red trinity discussed earlier in these columns, but it also indicates at least the consideration of a constructive phase of the Russian adventure. Incidentally, statements like this should lead us to reëxamine our foreign-trade methods and perhaps to question the advisability of introducing quite generally the study of Russian into our schools.

One more statement will indicate that Krassin may not allow himself to run into any blind alley because of any foolish conception of democracy as a tumultuous mass meeting. His interviewer, during periodic visits to Russia, had been impressed with the obvious improvement in the Russian railway organization since Krassin took charge. He asked the reasons for this improvement. Krassin explained as follows:

When, in March last year, I became commissar of transport, I found the railway management, if I may put it so, in an utterly unmanageable state. It was in the hands of innumerable committees and sub-committees, who were mostly pulling against each other. On some railways there were as many as fifteen different committees, with the result that it was extremely difficult to get anything done. Well, when I became commissar of transport all authority was concentrated in the commissariat of transport.

His interviewer interrupted to say, "I believe you refused to become commissar of transport unless this change was made?" Krassin, evidently seeing that the interviewer thought he sensed a Bolshevist compromise with the old order, laughed, but agreed that he had made his acceptance of the post conditional upon such concentration of authority. Krassin went on to say:

I approached the task of reorganizing our ruined railways purely from the point of view of a technician. Either something had to be done or we should have come to a standstill. First of all, all authority was concentrated in the commissariat. Secondly, individual control was substituted for collegiate control.

Where we have a first-rate technician who is also a Communist we give him absolute control. Where we have a man who is a good technician but not a Communist we give him complete technical control but appoint a Communist commissar to control politically. The effect is that in all questions of technical direction the responsibility and initiative belong to a single man and not to a crowd, and at the same time it ensures that that man's initiative is applied for the good of the state as a whole.

Now, some will see in these tactics the betrayal of communism at the hands of dictators determined to maintain their control. But Krassin insists that the engineer has not killed the communist in him, and that Bolshevism has not been betrayed. He claims that the engineer's passion for efficiency is the very thing that has made him the foe of capitalism and the partizan of communism. He thinks Russia is feeling her way toward a more efficient system. "The process may be long," he says, "and may be accompanied by temporary retrogression in the amenities of living, but the process cannot be arrested."

He makes no bones about the sad plight into which the revolution has plunged Russia. He is angling for all possible help from any and every quarter, but, in the event that help does not come, he asserts that he faces the future with a sturdy hope. Asked what would happen, and what Russia could do, if England and America, busy with the reconstruction of the rest of Europe, found that they had no machines and locomotives to spare to Russia, he replied:

So much the worse for them, for it will mean further postponement of the day when Russian raw material again becomes available for Europe. . . . We shall have to crawl out of the abyss on all fours, but somehow or other I am absolutely convinced that we shall be able to crawl out.

It is a little difficult to think calmly on the Russian issue after having been fed for so long upon a predigested diet of propagandist lies and perverted information. The chances would seem to be good that Lenine and his associates will maintain their hold upon Russia for some time to come, and that, with the increasing adoption of Krassin methods, they will measurably succeed in building up a bureaucratic socialistic state on the ruins of the czarist empire.

The world may then discover that bureaucracy is no better in socialistic than in monarchial garb. But out of it all the world may learn the lesson that the old politics is dead, and that government must deal constructively with

food, clothing, and shelter. A long while ago, before we had written out hymns of hate against the Bolshevists, old Thomas Carlyle said, "We must some day pass from Political Government to Industrial Administration; from Competition in Individualism to Individuality in Coöperation."

THE NATIONAL ASPECT OF EDUCATION

THE National Economic League, through a system of special committees and its national council, which is composed of representative men of all shades of opinion throughout the United States, performs from time to time a genuine service in the collection and analysis of representative opinion upon questions that are to the fore in public thinking. The national council of the organization is a fairly accurate index of public opinion since its membership is thoroughly representative. Lately this body has issued a report on the educational issues before the country.

Of particular interest is the vote on the advisability of a Federal Department of Education under the direction of a cabinet officer, with ample funds to provide for effective country-wide influence on educational aims and procedure. The vote of the national council resulted in seventy per cent. favoring the proposal; the vote of the special committee resulted in ninety per cent. favoring the proposal.

Educational leadership is divided in opinion on the question. Certain very able educators are opposed to a Federal Department of Education, thinking that the larger the initiative and the wider the latitude left to the States and local communities, the better for the future of education. That there are genuine dangers attendant upon a too great centralization of educational leadership is clear beyond the need of statement. But certain facts need to be faced frankly.

Educationally we are in a bad way just now. We need something that will pull us together into a nationally conceived and executed program for the improvement and extension of our educational system. We are far from being the educated nation we claim to be in our campaign oratory. We found that one fourth of the men assembled in the camps for army service were unable to read an English newspaper, while one third were declared physically unfit for combatant service. Our illiteracy statistics are not heartening. In our public schools, four fifths of the teachers do not measure up to the standard of a high-school course and two years of professional study. Last year the National Education Association conducted a careful investigation which, among many interesting things, revealed the fact that out of 1792 superintendents reporting, 1469 stated that it had been necessary to accept lower qualifications in order to fill the posts. The normal schools of the country, which has always been a fertile source of teachers for our public and high schools, have decidedly less than their pre-war enrollments. Our shortage of teachers is so plainly a national peril that it is capturing headlines in the daily press.

Plainly something must be done, and done with the least possible waste of time. It may be wise to guard well against the establishment of an educational bureaucracy. We do not want to drag education into politics. We do not want to set up elaborate machinery that can later be turned to propagandist account by parties in temporary control of the Government. We do not want to sterilize the national mind through a too greatly standardized instruction. But all this is simply a question of wisely limiting jurisdiction and authority. These dangers do not justify our following a "let George do it" policy that will get us nowhere.

Alone among the great nations, we do not have a strong Federal Department of Education. When our Constitution was adopted, education and religion were ticklish subjects upon which there was little agreement among the States. In the spirit of a necessary opportunism, education was left at that time entirely to the States. It is true that in 1867 there was created by Congress a Department of Education, with a commissioner in charge. After one year, however, the department was reduced to the rank of

a bureau in the Department of the Interior. This Bureau of Education has never been the dominant factor in the educational activities of the Government. As a result of the hit-or-miss method by which our machinery of government has developed, we have to-day more than forty agencies—divisions, bureaus, and administrations—that in one way or another dabble in the problems of education. This Federal activity in education has been a slow growth since the early days when such activity was looked upon unfavorably by the States. Much of this activity has come about during the last seventy-five years.

Virtually every department in the Government is doing some sort of educational work. For the fiscal year ending July 1, 1918, the Bureau of Education received for its appropriation only one third of one per cent. of the $160,000,000 appropriated for educational work. All the rest went to educational work scattered throughout the several departments of the Government.

In the interest of coherent planning and efficient action the scattered educational activities of the Government should be correlated in one department. The secretaryship of such a Department of Education would offer an opportunity for public service and statesmanship second only to the Presidency, if indeed, in the long run its importance might not equal that of the Presidency.

THE MODERN GREEK TRAGEDY

THAT censorship did its perfect work during the war is no surprise to anyone save the most naïve. The really interesting literature of the war is still to come. Before most of the really interesting occurrences and developments during the war a news-proof curtain was dropped. The theoretical purpose of the censorship in war-time is to keep vital information from the enemy; it is always bent to the collateral purpose of keeping from the civilian populations any information that might weaken their loyalty to the governmental policy or disintegrate their morale—and what sins have been committed in the name of morale! Last, but not least, the censorship is effectively used by diplomats who "love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil."

During the next few years we shall see the publication of many books that would have earned imprisonment for their author had they been published during the war. Even at this late date such books will be attacked by many persons as a treasonable sowing of the seeds of discord among the Allied governments. But their publication will be salutary. As we discover the intrigues and insincerities that were carried on in council-chambers while men were dying in trenches for an ideal, it may jar us into recognition of the fact that the vaunted value of the censorship in war-time is a tragically overworked myth. Military secrets must, of course, be kept from the enemy by an efficient censorship; congenital revolutionaries, insensible to the plain necessities of national defense, may well be suppressed; but beyond that the sins of censorship outweigh its service. Had we and our associates in the war permitted the clean and antiseptic air of publicity to blow through the rooms in which diplomats juggled with politics, there might have been moments when we would have been less hysterical in our war spirit, doubts of our unsullied purpose in the war might now and then have crept in, but against that loss of morale, for a moment, would have been set the righteous indignation that would have swept diplomacy clean of intrigue and huckster-bargaining and given us fresh faith in our mission as crusaders for justice and democracy.

All this is an unpardonably long introduction to a comment upon Paxton Hibben's recently published book on "Constantine I and the Greek People." In this book Captain Hibben, who, in his own words, does not believe "in kings nor in the business of kings," presents a spirited defense of the sincerity of Constantine I and paints a picture of Venizelos as the pliant tool of French and British diplomats.

During the war, through the medium of doctored news, we were treated to diatribes against Constantine I, King

of Greece, as a pro-German whose continued rule was a menace to the cause of the Allies and to the interests of democracy. Venizelos was hailed in press despatches as an apostle of democracy whom the Allied governments were obliged, in loyalty to their avowed ideals, to support. Captain Hibben comes now to shatter this conception of both Constantine and Venizelos.

At the outset he denies that Constantine was in any sense pro-German. He interprets his attitude as one of sympathy with the Allied cause from the beginning. Despite a sincere sympathy for the Allied cause, Constantine felt that, save under certain conditions, it would be suicidal for Greece to maintain other than an attitude of benevolent neutrality. For this he was stigmatized as pro-German. And yet did we not elect a President because "he kept us out of war" and preached the doctrine of an honorable neutrality? Constantine's thesis ran somewhat as follows: he believed that the war was essentially a war of great states with great armies and great credit resources. He believed that it would be madness for a small state to enter the war voluntarily save for a decided advantage that could be secured in no other way. He believed that the essential condition upon which a small state could wisely enter the war was a definite program of action that stood a good chance of quick success. This was not abstract theory with Constantine. He built his theory upon the facts of the immediate condition in which Greece found herself.

Since the Turkish War of 1897, Greece had been in a bad way—in the hands of a receiver. The last two successful Balkan wars had added greatly to the territory of Greece. This added territory had brought added expenditures for development that were staggering. Constantine faced a task of reconstruction and consolidation in this new territory and among the new populations that were almost as large as the entire population of Greece before their acquisition. For this task he needed every atom of financial strength he could secure. He felt that the entrance of Greece into the war would plunge her still further into insolvency and rob her of that peace which was the necessary atmosphere for the task of consolidation. It was a sincere devotion to the ultimate welfare of the Greek people, according to Captain Hibben, that alone determined Constantine's reluctance to plunge Greece into the war.

Constantine flatly refused a German offer to enter the war on Germany's side in return for Monastir and the surrounding parts of Serbia that had large Greek populations. Greece, under Constantine, gave great practical assistance to Serbia, granting to Serbia the privilege of bringing war materials through Saloniki, placing at the call of Serbia the information and advice of the Greek general staff, and making loans to Serbia of money, arms, supplies, and men.

But, through it all, Constantine played his cards for the best interests of Greece. He did not respond to the lure of possible additions to Greek territory as a result of Greek participation in the war. He felt that any added territory at the time would be more of a liability than an asset. He said to Captain Hibben:

> Mind you, I do not say we shall not go to war—on the side of the Entente, of course—as all our interests are bound up with the Entente. We could not go to war against the Entente, and nobody in Greece dreams of doing it. But if we enter the war at all, it will have to be with a fixed rôle which can be quickly played to success or failure before the country has been ruined by a long campaign.

All along Venizelos approached the matter from a different point of view. He was, according to Captain Hibben, inspired by imperialistic designs upon still further territorial aggrandizement for Greece. Venizelos is quoted as referring to the entry of Greece into the war as "an opportunity furnished by Divine Providence to realize our most audacious national ideals." On four occasions Greece under Constantine offered to enter the war on the side of the Allies, but always under guaranties against any loss to Allied countries of Greek territory, and against any disposition of Greek troops upon other than a definite program of action determined in advance. But, it is contended, the provisos thrown around these offers ran

counter to Franco-British desires in the matter of control, not only during but after the war, of the eastern Mediterranean. The offers were consequently refused, and all possible wires pulled by French and English forces for the removal of Constantine and the establishment of Venizelos as virtual dictator of Greece, knowing that Venizelos would play the Franco-British game to the full satisfaction of the French and British diplomats.

Constantine was ousted, it is held, not because he was pro-German,—not even the foreign office of France could have really believed that,—but because his independent attitude of severe loyalty to Greek interests made his use as a pawn in the diplomatic game impossible. Captain Hibben says:

> They [the Allied powers] never really wished to work with the King of the Hellenes, because Constantine I was devoted heart and soul to the interests of his own country, not to the interests of the Entente. Venizelos, on the other hand, was literally their man, wholly amenable to the desires of Great Britain and France.

Captain Hibben presents a convincing record of Constantine's repeated efforts in the end to join the Allied powers, always upon the basis of a guaranty of the integrity of Greece. It is said that France and Great Britain expressed their willingness to help Greece push her claims at the peace conference for territorial expansion, but that they sedulously avoided a word about the condition laid down by Constantine as essential even to a discussion of the participation by Greece in the war.

The diplomatic play with Venizelos and against Constantine carried on by the British and French governments is a long and amazing story of blundering and intrigue. Into its intricacies it is impossible to go in a short article. The upshot of it all was, as we know, that Constantine was forced from the throne by Allied pressure and Venizelos was made the effective protégé of Allied policy. The tragedy of the whole affair was pointedly stated to Captain Hibben by a member of one of the Allied legations, who said:

> I think we [the Allied powers] are blindly going from injustice to worse, because no one in Paris or London has the courage to admit that Venizelos has been a bad venture, and that we should throw him over and reach an understanding with the king. On the contrary, we are going to dethrone the king—perhaps not at once, but ultimately. I know, and I think the Government knows, that the king has been right all along—about the Dardanelles, about Serbia, Salonika, Rumania, Venizelos, and everything else. And we have been wrong. But we feel that to admit it now would mean the fall of every Allied government, and upset the whole conduct of the war. We dare not risk the effect of that upon the neutrals. Therefore King Constantine must give way. It is unjust, if you like, but it is going to be done.

Such is the game of diplomacy! The writer cannot pass authoritative judgment upon the details of Captain Hibben's story, but has followed closely enough the earlier developments of the Greek situation to feel justified in recommending its reading as a sincere defense of a king who is the tragic victim of the sort of diplomacy that prolonged the war and finally gave us a "peace" of disillusionment. We may have wished that Constantine had been less cold-blooded, more of the crusader, in his war and peace policies; but, had any one of us been responsible for the future of Greece, with Greece in the insolvent condition she was in at the time, we should probably have acted as Constantine acted. We have seen enough propagandist lies unmasked to realize that a different story may conceivably lie behind the censored news that came from Greece during the war. We have seen enough instances in our own country in which straightforward speech, honest judgment, and an unpurchasable independence have been branded as pro-Germanism and Bolshevism to lead us to take the war-time descriptions of Constantine as a pro-German with a grain of salt.

Whether Captain Hibben's uncomplimentary analysis of Venizelos is true or not does not prevent our being grateful to him for writing a book that will help us to regain our pre-war sanity and re-

store our normal critical faculties that may stand us in good stead in assessing the soundness of much domestic propaganda.

THE DIVINE RIGHT TO QUIT WORK

THE divine right to quit work was the phrase around which the debate between Governor Henry Allen of Kansas and Samuel Gompers, recently held in New York, revolved. It is to be regretted that this debate failed to reveal either in the mind of Governor Allen or in the mind of Mr. Gompers any realistic or fundamental appreciation of the actual issues involved in the current labor situation. This is a rather sweeping and dogmatic statement to make about a veteran labor leader and a governor who has won the applause of his fellows by his dramatic protection of public rights in a labor war. Such a statement requires detailed support. The writer's criticism of this debate may be summed up in the statement that Mr. Gompers dealt in generalities and Governor Allen dealt in palliatives, whereas any vital approach to the labor problem must, in the first place, condescend to details and, in the second place, must deal with causes rather than effects. Let us first examine the contentions of Governor Allen and Mr. Gompers and then venture certain comments upon their conclusions.

Governor Allen based his argument upon the fact that in our modern industrialized and interdependent society there are certain key industries that have a peculiar responsibility to the public, in that the life and health of the public depend upon their uninterrupted operation. There is, of course, no getting away from the fact that in an interdependent society the men who produce the immediate necessities of life are a strategic group which, uncontrolled, has the public at its mercy. Governor Allen began with the premise that government should have the same right to protect itself against the dangers of industrial strife that it has always had to protect itself against the dangers of crime. The legislation that created the Kansas court of industrial relations was the answer of Kansas and of Governor Allen to the question, How can the general public be protected against a strategic minority that is producing an immediate necessity like coal?

The Kansas court of industrial relations is simply the machinery of compulsory arbitration of labor disputes, before an established tribunal, in those key industries upon which the life and health of the public peculiarly depend. The legislation asserts recognition of the right of collective bargaining. The legislation aims to control, with equal effectiveness, a limitation of production by employers in any attempt at price-control and a limitation of production by employees in any attempt at wage-control. Governor Allen has confidence that this legislation will accomplish much in the settlement of the labor problem. In a recent issue of "Current Opinion" he expressed his hopes as follows:

> By means of such legislation, I believe we will be able:
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> 1. To make strikes, lockouts, boycotts, and blacklists unnecessary and impossible, by giving labor as well as capital an able and just tribunal in which to litigate all controversies.
>
> 2. To insure to the people of this state (Kansas), at all times, an adequate supply of those products which are absolutely necessary to the sustaining of the life of civilized people.
>
> 3. That by stabilizing production of these necessaries we will also, to a great extent, stabilize the price to the producer as well as the consumer.
>
> 4. That we will insure to labor steadier employment, at a fairer wage, under better working conditions.
>
> 5. That we will prevent the colossal waste which always attends industrial disturbances.
>
> 6. That we will make the law respected, and discourage and ultimately abolish intimidation and violence as a means for the settlement of industrial disputes.

To Governor Allen's plan Mr. Gompers answers that it means slavery and a denial of the rights of workmen as free American citizens. Mr. Gompers deplored violence in connection with

strikes, agreeing that violence must be punished and wiped out of the affairs of the nation, but asserted that the progress of labor toward more humane conditions and more just terms had been accomplished by the power of the strike, that labor would be helpless without the power of the strike, and that workmen would not see their only weapon of defense and instrument of progress snatched out of their hands. He said:

> Lincoln said, "Thank God we live in a country where, at the last point, the workman may stop work." I prefer to align myself with the patriotism and the far-seeing justice and the vision of the martyred Lincoln than with any reactionary who wants to enforce compulsory labor.
>
> If it were not for the unions what would have been the fate of our boys and girls in the United States working in the mills and the factories at five and six years of age, twelve or fourteen hours a day? What would have been the fate of the boys in the coal mines, the breaker boys who, from six to eight years old, were put in the mines and seldom saw daylight? And it was the strike of the coal miners that took those boys out of the coal mines.
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> It was the strike of the textile workers that took the children from out of the mills and put them into the school room and in the playground, where they could imbibe God's sunshine and grow into the manhood and the womanhood of the future upon which the perpetuity of our republic must depend. It was the strike of the men and the women in the needle trades that broke up the sweat shop when all the laws of the States could not prohibit it or prevent it. . . . The labor movement . . . has done so much, it has brought light and hope and opportunity to the masses of labor that, make law what you will to outlaw strikes, depend upon it your law will be futile and you will simply make criminals and lawbreakers of workmen who are honest, patriotic citizens.

Now, it may be unfair to criticize Governor Allen and Mr. Gompers for their failure to deal more fundamentally with the labor problem in this debate. It may be said that the sole question at issue was the strike and its regulation by government. But previous discussions of the labor problem by both of these gentlemen have shown a regrettable tendency to visualize the labor problem too much in terms of strikes and strike-prevention alone. The fact is that we shall never get far toward a settlement of the problem of industrial relations by dealing with the strike. The strike is only a symptom of deeper-seated causes. Judges and policemen will never solve our troubles; the administrator is our only hope. This is not to say that some adaptation of the Allen idea is not sorely needed just now. It is.

In abstract justice, every genuine American will agree with Mr. Gompers that it is un-American to deny to men the right to quit work. Enforced labor and liberty are incompatible in a democracy. Likewise most Americans feel that individualism and the freest possible scope for individual initiative are inseparable from the idea of democracy and liberty. But a time came in the evolution of American life when we were obliged, in defense of public rights, to put certain restrictions upon individualism. Trusts and monopolies grew so powerful that their control over essential industries was a menace to the public. With not a little blundering and short-sightedness, but with an undoubted sense of our right to do it, we passed laws to control big business combinations. The increasing power of big labor combinations has made necessary a like control by law of their activity.

We may grant the essential right of a man to quit work, but we are in no mood to tolerate an elevator operator's quitting work when he has a carful of men and women between the twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth floors of the Woolworth building just because a strike has been called for that particular time. We are in no mood to tolerate a taxi-driver's quitting work on the open road when he is driving a physician to the bedside of a man who is hovering between life and death, just because a strike has been called for that particular hour. We are in no mood to tolerate a milk-distributor's quitting work and leaving his milk-wagon by the roadside loaded with milk upon which the lives of babies depend that day, just because

a strike has been called for that hour. These illustrations are, of course, exaggerated. They are purposely made absurd. Strikes are not begun in this fashion. The elevator-operator will take his car to the ground floor, the taxi-driver will walk out, not on the road, but from the garage, and the milk-distributors will not begin the morning deliveries. But, in its social effect, the average strike in an essential industry is as absurdly anti-social as any of these illustrations.

What we need is not a blanket authority handed over to an arbitral body, but a specific and minutely detailed schedule of key industries drawn up, and the working out of an agreement that will insure their continuous operation. This agreement must be more than a matter of compulsory arbitration. Mr. Gompers is right in saying that a simple and unqualified denial of the right to strike in any industry, essential or otherwise, will simply turn workmen into law-breakers. It is not a question of what we think men should or should not do; the plain fact is that, to date, the strike has been the workman's only weapon of final effect. The old order in industry has been an anarchic order in which anarchic methods and weapons have been used; but men never throw away or lightly surrender the weapons of an old order until they see at least a fifty-fifty chance that a new order will give them protection. We face an unavoidable choice. We must either devise ways and means for the full protection of and guaranty of progress to the workmen in essential industries—a protection and guaranty equal to the protection and guaranty that the strike has given them in the past—or expect that all attempts at compulsory arbitration will only make more bitter and violent the labor problem of the future. We wish, therefore, that men like Governor Allen would concern themselves more fully with the causes of strikes, and that men like Mr. Gompers would frankly recognize the fact that the time has come when the strike must be superseded by more civilized methods.

Strikes came into use simply because of the failure of industrial statesmanship to handle constructively the transition from handicraft to machine production. As has been stated in these columns before, in the old handicraft days workmen exerted a positive control over industrial processes and relations. Workmen controlled the instruments of production, the raw materials of production, the conditions under which production was carried on, and the profits arising from production. But when production forsook the home and the small shop for the huge factory, the workmen who had been "masters of tools" became "servants of machines" and lost the old positive control.

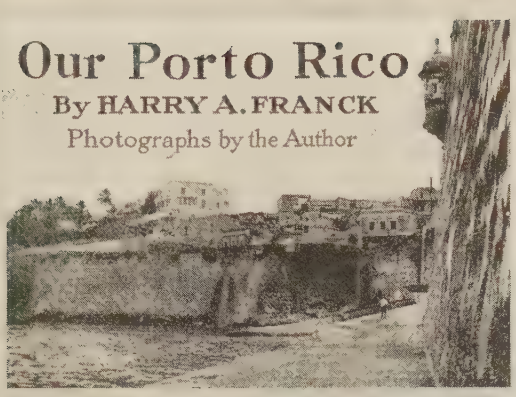
Since then workmen have been struggling to regain at least a measure of that lost control. They have been unable to own their own factories as they once owned their small shops. Their only weapon seemed to be the strike. It came into use as a war-measure of men who felt the heavy sense of disinheritance. It was a shift from one sort of industrial organization to another that made the strike, in the absence of a better method, an apparently necessary measure. Nothing but a sound industrial organization will make it unnecessary from the point of view of labor. Certainly enforced arbitration will not.

It has been pointed out in these columns several times that the practical weakness of arbitration is that it is very difficult for the arbitrator to act upon any save an opportunist basis. The average arbitrator jockeys the parties in dispute toward the settlement that stands the best chance of being accepted. He takes into account the relative strength of the two parties. Very frequently an award is accepted simply because one party is so weak that it must accept it and the other party is so strong it can afford to accept it. Clearly that does not advance industrial peace. Then, too, we must remember that what we want is not simply the immediate peace of the community, but the lasting peace of industry. It is not the court that gives us peace and order in the community. Plainly, the choice before us is this: We must achieve either a new order in industry or suffer the increasing penalties of a new disorder in industry.

Our Porto Rico

By HARRY A. FRANCK

Photographs by the Author



The Casa Blanca of Ponce de Leon in San Juan now houses the American colonel commanding the Porto Rican regiment

"The American who, noting the Stars and Stripes flying everywhere and post-offices selling the old familiar postage-stamps, fancies he is back in his native land again, is due for a shock."

WHEN the queen asked for a description of the island," says an old chronicle, "Columbus crumpled up a sheet of paper and, tossing it upon the table, cried, 'It looks just like that, your Majesty.'"

If we are to believe more modern documents, the intrepid Genoese made that his stock illustration for most of the islands he discovered. Even the firm head of Isabella must have wobbled under its crown as one after another of the misnamed "West Indies" were pictured to her in the same concise fashion, and brushed off into the regal waste-basket. Fortunately, paper was cheaper in those days. Or was it? Perhaps it was the wrath born of seeing her last precious sheet turned into an island that soured the queen's gratitude, and brought the doughty discoverer to dungeons and disgrace.

Questions of wanton waste aside, there could be no more exact description of Porto Rico. The ancient jest about quadrupling the area of a land by flattening it out all but loses its facetiousness when applied to our main West Indian colony. Barely a hundred miles long and forty wide, a celestial rolling-pin would give old Borinquen almost the vast extent of Santo Domingo. Its unbrokenly mountainous character makes any detailed description of its scenic beauties a waste of effort; it could be little more than a constant series of exclamations of delight.

For all its ruggedness, it is as easy to get about the island as it is difficult to cover the larger one to the westward. There is not a spot that cannot be reached from any other point between sunrise and sunset. A railroad encircles the western two thirds of the island, with trains by night as well as by day. When the Americans came, they found a splendidly engineered military road from coast to coast, with branches in several directions. If this sounds strange of a Spanish country, it must be accounted for not by civic pride or necessity, but by the vain hope of defending the island from armed invasion. To-day there are hundreds of miles of excellent highway covering Porto Rico with a network of quick transit that reaches all but the highest peaks of its central range. It is doubtful whether any State of our Union can rival this detached bit of American territory in excellence and extent of roads, certainly not in the scenic splendor that so generally flanks them.

Automobiles flash constantly along these labyrinthian *carreteras*. If the visitor has neglected to include his own car among his baggage and trembles at the thought of the truly American bill that awaits the end of a private journey, there are always the *guaguas*. Scarcely a road of Borinquen lacks one or two of these public auto-buses each day in either direction, carrying the mails and such travelers as deign to mix with the rank and file of their fellow-citizens of Spanish ancestry. My tastes no doubt are plebeian, but I for one gladly pass up the haughty private conveyance for these rumbling plow-horses of the gasolene world, pronounced "wawas" by all but those who take Spanish letters at full English value. They have all the charm of the old stage-coaches that prance through the pages of Dickens, except for the change of horses. In them one may strike up conversation with any of the varied types of rural Porto Rico, and the halt at each post-office brings little episodes that the scurrying private tourist never glimpses.

The tobacco-barns of Porto Rico seem to be surrounded by snow

"We divide the people of Porto Rico into four categories for purposes of identification," said the American chief of the insular police, "according to the shape of their feet. The minority, mostly town-dwellers, wear shoes. Of the great mass of countrymen, those with broad, flat feet live in the cane-lands around the coast. The coffee men have over-developed big toes, because they use them in climbing the steep hillsides from bush to bush. In the tobacco districts, where the planting is done with the feet, they are short and stubby. It beats the Bertillon system all hollow."

The man bent on seeing the varying phases of Porto Rican life could not do better than adopt the chief's broad divisions of the population, for our overcrowded little Caribbean isle is a complex community, as complex in its way as its great stepmother-land, and one that defies the pick-things-up-as-you-go method. Small as it is, it contains a diversity of types that emphasizes the influence of occupation, immediate environment, even scenery, on the human family.

San Juan, the capital, to give the shod minority the precedence, is compacted together on a small island of the north coast, attached to the rest of the country only by a broad macadam highway along which stream countless automobiles, and strictly modern street-cars and their rival auto-buses in constant five-cent procession. It was a century old when the Dutch colonized New Amsterdam. Small wonder that it looks upon its scurrying fellow-citizens from "los Estados" as parvenus. Palaces and fortifications that antedate the building of the *Mayflower* still tower above the compact, cream-colored mass, most of them now housing high officials from the North. Casa Blanca, built for Ponce de Leon,—the younger, it is true,—now resounds to the footsteps of the American colonel commanding the Porto Rican regiment of our regular army.

After all, San Juan is still a son of Spain, despite the patently American Federal building that contains its post-office and custom-house. Its architecture is of the bare, street-toeing façade, interior-patio variety, its sidewalks all but imaginary, its noise unceasing. Beautiful as it looks from across the

bay, heaped up on its nose of land, it has little of the pleasant spaciousness of younger cities, and withal no great amount of the Latin charm with which one imbues it from afar. Its Americanization consists chiefly of frequent "fuentes de soda" in place of its bygone cafés, and a certain reflection of New York ways in its larger stores, whose almost invariably male clerks sometimes know enough English to nod comprehendingly and bring an armful of shirts when one asks for trousers. Something more than that, of course; its dressier men have discarded their mustaches as a sign of their new citizenship, and many a passer-by who knows not a word of English has all the outward appearance of a continental American. Base-ball, too, has come to stay, though the counter influence may be detected in the custom of American schoolmarms of attending the bet-curdling horse-races in the outskirts of the capital on Sunday afternoons.

The central plaza on a Sunday evening has a few notes of uniqueness to the sated Latin-American traveler. It is unusually small, a long, narrow rectangle with few trees or benches, cement paved from edge to edge, and burdened with the name of "Plaza Baldorioty." The Porto Rican seems to like free play in his central squares; more than a few of them have been denuded of the royal palms of olden times, and are reduced to the bare hard level of a tennis-court. A few years ago a venturesome American Jew conceived the plan of providing concert-going San Juan with rocking-chairs in place of the uncomfortable iron *sillas* that decorate every other Sunday evening plaza south of the Rio Grande. Strangely enough, the innovation took. Now one must be an early arrival at the weekly *retreta* if he would exchange his dime for even the last of the rockers that flank the Plaza Baldorioty four rows deep on each side. While the municipal band renders its classical program with a moderate degree of skill, all San Juan rocks in unison with the leader's baton. All San Juan with the color line drawn, that is; for whether it is true that the well-groomed insular police have secret orders to ask them to move on, or it is merely a time-honored custom, black citizens shun the central square on Sunday evenings, or at most hang about the outskirts. There is no division of sexes, however, another evidence, perhaps, of American influence. Señoritas, sometimes good to look at despite their heavy coating of rice powder, trip back and forth beside their visibly enamored swains as freely as if the Moorish customs of their neighboring cousins had long since been forgotten; for the time-honored promenade has not succumbed to the rocking-chair. One has only to turn his rented seat face down upon the pavement, like an excited crap-player, to assure his possession of it upon his return from the parading throng, whose shuffling feet and animated chatter drown out the music a few yards away, and no great harm done. In that slow-moving procession one may see the mayor and all the "quality" of San Juan, a generous sprinkling of Yankees, and scores of American soldiers who know barely a word of English, yet who have a racial politeness and a complete lack of rowdyism that is seldom attained by other wearers of our military uniform. Then

Porto Rican children

suddenly one is aware of a tingling of the blood as the *retreta* ends with a number that, far from the indifference or scorn it evokes in the rest of Latin America, brings all San Juan quickly to its feet, males uncovered or standing stiffly at salute—the Star-Spangled Banner.

From the sea-wall one may gaze westward to Cabras Island, with its leper prisoners, and beyond to Punta Salinas, "poking its rocky nose into the boiling surf." Ferries ply across the bay to pretty Cataño, but it is more picturesque at a distance. From San Juan, too, the tumbled deep-green hills behind the little town have a Japanese-etching effect in the mists of the rainy season that is gradually lost as one approaches them, as surely as when the sun burns it away.

But there is more to modern San Juan than this old Spanish city huddled together on its nose of rock. It has grown in American fashion not only by spreading far beyond its original area, but by boldly embracing far-flung suburbs within the "city limits." Puerta de Tierra, once nothing more than the "land gate" its name implies, is almost a city of itself, a pathetic town of countless shacks built of tin and dry-goods boxes, spreading down across the railroad to the swampy edge of the bay, where anemic babies roll squalling and naked in the dirt, and long lines of hollow-eyed women file by an uninviting milk-shop, each holding forth a pitifully small tin can. It is far out across San Antonio Bridge, however, that the capital has seen most of its growth under American rule. More than half its seventy thousand, which have raised it, perhaps, to second place among West Indian cities, dwell in capacious, well shaded Miramar and Santurce. Time was when its people were content to make the upper story of the old town its "residential section," but it is natural that the desire for open yards and back gardens should have come with American citizenship.

Ponce, on the south coast, gives the false impression of being a larger city than the capital, loosely strewn as it is over a dusty flat plain and overflowing in hovels of decreasing size into the low foot-hills behind. It is the most extensive town in Porto Rico, and, like many of those around the coast, lies a few miles back from the sea, for fear of pirates in the olden days, with a street-car service to its shipping suburb of Ponce-Playa. Air-plants festoon its telephone wires, and its mosquitos are so aggressive that to dine in its principal hotel is to wage a constant battle, while to disrobe and enter a bath-room is a perilous undertaking.

One reason why all cane-cutters cannot be paid the same wages

Mayagüez was more like the ghost of a city than a living town. Its ugly plaza was a glaring expanse of cracked and wrinkled cement across which wandered from time to time a ragged, hungry-looking bootblack or a disheveled old woman, dragging her faded calico train, and slapping the pavement in languid regularity with her loose slippers. On his cracked globe pedestal in the center of the square the statue of Columbus stood with raised hand and upturned gaze as if he were thanking heaven that he had not been injured in the catastrophe. Of the dozen sculptured women perched on the balustrade around the place, several had lost their lamps entirely; the rest held them at tipsy angles. The massive concrete and

mother-of-pearl benches were mostly broken in two or fallen from their supports. Workmen were demolishing the ruined cathedral at the end of the square, bringing down clouds of plaster and broken stone with every blow of their picks, and now and then a massive beam or heavy, iron-studded door that suggested the wisdom of seeing the sights elsewhere. House after house lay in tumbled heaps of debris as we strolled through the broad, right-angled streets, along which we met not hundreds, but a scattered half-dozen passers-by to the block. The majority of these were negroes. The wealthier whites largely abandoned the town after the disaster.

A hat-vender of Cabo Rojo, Porto Rico

Eighty years ago earthquakes were so continuous in this western end of the island that for one notable six months the population ate its food raw; pots would not sit upon the stoves. But the new generation had all but forgotten that. Guide-books of recent date assert, in all sincerity, that "Porto Rico is as free from earthquakes as from venomous snakes." Then suddenly in the morning of October 11, 1918, a mighty shake came without an instant's warning. Within twenty seconds most of Mayagüez fell down. The sea receded for several miles, and swept back almost to the heart of the town, tossing before it cement walls, automobiles, huge iron blocks, debris, and mutilated bodies. Miraculous escapes are still local topics of conversation. A merchant was thrown a hundred yards —into a boat that set him down at length on his own door-step. A great tiled roof fell upon a gathering of nuns, and left one of them standing unscratched in what had been an opening for a water-pipe. Scientists, corroborated by a cable repair-ship, explain that the sea-floor broke in two some forty miles westward and dropped several hundred fathoms deeper. Lighter quakes have been frequent ever since; half a dozen of them were felt all over Porto Rico during our stay there. The inhabitants of all the western end are still nervous. More than one American teacher in that region has suddenly looked up to find herself in a deserted school-room, the pupils having jumped through the windows at the first suggestion of a tremor.

Mayagüez is slowly rebuilding, of reinforced concrete now, or at least of wood. Little damage was done on that October morning to wooden structures, which is one of the reasons that the crowded hovels along the sea front have none of the deserted air of the city proper. A still more potent reason is that this class of inhabitants had nowhere else to go. By Porto Rican law the entire beach of the island is government property for sixty feet back of the water's edge. As a consequence, what would in our own land be the choicest residential region is everywhere covered with squatters, who pay no rent, and patch their miserable little shelters together out of tin cans, old boxes, bits of driftwood, and *yagua* and palm-leaves, the interior walls covered, if at all, with picked-up labels and illustrated newspapers.

One can climb quickly into the hills from Mayagüez, with a wonderful view of the bay, the half-ruined city, with its old gray-red tile roofs, rare now in Porto Rico, and seas of cane stretching from the coast to the foot-hills, which spring abruptly into mountains, and

little huts strewn everywhere over their crinkled and warty surface as far as the eye can see.

Its three principal cities by no means exhausts the list of important towns in Porto Rico. There is Arecibo, for instance, a baking-hot, dusty place on a knoll at the edge of the sea, with no real harbor, but a splendid beach given over to naked urchins and foraging pigs, and a railroad station that avoids it by a mile or more, as if it were suffering of the plague. San Germán, founded by Diego Columbus in 1512, destroyed times without number by pirates, Indians, all the European rivals of Spain, and even by mosquitos, which forced its founders to rebuild in a new spot, has moved hither and yon about the southwestern corner of the island until it is a wonder its own inhabitants can find it by night. Or there is Cabo Rojo, where hats of more open weave than the Panama are made of the *cogolla* palm-leaf of the palmetto family. Yauco, a bit farther east, is striking chiefly for the variegated haystack of poor man's hovels, resembling bee-hives, that are heaped up the steep hillside in its outskirts and may be seen from afar off in either direction. Guayama is proud, and justly so, of its bulking new church, which is so up to date that it is fitted with Pullman-car soap-spouts for the saving of holy water. Maunabo, among its cane-fields, lies back out of reach of bucaneer cannon, hurricanes, and tidal waves, like so many of the "coast" towns of old Borinquen, and does its seaside business through a "Playa" of the same name.

Beyond Maunabo the highway climbs through huts and rocks that look strangely alike as they lie tossed far up the spur of the central range, then past enormous granite boulders that suggest reclining elephants, and out upon an incredible expanse of cane, with pretty Yabucoa planted in its center and Porto Rico's dependent islands of Vieques and Culebra breaking the endless vista of sea to the southward. Humacao and Naguabo have several corners worthy a painter's sketch-book, and soon the coast-line swings us northward again to sugar-choked Fajardo, with its four belching smokestacks, and leaves us no choice but to cease our journeyings by land or return to San Juan.

But I came near forgetting entirely what is, perhaps, the most typical town of Porto Rico. Aguadilla, nestling in the curve of a wide bay on the northwest coast, where the foot-hills come almost down to the sea, and with a pretty little isle in the hazy offing, has much the same proportion between its favored few and its poverty-stricken many as the island itself. A monument a mile from town commemorates the landing of Columbus in 1493 to obtain water, though Aguada, a bit farther south, also claims that honor. The distinctly Spanish church, too, contains beautiful hand-carved reproductions in wood of Murillo's "Assumption" and "Immaculate Conception," noteworthy as the only unquestionably artistic church decorations in Porto Rico. The merely human traveler, however, will find these things of scant interest compared with the vast honeycomb of hovels that make up all but the heart of Aguadilla.

The hills, as I have said, come close down to the sea here, leaving little room for the pauper people of all Porto Rican suburbs. Hence those of Aguadilla have stacked their tiny shacks together in the narrow rocky cañons between the mountain-flanking railroad and the sea-level. So closely are these hundreds of human nests crowded that in many places even a thin man can pass between them only by advancing sidewise. Built of weather-blackened bits of boxes, most of them from "the States," with their addresses and trademarks still upon them, and of every conceivable piece of rubbish that can deflect a ray of sunshine or the gaze of passers-by, they look far less like dwellings than abandoned kennels thrown into one great garbage-heap. Of furnishing they have almost none, not even a chair to sit on in many cases. The occupants squat upon the floor, or, at best, take turns in the "hammock," a ragged gunny-sack tied at both ends and stretched from corner to corner of the usually single room. A few have one or two soiled and crippled cots, but never the suggestion of a *mosquitero*, though the

More than half the children of Porto Rico cannot get in the schools

mosquitos hold high revel, even by day, in this breathless amphitheater. For wash-tubs they use a strip of *yagua* pinned together at one end with a sliver and set on the sloping ground beneath the hut to keep the water from running away at the other. The families are usually large, despite an appalling infant mortality, and half a dozen children without clothing enough between them to cover the smallest are almost certain to be squalling, quarreling, and rolling about the pieced-together floor or on the ground beneath it.

Yet this is no negro quarter. Many of the inhabitants are of pure Caucasian blood, and the majority of them have barely a tinge of African color. Features and characteristics that go with diligence and energy, with success in life, are to be seen on every hand. Nor is it a community of alms-seekers. It toils more steadily than you or I to be self-supporting; the difficulty is to find something at which to toil. Scores of the residents own their *solar,* or patch of rock, on which their hut stands; many own the hut itself. Others pay their monthly rental, though they live for days on a handful of plantains—pathetic rentals of from twenty to thirty cents a month for the *solar* and as much for the hovel, many of which are owned by proud citizens down in the white-collar part of the town.

For all their abject poverty these hapless people are smiling and cheerful, sorry for their utter want, yet never ashamed of it, well convinced that it is due to no fault of their own. That is a pleasing peculiarity of all the huddled masses of Porto Rico. They are quite ready to talk, too, on closely personal subjects that it is difficult to bring up in more urbane circles, and to discuss their condition in a quaintly impersonal manner, with never a hint of whining.

I talked with an old woman who was weaving hats. She lived alone, all her family having died, of under-nourishment, no doubt, though she called it something else. The hat she was at work upon would be sold to the wholesalers for thirty cents,—it was almost the equal of the one I wore, which had cost five dollars,—and the material for two of them cost her twenty cents or more. She could barely make one a day, what with her cooking and housework. Cooking of what, for Heaven's sake? Ah, yams and tubers, now and then a plantain from a kind friend she had. One really required very little for such labor. She smiled upon me as I descended her sagging ladder and wished me much prosperity.

Down in the plaza that night a score of ragged men lolled about a cement bench discussing wages and the cost of food. Beans cost a fortune now; sugar was sixteen cents; coffee, their indis-

pensable coffee, thirty-two. They did not mention bread; the Porto Rican of the masses seldom indulges in that luxury. And with the sugar *centrals* in the neighborhood paying scarcely a dollar a day, even when one could find work there! "I tell you, we workingmen are too tame," concluded one of them; "we should fight, rob." But he said it in a half-joking, harmless way that is characteristic of his class through all Porto Rico.

It is time, however, that we leave the towns and get out among the *jíbaros,* as the countrymen are called, from a Spanish word for a domesticated animal that has gone wild again.

For nearly an hour the train circles San Juan bay, the gleaming, heaped-up capital, or its long line of lights, according to the hour, remaining almost within rifle-shot until the crowded suburbs of Bayamón spring up on each side. Then come broadening expanses of cane, with throngs of men and women working in the fields, interspersed with short stretches of arid sand, or meadows bright with pink morning-glories and dotted with splendid reddish cattle. Beyond comes a fruit district. Under Spanish rule scarcely enough fruit was grown in Porto Rico to supply the local demand. The Americans, struck with the excellency of the wild fruit, particularly of the citrus variety, began to develop this almost unknown industry. But among the pathetic sights of the island is to see acre after acre of grape-fruit, unsurpassed in size and quality, rotting on the trees or on the ground beneath them. While Americans are paying fabulous prices for their favorite breakfast fruit, many a grower in Porto Rico is hiring men to haul away the locally despised *toronjas* and bury them. Lack of transportation is the chief answer—that and a bit of market manipulation.

The pale-green of cane-fields becomes monotonous; then at length the blue sea breaks again on the horizon. Beyond Arecibo the railroad runs close along the shore, with almost continuous villages of shaggy huts half hidden among the endless cocoanut-grove that girdles Porto Rico, the waves lapping at the roots of the outmost trees. Cocoanuts brought more than one Porto Rican a quick fortune during the war. Now that the gas-mask has degenerated into a mural decoration, immense heaps of the fibrous husks lie shriveling away where the armistice overtook them, and even the favorable state of the copra market seems incapable of shaking the growers out of their racial apathy.

The women of Porto Rico nearly all make lace on these crude contrivances

Several pretty towns on knolls against a background of sea attract the eye as the train bends southward along the west coast. Below Quebradillas the railroad swings in a great horseshoe curve down into a little sea-level valley, plunges through two tunnels, and crawls along the extreme edge of a bold precipitous coast, past mammoth tumbled rocks, and all but wetting its rails in the dashing surf. A few tobacco patches spring up here, where the mountains crowd the cane-fields out of existence, women and children patiently hoeing, and men plowing the pale-red soil behind brow-yoked oxen. Crippled Mayagüez drags slowly by, new seas of cane appear, then the splendid plain of San Germán, with its vista of grazing

cattle and its *pepinos gordos,* reddish calabashes clinging to their climbing vines like huge sausages.

Sugar was shipped from Porto Rico as early as 1533, but the Spaniards gave it less attention than they did coffee. For one thing, their methods were antiquated. Two upright wooden rollers under a thatched roof, turned by a yoke or two of oxen, was the customary cane-crusher. Here and there one may be seen to this day. The big open iron kettles in which they boiled syrup are still strewn around the coast, some of them occupied in the plebeian task of catching rain-water from hovel roofs, many more rusting away like abandoned artillery of a by-gone age.

It is natural that combinations of former estates, with immense central *engenios,* should have followed American possession. Like the mammoth *centrals* of Cuba, they reckon their production in hundreds of thousands of bags and utilize all the aids of modern science in their processes. Their problem, however, is more complex than that in the almost virgin lands of Cuba and Santo Domingo. The acreage available for cane production is definitely limited; virtually all of it has been cultivated for centuries. For the Porto Rican sugar producer is forced to encroach upon the mountains in a way that his luckier fellows of the larger islands to the westward would scorn, and his fields of cane are sometimes as billowy as a turbulent Atlantic.

There is a Japanese effect in the density of population of our little West Indian colony. When the traveler has motored for hours without once getting out of sight of human habitations, when he has noted how the unpainted little shacks speckle the steepest hillside, even among the high mountains, when he has seen the endless clusters of hovels that surround every town, whether of the coast or the interior, he will come to realize the crowded condition. If he is a trifle observant, he will also see everywhere signs of the scarcity of work. Men lounging in the doors of their huts in the middle of the day, surrounded by pale women and children sucking a joint of sugar-cane, are not always loafers; in many cases they have nowhere to go and work. While the women toil at making lace, drawn-work, or hats, the males turn their hands to anything that the incessant struggle for livelihood suggests. The man who spends two days in weaving a big laundry basket and plods fifteen or twenty miles to town to sell it for sixty cents is only one of a thousand commonplace sights along the island highways.

The woman who talked to me in Aguadilla

A job is a prize in Porto Rico. If one is offered, applicants swarm; many a man "lays off" to lend his job to his brother, his cousin, or his *compadre.* Naturally, employers take advantage of this condition. The American labor delegates told the chief of police that he should be the first to lead his men on strike, for certainly he could not keep them honest at forty-five dollars a month.

"Oh, yes, I can," retorted the chief, "for while we have barely eight hundred on the force, there are twelve thousand on the waiting-list, and every policeman knows that if he is fired, he will have to go back to punching bullocks at a third as much, or something else of the kind." *Mozos* and chambermaids in the best hotels seldom get more than

five dollars a month. Street-car men get from sixteen to twenty-five cents an hour, depending on the length of service. In a large clothing factory of Mayagüez, fitted with motor-run sewing-machines, only a few of the women get a dollar a day; the majority average fifty cents. The law, of course, requires that they be paid a minimum wage of

Women working in Porto Rican cane-fields

a dollar; but what is a mere law among a teeming population that the Spaniards spent four centuries in training to be *manso* and uncomplaining? The favorite trick is to pay the dollar, and then fine the women fifty cents or so for not having done sufficient work. Among the disgusting sights of the islands are groups of Hebrews in the dining-rooms of the best hotels who have been sent down as agents of sôme of our ostensibly most respectable department stores to take advantage of the local poverty. These *comisionistas* motor about the island, placing orders with the wretched native women, but by piece-work, you may be sure, to avoid the requirement of paying a dollar a day. American women who are paying several times what they once did for Porto Rican lace blouses and drawn-work may fancy that some of this increase goes to the humble *mujeres* who do the work. Not at all. They are still toiling in their miserable little huts at the same ludicrous prices, while their products are being sold on the "bargain" counters of houses that would bring a gasp were I to name them, at several hundred per cent. profit. So thoroughly have these touts combed the country that a person can nowhere buy of the makers; their work has all been contracted far in advance.

The American who, noting the Stars and Stripes flying everywhere and post-offices selling the old familiar postage-stamps, fancies he is back in his native land again, is due for a shock. Though it has been Americanized industrially, Porto Rico has changed but little in its every-day life. Step out of one of the three principal hotels of the capital and you are in a foreign land. Though it is not quite true that "baseball and poker are the only signs of American influence," the other evidences might be counted on the fingers. There is the use of personal checks in place of actual money, for instance; venders of chickens carry them in baskets instead of by the legs; offenders are tried by a jury of their peers; the native regiment wears the uniform of our regular army; it would take deep reflection to think of many more instances. Only one daily newspaper in the island has an English edition. The first American theatrical company to visit the island since the United States took it over was due the week we left. There are barely ten thousand American residents; except in the capital and the heart of two or three other cities, one attracts as much gaping attention as in the wilds of Bolivia. In a way this conservatism is one of the charms of the island.

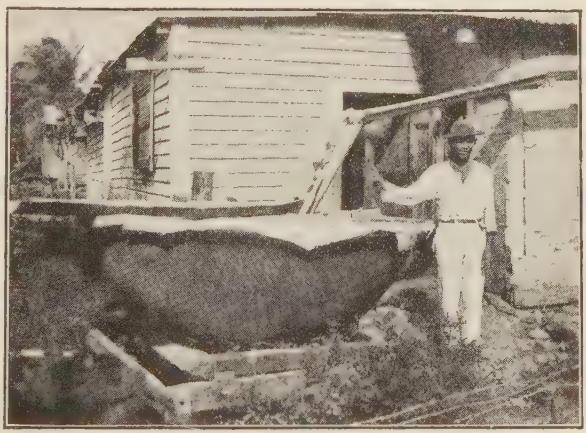
English is little spoken in Porto Rico. That is another of the surprises it has in store for us, at least for those of us old enough to remember what a splurge we made of swamping the island with American teachers soon after we took it over. It is indeed the "official" language, but the officials who speak it are rare, unless they come from the States, in which case they are almost certain to be equally ignorant of Spanish. The

governor never stirs abroad without an interpreter. The chief of police rarely ventures a few words of Castilian, though there is scarcely a patrolman even in the heart of San Juan who can answer the simplest question in English.

To be sure, English is compulsory in all the schools of the island, but few pupils learn it thoroughly enough to retain it through life. Most of them can read it in a parrot-like manner; if they speak it at all, it is to shout some half-intelligible phrase after a passing American. The ear shudders at the "English" spoken even by those teachers who are supposed to be specialists in it; the rest are little short of incomprehensible. Passed on from one such instructor to another, the English that finally comes down to the pupils resembles the original about as much as an oft-repeated bit of gossip resembles the original facts. It might almost be said that there has been no progress made in teaching Porto Rico English in all of the twenty years of American rule, or at least in the last fifteen of them.

On the whole the state of education in Porto Rico is a disappointment. The only inducement the country offers to instructors from the States is an appeal to the love of adventure. Those who wish to make a trip to the tropics may be sure of a position at a lower salary than they receive at home, and with the privilege of paying their own passages down and back to steamship companies profiteering to the extent of sixty per cent. dividends. No wonder the "English" of Porto Rico is going to seed.

For all their misfortunes, or perhaps because of them, the Porto Ricans, especially outside the large cities, are hospitable and soft-mannered, characterized by a constant courtesy and a solicitude to please those with whom they come in contact, with little of that bruskness of intercourse for which "the Mainland" is notorious. The island has a less grasping, less materialistic atmosphere than Cuba, it is less sinister, less cynical, more naïve, its people are more primitive and more simple, though industrial oppression and American influence are slowly changing them in this regard. Their naïveté is often delightful. It is veraciously reported that a company of youthful *jíbaros* drafted into the Federal service during the war waited on their captain one day and asked for their "time," as they did not care for a job in which they had to wear shoes! The children are rarely boisterous, rather well-bred, even where little chance for breeding exists. As a race they have kept many of the peculiarities of their Spanish ancestry. They are still Latin Americans in their over-developed personal pride and their lack of a sense of humor. Moorish seclusion of women still raises its head among the "best families." The horror in the slightest suggestion of manual labor, of a lowering of caste, still oppresses the "upper" class. Few of them would dream of carrying their own suitcase or a package from a store, even though they must abandon them for lack of a peon. Though they are far more polite than our own club-swingers in superficial matters, it has required persistent training to get the insular police to forget their high standing and help across the street women and children of the socially inferior class. Finally, Porto



Old sugar-kettle used as a rain-water cistern

Ricans are very little to be depended upon in the matter of time; *mañana* is still their watchword, despite twenty years of Anglo-Saxon bustle. But, for that matter, Americans get hopelessly irresponsible on this same subject after a few years in the tropics.

One must not lose sight of their history in judging the present condition of the Porto Rican masses. It is only fifty years since slaves over sixty or under three were liberated, and later still that slavery was entirely abolished. No wonder the owners were glad to be rid of what fast breeding had made a burden, especially with free labor at twenty cents a day. Yet they were indemnified with eight million dollars from the insular revenues. Nor was servitude confined to Africans. Spain long used Porto Rico as a penal colony, and when public works no longer required them, the convicts were turned loose to shift for themselves. Most of them took to the mountains, where the "poor white" population is numerous to this day. Yet the later generations are no more criminal than the Australians; if there is much petty thieving, it is natural in a hungry, overcrowded community.

One does not visit so beautiful and fascinating a country as Porto Rico to chatter of its problems, but to meet its curious people and to marvel at its glorious scenery. More mountainous than even Haiti and Santo Domingo, the island is such an unbroken labyrinth of hills, ranges, and high peaks, of deep valleys, perpendicular slopes, and precipitous cañons, that its rugged beauty seems never-ending. That beauty, too, is enhanced by the great amount of cultivation, by the character it gains over the often uninhabited island to the westward in being everywhere peopled, by the great variety of colors that decorate it, especially in this tropical springtime of February. Even along the rolling coastal belt the highways are lined with the green- and red-leaved *almendras*, or false almond-trees, which here and there carpet the roads with Turkish rugs of fallen leaves. Higher up comes the *roble*, or flowering laurel, with its masses of delicate pink blossoms, then the *bucaré*-trees, used as coffee shade, daub the precipitous hillsides with splotches of their burnt-orange hue; still farther aloft come beautiful tree ferns, symbolical of high tropical altitudes, and everywhere stand the majestic royal palms and the dense, massive mango-trees, in sorrel-colored blossom at this season, to crown the heavy green vegetation that everywhere clothes the island. For although almost every acre of it was denuded of its native forest growth by the tree-hating Spaniards, nature and the necessities of man have replaced its unbroken verdure.

From Guayama almost at sea-level the old Spanish *carretera* climbs quickly into the cooler air, in snaky fashion, the town and the cane-green valley below diminishing to a picture framed by the white beach-line and the fuzzy mountain-slopes, then mounts by tortuous curves and serpentine loops around the brinks of dizzy precipices to a height of three thousand feet. For a time it clings along the cliff of a magnificent little valley, giving an endless succession of vistas, panoramas of mountains, ravines, and forested slopes, enhanced by frequent glimpses of the deep-blue Caribbean. No one of these highways are twice alike; morning or evening, under the blazing tropical sun or veiled with mountain showers, they have always a different aspect. Then suddenly it bursts out high above the valley of Cayey, the roof-flecked red of the town surrounded and backed as far as the eye can see with cloth-covered tobacco-fields, the crowning beauty of Porto Rican scenery. As we drop downward by more hairpin curves and climb again into the hills beyond, the steep mountainsides are everywhere covered in enormous patches with what look like the snow-fields and glaciers of Switzerland transported to the tropics.

The Designs of Miramon

By JAMES BRANCH CABELL

Illustration by Bernard Westmacott

A story in which the author pleasantly, and with a display of marvels, discloses the secret of contented marriage.

THEY of Poictesme narrate that in the old days Manuel tended the miller's pigs. They tell also how a mild-mannered stranger allured this young swineherd into the direst perils anybody ever dreamed of.

"For I wonder at you," said the mild-mannered stranger, "that you should sit here sleeping in the sunlight among your pigs when there is such a fine adventure awaiting you, and when the Norns are foretelling such high things about you as they spin the thread of your living."

"Now, glory be to God, friend," Manuel said, "but what is this adventure?"

"The adventure is that the Count of Arnaye's daughter yonder has been carried off by a wizard, and that the count offers much wealth and broad lands, and his daughter's hand in marriage, too, to the lad that will fetch back this lovely girl."

"I have heard talk of this in the kitchen of Arnaye, where I sometimes sell them a pig. But what are such matters to a swineherd?"

"Aha, my lad, you are to-day a swineherd drowsing in the sun, as yesterday you were a baby squalling in the cradle; but to-morrow you will be neither of these if there be any truth whatever in the talking of the Norns as they gossip at the foot of their ash-tree."

"Well, then, if I am decreed to be the champion that is to rescue the Count of Arnaye's daughter, it is ill arguing with the Norns. Come, tell me now, how do you call this doomed wizard, and how does one get to him to sever his wicked head from his foul body?"

"Men speak of him as Miramon Lluagor. He lives in mythic splendor at the top of the gray mountain called Vraidex, where he contrives all manner of illusions, and in particular designs the dreams for Sleep."

"Yes, in the kitchen of Arnaye, also, such was the report concerning this Miramon; and nobody in the kitchen denied that he is an ugly customer."

"He is the most subtle of wizards. None can withstand him, and none may pass the terrible serpentine designs which Miramon has set to guard the gray scarps of Vraidex unless one carries the more terrible sword called Flamberge, which I have here in its blue scabbard."

"Why, then, it is you who must rescue the count's daughter."

"No, that would not do at all; for there is in the life of a champion too much of turmoil and of buffetings and murderings to suit me, who am a peace-loving person. Besides, to the champion who rescues the Lady Gisèle will be given her hand in marriage; and as I have a wife, I know that to have two wives would lead to twice too much dissension to suit me, who am a peace-loving person. So I think it is you who had better be achieving this fine adventure."

"Well," Manuel said, "much wealth, broad lands, and a lovely wife are better things to ward than a parcel of pigs."

So he girded on the charmed sword, and Manuel cried farewell and thanks to the mild-mannered, snub-nosed stranger. To the pigs, too, Manuel cried farewell. "For I shall never return to you, my pigs, because, at worst, to die valorously is better than to sleep out one's youth in the sun."

Then Manuel filled a knapsack with simple and nutritious food, and he went to the gray mountain called Vraidex,

upon the remote and cloud-wrapped summit of which dread Miramon Lluagor dwelt in a doubtful palace wherein the wizard contrived illusions and designed the dreams for Sleep. As Manuel was beginning the ascent he found a flat-faced, dark-haired boy going up before him.

"Hail, friend," said Manuel; "and why are you in this perilous place?"

"Why, I am going," the dark-haired boy replied, "to find out how the Lady Gisèle d'Arnaye is faring on the tall top of this mountain."

"Oho, then we will undertake this adventure together, for that is my errand, too. And when the adventure is fulfilled, we will fight together, and the survivor will have the wealth and broad lands and the count's daughter to sit on his knee. What do they call you?"

"I am called Niafer. But I believe that the Lady Gisèle is already married, to Miramon Lluagor."

"I sincerely hope she is married to this foul wizard, for otherwise it would not be respectable for her to be living with him at the top of this gray mountain. However, there is no law against a widow's remarrying forthwith, and widows are quickly made by any champion about whom the wise Norns are already talking. But I must not tell you about that, because I do not wish to appear boastful. So I must simply say that I am called Manuel, and have no other title, being not yet even a baron."

"Come, now," said Niafer, "but you are rather sure of yourself for a boy!"

"Why, of what may I be sure in this shifting world if not of myself?"

"Our elders, Manuel, declare that such self-conceit is a fault, and our elders, they say, are wiser than we."

"Our elders, Niafer, have long had the management of this world's affairs, and you can see for yourself what they have made of these affairs. What sort of a world is it, I ask you, in which time peculates the gold from hair and the crimson from all lips, and the north wind carries away the glow and glory and contentment of October, and a driveling old wizard steals a lovely girl? Why, such maraudings are out of reason, and show plainly that our elders have no notion how to manage things."

Niafer agreed that the deduction seemed logical, and these two pledged constant fealty until they should have rescued Madame Gisèle.

"Then we will fight for her," said Manuel, again.

"First, Manuel, let me see her face, and then let me see her state of mind, and afterward I will see about fighting you. Meanwhile, this is a very tall mountain, and climbing it will require all the breath which we are wasting."

So the two began the ascent of Vraidex. Now came to destroy them the Serpent of the East, a very dreadful design with which Miramon afflicts the sleep of Lithuanians and Tatars. The snake rode on a black horse, a black falcon perched on his head, and a black hound followed him. The horse stumbled, the falcon clamored, the hound howled. Then cried the snake:

"My steed, why do you stumble? My hound, why do you howl? And, my falcon, why do you clamor? For these three doings foresay some ill to me."

"Oh, a great ill!" replied Manuel, with his charmed sword out, and his heart thumping.

But Niafer cried:

"An endless ill is foresaid by these doings. For I have been to the Island of the Oaks, and under the twelfth oak was a copper casket, and in the casket was a purple duck, and in the duck was an egg, and in the egg, O Norka, was and is your death."

"It is true that my death is in such an egg," said the Serpent of the East, "but nobody will ever find that egg, and therefore I am resistless and immortal."

"To the contrary, the egg, as you can perceive, is in my hand; and when I break this egg, you will die, and it is smaller worms than you that will be thanking me for their supper this night."

The serpent looked at the poised egg, and he trembled and writhed so that his black scales scattered scintillations of reflected light everywhither. He cried:

"Give me the egg, and I will permit you two to pass unmolested to a more terrible destruction."

Niafer was not eager to do this, but at last Niafer consented to the bargain for the sake of the serpent's children.

Then the two lads went upward, while the serpent bandaged the eyes of his horse and of his hound, and hooded his falcon, and crept gingerly away to hide the egg in an unmentionable place.

"But how, pray," said Manuel, "did you come by that invaluable egg?"

"It is a quite ordinary duck's egg, Manuel, but the Serpent of the East has no way of discovering that until he breaks the egg; and that is the one thing the Serpent will never do, because he thinks it is the magic egg which contains his death."

"Come, Niafer, you are not handsome to look at, but you are far cleverer than I thought you."

Now, as Manuel clapped Niafer on the shoulder, the forest beside the roadway was agitated, and the underbrush crackled, and the tall beech-trees crashed and snapped and tumbled helter-skelter. The crust of the earth was thus broken through by the Serpent of the North. Only the head and throat of this design of Miramon's was lifted from the jumbled trees, for it was requisite of course that the serpent's lower coils should never loose their grip upon the foundations of Norroway. All of the design that showed was overgrown with seaweed and barnacles.

"It is the will of Miramon Lluagor that I forthwith demolish you both," says this serpent, yawning.

Once more Manuel had drawn his charmed sword Flamberge, but it was Niafer who spoke.

"No, for before you can destroy me," said Niafer, "I shall have cast this bridle over your head."

"What sort of bridle is that?" inquired the great snake, scornfully.

"And are those goggling, flaming eyes not big enough and bright enough to see that this is the soft bridle called Gleipnir, which is made of the breath of fish and of the spittle of birds and of the footfall of a cat?" asked Niafer, with sternness.

"Now, although certainly such a bridle was foretold," the snake conceded a little uneasily, "how can I make sure that you speak the truth when you say this particular bridle is Gleipnir?"

"Why, in this way: I will cast the bridle over your head, and then you will see for yourself that the old prophecy will be fulfilled, and that all power and all life will go out of you, and that the Northmen will dream no more."

"No, do you keep that thing away from me, you little fool! No, no; we will not test your truthfulness in that way. Instead, do you two go your way to a more terrible destruction, and to face barbaric dooms coming from the west. And do you give me the bridle to demolish in place of you. And then, if I live forever, I will know that this is indeed Gleipnir and that you have spoken the truth."

So Niafer consented to this test of his veracity rather than permit this snake to die, and the foundations of Norroway (in which country, Niafer confessed, he had an aunt then living), thus to be dissolved by the loosening of the dying serpent's grip upon Middlegarth. The bridle was yielded, and Niafer and Manuel went upward.

Manuel asked:

"Was that in truth the bridle called Gleipnir?"

"No, Manuel, it is an ordinary bridle. But the Serpent of the North has no way of discovering this except by fitting the bridle over his head, and this one thing the serpent will never do, because he knows that then, if my bridle proved to be Gleipnir, all power and all life would go out of him."

"O subtle, ugly little one!" said Manuel, and again he patted Niafer on the shoulder.

Then it was evening, and the two sought shelter in a queer windmill by the roadside, finding there a small, wrinkled old man in a patched coat. He gave them lodgings for the night and honest bread and cheese, but for his own supper he took frogs out of his bosom and roasted these in the coals.

The next morning Manuel and Niafer paid the droll price which their host required. They left him cobbling shoes, and presently came to a bridge whereon were eight spears, and the bridge was guarded by the Serpent of the West. This snake was striped with blue and gold, and wore on his head a great cap of humming-birds' feathers.

Manuel half drew his sword to attack this serpentine design, with which Mir-

amon Lluagor makes sleeping terrible for the red tribes that hunt and fish behind the Hesperides. But Manuel looked at Niafer.

And Niafer displayed a drolly marked small turtle, saying, "Maskanako, do you not recognize Tulapin, the turtle that never lies?"

The serpent howled as though a thousand dogs had been kicked simultaneously, and the serpent fled.

"Why, pray, did he do that?" asked Manuel, smiling, as for the third time he found that his charmed sword Flamberge was unneeded.

"Truly, Manuel, nobody knows why this serpent dreads the turtle, but our concern is less with the cause than the effect. Meanwhile, those eight spears are not to be touched on any account."

"Is what you have a quite ordinary turtle?" asked Manuel, meekly.

Niafer said:

"Of course it is. Where would I be getting extraordinary turtles?"

"I had not previously considered that problem," replied Manuel; "but the question is certainly unanswerable."

They then sat down to lunch, and found the bread and cheese they had purchased from the little old man that morning was turned to lumps of silver and virgin gold in Manuel's knapsack.

"This is very disgusting," said Manuel, "and I do not wonder my back was near breaking." He flung away the treasure, and they lunched frugally on blackberries.

From among the entangled blackberry bushes came the glowing Serpent of the South, who is the smallest and most poisonous of Miramon's designs. With this snake Niafer dealt curiously. Niafer employed three articles in the transaction: two of these things are not to be talked about, but the third was a little figure carved in hazel-wood.

"Certainly you are very clever," said Manuel when they had passed this serpent. "Still, your employment of those first two articles was rather shocking, and your disposal of the little carved figure embarrassed me."

"Before such danger as confronted us, Manuel, it does not pay to be squeamish," replied Niafer, dryly, "and my exorcism was good Dirgham."

And many other adventures and perils they encountered, such as, if all were told, would make a long and most improbable history. But they won through each pinch by one or another fraud which Niafer evolved the instant that gullery was needed; and Manuel marveled more and more at the surprising cleverness of this flat-faced, dark lad, and loved Niafer more and more, and began to think more and more uneasily of the time when Niafer and Manuel would have to fight for the Count of Arnaye's daughter until one of them had killed the other. Meanwhile the sword Flamberge stayed in its curious blue scabbard.

So Manuel and Niafer came unhurt to the top of the gray mountain called Vraidex and to the doubtful palace of Miramon Lluagor. They entered unchallenged through gates of horn and ivory, and came into a red corridor in which five gray beasts, like large hairless cats, were casting dice; and these animals licked their lips and grinned as the boys passed deeper into the doubtful palace.

In the center of the palace Miramon had set like a tower one of the tusks of Behemoth; the tusk was hollowed out into five large rooms, and in the inmost room, under a canopy with green tassels, they found the wizard.

"Come forth, and die now, Miramon Lluagor!" shouted Manuel, brandishing his sword, for which at last employment was promised here.

And the wizard drew closer about him his old threadbare dressing-gown, and desisted from his enchantments, and put aside a small unfinished design, which scuttled into the fireplace, whimpering. And Manuel perceived that this wizard had the appearance of the mild-mannered stranger who had given Manuel the charmed sword.

"Ah, yes, it was good of you to come so soon," says Miramon, blinking mild, weak eyes, "and your young friend, too, is welcome. But you boys must be quite worn out after toiling up this mountain, so do you sit down and have a cup of wine before I surrender my dear wife."

Said Manuel, sternly:

"But what is the meaning of this?"

"The meaning and the upshot, clear-

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"Madame Gisèle then looked at Manuel. 'So, you are the champion that has come to rescue me!' she said"

ly," replied the wizard, "is that, since you have the charmed sword Flamberge, and since the wearer of Flamberge is irresistible, it would be nonsense for me to oppose you."

"But, Miramon, it was you who gave me the sword!"

Miramon rubbed his droll little nose for a while before speaking.

"Well, and how else was I to get conquered? For, I must tell you, Manuel, it is a law of the Léshy that a wizard cannot surrender his prey unless the wizard be conquered. I must tell you, too, that when I carried off Gisèle I acted, as I by and by discovered, rather injudiciously."

"Now, by holy Paul and Pollux! I do not understand this at all, Miramon."

"Why, Manuel, you must know she was a very charming girl, and in appearance just the type that I had always fancied for a wife. But she has a strong will in her white bosom and a tireless tongue in her glittering head, and I do not equally admire all four of these possessions; and, moreover, she takes an active interest in my work, and that does not do in an artist's wife. Oh, dear me, no, not for a moment!" said Miramon, forlornly.

"But how can that be?" Niafer asked.

"As all men know, I design the dreams for Sleep. Now, Gisèle asserts that people have enough trouble in real life without having to go to dreams to look for it—"

"Certainly that is true," said Niafer.

"So she permits me only to design bright optimistic dreams and edifying dreams and glad dreams. She says you must give tired persons what they most need, and is all for introducing a wholesome uplift into sleeping. I have not been permitted to design a fine nightmare or a really creditable delusion—no sea-serpents or krakens or hippogriffs, or anything that gives me a really free hand—for months and months; and my art suffers. Then, too, Gisèle is always doing and telling me things for my own good. In fine, my lads, my wife takes such a flattering interest in all my concerns that the one way out for any human wizard was to contrive her rescue from my clutches," said Miramon, fretfully. "It is difficult to explain to you, Manuel, just now, but after you have been married to Gisèle for a while you will comprehend without any explaining."

"Now, Miramon, I marvel to see a great wizard controlled by a woman who is in his power, and who can, after all, do nothing but talk."

Miramon blinked at Manuel helplessly.

"Unmarried men do always wonder about that," said Miramon. "Well, I will summon her, and you can explain how you have conquered me, and then you can take her away and marry her yourself, and Heaven help you!"

"But shall I explain that it was you who gave me the resistless sword?"

"No, Manuel, you should be candid within more rational limits. For you are now a famous champion, that has crowned with victory a righteous cause for which many stalwart knights and gallant gentlemen have made the supreme sacrifice, because they knew that in the end the right must conquer: your success thus represents the working out of a great moral principle, and to explain the practical minutiæ of these august processes is not always quite respectable. Besides, if Gisèle thought I wanted to get rid of her, she would most certainly resort to comments of which I prefer not to think."

But now into the room came the wizard's wife, Gisèle. She was the finest and loveliest creature that Manuel had ever seen. Beholding her unequaled beauty, Manuel straightway knew that here were all the dreams of yesterday fulfilled; and he recollected, too, his songs of yesterday, which he had been used to sing to his pigs, about his love for a far princess who was "white as a lily, more red than roses, and resplendent as rubies of the Orient," for here he found his old songs to be applicable, if rather inadequate. And by the shabby wizard's failure to appreciate such unequaled beauty Manuel was amazed.

"What is this," said the shining lady, to Miramon Lluagor, "that I hear about your having been conquered?"

"Alas! my love, it is perfectly true. This champion has, in some inexplicable way, come by the magic weapon Flamberge, which is the one weapon where-

with I can be conquered. So I have yielded to him, and he is about, I think, to sever my head from my body."

The beautiful girl was indignant, because she had recognized that, wizard or no, there is small difference in husbands after the first month or two, and with Miramon tolerably well trained, she had no intention of changing him for another husband. Therefore Gisèle inquired "And what about me?" in a tone that foreboded turmoil.

The wizard rubbed his hands, uncomfortably.

"My dear, I am of course quite powerless before Flamberge. And inasmuch as your rescue appears to have been effected in accordance with every rule in these matters, and the victorious champion is resolute to requite my evildoing and to restore you to your grieving parents, I am afraid there is nothing I can well do about it."

"Do you look me in the eye, Miramon Lluagor!" says the Lady Gisèle. The wizard obeyed, with a placating smile. "Yes, you have been up to something," she said, "and Heaven only knows what, though of course it does not really matter." Madame Gisèle then looked at Manuel. "So you are the champion that has come to rescue me!" she said unhastily, as her big sapphire eyes appraised him over her great fan of gaily colored feathers, and as Manuel somehow began to fidget, unhappily. Gisèle looked last of all at Niafer. "You have been long enough in coming," she said.

"It took me two days, Madame, to find and catch a turtle," Niafer replied, "and that delayed me."

"Well, it is better late than never. Come, Niafer, and do you know anything about this gawky, yellow-haired young champion?"

"Oh, yes, Madame; he formerly lived in attendance upon the miller's pigs, and I have seen him hanging about the kitchen at Arnaye."

Gisèle turned toward the wizard, with her thin gold chains and the brilliancies of her jewels flashing no more brightly than flashed the sapphire of her eyes.

"There!" she said terribly. "And you were going to surrender me to a swineherd!"

"My dearest, swineherd or not, he holds the magic sword Flamberge before which all my powers are nothing."

"But that is easily settled. Have men no sense whatever! Boy, do you give me that sword before you hurt yourself fiddling with it, and let us have an end of this nonsense."

"Madame Gisèle," replied Manuel, "gawky and poorly clad and young as I may be, so long as I retain this sword I am master of you all and of the future, too. Yielding it, I yield everything my elders have taught me to prize, for my grave elders have taught me that much wealth and broad lands and a lovely wife are better things to ward than a parcel of pigs. So, if I yield at all, I get my price for yielding."

He turned now from Gisèle to Niafer.

"Dear lad," said Manuel, "you, too, must have your say in my bargaining, because from the first it has been your cleverness that has saved us, and has brought us two so high. For, see, at last I have drawn Flamberge, and I stand at last at the doubtful summit of Vraidex, and I am master of the hour and of the future of all of us. I have but to sever the wicked head of this doomed wizard from his foul body, and that will be the end of him—"

"No, no," says Miramon, soothingly. "I shall merely be turned into something else, which perhaps we had better not discuss. But it will not inconvenience me in the least, so do you not hold back on my account, but instead do you smite and take your well-earned reward."

"Either way," submitted Manuel, "I have but to strike, and I acquire much wealth and sleek farming lands and a lovely wife, and the swineherd becomes a great nobleman. But it is you, Niafer, who have won all these things for me with your cleverness, and to me it seems that these wonderful rewards are less wonderful than my dear comrade."

"But you, too, are very wonderful," said Niafer, loyally.

Said Manuel, smiling sadly:

"I am not so wonderful but that in the hour of my triumph I am frightened by my own littleness. Look you, Niafer, I had thought I would be changed when I became a famous champion; but for all that I stand posturing here with this long sword and am master of the hour

and of the future, I remain the boy that last Tuesday was tending pigs. I was not afraid of the terrors which beset me on my way to rescue the count's daughter, but of the count's daughter herself I am horribly afraid. Not for worlds would I be left alone with her. No, such fine ladies are not for swineherds, and it is another sort of wife that I desire."

"Whom, then, do you desire for a wife," said Niafer, "if not the loveliest and the wealthiest lady in all Poictesme?"

"Why, I desire the cleverest and dearest and most wonderful creature in all the world," said Manuel, "whom I have seen in the kitchen of Arnaye."

"Ah! ah! it might be managed, then. But who is this marvelous woman?"

Manuel said:

"You are that woman, Niafer."

Niafer replied nothing, but Niafer smiled. Niafer raised one shoulder a little, rubbing it against Manuel's broad chest, but Niafer still kept silence. So the two young people regarded each other for a while, not speaking, and not thinking of Miramon Lluagor and his encompassing enchantments or of anything save each other. All things were changed for Manuel, and for the rest of time he lived in a world wherein Niafer differed from all other persons.

"But, certainly," said the Lady Gisèle, "Niafer is my suitably disguised waiting-woman, to whom my husband sent a dream some while ago, with instructions to join me here, so that I might have somebody to look after my things. So, Niafer, since you were fetched to wait on me, do you stop pawing at that young pig-tender, and tell me what is this I hear about your remarkable cleverness."

Instead, it was Manuel who proudly told of the shrewd devices through which Niafer had passed the serpents and the other terrors of sleep. And the while that Manuel was boasting, Miramon Lluagor smiled, and Gisèle looked very hard at Niafer; for Miramon and his wife both knew that the cleverness of Niafer was as far to seek as her good looks, and that the dream which Miramon had sent had carefully instructed Niafer as to these devices.

"Therefore, Madame Gisèle," said Manuel in conclusion, "I will give you Flamberge and Miramon and Vraidex and all the rest of earth to boot in exchange for the most wonderful and clever woman in the world." And with a flourish Manuel handed over the charmed sword Flamberge to the count's lovely daughter, and he took the hand of the swart, flat-faced servant-girl.

"It is very fine of me," Manuel was reflecting, "thus to be renouncing so much wealth and power for the sake of my wonderful dear Niafer; but she is well worth the sacrifice, and, besides, she is witnessing all this magnanimity and cannot well fail to be impressed."

Niafer was reflecting:

"This is very foolish and dear of him, and I shall be compelled, in mere decency, to pretend to corresponding lunacies for the first month or so. After that, I hope, we will settle down to some more reasonable way of living."

But Gisèle and Miramon were looking at each other, and wondering:

"What can the long-legged boy see in this stupid and plain-featured girl? Or she in the young swaggering fool? And how much wiser and happier is our marriage than the average marriage!"

And Miramon was so deeply moved that he patted his wife's hand.

"Love has conquered my designs," he said oracularly, "and the secret of a contented marriage is to pay particular attention to the wives of everybody else."

Gisèle exhorted him not to be a fool, but she spoke without acerbity, and, speaking, she squeezed his hand.

Whereafter Miramon wiped the heavenly bodies from the firmament, and set a miraculous rainbow there, and under its arch was enacted for the swineherd and the waiting-woman such a wedding masque of fantasies and illusions as gave full scope to the art of Miramon, and delighted everybody, but delighted Miramon in particular. Then they feasted, with unearthly servitors to attend them, and did all else appropriate to a wedding of deities. And when these were over, Manuel said that he must be getting back to his pigs, and he descended from Vraidex with plain-featured Niafer quite contentedly.

Such was the thing which happened in Poictesme in the old days, but clerks report that Manuel has had, since and elsewhere, his emulators.

From a Door-Step in Leinster

By EDWARD VIGORS

Illustrations by B. N. Salg

A description of a wedding in rural Ireland, with all the mishaps that make life in that happy-go-lucky realm an unexpected adventure.

Doreen's Wedding

I WAS out making hay during the spasmodic intervals in which in Ireland the sun may be relied upon to shine. Jim Kane had reported that he had "the tedder broken on him," and had gone to John Lowry's, "below at the forge," to have a "yoke" constructed to replace the damaged part. Meanwhile I was engaged in a vain endeavor to insert a nut through a hole which Lowry had bored too small, hammering my fingers till they bled with a flat-iron from the kitchen, supplied in response to my request for a hammer. Kathleen descended upon me like a bolt from the blue while I was thus engaged. She was dressed in garments that I had not seen before, and which my practised eye told me betokened some event of unusual importance.

"Come, Nicholas," she called; "you 'll be late. We 've promised to lunch with Canon Shaw at Rathnane for Doreen's wedding."

I threw down the flat-iron and looked at my watch. A drive of three good Irish miles, and only half an hour in which to change and get there. It did not take me long to dash up to the house and dress myself suitably for the occasion, and the Baroness is a good mare both after hounds and between the shafts of a side-car.

The way to Rathnane runs upward from the valley. The village itself lies at the foot of a ridge, up which a steep road runs straight. It rises a thousand feet in a mile, breasting the hill without a quiver, as a good horse will a bank, changes feet on the top, and drops down gaily on Castleroach. The place itself now consists of a few paltry cabins, with a post-office and three public houses. I am visited at constant intervals by aspirants to the office of post-mistress, a post which seems to bring fortune and marriage through its lucrative duties. They all seem to think that a humble word from me will weigh down the scales in their favor when these things are settled at "the gineral" in Sackville Street.

Abundant walls and remains of walls, sticking out into the fields around, testify to the former greatness and prosperity of a borough which once returned two members to College Green. And here and there a name, such as "Mensal Lodge," survives to tell of the church lands which still enrich the landscape under other owners.

The cathedral stands above the houses, just where the hill begins to rise. The main fabric remains, but many of the fine windows are built over with buttresses to stay the sagging walls. Irish yew-trees, grown unchecked, block out the eastern light. Ivy holds together the tower, but threatens to throw it down with the weight of its veteran tendrils. A hawk has always nested above the belfry, which is reached by worm-eaten ladders.

St. Kenan, an ancient saint who gave to the cathedral church its name, was its first bishop. He lies buried there, and his bones are walled up in a hollow in the choir. Since his day the old church has passed through great vicissitudes, and has been built and rebuilt

many times. In the churchyard all men find a common resting-place without regard for creed, and mournful relatives erect massive slabs of local stone to the glory of their own piety and the faithful remembrance of the dead. These sentinels remain standing clean and bright till the lapse of a few years and the lack of care make them bow their

Bessie Nolan

heads and fall. Then they lie overgrown with rank grass, while goats browse over them, until in time they serve as flat stones to cover the graves of another generation.

In one corner is the holy cross of the common type, but the writing is gone, and the fingers of time have rubbed away the legend and the emblems which were carved upon it.

Higher up the hills is the holy well of St. Kenan. Here the good saint may have slaked his thirst or caught fat perch in years gone by. All that now remains is a muddy hollow with a thornbush overhanging it, from which flutter rags and rosaries left by the few pilgrims who still climb the hills to seek a cure.

I have read that, before King Henry wrought changes and reforms, a parish priest of Tyrrellstown was rich from the offerings of the hordes who flocked to wash in the holy water. The good man could not reconcile these gains with his conscience, and banned the pilgrims. Since then the water has fallen into disuse except as drink for cattle; but a few old-fashioned people even now prefer the holy well and the blessings of the saint to the attention of the dispensary doctor.

To me it is a charming spot. The mountains are blue, and the Murrow stream falls from them through gorse and bramble thickets. The cattle graze peacefully among boulders in a little map of fields that stretch upward. Nothing disturbs the quiet save flocks of green plover, and sometimes a child running barefoot to fetch water or to milk the spanceled goats.

We Irish, more than most races, love our own country, and sitting by the well, I have often blessed the saint. I have sometimes wondered whether he knew that his healing streams owes much to a setting which time has left unchanged.

The Floods live at Clonilty. They have lived there, I think, since the days of the first Flood, who came over in Cromwell's time in the train of one of his generals. Doreen Flood is the elder daughter of Horace. Her exploits have been many-sided, but all to her credit. Her last is her engagement to young Platt-Waddington, who has come across the water to take Peermount and to breed polo ponies.

I did not want to be late for the canon's luncheon party, which was to precede the wedding. Thanks to the Baroness, we got to Rathnane in record time, and as soon as we arrived we all sat down in the dining-room of the rectory, the canon, before a baron of beef, at the head of his table. This table had been elongated for the ceremony with various others of smaller breed, perched somewhat uncertainly upon volumes of sermons from the canon's library in order to attain the required height. Bessie Nolan, his own serving-maid, who also acted as sextoness in the cathedral, and who suffered normally from an affection of the feet, was reinforced by the wife of a laborer from the hill, and comfortably installed in a discarded pair of the canon's slippers. The bishop faced the canon, veiled from his view by a prodigious turkey,

with Kathleen on his right, and me on his left. The intervening space was filled in with a miscellany of clergy and parishioners. At intervals along the table in rich luxuriance were marshaled dishes containing everything from poached eggs to jelly, and potatoes in their jackets. Bessie hurried round, drawing the corks of bottles which suspiciously resembled champagne; the contents, however, exhaled an aromatic fragrance. I heard his lordship inquire from Bessie with some asperity, "What have you there, girl?" To which she answered, "Dry gin, yer Riverince." This apparently satisfied his scruples. The canon piled up layers of beef on plates, with which the lady from the hill rushed to the bishop for a crowning layer of turkey.

Throughout the meal and after it a procession of visitors continued to file up the drive in vehicles of every class and condition, all bent on stabling their steeds in the canon's roomy yard. Mrs. Booker was the first, in an ancient barouche, with men-servants who, though workers on the land, were clad in liveries of claret color piped with yellow. The coachman's hat had clearly been originally acquired for one of his predecessors, and was prevented from slipping over his face only by liberal supplies of newspaper, while the cockade flapped uncertainly in the breeze. His lack of teeth was concealed by a flowing mustache.

Canon Fennell came later in a car drawn by an ass, which he urged forward with a stout umbrella. He alighted at the door, and advanced upon us with a curtseying stride, dangling from his hand a light-blue enamel slop-pail containing a bird-cage and some packages of groceries purchased on his way, and to be left for greater security in the house.

Miss O'Shea's "inside" arrived later, a vehicle resembling a covered wagonette on two wheels, and seating one person on each side. It was drawn by a shaggy white mare, and driven by her useful man. Miss O'Shea was an old maid of uncertain years, and had made an early start for the long drive from Bathington. Some portions of ham and bread-crumbs which clung to her person showed that she had wisely made provision for her own sustenance. I never can describe feminine attire, but I know that her bonnet, which she had carried with her to put on when she arrived, and upon which she had accidentally sat, bore no resemblance to my previous recollections of its appearance. She also wore white kid gloves,

"Canon Fennell came later in a car drawn by an ass, which he urged forward with a stout umbrella"

clearly cherished for these occasions, but some sizes too large, for they hung about an inch beyond the end of each finger.

She was followed by a mongrel white fox-terrier which, though left at home, locked up in the meat-safe, had succeeded in following her on her journey. He was caught and removed to the hen-house, where he was incarcerated by the kindly Canon Shaw.

The curate of Agha, Mr. Spong, rode over on his bicycle. The day was hot, and he had punctured his tire on the way, which had limited his time. He came perspiring and covered with dust, a small, but stout, cherubic person. He was absent-minded, and I noticed that his shoes did not match. As he was a musician of considerable gifts, it had been arranged that he was to play the wedding music. But when he punctured, he had detached his surplice from the saddle to mend his tire and had omitted to replace it. It was now lying by the roadside, where, as I later heard, it became the sport of two curious goats. Canon Shaw, although tall and large of frame, suggested that he should lend him a surplice of his own, which, though it descended many inches below the extremities of Mr. Spong, got over the difficulty.

"He came perspiring and covered with dust, a small, but stout, cherubic person"

I do not know that the cathedral can be said to lend itself to a wedding. The bare rows of grained deal pews with stiff, straight backs do not conduce to ornament or comfort. The pulpit of oak is perched on a pedestal of painted deal, and its only decoration is a comfortable pillow of purple plush upon which Canon Shaw is accustomed to recline when delivering to us his weekly homily. The bishop's throne is in the center of a square pew, and surmounted by a canopy of imitation marble. The Floods for generations back have occupied this pew on Sundays, kneeling up against the throne from each of the four sides, as if to inspect the condition of its upholstery. They vacate it only to make way for the bishop.

For the wedding, however, the cathedral was in gala-dress. The pulpit was swathed with bandages of foliage, so that the occupant must resemble a jack-in-the-green. Enormous clumps of wild flowers filled every possible recess, and hothouse blooms and pot plants were jostled by festoons of ivy and holly.

We did not spend in silence the few minutes which preceded the bride's arrival. Our expectancy was first satisfied by the arrival of Miss O'Shea's fox-terrier, which had escaped from the canon's hen-house through the hole left for the egress of the fowl. Not finding his mistress, he had started in pursuit. She, poor lady, was so much overcome that she could only moan out: "Ah, now, just to think of it! And did n't I see Tom shut him up in the meat-safe and me leaving home, and not a hole in it that would let through a bluebottle!"

Bessie Nolan, however, who had dropped the part of parlor-maid to resume that of sextoness, pursued him up to church, and heading him into the pew which contained the bishop's throne, slammed the door after him. At this moment attention was diverted by what appeared to be the bridal procession, but it was in fact the arrival of

Sir Charles and Lady Townsend of Oldencourt. Sir Charles had driven over from an adjoining county with his young wife, his third, whom he had recently acquired on an excursion to the northern capitals of Europe on a P. O. liner. Mr. Spong at the organ, entangled in and embarrassed by the encircling folds of the canon's surplice, and being somewhat short of sight, mistook the racket created by the dog and the slamming of the pew-door for the "slap ag'in' the screen" which Bessie was to give as a signal to begin the proceedings. Sir Charles therefore advanced, to his own astonishment and that of his blushing bride, heralded by the tune of "The Voice That Breathed o'er Eden," which the choir, suspicious of some error, voiced tremblingly at uncertain intervals. It was cut short only by the presence of mind of Bessie herself, who rushing to the canon's man as he sat blowing the organ, forcibly restrained him from a continuance of his duties, until "The Voice" happily blew itself out.

It had only just done so when Horace Flood arrived with his daughter, in a brougham lent by Captain Rice, and drawn by horses supplied by Costigan's Hotel. These horses as a rule led a prosaic, but strenuous, life, meeting the trains with jaunting-cars, on which commercial travelers drive with their wares to outlying villages. But funerals and weddings are their fête-days. At funerals, with nodding plumes, they crawl for many miles, swathed in black velvet to hide their motley colors; while at weddings their work is short and sweet, with prolonged intervals of rest. Jim Whelan, Costigan's head driver, finds them fête-days, too, for it is his privilege never to leave the hall-door on either mission without a noggin of whiskey to cheer him on his doleful course or to celebrate the event. Today he must have had a second noggin or the horses found the captain's brougham light of draft after Costigan's hearse, for the horses arrived at full gallop, checked only by contact with the churchyard wall, while Jim, his purple nose concealed behind a large wedding favor, clung shouting to the box, inquiring vainly of the beasts what ailed them, and calling down anathemas in the name of every saint upon the calendar.

It may be that this lighting journey made them arrive before their time, for as the bride advanced, she was preceded up the aisle by a small and perspiring cleric, heading for the vestry, and followed by a serving-man, who carried his robes in two brown paper parcels.

"She, poor lady, was so much overcome that she could only moan out: 'Ah, now, just to think of it!'"

As a result of loud and repeated promptings, "The Voice" again came to life, and the bishop, followed by Horace Flood with his daughter on his arm, approached the expectant bridegroom. His lordship left them to turn toward the canopied throne and throw back the door. There seems to be luck in odd numbers even for Miss O'Shea's fox-terrier. He, finding himself for the third time liberated, bounded out with barks of appreciation, while the bishop who, it must be admitted, rarely lost his presence of mind, collapsed upon the episcopal seat. As the dog scampered to the door hands were thrust out for his collar from every pew, but nothing stopped him. Mercifully he escaped, and was lost in the nave beyond.

I have no vivid recollection of the

"The bishop . . . collapsed upon the episcopal seat"

subsequent details of the service. I only know that I found some difficulty at certain parts in knowing where we had got to. The galaxy of clerical talent threatened difficulties to the stage management, for each and all seemed uncertain as to exactly what part they were to play. The result was that they took no chance, and each read the service himself. All would have been well had they been an equal team, but those who suffered from shortness of breath failed to keep pace with their more vigorous brethren. The result, however, conferred the unique advantage that in saying the responses you were more or less sure not to be out of place. Whether as a result Doreen was several times married matters little; it would only make certainty doubly sure. What I do know is that she was declared to be well and truly wed, and I myself attached my name to the register.

The wedding-feast was held afterward at Clonilty, and thither we all repaired. Costigan's team drew the married couple away, and Jim Whelan had sobered down. We followed behind in a long procession, but were arrested by a mishap to the brougham. This had, of course, been out of use, and the hot weather had loosened a tire. We came up with it, to find it with one wheel consisting of spokes, while the band had rolled off into the ditch. Whelan, with a plowman from an adjacent field and various instruments of husbandry, was engaged in trying to make good the damage.

Kathleen is always at her best at these times. She promptly requisitioned Miss O'Shea's vehicle, from which she bundled the old lady, and fitted her into the ass-car of Canon Fennell. This worthy couple proceeded to Clonilty, bestirring the ass alternately with the canon's umbrella and Miss O'Shea's parasol. Bride and bridegroom were packed into the "inside," in which they swayed gracefully to their destination after experiencing, however, all the inconvenience of a voyage over the channel.

At Clonilty we massed upon the lawn, ate strawberries, and drank many

healths in champagne, while at a discreet distance the coachman did the same in porter. A suitable speech from the bishop was capped by a few remarks from Horace Flood.

Mr. and Mrs. Platt-Waddington had made arrangements to spend the honeymoon at Tramore, motoring there in easy stages from Clonilty. We had of course to stay to see them start, and we lined the stone steps on each side, craning our necks for a good view. As they came out, they were pelted with rice, blended with tapioca and birdseed, which some one had thoughtfully raided from Canon Fennell's blue slop-pail. Mr. Spong, to whose shoes I have already called attention, had realized on arrival not only that they did not correspond, but also that he was in fact wearing on one foot a shoe that he had intended as a mascot for the departing couple. Earlier in the afternoon he had seated himself on the door-step, and exchanged it for the comrade to the other, which was tied to his bicycle.

He now bounded forward with a beaming smile, and attached the discarded slipper to the tail-lamp of the motor.

This final office having been duly discharged, Horace Flood gave the signal to depart, and the driver started, steering a zigzag course to avoid Miss O'Shea's dog.

As we again approached home the sun was falling over the mountains, and a cap of mist on the summit of Shodore presaged ill for my hay on the morrow. A few "tramp-cocks" marked the scene of my labors of the morning, and a sound of hammering told me that the flat-iron was again doing service in the useful hands of the ingenious Jim Kane.

A Fascinating, but Dying, Language

By FREDERICK O'BRIEN

"I have no special knowledge enabling me to trace these verbal radicals, and am interested more in the humor and oddity of words than in their ancestry."

THE derivation of words is an absorbing pursuit. Enwrapt in it are history and romance, the advance from the primitive, the gradual march of civilization, and besides many a good laugh; for man made merry as he came up, and the chatterings of the missing links are often heard in the chase through the buried centuries for the beginnings of language.

"There is nothing more fascinating than etymologies. To the uninitiated the victim seems to have eaten of 'insane roots that take the reason prisoner'; while the illuminate too often looks upon the stems and flowers of language, the highest achievements of thought and poesy, as mere handles by which to pull up the grim tubers that lie at the base of articulate expression, sacred knobs of speech, sacred to him as the potato to the Irishman." James Russell Lowell had himself eaten of that maddening weed.

I have no special knowledge enabling me to trace these verbal radicals, and am interested more in the humor and oddity of words than in their ancestry.

The erudite philologist may harken back to the Chaldaic or another dead language of Asia or Africa and make ponderous tomes upon his research, but the amateur can dig as he plays only by being actually with a simple, savage people, and finding among them, still active, the base and slight growth of human thought and emotion in speech.

The most alluring tongue in sound and origin is the Maori. It is spoken from Hawaii to New Zealand, and is termed the grand Polynesian language. The people of those two groups of islands, as well as those of the Society, Friendly, Paumotuan, Marquesan, Samoan, Tongan, and some other small archipelagoes, have it as their vernacular, though its variations are so great as to prevent converse except very limitedly between the different islands. The Maori tongue is as full of melancholy as are those passing races. Soon it will be lost to use, like the ancient Greek or the mellifluous idiom of the cultivated Incas. It is decaying so fast now that a few years mark a decided loss of words, and of adherence to any standard. Yet it is the most charming of all present expressions of thought or emotion, and it is a great pity that it perishes. One sighs for a South Seas Sinn Fein to revivify it.

I have lived much with Maori folk and listened for years to their soft and simple, sweet and short words. Their speech is like the rippling of gentle waters, the breezes through the breadfruit-trees.

The Maori has one inflexible rule, that no word shall end in a consonant, that no two consonants shall be together, and that all letters in a word be sounded.

There are only fifteen letters, or sounds, in the pure alphabet, *b*, *c*, *d*, *j*, *h*, *l*, *q*, *s*, *w*, *x*, and *y* being unknown. In some dialects other letters have been introduced in the adaptation of foreign words. They are not, however, properly Polynesian. Words are usually unchangeable, but pronouns and the auxiliary verb "to be," and many adjectives and verbs have a curious doubling quality, like *ino, iino; horo, hohoro, horohoro; haere, hahaere. Ii* in Marquesan means "anger"; *iiii* means "red in the face from anger." The adjective follows the noun, as *moa iti*, "little chicken"; *iti* is the adjective. The subject comes after the verb "to be," expressed or understood, or after the verb that denotes the action of the subject.

The Maoris know no genders except

those for beings by nature male or female, and these they indicate by following words. In Tahitian, *tane* means "man," and *vahine* "woman," or "male" and "female." Thus I was called often O'Brien *tane,* and where the same proper names are applied to men and women, the word *tane* or *vahine* indicates the sex. The sign of a well-known merchant in Papeete, the capital of Tahiti, and the entrepôt of the South Seas, reads, "Tane Meuel," the Tane being the name his proud parents gave him when born to show their delight at his being a boy.

There is much dispute over the origin of the Maori language. The Paumotu tongue seems to contain a Melanesian mixture, the numerals a graft of Sunda-Javanese upon a primitive non-Polynesian stock. Maybe India was the southern Asiatic source of the last migration into the Pacific islands a few centuries before the Christian era. The language is to be classed with the modern European tongues, and especially with English. Scholars cite the reduction of inflection to a minimum, the expression of the grammatical relationship of words by their order in the sentence, the use of auxiliaries and participles, the power of interchanging the significant parts of speech as occasion requires, the indication of the number of nouns by articles or other definitives, cases by prepositions, gender by the addition of the word for male or female, the degree of adjectives by a separate word, and the mood and tense of verbs by a particle.

Did the language, like the Polynesians, come from Indonesia? If so, neither it nor they had aught of Malay source, but were Caucasian and Aryan in derivation. The Marquesan has been weakened by phonetic decay, the *l* and the *r* almost disappearing, and in some places the *k,* too, being hardly ever heard. The familiar word *taro,* the chief food of the Hawaiians, was spelt *kalo,* which the older Hawaiians still call it. "Taboo" is *kapu* in Hawaiian.

As even English spoken in isolated mountain regions, as among the poor whites of the South of the United States, becomes attenuated and broken, so in many of these islands and archipelagoes the Maori language became differentiated by environment, and shriveled by the limitations of its use.

As a nation perishes, so does its language. As its numbers decrease, the vocabulary of the survivors shrinks. It does not merely cease to grow; it lessens. Speech fattens with usage. The largest number of words in any language are found in that language which most people speak. The most enterprising race spreads its language farthest by religion, commerce, and conquest. All these Polynesian tongues are dying with the people. Corrupted first by the admixture of European words, their glossaries written by men unborn to the land, the racial interests that fed them killed by the destruction of customs and ambitions, these languages are moribund, and as unlike those spoken before the white came as are the bison and the family cow.

Bovis said seventy years ago that only a few Tahitians understood and spoke pure Tahitian. No one does now. Yet obsolescent and garbled as are these spiritual victims of pale-face domination, the South Sea folk cling to them affectionately. I attended the first sessions of the Hawaiian legislature under American territorial government. All proceedings were in both English and Hawaiian, many of the legislators not understanding English after eighty years of intimate relations with England and America. They, like the other Maoris, have not learned other tongues, but have let their own lapse into a bastard patois.

The Hawaiian is akin to the Marquesan. The variations consist in not using words in one dialect in use in another, in the sense attached to the same words, in the changing of vowels and of consonants in the same words, and also by the replacement of consonants by a click of the tongue. Almost all dialects have these unuttered consonants, expressed by the guttural accentuation of the vowel following. I am learning the Marquesan in the "man-eating isle of Hiva-Oa," as Stevenson calls my present beloved home, which lies in the middle of the southern Pacific, two thousand miles between it and my former residence in Hawaii. Here I have pursued my casual study with laughing natives as instructors,

with the highest authorities, the missionaries, for final reference.

I must know French to approach Marquesan, because these islands are French for eighty years, and I know of no practical grammar except that of Monseigneur Dordillon, written in 1857, and of no procurable dictionary but his. Both are in French.

A tragedy originating in petty discipline or episcopal jealousy saddened the last days of the writer, Bishop Dordillon. He had created out of the mouths of his neophytes the written Marquesan tongue, and he made his dictionary his life work. They would not let him publish it. Ecclesiastical authorities, presumably of Chile, for all Catholic missionaries here were under that see in early days, forbade it. After forty years of labor upon the book, he was allowed to put it in print, but not to affix his name as author. Against this prohibition the sturdy prelate set his face.

"Not for himself," said the vicar, Père David, to me, "but for the church and our order, he would not be robbed of the honor. He died very old, and confided his manuscript to a fellow priest. For fifty years each missionary to these islands copied it for his personal use. Ten thousand nights have thus passed because of the jealousy of some prelate in Valparaiso or in Paris. Pierre Chaulet, of our order, the Sacrè Cœur, revised the book after forty-five years' residence here."

There is no available Tahitian-English lexicon. The London Missionary Society published one before the French seized Tahiti in the forties. It is out of print, and as obsolete as to present-day Tahitian as Dr. Johnson's once famous tome is as to English. The only copies I know of are those in the hands of the Mormon, Josephite, and other English missionaries in Tahiti, and in the libraries of collectors. It cannot be bought in Tahiti. Monseigneur Tepano Jaussen wrote one in French. I have it, dated at Paris, 1898; but so fast is the Tahitian tongue degrading into a bloodless, wretched jumble that it, too, is almost archaic.

"A Vocabulary of the Nukahiwa Language; including a Nukahiwa-English Vocabulary and an English-Nukahiwa Vocabulary" was printed in Boston in 1848. No living Marquesan would understand much of it, as there have been such radical change and degeneracy in the dialect in the seventy years since it was written, and few Nuka-Hivans survive.

The variations between the dialects in the different groups are great, and even in the same group, or on the same island, meanings are not the same. In the Marquesas, the northwestern islands have a distinct dialect from the southeastern. Valleys close together have different words for the same object. These changes consist of dropping or substituting consonants, but to the beginner they are baffling. Naturally, the letters, as written, have the Latin value. Thus, Tahiatini is pronounced Tah-heea-teenee, and Puhei, Pu-hay-ee.

The cardinal numbers are sometimes tiresome. For instance, "thirty-one" is *E tahi tekau me te onohuu me te mea ke e tahi.* I once remarked to a Marquesan chief that his people said many words to mean a trifle and took a long time to eat their food.

"What else have we to do?" he asked me.

Strangely, the larger numbers are shorter. "Twenty thousand" is *tini.*

Should I wish to say once, meaning at one time, I say, *mamua mamua mamua;* more anciently, *kakiu kakiu kakiu kakiu;* "a very long time ago, *tini tini tini tini;* "quite a long time ago," *tini hahaa tini hahaa tini hahaa tini hahaa;* but "always" is *anatu* and "soon," *epo.* This last word is a custom as well as a word, for it is like the Spanish *mañana* and the Hawaiian *mahope,* the Tahitian *ariana,* or our own dilatory "by and by."

The Marquesan language is sonorous, beautiful, and picturesque, lending itself to oratory, of which the Polynesians are past masters. Without a written tongue until the last century, they perfected themselves in speaking. It is a treat to hear a Tahitian, a Hawaiian, a Samoan, or a Marquesan, in the full flood of address, recalling the days of old and the glories departed, or a preacher telling the love of God or the tortures reserved for the damned.

They are graceful and extremely witty. They keep their audience laughing for minutes or move them quickly to tears. Their fault is that shared by most European and American orators, long-windedness. The Marquesans have many onomatopes, or words imitating natural sounds, and they are most pleasing and expressive. The written words hardly convey the close relation they bear to the reality when spoken. The *kivi*, a bird, says *"Kivi! kivi! kivi!"* The cock says *"Kokoao! ua tani te moa! Kokoao!"* The god that entered the spirit of the priestess made a noise in doing so that was like this: *A u u u u u u u u u a! A u u u u u u a!*

When the pig eats, the sound he makes is thus: *Afu! afu! afu! afu! afu! afu! afu! apu! apu! apu! apu! apu! apu! apu!* In repeating these sounds the native abates no jot of the whole. The pig's *afus* are just so many, no more, no fewer.

When the cocoanut falls to the ground the sound is *Tu!* The drinker who takes a long draft makes the noise, *Aku! aku! aku! aku! aku! aku!*

It is notable that in English the names for edible animals when alive are usually the foundational Saxon, but when dead and ready for food they are Norman. Ox, steer, bull, and cow are Saxon. Beef and viand are Norman. Calf is Saxon, but veal is Norman; sheep is Saxon, mutton Norman. Probably the caretaker of these animals, the Saxon villein who tended them, made his names for them stick in the composite language, while the sitters at table, the Normans and those who aped their tongue, applied the names of the prepared meat as they plied their knives. Pig and hog, the latter meaning a gelded pig, are English, but pork is Norman.

So in the study of Marquesan one finds that the common objects have older names than those less usual. The missionaries had a hard time suiting a word to the devil. With their vision of him, horns, hoof, and tail, they had to be content with *kuhane anera maaa. Kuhane* means soul or spirit, *anera* means heavenly spirit, and *maaa* means wicked, and also a firebrand or incendiary. So Great Fern, my Presbyterian neighbor, gave me his idea that the devil—Tatana, as Satan is pronounced—was a kind of cross between a man and a wild boar running along with a bunch of lighted candlenuts, setting fire to the houses of the wicked. And the wicked? Morals had nothing to do with their turpitude in his mind, or in the mind of any Polynesian. The wicked are the unkind, the cruel to children or parents, wives who made bad *popoi*, and whites with rum privileges who forget hospitality.

It is not easy to learn well the Marquesan language, but it is not hard to acquire a smattering of the *lingua franca* spoken by natives to whites and whites to natives. The language itself has been so corrupted by this intercourse that few speak it purely.

Amusing are the English words adapted or melted into the native tongue, and it is interesting to trace their derivation. They call any tin or metal box *tipoti* (pronounced "tee-potee"). The first metal receptacles they saw aboard the first ships were the teapots of the sailors, and they took the word as applicable to all pots and boxes of metal. The dictionary says, *"Tipoti —petite boite en fer-blanc."*

Beef is *pifa* (peefa). *Poteto*—pronounced potato—means ship's biscuits or American crackers or cakes. The early whalemen held out their hard tack to the natives and offered to exchange it for potatoes or yams. The natives took it that the biscuits were potatoes, and call them so to-day.

A curious and mixed meaning is that of *fishuka*, which one might think meant a fishhook. It means a safety-pin, and is a sought-for article by the women. The Marquesans had fishhooks always, and a name for them, and so gave the English name to safety-pins, which appear like unto them.

Metau is a fishook, and a pin is *pinè* (pee-nay). There are hundreds of queer and distorted words like these. Bread is *faraoa* (pronounced frowwa), which is flour, with an *r* instead of an *l*, as they have no *l* in their alphabet. In Tahiti, *taofe* is coffee. *K* and *t* and *l* and *r* are interchangeable in many Polynesian languages, and fashion has at times banned one or the other or exchanged

them. Whims or even decrees by the pagan priests have expelled letters and words from their vocabularies, and some have been taboo to certain classes or to all. Papeete was once upon a time Vaiete, which means the same, a basket of water, the site conserving the streams of the hills. Vaiete was smothered under a clerical bull, and forgotten along with other words thought not up to date.

I have heard an aged and educated American woman born in Honolulu call it Honoruru, and Waikiki, Waititi, as she had learned when a girl.

Coffee here is *kahe*, not unlike the Japanese *kohi*.

Area is the same word in Latin and Maori, and virtually in English. It means a space, in all. *Ruma*, a house, is much like room, and *poaka* or *puaka*, a pig, is akin to the Latin *porcus*, and the Spanish *puerco*.

When the missionaries here sought to translate a beloved phrase, "The sacred heart of Jesus," familiar in Catholic liturgy, they were puzzled. The Polynesian believes with some of the Old Testament writers that the seat of sentiment is in the bowels. "My very bowels yearned" is a favorite expression of Oriental authors.

Koekoe is the Marquesan word for entrails. It means also intelligence, character, and conscience. A man of good heart is in Marquesan a man of good bowels. The good fathers were sore put to it to write their invocation to the "bleeding heart of the Savior," and one finds a warning in Bishop Dordillon's dictionary: *"Les Canaques mettent dans les entrailles [koekoe] les sentiments que nous mettons dans le cœur [houpo]. Quelquefois il convient de traduire ad sensum pluto que ad verbum et vice versa; Le cœur de Jesus—te houpo a Ietu."* Extreme unction, the sacrament, is *eteremaotio*.

What more picturesque record of the introduction of cattle into Samoa than "bullamacow"? It is the generic name in those islands for fresh beef, canned beef, and virtually all kinds of canned meats. A child could trace it to the male and female bovine ruminants first put ashore there, and nominated by the whites "bull and a cow."

The good Bishop Dordillon notes that a cook is *enata tunu kai*, but that the common word is *kuki*, and for kitchen *fae kuki*. That *kuki* is our own cook, as the Marquesans heard the sailors call him—cooky. *Fae* is house.

A pipe is *paifa* (pyfa) and tobacco, *pakè* (pahkay), rough pronunciations of the English words.

The Tahitian was the first Polynesian dialect reduced to writing, and the English missionaries who undertook this monumental task made errors, unavoidably, due to their not being philologists—errors perpetuated and incorporated in the language as finally written. This Tahitian dictionary and grammar formed the basis of similar books in the Hawaiian and other dialects. What store of ancient tongues the missionaries had, they put into linguafacturing religious words for the Tahitians, but the daily usage of common English words fixed certain ideas in the minds of the islanders for all time.

Oli mani, a corruption of old man, is used for anything old; hence a blunt, broken knife or a ragged pair of trousers is *oli mani*.

A clergyman is *mitinane*, pronounced mitt-in-ah-ny, an effort at missionary. In Tahiti the word is *mitinare* or *mikonare*, and is one of ribald humor. It is also a bitter reproach.

All through Polynesia the generic name among foreigners for a native is *kanaka*, which is the Hawaiian word for man, or the human race. In Marquesan, man is *kenana* or *enata* or *enana*, and woman *vehine*. The Tahitians and Hawaiians say *taata* or *tane* for man, and *vahine* or *wahine* for woman. The French word for *kanaka* is *canaque*. This word is opprobrious or not, according to the degree of civilization. The Marquesans often call themselves *canaques*, as a negro calls himself a negro; but I have seen a Tahitian of mixed blood weep bitterly when termed a *kanaka*. Perhaps it is as in the southern part of the United States, where the colored people refer to one another commonly as niggers, but resent the word from a white.

Pig in Marquesan is *puaa* or *puaka*.

Piggishness in English means greediness, but *cochonnerie*, the French verbal

equivalent, means filth or obscenity, and in Marquesan has its counterpart in *haa puaa,* to be indecent; *hee haa puaa,* to go naked, and *kaukau haa puaa,* to bathe naked, words doubtless originating under missionary tutelage, as when the Catholic priests were all powerful they made laws forbidding nudity in public. In fact, a noted English writer who spent some time here was arrested and fined for sleeping upon his veranda one hot noon in the garb of Adam before the apple episode. The Catholic missionaries here never bathe in the rivers or sea, and have no bath arrangements in their house. Godliness has no relation to cleanliness. Celibate man the world over has the odor of sanctity.

Shark is *mako,* and, curiously, *tumu mako* is a gross eater, or "pig" in our adopted sense, while *vehine mako* is a prostitute. *E haa mako* is to deliver over to prostitution. Probably this last phrase has been coined by the clergy for lack of a more apposite one.

As with the American Indians, the Polynesians learned English and other European tongues through religion. The discoverers, who were officials, traders, or adventurers, gained a smattering of the native language, but hardly ever had the perseverence, if the education, to gather a thorough knowledge. Almost all the dictionaries and grammars were written by clerics. The prime reason for the latter's endeavors was to translate the sacred scriptures into their neophytes' language and to be able to preach to them. The Bible has been the first book of all outlandish living languages reduced to writing for hundreds of years.

Consequently, its diction, its mode of speech, and its thoughts have molded the island tongues. Words lacking to translate biblical ideas had to be invented, and the missionaries became the inventors. Some with Hebrew and Greek and Latin at their service used bits of them to create new words, and others drew on their imaginations, as do infants in naming people and things about them. In writing their dictionaries, they limited the European vocabulary to necessary, nice, or religious words, and the vernacular to all they could find, with a strict omission of those conveying immodest ideas. As the Polynesians had no morals from the Christian point of view, a great number of their commonest words were lost. Perhaps Karl von den Steinen, the German philologist, who spent a considerable time upon the island of Fatu-Hiva sixteen years ago, and who has been writing here from Germany ever since for more light, may give us a complete dictionary of the Marquesan.

The Bible was done into Marquesan in the forties by English Protestants, and the old Hawaiian missionaries in the Marquesas made much of it in their teachings. It is not popular in French, and only few copies survive. The Catholics do not recommend it to the laity. Protestantism is apathetic; yet I have seen a leper alone on his *paepae* deep in the Scriptures, and when I asked him if he got comfort from them, I was answered, "They are strong words for a weak man, and better than pig."

The same corruptions that have destroyed the original purity of the Hawaiian and Tahitian tongues have marred that of these islands. The French officials have hardly ever remained long enough to encompass the language here, and seldom have they been of the scholarly type.

Rulers over colonies make feeble effort to speak well their subjects' tongues. Perhaps two of the dozen governors, military and civil, the Philippines have had under American ownership could talk Spanish fairly well. They knew the governed through interpreters, and therefore knew nothing really of them. As our boys laugh at foreigners' ignorance, so do the foreign colonists laugh at ours. I saw a famous American governor stand aghast when, asking his Filipino host, as he thought, for "a night lamp then and there," the astounded *presidente* of a village brought before the assembled company a something never paraded in polite society.

The missionary dictionaries of the Polynesian dialects, preserving only a very limited number of the words once existing, and hardly any of the light and shade, the idioms and picture phrases, of these close observers of nature, remind one of Shakespere's criticism,

"They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps."

The English missionaries put the Tahitian sounds into English letters, but when their day was done in Tahiti, and the French came to power because of French Catholic missionaries being expelled from Tahiti at the instigation of Protestant clerics, the poor Tahitians had to unlearn their English and take up French. The schools teach that only, and the children of English parents in Tahiti speak their mother tongue with a Gallic accent.

In the Marquesas there never was an English dictionary circulated that I know of, so the natives' first European language was French as far back as books and schools were concerned; but the commerce has been mostly in English, the whalers and the traders talk English, and all Polynesia is stamped by the heel of the Saxon.

A German army officer who traveled with me lamented that in German Samoa the language used is English when not Samoan, even the German officials being forced to use it.

On the schooners all commands are in English, though the captains are French and the crews Tahitian, whose English is confined to these words alone. At the German traders' in Taha-Uku the accounts are in English, though none there is English or American. It is the effect of the long dominance of the English on the sea and in commerce.

A chief difficulty of the makers of the written Polynesian languages was the adjectives. Primitive peoples have not the wealth of these that civilized nations possess, and fine shadings here are often expressed by intonation, grimace, or gesture.

The words first made use of by men had in their minds a much more extensive signification than those employed in languages of standing. Considering how ignorant they were of speech in its constituent parts, they first gave every word the meaning of an entire proposition. When afterward they began to perceive the difference between the subject and attribute, and between verb and noun, a distinction which required no mean effort of genius, the substantives were for a time only so many proper names, and the infinitive was the only tense.

Rousseau says that, as to adjectives, great difficulty must have attended the development of the idea that they represent. Every adjective is an abstract word, and abstraction is an unnatural and very painful operation.

In these sad Marquesas islands, where the people are only a remnant of the hosts once populating the valleys, only a thousand or two remain. Where ten thousand shook their spears in one island, perhaps a score are now. Their beautiful language is almost gone. No white speaks it well; no cultivated aborigine survives.

I witness daily the fast decay of a once superb race and their bewitching and once rich expression of mental and even spiritual forces.

The Malay Girl

By ELLEN N. LA MOTTE

Illustration by Ernest Fuhr

A story of how one man of the West was to learn that one may easily fall in with the ways of the East, but may not depart from them so readily.

CARLISLE was successful; he had about arrived. Therefore he made a change in his way of living, although this change came about gradually, having fitted in with his advance step by step. When he placed himself finally, where he wished to be, in conventional surroundings, he greatly missed his old life; but he realized that excessive Bohemianism is the expression of youth or of failure, and being neither young nor a failure, he remodeled his environment. He gave up his old lodgings and moved into a fine, handsome bungalow that stood well back from the road in spacious grounds, and here he lived in considerable luxury, with plenty of native servants to take care of him. He was dining at the legation now from time to time,—his own and some of the others,—and when one has reached that point, one has admittedly arrived. True, he missed his old manner of living, the free and easy society of the cafés along the quays, quite wholly disreputable, but all the same amusing. One met odd types, the beach-combings of the seven seas, and they had no end of amusing tales to relate; he found they did better on rum and orange-juice, a mixture stimulating, yet at the same time cooling. But, alas! coming fresh from legation tables, he was no longer in a position to sit about marble-topped tables with the riffraff of the China coast as companions. He had to choose now, as befitted a rich man, and he chose unhesitatingly.

The evenings in his bungalow he often found rather dull, for many evenings he was obliged to spend at home. Of course his library contained many books, which he got out from Singapore and down from Shanghai, and he read them and talked of them and loaned them, and was generally known to have a good taste in the very newest books. All the same, many evenings were dull, passed alone, though sometimes he gave dinners, of course. But the European society in the city was extremely limited. He had many friends, and he saw a great deal of them, but they brought him nothing new, nor he them, which is the trouble with these outposts at the edge of the world. One sees too much of the few people there are. But being philosophic, he realized that one might as well be bored by old friends as by new ones, boring being inevitable.

As a rich man, in a fine, commodious bungalow, he found himself the object of attentions that were irritating. Native girls were constantly being offered to him, often in the nicest manner, one or two having been sent over quite courteously from the royal harem. It was difficult to refuse these official courtesies without giving offense, the offers were so well meant, the expression of the highest esteem, and he often found himself in a quandary as to how, without being misunderstood, to temper his refusals with politeness. Of course all unmarried men in his position had to contend with the same thing, and some refused, but often gave great offense. Others accepted and had it over with. And besides these official offers, there were offers of a more mercenary character. Old men would come who wished to sell their daughters, or place them, at all events, in a nice, comfortable home. But this is the custom of the country in that part of the world situated between the equator and a few degrees north.

It went on equally in latitudes below

the equator. He had heard tales of what went on in, let us say, Batavia. It was quite notorious in Batavia; dangerous, too. Malay women were all very pleasant while it lasted, but very disagreeable when it came to an end. These Malay women had revengeful spirits and could not bear to be dropped. They had curious, quaint customs with poisons, poisoning their white men when their white men showed signs of getting rid of them. Oh, not fatal poisonings, nothing half so crude; but they were very effective, and one saw in the streets of Batavia many examples of this primitive method of reckoning. Dutchmen, horribly limping, dreadfully lame, going about slowly, laboriously, handicapped for life by the administration of some subtle potion obtained from a native magician. Blind, too, some of them were.

These strange, mysterious poisons took odd forms and manifestations, but all very painful and disagreeable. Of course, here in Carlisle's part of the world, there were few Malay women. But from having heard these tales, although he had heard many pleasant ones as well, Carlisle was fearful and exceedingly prudent. No complicating ménage such as these for him, with possibilities of all kinds to be feared.

However, in the end Carlisle succumbed, as many another man has done before him—succumbed with his eyes open, so to speak, not wanting to in the least, being quite comfortable as he was. But she was brought to him at the end of a long evening spent alone,—he had been spending many such lately,—and in the light of a lantern and in the light of the moon, she having been brought quite suddenly up to his very veranda, he had a curious turnover in sentiment, and straightway concluded a bargain with her guardian which was highly satisfactory to every one concerned.

"This will end it," said Carlisle to himself, leading the girl within doors. "The news of this will soon be about the bazaars, and now in the future I shall have peace."

In this he was right. In an incredibly short time the news got about the bazaars, and thereafter he was no more bothered. But he had acquired what he had not bargained for, did not even know he possessed, a Malay girl. Next morning at daybreak, could he have seen it, he would have known quite well that the long pirogue paddling rapidly down the long, palm-banked reaches of the Menam was a Malay pirogue, and that the native rowers, together with the old man at the stern who had disposed of his girl, were all Malays. However, as he did not know that, he remained satisfied with his bargain.

He called the girl Maya. That was not her name, but a fanciful one which amused him. In the evenings, when he was reading, she sat cross-legged on the mat at his feet, busy with her betel-nut outfit, deftly rolling herself little concoctions of sirrah-leaves and pink lime, all taken from a beautiful set of silver boxes that he had purchased one day in the pawnshops. Her own betel-nut things that she had brought with her were not half so good, being cheap and ordinary, so she had been delighted with his present.

It was in constant use. True, he did not care particularly about this indulgence, finding it at times rather nasty, and certainly it had a bad effect on the teeth. But, on the whole, the girl was agreeable, being tractable and docile, and mostly she twanged away innocently on a quaint musical instrument she had, giving forth minor notes of a wailing character into the warm, close air. All in all, he was rather pleased with the situation. By day he was busy at his office, and on many nights he dined out, and on the nights he had parties Maya kept discreetly out of the way in the background.

He would have been rather distressed, however, could he have seen the girl during his absences steal out from the compound and go to the big bazaar. He would have been dismayed at the interviews which took place from time to time during these excursions—interviews with an old witch woman, a crouching hag, who would whisper long admonishments and ask numerous questions, and would finally take from Maya a little package, and give in exchange a new, fresh one. So far all was seemingly going well, but one never knew, explained the witch doctor. In these

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"That!" she cried. "That! You!"

warm climates things did not keep well, lost their power and efficiency; therefore it was always best to be prepared. One never knew. Thus about once a month or so Maya would slip away from the observation of the many servants of her master's house, and would spend good, comfortable hours in long interviews with the old woman who watched over her welfare, and would return refreshed and satisfied from having exchanged speech with one of her own people. Having also, as we have said, exchanged, more than speech; for in the folds of her dress would be concealed a new, fresh packet, having the potency of newly compounded herbs.

So things drifted along for many months very happily, until one day the thing which was bound to happen, happened. Carlisle fell in love, very properly and decently and wholly in love with a woman somewhat under his own age, quite of his kind. At first he did not understand what was happening, why everything was so changed. He found extraordinary beauties all about him. The sluggish *klongs*, or canals, which wound their way through the city in all directions, were suddenly full of romance. Heretofore, seen in cold daylight, they had always appeared to him to be mere drainage canals, rather disgusting. He had seen the natives bathing in them, and the women washing clothes in them—washing unconcernedly, with a dead dog floating a few feet off. Now the *klongs* were of a beauty rare and indescribable—by night. He suddenly discovered that they meandered down into the river, far up into the jungle, and that on moonlight nights, with a proper mosquito net, it was possible to paddle along their silent courses and drift into the deep, strange silences of the forest and forget the world. She came with him, of course, on these excursions. Also the temple courtyards had a beauty all their own. He had thought them weed-grown and slovenly, but they were not, it seemed. She taught him many things about the city, things he had never dreamed of, enlarging his horizon, awakening a latent appreciation of beauty, enriching, in other words, his life.

Finally, one day, he knew that it was no esthetic sense she had awakened, but another. The realization filled him with turmoil, because of Maya singing in his compound. She would have to be told of Maya. She would most certainly be told of Maya if he did not tell her himself, for by this time the presence of Maya in his household was no secret, much as he had tried to keep it so. Now he realized bitterly that this woman of his own race was not the kind to understand Maya and forgive him.

Then one day, quite suddenly, she told him she was going home to be married; at least she thought so. Her feelings toward the man at home had undergone some change. She could not be sure until she saw him again. At this she looked at Carlisle long and silently.

It was of course a shock. Almost instantly he thought, "I do not have to tell her about Maya." After which, almost at once, he thought it would be dishonorable to speak of his own feelings. If she was returning to marry this man, if she still cared for him, he must let her go. Therefore he was silent. So the two of them drifted along in the sampan, keeping silent, but from time to time their eyes met in long, questioning glances. Each was thinking deeply. Over and over to himself Carlisle thought, if she loves this man, I must not interfere. It is not honorable. She must go back to him and see. Perhaps, then—

The days left to them grew fewer and fewer, and the time of her departure grew very near. To Carlisle they were days of agony. He could not tell what to do. He wanted to say he loved her, but was afraid. It would not be decent. There was the other man—and there was Maya. Could he have been sure about Maya, how she would take it, he might possibly have overlooked the other man; but being what he was, with Maya in the background of his life, Carlisle kept thinking to himself that it was not quite fair—not fair to the other man. If he could only have been sure how she would take Maya—

So now between them fell long silences, and they talked of her departure, and Carlisle knew that when she went, his life would end. Everything would

go out of it. At times he felt that he must let her go without knowing of Maya, for if she knew, she would despise him. He could not put her to the test. He would rather remember her as beautiful and gracious and kind; he could not bear to think of her as hard, ungenerous, and narrow—when it came to knowing of Maya. He was obliged to lose her, either way. So he would not speak. Only he tormented himself because he could never quite decide whether he was refusing to speak through fear of Maya or through his sense of decency toward the other man.

At last, the day before she left, he compromised.

"Will you come back," he said, "if—"

"To what? For what?" she asked him. And again there was silence between them.

"You must be sure, first—quite, quite sure—" He tried to explain, and gathered courage as he went on.

"And then what, my friend?" she asked him.

"Then you must tell me one way or the other. Don't you see? It is all I can say to you now. You must be sure first. You are n't now, at this moment. It 's the East—the tropics; it does that to one."

"Are n't you sure?" she asked, meeting his gaze steadily.

"Yes," he replied; "absolutely. But you must be—first."

In the darkness their hands met and held close. He wanted to tell her everything, all about it and his trouble, but something cautioned him to wait. It would be better if she went away. Afterward, if she was sure, it would be all right. If she came back to him again, quite certain that he was the only one, it would surely be all right. So their hands held close together in the darkness, neither speaking. Perhaps it was more honest. Who can tell?

Carlisle came down to the quay next morning to see her off, and as the tender made its way down the sluggish river to where the ship lay waiting at the bar, he realized the full agony of parting.

"God!" he cried, "why did I let her go like this, without saying all that it means! I am a coward, and she thinks I 'm merely honorable!"

That night in his library he sat long by his reading-lamp, pouring his heart out in a letter. It was a long letter, and in it he told her all—all the love that was in him for her, all the agony of letting her go like that without a word. Perhaps she had understood; he felt as if she must have understood. And she would come back to him again if she really cared, if it was all right. She must choose; she must be free to choose, and he had left her free. Purposely he had left her free. This letter would follow on the next mail-boat, and by the time it reached her, she would have come to her decision. Only, even if too late, she must know now how he felt, how he had always felt. It was a long, passionate letter, and it told her everything—except of Maya. That, too, would come right, he reasoned, if she really cared. And she could only be sure of her decision by having gone back to see the other man.

Maya watched him as he wrote his letter, sitting in her corner, busy with her sirrah-boxes and her mixtures. She had known of this affair all along, of the moonlight on the *klongs* and all. But they had always told her it would not amount to much, as the lady was leaving soon. Gossip of the bazaars knew all his movements. The rickshaw-runners knew, and told, where they had taken the master evening after evening, and in the afternoons as well. So Maya was kept constantly informed, and waited. Now it was all right again, the danger past. From time to time, however, during these weeks of suspense and fear she had made many visits to the bazaar, making certain exchanges of packets with the wise witch woman, who, while arming her, had counseled patience. And Maya had been patient; above all things extraordinarily patient and forbearing. Seeing him now bending over his letter, she was satisfied.

As the days passed, he went about listlessly. It would take many weeks before the answer came, and during these long, weary weeks he told himself repeatedly that he had been a fool to let her go without a word. If she had cared, it would all have come right even then. When sufficient time had elapsed for him to have his answer, and no

answer came, there was a sense of loss. But surely she would write; sooner or later a letter must come for him. He grew restless and nervous, and watched for the mails incessantly, looking up the ships' arrrivals, and allowing for all possible delays.

Then one evening as he sat on the veranda, numbed by the suffering, without feeling very much either way, there came sounds of runners on the gravel, the bare feet of coolies padding up the graveled walk. Some one alighted from a rickshaw, hurrying up the steps, and he sprang up in time to greet her.

"Oh, my dear! my dear! I 've come back to you again!"

Breathlessly she told him all, sobbing in his arms, how she could not write, could only hasten back to him again. Then she drew away from his embrace, startled by an odd spitting sound. She turned her head. In a corner, very much at home, crouched a brown girl attired in a bright sarong. She was raising a big silver box and gently spitting something red into it. She seemed absorbed in her occupation of spitting softly into a big silver bowl.

Sharply the woman drew back, breaking fiercely from his arms.

"That!" she cried. "That! You!"

"Listen!" he cried, "O my beloved, listen!" But she broke from him and ran down the veranda-steps to the rickshaw, where the coolies stood wiping their heads and panting. "Wait!" he begged. "You must hear me! Wait! Oh, my darling—"

But she did not wait, and the coolies ran swiftly down the gravel, and he beside the rickshaw, begging her desperately to wait. But she would not wait, and urged the runners forward, and he, panting beside her in the darkness, called on her to stop. Soon it was over. He dropped behind, exhausted, angry, broken-hearted.

Slowly he entered the bungalow again, the world all changed in a moment.

"Maya!" he shouted. He would kill that girl; so he shouted angrily for Maya, who came and stood quietly beside him. Whereupon his anger died. Finally, after a time, he went to the table and got his decanter and a glass. At least he would have that, would become insensible, for the pain was too great to bear. So he poured out a brimming glassful, draining it off, holding the glass out unsteadily to Maya for another.

She looked at him keenly, and fumbled in her dress. He sank down into his long chair, and the potent brandy surged into his veins, causing him some relief, so that he did not too greatly care. Maya regarded him steadily. With the next glassful he would feel something new. He would have a new feeling, a curious sensation, something which would hold him in his chair, so that he could not again reach out his arm to her to fill his glass. He would try to put out his hand, and it would not go. Neither would his legs go out, though he tried. He would always be like that. Maya fumbled in her dress for the packet, and, opening it, looked curiously at the white, evil powder. It was the gift of her people for such occasions as this. Soon he would be quite helpless, sitting fuddled in his chair all his days. So Maya continued to regard him curiously, seeing what he would become in time.

Then of a sudden she realized that he had become something without her magic; that her revenge would be as nothing to this thing which had befallen him already. Therefore she placed the package back in her dress, now quite satisfied. She reasoned in her primitive way that the thing which had befallen him was for the time being sufficient.

The Ways of the Kasbah

By CHARLES DIVINE

"This native remnant of the old city of Algiers has been left untouched and odorous, labyrinthine and picturesque. The Kasbah is still the Kasbah, though the dey no longer rules in his palace."

BEHIND you the noisy streets lead to Europe and the twentieth century; before you the dim alleys mount into Araby and the thousand and one nights. But do not go there after sundown; there are daggers in the shadows, and they still cut throats in the Kasbah.

This native remnant of the old city of Algiers has been left untouched and odorous, labyrinthine and picturesque. The Kasbah is still the Kasbah, though the dey no longer rules in his palace; and if the French colonizers of Algeria were to attempt to straighten out the tortuous streets of the Arab quarter now, they would have a rebellion on their hands.

"When are the Americans coming over?" asked more than one Arab.

"What for?"

"To govern us. We don't like the French."

In vain do you point out the wonderful feats the French have accomplished since their conquest of Algeria less than a century ago; the Arab only looks at you sharply and shakes his head. He would do the same if the colonizers had been American, English, or Hottentot, and the better-informed Arabs, those highest in the Mussulman ranks, will at length fall back on the truth and admit that what they want is just one thing, to be left alone.

This the French have done, it seems to a traveler in Algeria to-day, in a fair enough measure, and particularly in the Kasbah, as the native quarter of Algiers is called, although the name applies more strictly to the ancient Turkish fortress that crowned the summit before the Christian conquerors came over from France.

Every day the Arabs are increasing. In Algiers and the Kasbah the population has not only been augmented by births, but also by the influx of people from the hills and plateaus. On account of the war, no census has been taken of the city in ten years, but at the French colonial office they will tell you that to-day Algiers probably has a population of a quarter of a million. In 1911 it was only 172,000.

Moreover, the Arabs have not only become more prolific here, but also richer. They fought for France during the war, and France gave their families a certain number of centimes a head for daily maintenance while the father was in the North fighting. Inasmuch as there were many children in the native

families, and each head was used to being sustained on no centimes a day at all, and the father may have been too enamoured of African sunlight to have worked at anything before the war, the Arab came back from the fields of France and found his family rich.

Perhaps it was necessity that prompted the French to yield in no small measure to the Arab's wish to be left alone, for it is whispered up and down the windowless walls of the Arab city that a French policeman does not dare penetrate there by night.

Even by day it is easy to get lost in the strange entanglement of streets and narrow ways that twist and turn and wind back on themselves, sometimes fleeing into a blind alley to hide, sometimes passing under a somber house, and at other times falling dizzily down the hillside through an obscure tunnel, where the only sound is the almost silent shuffling of sandaled Arab feet.

Heavy wooden doors, brass-studded, swing noiselessly open. Arabs in turbans and gracefully draped burnooses issue into the streets. They are going to the bazaars of their friends to hear the latest news or perhaps to descend the streets to the European part of the city. Carrying their staffs, they gravely stroll across the Place de la République to seek a table at a French café, in front of one of the clumps of palm- and banana-trees.

Again the heavy wooden doors of the Kasbah swing noiselessly open. Arab women slip into the streets. They are going to the baths or to the tree-shaded road that leads to the cemetery. Veiled to the eyelashes in *haicks* as white as snow, they undulate slowly in their *serrouals*, the billowy, baggy trousers of a thousand folds. And the heavy wooden doors, brass-studded, swing noiselessly shut.

There are Arab women who leave the Kasbah to go to other places than the baths or the cemeteries, the two traditional rendezvous where their husbands permit them to gather. Arab women in Algiers have more freedom now than anywhere else in Islam. Many sally forth to shop in the lower city, like European women. There is one young *Mauresque* who comes down from the Kasbah every afternoon to take tea at a fashionable French pastry shop in the Rue Bab-Azoun. There she takes off her veil, safe from the sight of Mohammedan men, and eats of the sweet cakes the Christians make. Then she puts on her veil again, and, shrouded in white mystery, goes home to her hidden door. It is often a beautiful door, with carved arabesques in the stone portal, but it is not Arab handiwork.

Before I met the professor I had been calling everything I saw "Arab"—arches, temples, portals, villas. The professor wrought a change in me.

I call him the professor because he was so learned, although his profession was that of merchant, the representative of a British raincoat firm. His heart, however, was in sciences and languages. He was a Frenchman, grave, gentle, and bearded, and for years he had wandered over Algeria picking strange plants on the wild mountains, sleeping at night in the thatch-roofed huts of the Kabail, and all the time making such a careful study of the tongues of people that some day he will publish a great book. Already he has the pen-scratched manuscripts for a score of them, including a book-length poem in which he exemplifies his discovery that the law of rhythm is the law of breathing. He is too busy selling raincoats now to write his books, but he was never too occupied, over our after-dinner coffee at the Café Alger, to talk of the things he knew.

My first disillusion came in the collapse of Arab art. Other travelers must have come to Algeria believing in it, since innumerable are the books that mislead one into this fallacy. The truth is that there is no Arab art. The Arabs never built. They destroyed. Their religion is the only trace they have left in northern Africa except their thousands of offspring intermarried in the racial mélange of Berbers and negroes that makes up the present native population. The art that flourishes in Algeria is the art of the Moors, a race that came out of the original Berbers. The same Moors reared the Alhambra, "the Splendid," at Granada, Spain.

Even the café where the Arab spends all his days drinking tea is not an Arab café. It is Moorish, and its name is a *café maure.*

The Berbers were always here in Africa. In the time of the Romans was n't northern Africa known as Mauretania? *Voilà!* The Berbers were established in Africa before the dawn of history, and their art and their words persist to-day. The subterranean canals of Figuig and other great oases of the Sahara were their work. To-day thousands of Arabs dwell in Figuig, among the medley of races which the years have intermingled there, but the same canals that the original Berbers built still lead the precious water underground to the gardens, out of the sun's evaporating rays. The name of the canal is *foggara,* a word that came from Touat, and is of Indo-European origin, as are the Berbers.

"Veiled to the eyelashes in *haicks* as white as snow, they undulate slowly in their *serrouals,* the billowy trousers of a thousand folds"

During his wanderings in Algeria the professor, botanist, linguist, and chemist, made his researches among all tribes. It was his lot one night to camp with the Beni Menasser, the fiercest tribe of the country, and one that resisted the French until nearly fifteen years ago. Did harm befall him? Not the slightest. The natives, though possessing no wisdom of their own, respect a student and a sage. The professor, with his bag of plants and rocks slung over his shoulder, and with a grave countenance that never laughed, was sacred. The Mussulmans do not like a man who laughs.

But don't talk to the professor of Arab achievements. They are nonexistent except, yes, there is Arab poetry, just as there is Moorish poetry, for one of the few things a lazy race can do, apparently, is to make songs—love-songs. The Arabs say that Allah gave them seven eighths of the love in the world, and divided the remaining eighth among the other peoples.

The beautiful villas that remain in Algeria are Moorish villas. What does the Arab want of an artistic mansion? Give him your fine house as a gift, and what would he do with it? He would first remove all the doors and burn them, next drive a hook in the façade to hitch his mule to, and then he would abandon the chimney-place inside the house and build his fire in the middle of the room, defiling all the walls with smoke. Your beautiful house would be a wretched hovel in no time.

The professor, being a Frenchman, could assure me that the Algerians are not like the French. They are different in manners, customs, habits, and morals. Even the Arabs remark it and call the people who come from France *"roumi Barisian,"* which means "Parisian Romans." The Arab cannot pronounce the "p." He makes a "b" of it. To him every Christian is a *"roumi,"* or Roman Catholic. He makes nothing of Protestants or Lutherans or Episcopalians or Christian Scientists. Only two worlds exist, his own religion and that of Rome. Hence every foreigner is a *"roumi."*

The French do not like their colony for two simple reasons, said the professor; there are no trees in Algeria, and there is no water. What can a Frenchman love in a bare hill or a dry plain?

No matter at what point you leave the rue Bab-Azoun or the rue Bab-el-Oued, where the trolley-cars of Algiers clang and the Europeans pass, you must begin at once to climb up cobbled steps if you would walk in the ways of the Moors. In places the Kasbah will be slippery from the water that has trickled down from the street fountains, whence children come with water pitchers, and grown-ups with huge metal ewers. Pepper-pods and onions hang in rosaries beside the tiny bazaars. Mosques are hidden in the nest of houses, and *cafés maures* are open to the street, with the guttural gossip of Arab drinkers and the click of dominoes. The jasmine-seller approaches with his garlands of scented flowers, two sous a string, and the perfume leaps ahead of him to give warning of his coming.

You will make your way noisily. Occidental shoes clatter on stones in dark streets where Oriental slippers and bare brown feet leave no echoes.

Only you and the donkeys awake resounding footfalls, the donkeys that mount the steps carrying wide straw baskets for the street-cleaner to fill with the sweepings from his birch broom. But, in the name of Allah, the great, the compassionate, the street-cleaner has no heart in his work.

There is a constant animation in the rue Randon, which, like its continuation, the rue Marengo, is a more modern thoroughfare cut through—disfiguring, if you are a lover of the picturesque—the old Arab quarter. But native traffic has rubbed out the signs of modernity except the clicking of sewing-machines. Wood-carvers bend over benches in their open doorways, workers in embroidered leather sit cross-legged on the floor before their low marble stands.

If you enter one of the stalls and pick up a leather sandal gleaming with gold thread, the Arab will tell you its price is thirty francs. Behind you two Arab maids are talking with a workman. The little *Mauresques* are veiled, for they are married women, despite their twelve years, and their chattering voices are like shady brooks making music. When you tell the embroiderer that his sandals are too expensive, the black eyes of the Arab maids twinkle, and one of them, whose long, soft eyelashes hang over the top of her veil, makes a twittering remark in her native tongue:

"The leather and the labor are dear."

With which comment the maids vanish into the street, laughing. Among the moving crowd that swallows them up are Arab women in various degrees of richness of garb. Some are old and wretched, and their coarse veils of unbleached wool cannot conceal the wrinkles in their foreheads, between their eyes. Others bear marks of tattooing on their brows just above the bridge of the nose. Some go barefooted, others shod and stockinged. These latter often wear a *haick* of a richer quality; the all-enveloping garment has bands of shimmering silk streaking the white cloth. There are others with bright colors among the white folds, either underneath or as part of the head-dress, and not a few are a bundle of colors, and go unveiled. They are of the old tribe of the Kabail, whose women wear no veils, or they are Jewesses or negresses.

A dignified old Arab—the Arabs are always dignified—passes through the thronged rue Randon leading a lamb on a rope. In time the lamb will be slaughtered for feasting, but now he is parading with a cloth collar painted with roses, and his woolly back has been stained with henna. It is the same henna with which the Arab women paint their feet and the Arab children their hands.

Another Arab descends the street, weaving strands of straw into a basket. Others, by the hundreds, are cramming the street from curb to curb, making a market-place of it, holding up old clothes to sell and filling the place with their commercial chatter. Native barber-shops display at the door their peculiar sign-boards—a small tin hat with a notch in the rim. As a matter of fact, it is a miniature wash-basin, replica of the type which the barber will fit under the client's chin to wash his face and save his garments from being soiled.

Instead of the janizaries who strode through the Kasbah in the times of the dey, there are the Zouaves in their

jaunty, baggy trousers. Occasionally a Spahi gallops through the rue Randon, in blue pantaloons, red jacket, and white turban bound with brown cords. In side streets or dark, grimy alleyways are beggars lying on the cobblestones, exercizing the right to live according to their wishes and their fantasies: to be born without being registered by bothersome administrative functionaries, to grow big without being vaccinated, to be naked and poor if they want to, to beg at the gates, to sleep under the stars, and to die without formality. Above them captive nightingales are singing in their cages.

The Orient is a bed of repose, and Oriental ways are easy. There is too much glorious sunlight. The Arab stretches out and begins to dream. He dreams and begins to doze. He dozes and then sleeps. He exists, and ceases to live. It is a voluptuous suicide.

"Narrow ways that twist and turn and wind back upon themselves"

If he has no home, there is always an Arab café, and Arab cafés are always crowded. At their open doorways you will see two burnoose-clad friends meet after a long absence of perhaps half a day, and kiss each other on the forehead. Then they say "How are you?" to each other in the following fashion:

"Peace."

"Peace be with thee."

"What 's your news? Is your strength good? Is everybody at your home all right?"

"Yes; may Allah bless you! May Allah keep you well! What 's your news? Is your strength good? Is everybody at your home all right?"

"Yes; may Allah bless you! May Allah keep you well!"

To see the Kasbah in its most Arab-like picturesqueness one must leave the rue Marengo and the rue Randon and plunge into the little cross-streets that zigzag up the hillside. The rue de la Kasbah, besides being such a street, is probably the longest in the whole quarter. It has something like five hundred steps in it, and it begins at the rue Babel-Oued, where Europe leaves off.

At this corner, beside Notre Dame des Victoires, is a fountain where water-jugs are filled and brown faces washed. Immediately, in dim holes in the wall, begin the Arab shops, cramped, confined bazaars selling a medley of merchandise, oranges and mandarines, pottery and candy, behind all of which the Arab dealer squats and dreams with his eyes full of shadows.

To the Arab the bazaar is not so much a shop for commercial gain as a stall in which he can play the rôle of a spectator of life, where he can sit and watch the populace pass up and down, where he can watch the waiting lines of ewer-carriers at the fountains, where he can hear all the news of the quarter, and where his friends can always come and talk with him over his counter. It is a social institution.

Twisting to the left and then to the right, the rue de la Kasbah mounts into the maze where one may pass by mosques without ever knowing they are there, squeezed in among the windowless houses and low doorways; mysterious masonry, with balconied walls jut-

ting over the street and making of it a vault; houses wherein patios and fluted pillars reveal a momentary glimpse of their cool secrecy through a door just closing behind a veiled woman.

In the rue de la Kasbah you may meet Guelmine Ali. You may have met him before, in France during the war; but at that time all you knew of him was that he was an Arab fighting with the French colonial troops. Now, however, upon discovering that he is here in the street through which you are wandering, and that, moreover, he lives at number 9 rue de las Kasbah, you take more interest in him.

He tells you that he is not an Arab; he is of the Kabail. The Arabs and Kabail wear much the same costume, the *gandoura,* or under garment, which leaves the arms and limbs bare; and the burnoose, or outer drapery of wool. The Kabail were conquered by the Arabs when the latter swept over Africa, and were driven into the mountains. They still cling to their mountain homes, from which they descend willingly enough to engage in money-making, for they are industrious, and not as the Arabs are.

Guelmine Ali knows the Kasban like a book. He knows its secret pages, and he will show them to you. Look! See that square, whitewashed house without a window; see the *moucharabi,* the grill of sculptured wood which guards a tiny opening in the wall. Look closely, Christian, and you will see the lustrous eyes of a Mohammedan woman peering through the grill. Behind the grill she is jealously guarded by her husband, and she can look out without being seen.

You climb into street intersections teeming with Arabs and the hot odor of the East. Alongside a bazaar of silken robes, spices, and red pepper-pods in a string like a rosary, is a mandolin-player on a stool. At his elbow is the alcove of a blacksmith, with the forge blazing far back in a dusty corner; here are shoemakers and carpenters, and a street of steps, steps, always steps.

At number 33 the rue du Diable peers into the rue de la Kasbah from under a vault of propped-up balconies. It is not a straight and narrow path, the Street of the Devil. It darts back, turns suddenly, and slips out again into the rue de la Kasbah at a higher level. A drowsy-eyed merchant presides over a bazaar of acorns and pimentos.

And here, in a niche at the right, lurks the rue Barbarousse, a street of painted lintels and painted *mauresques.* Named after the famous Barbary pirate who ruled the Mediterranean in the sixteenth century, the rue Barbarousse strikes the wanderer's attention with startling abruptness. Flaunting gaiety is here. No longer the somber, closed doors, and silent, whitewashed walls.

In contrast to the dark cobblestones, a flight of lovely tinted steps leads to a doorway flooded with a wash of sapphire paint, like a surge of summer waves. A slim figure mounts the stairway. The painted doorway is significant. It means that inside are found the women who sell their love.

From this house the rue Barbarousse makes a sudden lurch to the right. In its rambling continuation, and in its sister street, called the rue Katarouggil, are more lintels in hues of light blue, pink, and gold. All of the inhabitants are not indoors. Many of them are lolling at their portals, displaying a gaudier luxury of color than even their door-steps.

Filets of gay cloth bind their brows, or fantastic marks of tattooing show on foreheads between eyes blackened with kohl. Blouses of lace hang about careless shoulders, vivid *foutas* girdle garments at the waist, *serrouals* cling to lithe limbs, bracelets of gold dangle on proud arms, and silver anklets clink above naked saffron feet, stained with henna. Faces are unveiled and thick with powder; cheeks marked with a splotch of crimson paint. A chin has a beauty-spot of gilt paper, and lips are rouged beyond redemption.

Guelmine Ali appears to be well known in this street, so much at home that he pushes away those who would impede our progress, and others, whom he does not brush aside, come up to him with kisses and embraces. All except a few whom Guelmine Ali holds in a spell flee at the sight of a camera. They vanish through doorways and throw themselves on low divans in the dark patios within. The street is suddenly deserted.

There is one who lingers, tauntingly regarding the camera. A band of sunlight, half as narrow as the narrow street, somehow slips in from the East and falls on the gay Mauresque at her door-step. Back of her a proper Mauresque, in veiled whiteness, glides up the street into the shadows.

At the end of the street two painted doorways have the additional decoration of French signs: *"Aux Trois Etoiles"* and *"Au Soleil."*" The "three stars" of the first one may twinkle by night, but how the "sunshine" can ever find a permanent home in this tortuous lane is a problem Moorish architects deliberately set out to thwart many centuries ago.

It is here that you descend all of a sudden into an open space. It is like a breath of pure air after the fetid cañon through which you have circled. The terrace overlooks the blue Mediterranean and the roofs of the lower town, gleaming in the sunlight.

Below you, beyond the roadway reached by a long flight of stone steps, rise the crenelated walls and white domes of the beautiful Medersa. It looks like a mosque, but it is an Arab school. Next to it, in a garden behind the wall, is the mosque of Sidi-Abd-er-Rahmane-et-Tsalibi, a Marabout who died in 1468. The native priest has been held in such esteem by the Arabs of Algiers that he might well be called their patron. Outside the walls of the mosque, which was built in 1696 to replace the older edifice, the sidewalk is lined with beggars and ragged sunbathers. If an Arab can earn no sous by begging, he can always get the sunshine for nothing.

Along the terrace on which you are standing several idlers suddenly lean over the railing and look down. There is a commotion below in the rue Marengo. A funeral cortège comes into view. A group of Mussulmans, going afoot, are carrying the coffin on their shoulders. Like all pall-bearers at a Mohammedan funeral, they are in a hurry to get the corpse to the grave. Over the coffin a mantle of red and gold has been thrown.

"Look!" bids Guelmine Ali, pointing to the coffin as it mounts the steps toward you. "It is the body of Larabi Youssef ben Belkacem. He was a *premier bandit,* who killed maybe a hundred men in these streets. He was stabbed last night in the rue de la Kasbah. You must never come here at night. *Krick!"* Guelmine Ali made the gesture and sound of a throat cut swiftly.

Then he hastily led the way back up the rue Katarouggil, where a strange sight was to be seen. The street was no longer deserted. All of the Arab courtezans issued from their gay doorsteps until the narrow way was jammed with them. They huddled together, watching the body of Larabi Youssef ben Belkacem being borne on the shoulders of his friends to this street, where he was well known.

Suddenly there was a shrill cry. One of the courtezans screamed and fled into her house. Behind her drifted the echo of a wail.

She was the beloved of the dead Arab, and his body was now being brought to her house, for her to wash the hands and the feet, to bathe her dead lover, and to dress him in the garments of the grave. After which Larabi Youssef ben Belkacem would again be placed in the wooden box, and the coffin borne farther up the hill to the Mussulman cemetery of El-Kettar.

If you go back to the rue de la Kasbah, where you left it to enter the rue Barbarousse and later the rue Katarourggill, you find it mounting still higher and higher as its stone steps wind toward the summit of the Arab quarter. On the left a Lilliputian street ducks headlong down the hill, far down into a steep passageway where darkness and filth accumulate. Overhead, however, are the sunlight and the sky, glimpsed through the narrow aperture between overhanging walls and barred windows. It is the rue du Regard, this almost vertical street. It is fittingly named, with its momentary revelation of the harbor out there below the soft azure of the African sky.

On more than one jutting balcony in the rue de la Kasbah the hand of Fatima stands out in plastered relief—Fatima, the daughter of Mohammed, whose hand is a talisman to ward off the evil eye and the djinn.

"The café known as the 'Little Moor' is doing a brisk business"

You may also pass one of the recesses which serve as the office of an Arab lawyer, or scribe, who sits on the floor of his poor establishment drawing up a beautifully penned legal document for a client who cannot read or write. The scribe is an important man among the Arabs. His desk is a soap-box.

Next door is a restaurant, a low-ceilinged hovel where the oven and the intimacies of the kitchen are revealed to the passers-by. On a table near the open door and the flies stands a huge bowl of granulated flour. It is the *simulina,* which, after it is steamed and boiled, will become the *kouskous,* the national dish.

There are other kitchens which are too small to afford their patrons dining-room space. They display their plates of fried fish in the door, and the native customers may eat them standing in the street or may carry them home or, if he has no home, to a near-by café. It is never far to an Arab café, the chief furnishings of which are benches, stools, dominoes, and checkers. Spools and huge pieces of wood are the pawns in these games of draughts.

They also serve as lodging-houses, these dingy cafés. The street Arab who roams the wharves and quays of Algiers by day may come here to sleep at night. It depends on what he has picked up during the day along the waterfront. If he has earned or begged no money, the boy will sleep on the stone stairway leading to the docks. But if he has gained six sous, he will seek out an Arab café and enjoy a night of luxury, the expenditure of his earnings being as follows: three sous for a cup of coffee for supper; three sous for a cup of coffee for breakfast, and between these two repasts a heavenly repose, allowed him on account of the supper and breakfast bill, on one of the wooden benches.

The rue Sidi Ramdan, an offshoot of the rue de la Kasbah, contains the mosque of Djama-Sidi-Ramdane, built before the Turks came to occupy Algiers. On its enameled minaret the muezzin may be calling the faithful to prayer. A glance through a barred window as you pass shows you the white-clothed figures on the rugs of the dimly lighted temple. Arab arms are uplifted and Arab faces prostrated always in the direction of the east, where is Mecca.

Crowds pass at the door of the mosque. A sound of water splashing comes from within, and you know that a Mohammedan is bathing before daring to offer his prayer to Allah, than whom there is no other God. The fetid odor of the street, with a blend of filth and garbage, may

"There among motley wares the Arab dealer squats and waits. . . . In the shadow of the rocky hill, the veiled women come back from the cemetery"

steal in through the door of the mosque, where a faithful Moslem is washing his nostrils and praying:

"O Allah, if I am pleasing in Thy sight, perfume me with the odors of paradise."

In the rue de la Kasbah you will pass coal-black negroes who have come up from the Sudan and Timbuctoo, and you will come to the little street called the rue Tombouctou. It is next to the last side street that squirms out of the rue de la Kabash. The last one is the rue du Chameau. Why it should be called the "Street of the Camel" will perplex many a traveler, for certainly a camel even in his palmiest days was never able to penetrate this roofed-over passage. His hump alone would hardly be able to squeeze in. No, camels never slouched through here, no more than Europeans could enter within the impenetrable houses alongside, where the Arab guards his wives and his fortune.

His fortune? Guelmine Ali says it is hidden under a stone in the floor or under a piece of planking, and that a mark is placed over the spot to reveal to descendants where their father left it. Or, says Guelmine Ali, the fortune passes from one Arab to another over a game of cards.

The picturesque rue du Chameau slips out of the rue de la Kasbah at its summit, where the latter comes into an open area tenanted every day by a curious market. The poorer merchants of the quarter spread an agglomeration of damaged goods on the ground. Here are things you and I would never think of buying: rusty potato-peelers, broken locks, battered keys, bent table-forks, bottles with nothing but cobwebs in them, water-jugs with shattered handles, and empty tin cans.

Among these motley wares the Arab dealer squats and waits. At his elbow, in the shadow of the rocky hill, the veiled women come back from the cemetery. What a gay time they have had this sunny afternoon in the little Mohammedan cemetery of El-Kettar! They have sat upon the tombstones and gossiped to their hearts' content. There are no men around, no jealous husbands, for it is Friday, and on that day the males are forbidden to enter the cemeteries. Tombstones not only make pleasant seats, especially when the view afar off is that of the blue Mediterranean and the circling hills, but tombstones serve as tables on which to open up baskets and spread out cakes and pastry.

The road from the cemetery leads out

from under eucalyptus-trees into the wide boulevard de la Victoire, alongside the market-place of damaged goods. In the boulevard de la Victoire the French colonizers have introduced a modern thoroughfare. Trolley-cars circle up the boulevard to the citadel of the Kasbah, the fortress where Hussein Dey struck the French consul across the face with his fan in the year 1827 of our Lord, and thus brought about the fall of this stronghold of Allah.

The boulevard de la Victoire marks the southern, or hillside, boundary of the Arab quarter of Algiers, but Arab life still surges in tides up and down its sidewalk, and Eastern costumes prevail.

Oriental music floats on the air. The tom-tom of the *berdouka* is beating, and the shrill wind-notes of the *cheka*. Two natives are giving a concert at the roadside. The *cheka*-player alternates his blowing of the pipes with a chanting verse in praise of Allah, and the veiled Mauresques stop to listen or to buy oily confections of a cake-seller encamped beside his basket. In a little while along this road will be brought the body of Larabi Youssef ben Belkacem, the murdered bandit, after his love has bathed him and swathed him in clean linen for his burial.

It is often a lazy street, the boulevard de la Victoire. At the corner of the "Street of the Vandals" a carpenter has so far gone out of his *métier* as to pick up a native lute and pluck from it certain soft Arabian tones. At another corner, where the rue Porte Neuve joins the boulevard, the café known as the "Little Moor" is doing a brisk business; that is to say, idle Arabs are lounging on benches and sipping coffee, and other idle Arabs are lying on straw mats spread on the ground in the last lingering sunshine of the afternoon. They are drinking green tea blended of herbs, orange-blossom scent, and much sugar. They are content. Let us leave them there.

The Initiation of Scorp-for-Short

By M. F. REID

"It is the wise chief who reveals only his triumphant aspects to his braves."

THE brick-dust tints of Doodle's bullet head glinted against the shale wall of the gang's cave while, with most chiefly grunts, he climbed up and drew from a dark niche a rimless magnifying-glass. Holding the glass over a pile of driftwood and paper in the middle of the floor, he solemnly focused the already well-focused sun-rays, which came in through a natural chimney, to a point of light on the paper. The point smoked hotly, licked out an impertinent red tongue that retreated deep within the pile, and the Santa Ynez tough Indian Gang's council fire crackled inspirationally.

"Scorp's initiation 's got to be some little old initiation all right, all right." Foot wagged his head portentously as he took from a peg driven into the adobe north wall of the cave an imposing head-dress made of a defunct feather duster.

"You bet," agreed the gang.

Bud, he of the scintillating imagination, carefully adjusted a garter-snake bracelet on the verge of petrification, and added:

"And what we 've got to get for it is a goat."

"You 're crazy," commented Big Chief Doodle, not lingering on details.

"Bet you a hundred dollars. The Masons' is the grandest lodge in the world, and it 's more than a million years old, and no feller ever gets into it without ridin' their secrut goat."

"Aw, they 've not got any goat," scoffed Doodle. "When you told me about Biler Packard and Foot's pa snickerin' over how Mel Jordan rode it, I climbed up on the high board fence around their secrut lodge-room. And there was n't a durn thing in that back lot but an old scrawny cat with kittens."

"Well, do you suppose they keep their secrut and sacred goat out in a lot where ever'body can see it? And the up-stairs windows of Pete Kelley, that ain't any Mason and never will be, lookin' right down into it? They 've got a goat, all right, but they keep it some'ers in their secrut lodge-room."

"Aw! they could n't. It 'd die," Doodle demurred. "Animals have to run around and get fresh air and exercise. Biler was just a-kiddin' you, Bud."

"I tell you they 've got a secrut goat. I guess they exercise it after ever'body 's in bed."

Foot lent support to Bud's contention.

"Lot a times pa don't get home from lodge before two o'clock. Ma rips him up about it at breakfast. I bet it 's his night to exercise the goat. I guess they 've got one, Chief. I sawr sumpin about it in one of pa's books."

The big chief reflectively scratched his nettled legs for some minutes before presenting the practical aspects of their case. "Well, anyway, where 'd we get a goat? You know good and well there 's not any goats this side of South San Francisco."

"There 's the Widow Barrows," tentatively suggested Bud.

"Aw, that 's a milk goat!" Foot gibed. "Her name 's Kate."

"A goat 's a goat," insisted Bud, with no references to pigs as pigs. "That old Nanny goat 's not so slow. Butted Sarah Andinar clear through the gate at one butt once when she came for milk."

"We 'd have a hot time sneakin' her, though. At night Mis' Barrows locks her up in the barn-lot with her cows, and the gate 's got a padlock," Foot warned.

Doodle spraddled his legs resourcefully. His interest always mounted with obstacles.

"Huh! who cares for an old padlock! I got a padlock to my prune dryin'-house. You leave the unlockin' to me. I 'll slip round after supper and take a look at that padlock 'n' that old goat."

Having irrevocably committed themselves to the Widow Barrows's goat, the gang, with the all-round knowledge and intrepidity of boys going, but not far gone, on ten, turned their attention to modes of transportation. According to Foot, Kate could in no wise be expected to walk up to the cave at the end of a rope in order that Scorpion might be initiated unseen of alien eyes. She would not only have to be abducted, but also be provided with a royal palanquin in which to ride and habitate throughout the intervening twenty-four hours between capture and initiation.

"We 've got to box 'er up like they do fine hogs and calves," he declared.

Bud's enthusiasm was unabated.

"Mel Jordan 's got a shippin'-crate. The calf he bought at the live-stock show came in it. The crate 's out on his lumber-pile. Mel would n't never miss it. But we could n't drag it up here with Kate in it."

"I 'll slip out our hand meat-truck, and we can mount the crate on it," volunteered Foot, of slaughter-house lineage. "The end of the truck lets down. We can back it up to the gate and toll Kate in with turnips. Ever' feller hook a turnip out of his own garden or somebody else's."

With plans thus laid, the gang put dirt on their powwow fire and slipped unostentatiously homeward.

March had breezed into the lower half of the San Francisco peninsula, weaving moving lacy patches under the blossom-pearled prune-trees, pelting the grave old hills with red-lipped pimpernel, purple-eyed lupin, and golden-headed poppies, and everywhere stirring the rich, untamed blood of adventure and new life. A boy, in order to

reflect the racial epochs thrust upon him by the erudite, must improve each fleeting moment. He cannot waste time over keeping clean and being "good" according to adult standards. The gang, as they lustily pursued their devious plans, were merely specializing in small-boy fashion in the more romantic spring pursuits of elder brothers.

With the season's madness riotous in his stout little body, Doodle after supper betook himself to that edge of town where the Widow Barrows lived and kept a limited dairy for Santa Ynez milk-buyers.

Although certain that Mrs. Barrows had departed for prayer meeting, Doodle, through a knot-hole in the high board fence, sent the X-ray of a cautious eye over the scenery of Mrs. Barrows's barn-lot. The back door was closed, and the blinds were drawn. Doodle now used the knot-hole for a stirrup and desperately skinned up the boards, arriving breathless and full of splinters at the top. Slowly, like a fog-dimmed morning sun, his russet head rayed over the edge. Cautiously, one facetiously squinting eye crept above the boards and roved over the lot, seemingly in search of the answer demanded by the brilliant question-mark of his upstanding crest. The answer was one yellow Jersey cow, one black Jersey, both reclining on infolded legs and chewing the cud of content, and one dubious-looking quadruped standing on its hind feet to devour the tough, hard, needle-set boughs of a dwarf pine-tree.

"Likes pine-needles!" was Doodle's mental comment. "She 's a durn fool."

Nevertheless, she was a goat, Santa Ynez's one goat outside the Masonic lodge-room. Doodle drew his body to the top of the fence, rested his feet on the inside stringer, and critically inspected Kate.

Now, Kate, besides being divided with diabolical accuracy from nose to tail into two halves, one black, the other sandy, was a very large and masculine-looking goat, equipped with stout horns, one of which was deformed to the extent that it curled around her left ear with a coquettish effect that entirely belied the circumspect Kate. As a final touch of individuality, she flouted a long and bristly beard, uncompromisingly black.

Although yet young enough to prefer his own sex even in the animal kingdom, Doodle was not adamant to feminine charm, but he had not been touched by the latter-day toleration for suffragettes. As he marked Kate's beard, the Big Chief's eye narrowed disapprovingly.

At once Kate became aware of an antagonistic presence. She turned laconic eyes on Doodle, but deigned not to cease her chewing. And as she chewed, her beard fluctuated with insolent vivacity. Deliberately, she lowered herself to all fours, tilted her head downward, and, fixing her long-pupiled eyes on Doodle, chewed on with an impertinence impossible to mistranslate.

Doodle's own eyes registered dawning belief in Kate for tough initiation purposes. Still, by way of a final test, he lowered himself to the stringer and dangled his bare legs tantalizingly, the while tweaking an imaginary beard under his chin.

"Ba-a-a-a!" ejaculated Doodle.

With promptitude and lowered head, Kate dashed for the fence. Although hastily drawing up his feet, Doodle cried patronizingly:

"Huh! don't be buttin' off your nose to spite your own face! You 'll need all that pep to-morrow night."

Kate had expected Doodle to run. Finding the human comet above the fence stationary, she drew off to survey him with a calculating eye.

Doodle walked along the stringer to the gate, where he tried out his padlock key with satisfactory results. It was now dark, but before swinging to the ground, the Big Chief once more clutched a mythical beard, once more emitted the mocking "Ba-a-a-a!" and, by way of adding insult to injury, ejaculated:

"Butt, ol' he-she goat! Ol' he-Nanny goat!"

Obediently, as he dropped to the opposite side, there came the resounding thwack of Kate's horns against the fence.

THE Widow Barrows's goat had disappeared, strangely, unbelievedly, but incontrovertibly disappeared, and some

half-dozen Santa Ynez infants loudly voiced their disapproval of the strange new foods resultingly thrust upon them. On the loafer's platform of Biler Packard's general store several Santa Ynez men humorously discussed the evil miracle. On the steps at their feet Doodle and his contingent tribesmen listened open-mouthed, or chased one another with incomprehensible explosions of laughter.

"All I have to say is, that thief had his nerve or else he did n't know the goat," Biler held forth. "Kate 's a regular she-devil of a goat. Her milk might be all right for boy babies, but if I had a daughter, she should n't touch it for fear she 'd turn out a female gas-pipe thug or a she Bolsheviki."

"You 're durn right about her being tough," chuckled Foot's slaughter-house father. "I bet you could n't even grind her into Bologna sausage. She tagged in off the range with Mrs. Barrows's black Jersey this spring and would n't be driven off. Some passion in a barn-lot!"

The risibilities of the gang at that moment becoming too conspicuous, Doodle gave the high sign for home and trotted off with his guests. He had invited Scorpion to stay the night with him in order that he might not fail to arrive at his own initiation, and since Foot's father was somewhat canny, it had been thought wise for him, also, to visit one who had merely a mother to elude. So, very promptly, after heavy breathing floated out from the widow Doodlentry's room that night, by the traditional routes of back windows and slanting roofs, three weirdly silent boys crept from Doodle's bed and literally scooted toward the foot-hills.

At the south edge of town they met other bipeds, taking no thought for the moment what they should wear, and the nettly and shrapneled regions before the mountains were soon alive with strange mole-like upheavals.

Scorpion marched quite willingly, but full of boasting, toward the cave under the guard of Foot and the Big Chief. At the cave entrance Doodle pushed aside the manzanita which concealed the hole in the mountain, drew out a baking-powder can nailed to a broom-handle, and lighted the candle within. With this indispensable miner's torch, for the gang knew nothing of the mixed metaphors of Indian Gangs with miners' torches, Doodle ducked into the tunnel-like passage. One by one, gravely guarding their novice, the seven charter members of the Santa Ynez tough Indian Gang ducked after him.

At the farther end of the tunnel Doodle swung open a rough door on leather hinges. Scorp, directly behind him, caught his nose between his fingers.

"Phew!" he ejaculated not *sotto voce.*

"Well," exploded Doodle, "I guess a goat 's got a right to smell like a goat."

"A goat!" was Scorpion's instant rejoinder. "Is that all you fellers have got for my initiation? Who 's afraid of a goat? Why, back in Indiana, where I came from—"

Lively sounds from the direction of the crate lost Scorp his audience. All the boys rushed to see how the star of the evening's performance had withstood the corroding influence of twenty-four hours' solitude. Foot, first to arrive, took one look through the slats and announced:

"Gosh, kids! first thing we 've got to do is to milk old Kate!"

"Well," acquiesced Doodle, after a penetrating stare, "why don't you milk her, then? You milk your own cow."

"As soon milk her as not," boasted the intrepid Foot. "I can do it on to the floor of the crate, through the slats, so as not to let her out till the last minute."

The talented Foot immediately began to demonstrate, but Bud had a new inspiration.

"Say, we ought n't to be wastin' that good old milk like that! Biler said it was good for boys. Milk a little of it over this way, Foot."

Bud's idea of refreshments before entertainment became instantaneously popular. At a convenient distance the gang propped themselves up by elbows on knees and with capaciously stretched mouths cried rival demands.

"Squirt this way, Foot. First time I ever had a chance to try goat's milk."

"Here! I guess I want to guzzle a little of that baby food!"

Kate had submitted willingly enough to being milked in the conventional direction, but she expressed such determined opposition to the "squirting" process that Doodle, with a nice eye for well-placed denouncements, interfered in her behalf.

"You kids got to stop that. You 're gettin' her all excited. We 've got to save all the excitement for the initiation."

So the gang desisted, and helped Doodle light the many "bugs"—tin-cans equipped with candles, which were tucked into niches.

When Doodle and Bud had strayed upon a hole in the Santa Ynez foot-hills and followed a tunnel-like passage to its end, they had found a cave not greatly larger than a room. The south and western walls were permanently fixed by shale, but the north end slanted with the northward trend of the hills and proved to be of adobe. Into this the gang had dug an extension, which after a few months turned the cave into a boy's paradise of commodious dimensions. The cave was the most precious of all the gang's possessions, and, strange to say, its existence was kept inviolate through many blissful tribal years.

Projecting brackets of shale now held a motley of birds' eggs, rabbits' feet, rattler-skins, and all the dear field trophies that tease boys into rival collections. Beneath each bracket ran warning legends:

"Bud—his tepee!"

"Lightning-Foot Reagon's cache!"

"Who steals this stuff,
Will get treated ruff. Doodle."

There were whittled bows, canoes, and aëroplanes. An unmatched heap of nails occupied one corner, together with several strayed-looking carpenter's tools. Over the doorway of the cave a wild-cat mounted on clothes-pin legs betrayed its amateur taxidermist through eyes that once had glared, but now windowed only an excelsior soul.

Foot, having finished his task, announced the triumph: "Well, here she is, Chief. She 's milked, all right."

"Hurray!" exploded Bud. "Open her up, Doodle, and let 's have the initiation!"

So Doodle advanced to the sliding door at the rear of the crate. Kate's head immediately flung around and, space being at a premium in her palanquin, she regarded Doodle cock-eyed through the curl of her left horn as one marked for slaughter. Perceiving the now open exit, she backed impetuously out. The gang collectively and individually retreated to the farthermost regions of the cave.

For a moment, dazed by her long confinement and the flickering lights of the "bugs," Kate did not sense the completeness of her predicament. She rotated her head from side to side, seeking out her one familiar and ancient enemy. At that moment Bud's Italian tenor piped up from a natural bench that ran along the shale wall.

"Well, Scorp, there 's our little old initiation goat. Le' 's see you ride 'er."

Kate whirled on that voice and whirled again as from the opposite corner came Scorpion's:

"Shucks! You think I 'm afraid to! Well, I 'm not."

"Hop on, then!" goaded a ganger from near the entrance. "Nothin' to hinder you."

Bewilderedly, Kate's threatening head and angry eyes played around the menacing circle. Where she had looked to discomfit one foe, she faced an endless chain of them. But Kate was a boy-hater, and she had ideas of her own about whom vengeance belonged to. Her horns took a significant angle.

From the adobe extension Foot at that moment added his challenge to the legions assailing Scorpion's ears.

"That 's right, Scorp. You can ride anything, I bet."

"Sure, I can. 'Way back in Indiana I 've rode mules and I 've rode—"

"Aw!" goaded Doodle, "quit braggin' and blowin' so much about mules and things! Le' 's see you ride a Nanny goat."

Scorpion was located at the less expressive rear of Kate. He cast caution to the Pacific breezes billowing about the hole in the roof of the cave.

"All right; just watch me. I 'll ride her all right, all right."

With a long, swaggering step, Scorpion advanced, and threw a valiant leg

over Kate's back. He sat down, but not on Kate. Nor did he remain long seated. Kate gyrated like a cyclone, and Scorpion found himself in emphatic contact with the wall of the cave. With two points to her credit Kate backed to the center of the lodge-room, and awaited the enemy's next move.

The gang whooped their joy. The initiation had started like a successful long run.

"Go it, old Scorp! You 've rode mules."

"Try 'er again, Scorpion. You 're gettin' initiated all right."

But Scorpion conceived that he had furnished his full share of the evening's entertainment. He immediately displayed the qualities of one destined for a political career.

"Gettin' initiated! What do you fellers want, anyway? I reckon I *am* initiated. I 've done more than any of the rest of you dast do. I 've been on that old goat. Bet none of the rest of you have got sand enough even to try to ride her. Come on! Let 's see some of you fellers ride Kate."

Not a ganger stepped forward.

Scorpion descended to personalities.

"Come on, Foot! You 're so brave; you ride 'er."

"Who? Me? You 'd better get Bud to ride her. He 's the one that thought of her first."

It made no difference to Scorpion which of his fraternal mates qualified.

"All right, Bud; you try first."

"Yes; go on, Bud!" eagerly urged several gangers in direct line to have equestrian honors thrust upon them. "Show that old back-East Scorpion a few things about buckin' bronchos."

Bud modestly pointed out that he was only a private member of the order.

"You 'd better get Doodle to ride her first. He 's the chief. The chief ought to have the first chance at her. You 're the one to break her in, Chief. She 's got used to you."

Doodle had never been one to shirk a dare. Thus thrust into the flash-light of publicity, he rammed his hands into his pockets, and with bitterest enmity eyed Kate as she stood in the center of the cave, stamping out with one fore foot a martial drum-beat to action, and shaking her horns in perfect time to the beat.

"Well, I 'm not afraid to ride her. I 'm no cowardly calf."

Loyally the tribe supported their chief's contention.

"Course you 're not, Doodle."

Sickeningly Doodle heard; desperately he fought for time.

"Well, I 'm a-goin' to ride her, ain't I? Can't you see me gettin' ready?"

As an earnest of his intention, Doodle removed his hands from his pockets. Bitterly he saw in triumphal possession of the gladiatorial arena Kate the despised horned and bearded "old she-he-Nanny goat." Doodle's hair was uncompromisingly red. He snatched up a handful of sharp crumblings from the shale wall, and hurled them at Kate's stubbornly planted legs.

"Gol durn you! I 'll show you a few things!" cried this youthful *Petruchio.*

Silently, though open-mouthed, the gang watched their chief sidle unostentatiously in the direction of Kate. Although Kate descended to no vocal profanity, her actions spoke louder than words. Her beard vibrated with the insane rage of the cornered. From the brunette half of her physiognomy one red eye leered malignantly. Her horns moved spirally with malice aforethought.

To the hard-pressed chieftain, inching nearer and yet nearer, all Kate's manifestations of temperament seemed specially aimed at him; but he could not afford to let the gang, and especially its newest member, see him vanquished. What was the best thing to do?

Doodle's eyes narrowed. Decidedly the safest place about Kate looked to be her back. Taking two steps to the right, Doodle crouched on his haunches. Suddenly his wiry little body shot erect. With a panther-like bound he leaped astride Kate's fore quarters. His hands gripped her horns with an iron clutch, his thin, muscular legs curled under her fore legs, and his feet hooked tenaciously around her knees.

At that profane grip, Kate returned to instincts of forbears who had fought with black men and ravening beasts for a place in the scheme of things. She stood on her hind legs and shifted with

lightning rapidity to her front ones. She broke out in camel-like humps in unexpected places. Her horns, apparently as numerous as the eyes in the tail of Jove's peacock, flailed from side to side of her anatomy, but failed to reach Doodle's bare legs.

Unable to dislodge the enemy on her back, Kate next dashed around the swiftly scattering circle of onlookers, but with sudden aërial manifestations. Still Doodle hung on.

The gang, despite dire moments of personal peril, shrieked their terrified joy. It mattered little to them who wore the evening's motley. They had ordered an initiation, and they were experiencing the bliss of value received.

Hanging half-way up the shale wall, Bud yelled advice and warning.

"Stick on, Doodle! You 're ridin' 'er all right."

"Beat it, Dizzy! She 's headin' your way!"

"Look out, Chief! Kate 's goin' to buck you over her horns. Twist her tail! Maybe that 'll bring her to."

Doodle answered nothing. Neither did he do any twisting. Kate had very little tail to twist, and that little was far beyond his reach. Still, while desperately clinging to his royal steed, his brain labored precociously.

Drowning men, they say, see their lives at one flash. In that final moment of imperiled chiefly dignity, Doodle reviewed at a blink the sum of an animal lore culled from a book belonging to "Miss Mildred," beloved teacher of infant-class days. The hero had been one Billy Long Horns, a goat of determined disposition. What was the trick by which Billy's master had been wont to compel his obedience? Why, he had pulled the goat's beard.

Doodle's legs turned to shrinking bands of steel, and his left grip on Kate's horns grew vise-like. His right fist darted under her chin, seized a handful of belligerent black bristle and desperately yanked.

Now, Kate had at that crisis initiated a magnificently triumphant leap, but she had staged it on a slanting ridge of the cave. As she came down with legs vindictively jointless, her fore hoofs slid both ways, and she grounded on her breast-bone with a thump that knocked her breathless and stabbed her body with shooting pains. At the same moment came Doodle's vengeful pluck at a sensitive lower jaw. Kate's whole stubborn body wilted.

There is a tide in the affairs of boy as well as of man. Doodle took his at the flood. In that spectacular moment, while he yet lorded it victoriously in the eyes of his tribe, Doodle, Big Chief of the Santa Ynez tough Indian Gang, thus spoke to his cohorts:

"Open the door there, you fellers, and let Kate out! If anything happened to her up here, they 'd be sure to blame it on to us. Now she 's been rode, she 'll be glad to trot home by herself all right, all right."

MONDAY morning, as the Widow Barrows went through the accustomed routine of milking Kate in her vacant lot, Doodle strolled casually by on a circuitous route to school. As if struck by the sight in the lot, Doodle halted, then advanced a few feet and commented neighborly:

"Well, Mis' Barrows, I see you got your goat back."

"Yes," said the widow; "but she 's had too much excitement to give any good milk for two or three days. Better not come any nearer, Stafford. She 'll lunge when she sees you. Kate 's not fond of boys."

"Oh, I 'm not afraid of her, Mis' Barrows," boasted Doodle. "Goats are just like dogs: they know when you are not afraid of them."

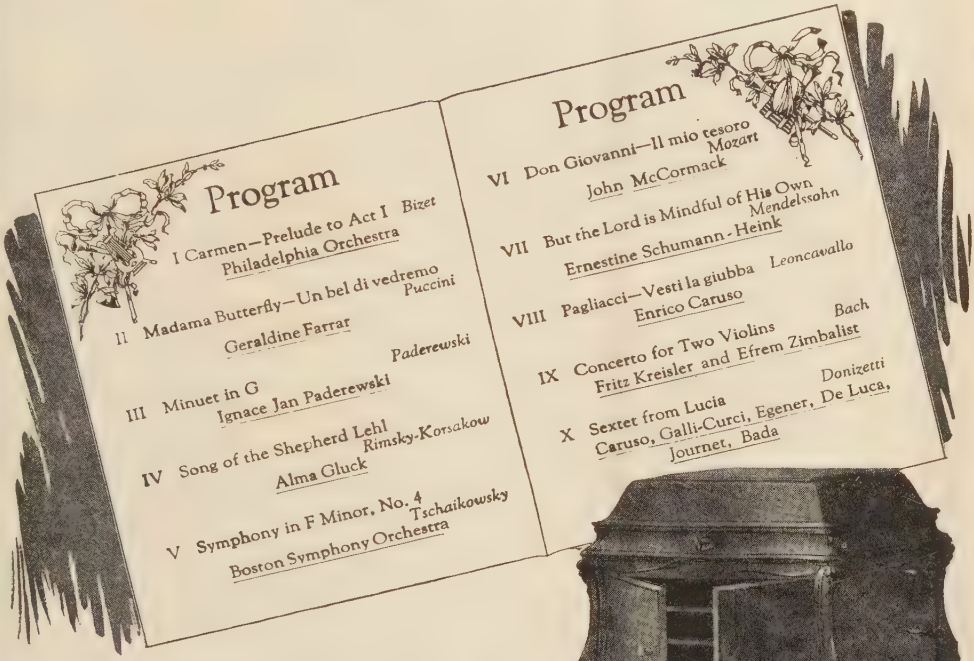
Nevertheless, Doodle turned, and with ostentatious carelessness strolled toward the sidewalk.

"Look out!" ejaculated Mrs. Barrows, but too late. Kate was very sudden. With unwonted celerity and a complete absence of poise, Doodle arrived on the pedestrian way.

And at after council-fires, when the gang recounted, with waggish tweakings at visionary beards, the tale of how their chief had tamed Kate, the shrew goat, at Scorpion's initiation, Doodle, as becomes a big chief, was stoically silent.

It is a wise chief who reveals only his triumphant aspects to his braves.

Look at this for a program!


Program
I Carmen—Prelude to Act I Bizet
Philadelphia Orchestra
II Madama Butterfly—Un bel di vedremo Puccini
Geraldine Farrar
III Minuet in G Paderewski
Ignace Jan Paderewski
IV Song of the Shepherd Lehl Rimsky-Korsakow
Alma Gluck
V Symphony in F Minor, No. 4 Tschaikowsky
Boston Symphony Orchestra
Program
VI Don Giovanni—Il mio tesoro Mozart
John McCormack
VII But the Lord is Mindful of His Own Mendelssohn
Ernestine Schumann-Heink
VIII Pagliacci—Vesti la giubba Leoncavallo
Enrico Caruso
IX Concerto for Two Violins Bach
Fritz Kreisler and Efrem Zimbalist
X Sextet from Lucia Donizetti
Caruso, Galli-Curci, Egener, De Luca, Journet, Bada

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THE CENTURY

SEPTEMBER 1920
Volume 100 No. 5

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THE WRECK OF THE *POLLY*
From a painting by Frederick J. Waugh

THE CENTURY

Vol. 100 SEPTEMBER, 1920 No. 5

Lost Ships and Lonely Seas

The Derelict *Polly*

By RALPH D. PAINE

Illustrations by George Avison

This narrative and the succeeding articles of the series are the result of the author's research among the old records of shipwreck and disaster.—THE EDITORS.

Oh, night and day the ships come in,
The ships both great and small,
But never one among them brings
A word of him at all.
From Port o' Spain and Trinidad,
From Rio or Funchal,
And along the coast of Barbary.

STEAM has not banished from the deep sea the ships that lift tall spires of canvas to win their way from port to port. The gleam of their topsails recalls the centuries in which men wrought with stubborn courage to fashion fabrics of wood and cordage that would survive the enmity of the implacable ocean and make the winds obedient. Their genius was unsung, their hard toil forgotten, but with each generation the sailing ship became nobler and more enduring, until it was a perfect thing. Its great days live in memory with a peculiar atmosphere of romance. Its humming shrouds were vibrant with the eternal call of the sea, and in a phantom fleet pass the towering East Indiaman, the hard-driven Atlantic packet, and the gracious clipper that fled before the Southern trades.

A hundred years ago every bay and inlet of the New England coast were building ships that fared bravely forth to the West Indies, to the roadsteads of Europe, to the mysterious havens of the Far East. They sailed in peril of pirate and privateer, and fought these rascals as sturdily as they battled with wicked weather. Coasts were unlighted, the seas uncharted, and navigation was mostly by guesswork, but these seamen were the flower of an American merchant marine whose deeds are heroic in the nation's story. Great hearts in little ships, they dared and suffered with simple, uncomplaining fortitude. Shipwreck was an incident, and to be adrift in lonely seas or cast upon a barbarous shore was sadly commonplace. They lived the stuff that made fiction after they were gone.

Your fancy may be able to picture the brig *Polly* as she steered down Boston harbor in December, 1811, bound out to Santa Cruz with lumber and salted

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provisions for the slaves of the sugar plantations. She was only a hundred and thirty tons burden and perhaps eighty feet long. Rather clumsy to look at and roughly built was the *Polly* as compared with the larger ships that brought home the China tea and silks to the warehouses of Salem. Such a vessel was a community venture. The blacksmith, the rigger, and the calker took their pay in shares, or "pieces." They became part owners, as did likewise the merchant who supplied stores and material; and when the brig was afloat, the master, the mate, and even the seamen were allowed cargo space for commodities that they might buy and sell to their own advantage. A voyage directly concerned a whole neighborhood.

Every coastwise village had a row of keel-blocks sloping to the tide. In winter weather too rough for fishing, when the farms lay idle, the Yankee Jack of all trades plied his ax and adz to shape the timbers and peg together such a little vessel as the *Polly*, in which to trade to London or Cadiz or the Windward Islands. Hampered by an unfriendly climate, hard put to it to grow sufficient food, with land immensely difficult to clear, the New-Englander was between the devil and the deep sea, and he sagaciously chose the latter. Elsewhere, in the early days, the forest was an enemy, to be destroyed with great pains. The pioneers of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Maine regarded it with favor as the stuff with which to make stout ships and the straight masts that they "stepped" in them.

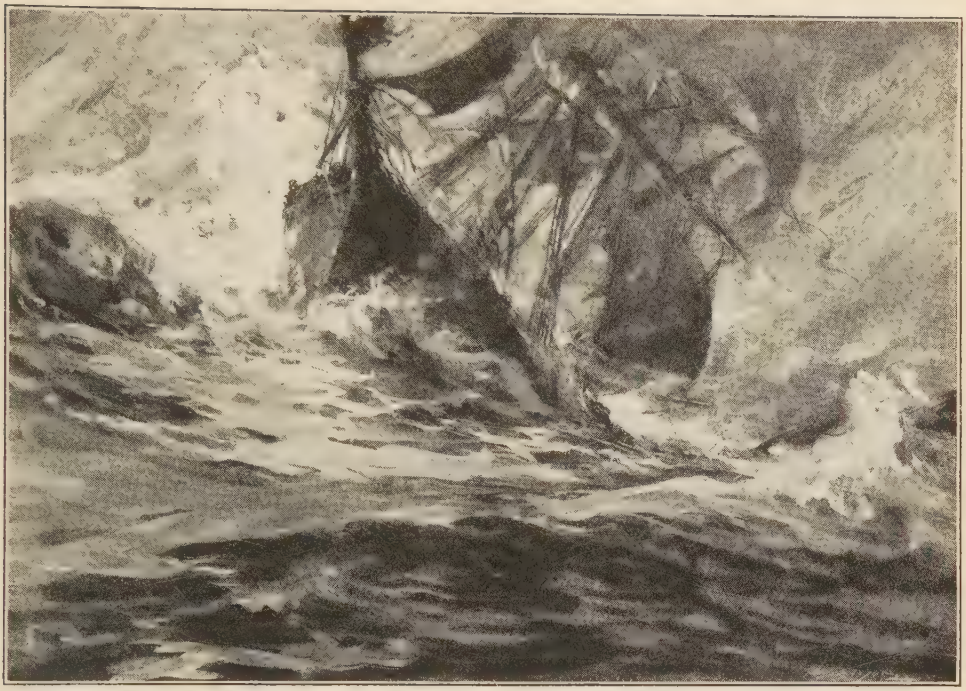
Nowadays, such a little craft as the *Polly* would be rigged as a schooner. The brig is obsolete, along with the quaint array of snows, ketches, pinks, brigantines, and sloops which once filled the harbors and hove their hempen cables short to the clank of windlass or capstan-pawl, while the brisk seamen sang a shanty to help the work along. The *Polly* had yards on both masts, and it was a bitter task to lay out in a gale of wind and reef the unwieldy single topsails. She would try for no record passages, but jogged sedately, and snugged down when the weather threatened.

On this tragic voyage she carried a small crew, Captain W. L. Cazneau, a mate, four sailors, and a cook who was a native Indian. No mention is to be found of any ill omens that forecasted disaster, such as a black cat, or a cross-eyed Finn in the forecastle. Two passengers were on board, "Mr. J. S. Hunt and a negro girl nine years old." We know nothing whatever about Mr. Hunt, who may have been engaged in some trading "adventure" of his own. Perhaps his kinsfolk had waved him a fare-ye-well from the pier-head when the *Polly* warped out of her berth.

The lone piccaninny is more intriguing. She appeals to the imagination and inspires conjecture. Was she a waif of the slave traffic whom some benevolent merchant of Boston was sending to Santa Cruz to find a home beneath kindlier skies? Had she been intrusted to the care of Mr. Hunt? She is unexplained, a pitiful atom visible for an instant on the tide of human destiny. She amused the sailors, no doubt, and that austere, copper-hued cook may have unbent to give her a doughnut when she grinned at the galley-door.

Four days out from Boston, on December 15, the *Polly* had cleared the perilous sands of Cape Cod and the hidden shoals of the Georges. Mariners were profoundly grateful when they had safely worked offshore in the winter-time and were past Cape Cod, which bore a very evil repute in those days of square-rigged vessels. Captain Cazneau could recall that somber day of 1802 when three fine ships, the *Ulysses*, *Brutus*, and *Volusia*, sailing together from Salem for European ports, were wrecked next day on Cape Cod. The fate of those who were washed ashore alive was most melancholy. Many died of the cold, or were choked by the sand that covered them after they fell exhausted.

As in other regions where shipwrecks were common, some of the natives of Cape Cod regarded a ship on the beach as their rightful plunder. It was old Parson Lewis of Wellfleet, who, from his pulpit window, saw a vessel drive ashore on a stormy Sunday morning. "He closed his Bible, put on his outside garment, and descended from the pulpit,



"Seamanship was helpless to ward off the attack of the storm that left the brig a sodden hulk"

not explaining his intention until he was in the aisle, and then he cried out, '*Start fair*' and took to his legs. The congregation understood and chased pell-mell after him."

The brig *Polly* laid her course to the southward and sailed into the safer, milder waters of the Gulf Stream. The skipper's load of anxiety was lightened. He had not been sighted and molested by the British men-of-war that cruised off Boston and New York to hold up Yankee merchantmen and impress stout seamen. This grievance was to flame in a righteous war only a few months later. Many a voyage was ruined, and ships had to limp back to port short-handed, because their best men had been kidnapped to serve in British ships. It was an age when might was right on the sea.

The storm which overwhelmed the brig *Polly* came out of the southeast, when she was less than a week on the road to Santa Cruz. To be dismasted and water-logged was no uncommon fate. It happens often nowadays, when the little schooners creep along the coast, from Maine and Nova Scotia ports, and dare the winter blows to earn their bread. Men suffer in open boats, as has been the seafarer's hard lot for ages, and they drown with none to hear their cries, but they are seldom adrift more than a few days. The story of the *Polly* deserves to be rescued from oblivion because, so far as I am able to discover, it is unique in the spray-swept annals of maritime disaster.

Seamanship was helpless to ward off the attack of the storm that left the brig a sodden hulk. Courageously her crew shortened sail and made all secure when the sea and sky presaged a change of weather. These were no green hands, but men seasoned by the continual hazards of their calling. The wild gale smote them in the darkness of night. They tried to heave the vessel to, but she was battered and wrenched without mercy. Stout canvas was whirled away in fragments. The seams of the hull opened as she labored, and six feet of water flooded the hold. Leaking like a sieve, the *Polly* would never see port again.

Worse was to befall her. At midnight

"The Indian cook, Moho by name, actually succeeded in kindling a fire by rubbing two sticks together"

she was capsized, or thrown on her beam-ends, as the sailor's lingo has it. She lay on her side while the clamorous seas washed clean over her. The skipper, the mate, the four seamen, and the cook somehow clung to the rigging and grimly refused to be drowned. They were of the old breed, "every hair a rope-yarn and every finger a fish-hook." They even managed to find an ax and grope their way to the shrouds in the faint hope that the brig might right if the masts went overside. They hacked away, and came up to breathe now and then, until foremast and mainmast fell with a crash, and the wreck rolled level. Then they slashed with their knives at the tangle of spars and ropes until they drifted clear. As the waves rush across a half-tide rock, so they broke over the shattered brig, but she no longer wallowed on her side.

At last the stormy daylight broke. The mariners had survived, and they looked to find their two passengers, who had no other refuge than the cabin. Mr. Hunt was gone, blotted out with his affairs and his ambitions, whatever they were. The colored child they had vainly tried to find in the night. When the sea boiled into the cabin and filled it, she had climbed to the skylight in the roof, and there she clung like a bat. They hauled her out through a splintered gap, and sought tenderly to shelter her in a corner of the streaming deck, but she lived no more than a few hours. It was better that this bit of human flotsam should flutter out in this way than to linger a little longer in this forlorn derelict of a ship. The *Polly* could not sink, but she drifted as a mere bundle of boards with the ocean winds and currents, while seven men tenaciously fought off death and prayed for rescue.

The gale blew itself out, the sea rolled blue and gentle, and the wreck moved out into the Atlantic, having veered beyond the eastern edge of the Gulf Stream. There was raw salt pork and beef to eat, nothing else, barrels of which they fished out of the cargo. A keg of water which had been lashed to the quarter-deck was found to contain thirty gallons. This was all there was to drink, for the other water-casks had been smashed or

carried away. The diet of meat pickled in brine aggravated the thirst of these castaways. For twelve days they chewed on this salty raw stuff, and then the Indian cook, Moho by name, actually succeeded in kindling a fire by rubbing two sticks together in some abstruse manner handed down by his ancestors. By splitting pine spars and a bit of oaken rail he was able to find in the heart of them wood that had not been dampened by the sea, and he sweated and grunted until the great deed was done. It was a trick that he was not at all sure of repeating unless the conditions were singularly favorable. Fortunately for the hapless crew of the *Polly*, their Puritan grandsires had failed in their amiable endeavor to exterminate the aborigine.

The tiny galley, or "camboose," as they called it, was lashed to ring-bolts in the deck, and had not been washed into the sea when the brig was swept clean. So now they patched it up and got a blaze going in the bricked oven. The meat could be boiled, and they ate it without stint, assuming that a hundred barrels of it remained in the hold. It had not been discovered that the stern-post of the vessel was staved in under water and all of the cargo excepting some of the lumber had floated out.

The cask of water was made to last eighteen days by serving out a quart a day to each man. Then an occasional rain-squall saved them for a little longer from perishing of thirst. At the end of forty days they had come to the last morsel of salt meat. The *Polly* was following an aimless course to the eastward, drifting slowly under the influence of the ocean winds and currents. These gave her also a southerly slant, so that she was caught by that vast movement of water that is known as the Gulf Stream drift. It sets over toward the coast of Africa and sweeps into the Gulf of Guinea.

The derelict was moving away from the routes of trade to Europe into the almost trackless spaces beneath the tropic sun, where the sea glittered empty to the horizon. There was a remote chance that she might be descried by a low-hulled slaver crowding for the West Indies under a mighty press of sail, with her human freightage jammed between decks to endure the unspeakable horrors of the Middle Passage. Although the oceans were as populous with ships a hundred years ago as they are now, trade flowed on habitual routes. Moreover, a wreck might pass unseen two or three miles away. From the quarter-deck of a small sailing ship there was no such circle of vision as extends from the bridge of a steamer forty or sixty feet above the water, where the officers gaze through high-powered binoculars.

The crew of the *Polly* stared at skies which yielded not the merciful gift of rain. They had strength to build them a sort of shelter of lumber, but whenever the weather was rough, they were drenched by the waves which played over the wreck. At the end of fifty days of this hardship and torment the seven were still alive, but then the mate, Mr. Paddock, languished and died. It surprised his companions, for, as the old record runs,

> he was a man of robust constitution who had spent his life in fishing on the Grand Banks, was accustomed to endure privations, and appeared the most capable of standing the shocks of misfortune of any of the crew. In the meridian of life, being about thirty-five years old, it was reasonable to suppose that, instead of the first, he would have been the last to fall a sacrifice to hunger and thirst and exposure, but Heaven ordered it otherwise.

Singularly enough, the next to go was a young seaman, spare and active, who was also a fisherman by trade. His name was Howe. He survived six days longer than the mate, and "likewise died delirious and in dreadful distress." Fleeting thunder-showers came to save the others, and they had caught a large shark by means of a running bowline slipped over his tail while he nosed about the weedy hull. This they cut up and doled out for many days. It was certain, however, that unless they could obtain water to drink they would soon be all dead men on the *Polly*.

Captain Cazneau seems to have been a sailor of extraordinary resource and resolution. His was the unbreakable will to live and to endure which kept the vital spark flickering in his shipmates. Whenever there was strength enough

among them, they groped in the water in the hold and cabin in the desperate hope of finding something to serve their needs. In this manner they salvaged an iron tea-kettle and one of the captain's flint-lock pistols. Instead of flinging them away, he at once sat down to cogitate, a gaunt, famished wraith of a man who had kept his wits and knew what to do with them.

At length he took an iron pot from the galley, turned the tea-kettle upside down on it, and found that the rims failed to fit together. Undismayed, the skipper whittled a wooden collar with a seaman's sheath-knife, and so joined the pot and the kettle. With strips and cloth and pitch scraped from the deck-beams, he was able to make a tight union where his round wooden frame set into the flaring rim of the pot. Then he knocked off the stock of the pistol and had the long barrel to use for a tube. This he rammed into the nozle of the tea-kettle, and calked them as well as he could. The result was a crude apparatus for distilling sea-water, when placed upon the bricked oven of the galley.

Imagine those three surviving seamen and the stolid redskin of a cook watching the skipper while he methodically tinkered and puttered. It was absolutely the one and final chance of salvation. Their lips were black and cracked and swollen, their tongues lolled, and they could no more than wheeze when they tried to talk. There was now a less precarious way of making fire than by rubbing dry sticks together. This had failed them most of the time. The captain had saved the flint and steel from the stock of his pistol. There was tow or tarry oakum to be shredded fine and used for tinder. This smoldered and then burst into a tiny blaze when the sparks flew from the flint, and they knew that they would not lack the blessed boon of fire.

Together they lifted the precious contrivance of the pot and the kettle and tottered with it to the galley. There was an abundance of fuel from the lumber, which was hauled through a hatch and dried on deck. Soon the steam was gushing from the pistol-barrel, and they poured cool salt water over the upturned spout of the tea-kettle to cause condensation. Fresh water trickled from the end of the pistol-barrel, and they caught it in a tin cup. It was scarcely more than a drop at a time, but they stoked the oven and lugged buckets of salt water, watch and watch, by night and day. They roused in their sleep to go on with the task with a sort of dumb instinct. They were like wretched automatons.

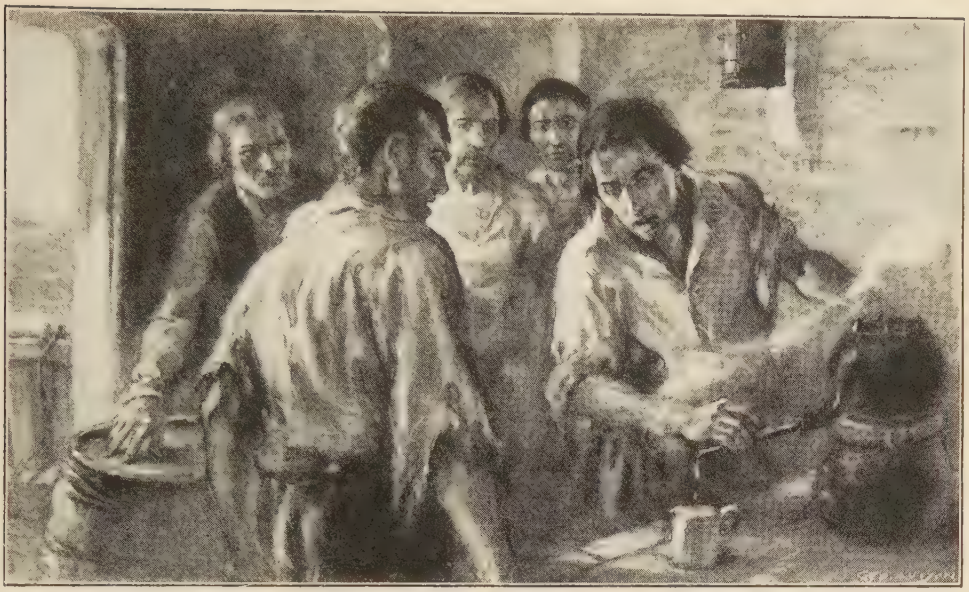
So scanty was the allowance of water obtained that each man was limited to "four small wine glasses" a day, perhaps a pint. It was enough to permit them to live and suffer and hope. In the warm seas which now cradled the *Polly* the barnacles grew fast. The captain, the cook, and the three seamen scraped them off and for some time had no other food. They ate these shell-fish mostly raw, because cooking interfered with that tiny trickle of condensed water.

The faithful cook was the next of the five to succumb. He expired in March, after they had been three months adrift, and the manner of his death was quiet and dignified, as befitted one who might have been a painted warrior in an earlier day. The account says of him:

> On the 15th of March, according to their computation, poor Moho gave up the ghost, evidently from want of water, though with much less distress than the others, and in the full exercise of his reason. He very devoutly prayed and appeared perfectly resigned to the will of God who had so sorely afflicted him.

The story of the *Polly* is unstained by any horrid episode of cannibalism, which occurs now and then in the old chronicles of shipwreck. In more than one seaport the people used to point at some weather-beaten mariner who was reputed to have eaten the flesh of a comrade. It made a marked man of him, he was shunned, and the unholy notoriety followed him to other ships and ports. The sailors of the *Polly* did cut off a leg of the poor, departed Moho, and used it as bait for sharks, but there was extenuation for them, and they actually caught a huge shark by so doing.

It was soon after this that they found the other pistol of the pair, and employed the barrel to increase the capacity of the still. By lengthening the tube attached to the spout of the tea-kettle,



"Fresh water trickled from the end of the pistol-barrel, and they caught it in a tin cup"

they gained more cooling surface for condensation, and the flow of fresh water now amounted to "eight junk bottles full" every twenty-four hours. Besides this, wooden gutters were hung at the eaves of the galley and of the rough shed in which they lived, and whenever rain did fall, it ran into empty casks. As long as the still should operate they would not perish of thirst.

The crew was dwindling fast. In April, another seaman, Johnson by name, slipped his moorings and passed on to the haven of Fiddler's Green, where the souls of all dead mariners may sip their grog and spin their yarns and rest from the weariness of the sea. Three men were left aboard the *Polly*, the captain and two sailors.

The brig drifted into that fabled area of the Atlantic that is known as the Sargasso Sea, which extends between latitudes 16° and 38° North, between the Azores and the Antilles. Here the ocean currents are confused and seem to move in circles, with a great expanse of stagnant ocean, where the seaweed floats in tangled patches of red and brown and green. It was an old legend that ships once caught in the Sargasso Sea were unable to extricate themselves, and so rotted miserably and were never heard of again. Columbus knew better, for his caravels sailed through these broken carpets of weed, where the winds were so small and fitful that the Genoese sailors despaired of reaching anywhere. The myth persisted and it was not dispelled until the age of steam. The Sargasso Sea was the dread of sailing ships.

The days of blazing calms in these strange doldrums mattered not to the blindly errant wreck of the *Polly*. She was a dead ship that had outwitted her destiny. She had no masts and sails to push her through these acres of leathery kelp and bright masses of weed which had drifted from the gulf and the Caribbean to come to rest in this solitary, watery waste. And yet to the captain and his two seamen this dreaded Sargasso Sea was beneficent. The stagnant weed swarmed with fish and gaudy crabs and mollusks. Here was food to be had for the mere harvesting of it. They hauled masses of weed over the broken bulwarks and picked off the crabs by hundreds. Fishing gear was an easy problem for these handy sailormen. They had found nails enough; they were hand-forged and malleable. In the galley they heated and hammered them to make fish-hooks, and the lines were of small stuff "unrove" from a

length of halyard. And so they caught fish, and cooked them when the oven could be spared. Otherwise they ate them raw, which was not distasteful after they had become accustomed to it. The natives of the Hawaiian Islands prefer their fish that way. Besides this, they split a large number of small fish and dried them in the hot sun upon the roof of their shelter. The sea-salt which collected in the bottom of the still was rubbed into the fish. It was a bitter condiment, but it helped to preserve them against spoiling.

The minds and bodies of the ship's company had adjusted themselves to the intolerable situation. The most amazing aspect of the experience is that these men remained sane. They must have maintained a certain order and routine of distilling water, of catching fish, of keeping track of the indistinguishable procession of the days and weeks. Captain Cazneau's recollection was quite clear when he came to write down his brief account of what had happened. The one notable omission is the death of another sailor, name unknown, which must have occurred after April. The one seaman who survived to keep the skipper company was Samuel Badger.

By way of making the best of it, these two indomitable seafarers continued to work on their rough deck-house, "which by constant improvement had become much more comodious." A few bundles of hewn shingles were discovered in the hold, and a keg of nails was found lodged in a corner of the forecastle. The shelter was finally made tight and weatherproof, but, alas! there was no need of having it "more comodious." It is obvious, also, that "when reduced to two only, they had a better supply of water." How long they remained in the Sargasso Sea it is impossible to ascertain. Late in April it is recounted that "no friendly breeze wafted to their side the seaweed from which they could obtain crabs or insects." The mysterious impulse of the currents plucked at the keel of the *Polly* and drew her clear of this region of calms and of ancient, fantastic sea-tales. She moved in the open Atlantic again, without guidance or destination, and yet she seemed inexplicably to be following an appointed course, as though fate decreed that she should find rescue waiting somewhere beyond the horizon.

The brig was drifting toward an ocean more frequented, where the Yankee ships bound out to the River Plate sailed in a long slant far over to the African coast to take advantage of the booming trade-winds. She was also wallowing in the direction of the route of the East Indiamen, which departed from English ports to make the far-distant voyage around the Cape of Good Hope. None of them sighted the speck of a derelict, which floated almost level with the sea and had no spars to make her visible. Captain Cazneau and his companion saw sails glimmer against the sky-line during the last thousand miles of drift, but they vanished like bits of cloud, and none passed near enough to bring salvation.

June found the *Polly* approaching the Canary Islands. The distance of her journey had been about two thousand miles, which would make the average rate of drift something more than three hundred miles a month, or ten miles per day. The season of spring and its apple blossoms had come and gone in New England, and the brig had long since been mourned as missing with all hands. It was on the twentieth of June that the skipper and his companion—two hairy, ragged apparitions—saw three ships which appeared to be heading in their direction. This was in latitude 28° North and longitude 13° West, and if you will look at a chart you will note that the wreck would soon have stranded on the coast of Africa. The three ships, in company, bore straight down at the pitiful little brig, which trailed fathoms of sea-growth along her hull. She must have seemed uncanny to those who beheld her and wondered at the living figures that moved upon the weather-scarred deck. She might have inspired "The Ancient Mariner."

Not one ship, but three, came bowling down to hail the derelict. They manned the braces and swung the main-yards aback, beautiful, tall ships and smartly handled, and presently they lay hove to. The captain of the nearest one shouted a hail through his brass trumpet, but the skipper of the *Polly* had no voice to answer back. He sat weeping upon the coaming of a hatch. Although not

"The three ships, in company, bore straight down at the pitiful little brig"

given to emotion, he would have told you that it had been a hard voyage. A boat was dropped from the davits of this nearest ship, which flew the red ensign from her spanker-gaff. A few minutes later Captain Cazneau and Samuel Badger, able seaman, were alongside the good ship *Fame* of Hull, Captain Featherstone, and lusty arms pulled them up the ladder. It was six months to a day since the *Polly* had been thrown on her beam-ends and dismasted.

The three ships had been near together in light winds for several days, it seemed, and it occurred to their captains to dine together on board the *Fame*. And so the three skippers were there to give the survivors of the *Polly* a welcome and to marvel at the yarn they spun. The *Fame* was homeward bound from Rio Janeiro. It is pleasant to learn that Captain Cazneau and Samuel Badger "were received by these humane Englishmen with expressions of the most exalted sensibility." The musty old narrative concluded:

Thus was ended the most shocking catastrophe which our seafaring history has recorded for many years, after a series of distresses from December 15th to the 20th of June, a period of one hundred and ninety-one days. Every attention was paid to the sufferers that generosity warmed with pity and fellow-feeling could dictate, on board the *Fame*. They were transferred from this ship to the brig *Dromio* and arrived in the United States in safety.

Here the curtain falls. I for one should like to hear more incidents of this astonishing cruise of the derelict *Polly* and also to know what happened to Captain Cazneau and Samuel Badger after they reached the port of Boston. Probably they went to sea again, and more than likely in a privateer to harry British merchantmen, for the recruiting officer was beating them up to the rendezvous with fife and drum, and in August of 1812 the frigate *Constitution*, with ruddy Captain Isaac Hull walking the poop in a gold-laced coat, was pounding the *Guerrière* to pieces in thirty minutes, with broadsides whose thunder echoed round the world.

"Ships are all right. It is the men in them," said one of Joseph Conrad's wise old mariners. This was supremely true of the little brig that endured and suffered so much, and among the humble heroes of blue water by no means the least worthy to be remembered are Captain Cazneau and Samuel Badger, able seaman, and Moho, the Indian cook.

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"'Drugged!' said the master. 'The damned fool 's drugged!'"

Widows and Orphans

By ELLEN N. LA MOTTE

Illustrations by Herbert Morton Stoops

"In itself the question was a trifling one. Moral issues invariably are. The jinnee in the bottle gives no trouble until the bottle is uncorked, and as the bottle is often opaque and one cannot see within, the uncorking is often a mere matter of accident. So in this case."

THIS is a tale of a question of principles, unconnected with the emotions. Had it been purely a question of the emotions, the matter of principles would have been left out. Therefore, such emotion as may appear is of a secondary or subsidiary character.

It took place, the beginning of it, in a big house standing well back from the Bubbling Well Road, inclosed in its big garden, and shielded from the curious by high, protective walls. When the gates were opened from time to time to admit a rickshaw or a motor, one had a glimpse of well-kept lawns and graveled drives and such outward signs of prosperity, including the large house behind trees in the background, as suggested a high degree of material comfort. There was such comfort in plenty, including a large retinue of servants, all kept in order and the squeeze much minimized by a competent number-one boy. Perhaps, on second thought, the squeeze was not particularly minimized, but was rather concentrated on the number-one boy; however, as he ran things very smoothly and as one has to pay for this, one way or the other, neither the master nor mistress of the establishment much minded. For a period of years, therefore, before this tale begins, the lawns of the big house had been growing smoother and smoother, the shrubbery richer and denser, the driveways, beaten down under the soft rubber tires of rickshaws and much padding of sandaled feet, had become very hard and firm, and the air of prosperity, judged by such signs, enhanced to a high degree. Then the matter of principle arose, and trouble in consequence.

In itself the question was a trifling one. Moral issues invariably are. The jinnee in the bottle gives no trouble until the bottle is uncorked, and as the bottle is often opaque and one cannot see within, the uncorking is often a mere matter of accident. So in this case. A pure matter of accident. It took place at breakfast time, when the master and mistress were at breakfast—or trying to be—on the stone-flagged veranda overlooking the garden. He had been sent, the number-one boy, for tea. After the order was given he waited in hesitation for a period of several seconds, an unusual delay. When he returned, after still more delay, he came back with the tea-pot empty. As he was being spoken to about this by the master and mistress, both scolding at once, he stood before them, slim and erect, seeming not to mind particularly. His white uniform, they noticed, was not as immaculate as usual, and as he stood fumbling with his nervous hands, a green jade bracelet on his wrist tinkled against the buttons of his tunic, and the tinkling irritated the master beyond endurance. For him to stand there and tinkle, the tea-pot empty, and an expression of complete indifference on an impassive face was, naturally, beyond bearing. Thus the bottle became uncorked and the

jinnee flew out and, as jinn do, assumed gigantic proportions and could not be captured again and returned.

"Drugged!" said the master. "The damned fool 's drugged! I have suspected it often at other times. This settles it!"

As the number-one boy retired, another brought on the tea-pot, this time properly filled. His employers regarded him with suspicion. They reviewed his actions from time to time during the last few months and, by reason of these suspicions, accounted for them. Then they discussed the cook. They recalled a dinner given not long before in which the cook had been delinquent in his duties. One by one the whole houseful of servants came up for discussion, for criticism. Given a lead like this, they followed it to its logical conclusion. The whole houseful of them, or so it seemed, judging them in retrospect, smoked opium. In itself harmless, but when it addled the brains into confusing an empty for a full tea-pot, then it is decidedly demoralizing. "Next thing they will be stealing," remarked the master, "to pay for it. Or if not stealing, squeezing us beyond all limits." The stuff must be paid for somehow, and it was getting frightfully expensive, more so day by day. The jinnee having thus come out and overshadowed the sky, making it very black, the moral issue arose quite suddenly.

"If you would just stop importing it," remarked the mistress, casually, "we should n't be having all this trouble with them. They get it through you—through us, if you like. Just stop importing it for them, and there will be no more trouble."

Kennedy, the master, was astonished. He had not given his wife credit for such astuteness. It took him by surprise.

"How do you know I import it?" he asked, and then realized how silly the question was, since the native papers were full, day after day, of futile tirades against the opium combine, and Kennedy, one of the important members of the combine, came in for his full share of publicity. True, it was not sold on Chinese soil, but it was sold very openly in the foreign concessions, over which the Chinese had no control, so that smuggling it across to the native quarter or smoking it in the concessions was a matter of great ease.

But Mrs. Kennedy pursued her advantage. She had known of this matter for a great many years and had said nothing. Had felt nothing one way or the other, neither concern nor interest. But her mind was of a curiously logical order, at times disconcerting.

"You are rich enough to stop this," she remarked. "You import other things—"

"Nothing half so profitable," interrupted Kennedy. "What do you suppose we live on—profits made from the shoddy stuff we bring in from Europe? How much do the Chinese want our cheap household utensils, our cheap cloth, our cheap—oh, all the rest of it? What they want is opium, and we give it to them."

"Then don't complain," observed Mrs. Kennedy, mildly, "if they smoke it."

"I 'll not have it in my own household," exclaimed Kennedy, angrily. "There 's where I draw the line." After this, of course, his wife being, as we have said, logically disposed, the argument developed quite heatedly. Mrs. Kennedy, having had no previous prejudice against the opium trade, suddenly, with no warning, found herself favoring its abolition. Not often in her discussions with her husband did she find herself equipped with ready weapons of retort. It was a novel sensation, and she pursued her advantage over him in spirited fashion, routing him with great ease, from stand to stand, till she had him in full flight. When one is pursued in this manner with cold reason, there is only one refuge, the emotional appeal. One cannot argue against the emotions, and this makes them a valuable resource.

"Very well," he retorted after a time, pausing in his intellectual rout, and facing her for an emotional charge, "suppose we do give it up—all of us. For it must include all of us, of course. My dropping out would make no difference, as the rest of them would go on with it just the same. But suppose all of us gave it up, stopped the importation, abolished the traffic,—retired, in short, to the high moral pinnacle you seem

suddenly to have mounted,—what then? What about the stockholders in this company? The people who have invested their money in this business, who look to us to pay them dividends? What would you do? Bankrupt them? What do you say to the widows at home who have invested their little savings in this? To the orphans, destitute and ruined through your fanaticism?"

He drew quite a little picture of widows and orphans, and widows and orphans, being an unanswerable argument, silenced her. They always do. Mrs. Kennedy, for all her astuteness, did not realize that the argument had been suddenly transferred from the realm of pure reason into that of the emotions. She became quite touched. Women and children seemed so concrete and appealing; logical, too. So she accepted her defeat, as the argument seemed reasonable. Whereupon she dismissed the matter from her mind, as well as the number-one boy, and two or three of the others that she was sure of, and two or three more that she was not sure of, and made almost a clean sweep of her establishment.

We have said that she dismissed the matter from her mind, but that is not quite accurate. A curious resentment against her husband developed, which passed rapidly from boredom into intolerance. It had probably been developing for several years, but seemed suddenly to crystallize into marked dislike. She attributed all his failings to one cause, the pursuance of his profitable business. That thread, woven back and forth through his character, seemed to account for many things. Then the Paris of the East grew intolerable. She longed for cleaner air. Now, the Paris of the East has not been called so for nothing,—that is, if one associates the word Paris with certain pursuits not wholly spiritual,—and day by day she grew more and more galled by her surroundings. This should not have been, seeing that she had a big house and many servants and much wealth and all that goes to comfortable living.

It was at this time that Kennedy brought home with him one day a young man, come out to the East for the first time. He was several years younger than Mrs. Kennedy, and she found him refreshing, stimulating, too, of the earnest type, with principles. These principles included an objection to the longest bar in the world and to the four thousand cocktails that passed over it during the noon hour. They discussed this and other phases of colonial activity, as well as the opium trade, on which subject he had strong convictions. On this question he supplied her with many arguments that she might have used during that memorable discussion with her husband many months ago, and never, by common consent, since referred to. He was, in short, this young man, quite out of accord with his environment, and found in her hospitable drawing-room the only refuge the international settlement offered. He had convictions, principles, and weakness, all mixed up. Among his principles, however, there was no objection to bolting with another man's wife; none, at least, at first. Later, as the time came, after they had laid their plans, he began to have qualms. From their hiding-places he dragged forth women and children, or their emotional counterparts, and these, produced from their nests, offered very reasonable objections to running away with a woman ten years older than himself. Only, as we have said, he was weak, and he did not produce these arguments or present them while there was yet time. He despatched a note to her house on the Bubbling Well Road, setting forth his scruples, but this note did not reach its destination soon enough. The coolie bearing it passed on the road, all unknowingly, the rickshaw taking Mrs. Kennedy to the quay. And Mrs. Kennedy had left behind her, on her husband's desk, a missive stating her determination to leave him and fly to parts unknown with the young man thus basely deserting her.

From now on we shall deal with Madame Le Tarnec, stewardess on the *Polynésien*, and look at the matter through her eyes. Madame Le Tarnec, stewardess on the French mail, had stuck to her post throughout the war. For her the trip through the Mediterranean had no terrors that could not be disposed of by a shrug. Because of this attitude, as well as the fact that the

Polynésien carried very few passengers, she was given many privileges, as the boat docked from port to port on its long voyage each way. On this occasion, this rainy December evening, she had arrived at the quay with considerable misgivings, having missed the four-o'clock launch. She was due back on the four-o'clock launch, but had missed it, owing to an altercation in the native city, where she had been making some last-hour purchases. On the whole she felt pleased with herself, having come out of the affair with flying colors, and her own triumph and the discomfiture of the dealer had been witnessed by an immense audience, in itself a satisfaction. However, she had arrived at the landing-stage with her arms full of packages, but too late for the four-o'clock launch. Explanations would be demanded, an accounting far less easy to transact than the encounter she had so successfully terminated. She now stood in the cabin of the little launch, the six-o'clock and last tender to put off to the *Polynésien*, anchored twelve miles down the harbor, and waited with impatience for the last passengers to come aboard. The cold December wind blew in sharp gusts along the quay, and through the driving rain rickshaw after rickshaw drew up and discharged passengers, who stumbled along in the lantern-lit darkness. At the last moment one dashed up at full speed, the runner dropping the shafts, which scratched and ran along the asphalt, grating harshly. He unbuttoned the black, wet curtains, and a lady appeared, muffled and veiled, anxiously looking about to right and left in the darkness. Behind, from another rickshaw well curtained, came forth many pieces of hand luggage, very English in quality, which were carried in after the lady, at whom Madame Le Tarnec gazed curiously. Very obviously she was not at ease, very obviously she was expecting some one, and, a fact still more obvious to Madame Le Tarnec, the person expected was not present. After a few moments of hesitation, of indecision, of looking concernedly about the narrow, badly lit cabin of the tender, the lady approached Madame Le Tarnec.

"This is the last launch, Madame?" Good French, but, of course, very English. Alone, departing alone, without the person she was expecting!

"*Oui*, Madame, the last launch," replied the stewardess, and then, as an after-thought added, "The launch before this left at four o'clock. Perhaps the friends of madame departed on that earlier one—to await madame, to prepare."

A wave of relief passed over the features of the hesitating lady.

"But if not?"

"In that case madame may return when the launch comes back."

"Impossible. It is finished. It will be too late." The lady spoke under her breath. "In any event, I must go on. There is no going back. In that case, I must go on—alone."

The whistle blew sharply, and there was much scrambling overboard of coolies, much shouting, many wishes for a general *bon voyage*, and the little tender was cast adrift into the stream. Slowly the shore lights faded into the darkness, and all was swallowed up in the driving rain. The lady sat huddled into her corner, muffled in furs. It was stiflingly hot in the cabin, and the boat tossed under a howling wind. Madame Le Tarnec gazed at her steadily, with pity and with compassion.

"It is a crisis," she remarked to herself. "*Mon Dieu*, suppose he is not there!" So from time to time during the next hour, when the tender made its way slowly against a strong tide, the stewardess continued to look at her and saw that she was in great distress. Therefore, in the dim, hot cabin sat two women closely akin in their feelings, in their fears, sick with apprehension and suspense. Finally the long hour of tension was over, and the launch rubbed itself against the sides of the outgoing liner. A few minutes later they stood together on the wet deck. No one came forward from the small knot of passengers gathered to watch the new arrivals mount the swaying ladder.

"He is not here, Madame," said the strange lady, tragically. "I am alone." So Madame Le Tarnec put a stout arm about the slight, swaying figure, and led it to a cabin, where she was very voluble and very tender, and made herself in no hurry to report and excuse herself

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"'This is the last launch, Madame?'"

for having missed the earlier launch. Later, in the steward's pantry, she burned rum and sugar together in a small casserole, watching the blue flame attentively, ready to extinguish it at the precise moment.

"In a crisis," she remarked to herself, as she carried the hot cup down the rocking corridor, "there is nothing of such value as burnt rum."

THERE were only five first-class passengers on that voyage of the *Polynésien*, one of whom kept constantly to her bed. Madame Le Tarnec, privileged stewardess of the French mail, crept in and out of this particular cabin at all hours of the day, and also at night.

"I do not know, I do not know how it will terminate," she repeated constantly. After every silent visit she came out into the corridor and told how it was going. It was going very badly. The room steward and the bath steward were her confidants, for one must have some one to speak to in such an affair as this. It had not been necessary to tell the doctor. The first few days of

the voyage were bitter cold, with the monsoon blowing and the vessel not heated except for the small open fire in the dining-saloon. Since there were no passengers to speak of and would not be till they reached Haiphong,—possibly not till they got to Saigon or even Singapore,—Madame Le Tarnec spent most of her time between visits to the darkened cabin in the dining-saloon, where she warmed herself before the open fire and made reports on the situation. From time to time, as the ship gave a great roll, a live coal or two would fall out of the grate, but Madame Le Tarnec was always ready with the tongs to pick it up. The *Polynésien* was an old boat, and every one prophesied that she would take fire some day from one of these live coals falling out when no one was present. However, this danger only lasted for a few days during each voyage, till they got farther south and the weather turned warm, and no fire was needed.

"She is very, very suffering," reported the stewardess. "All is lost!"

"Did she tell you about it?" asked one of the stewards. There was no such thing as being very cozy about the open fire, since the only seats in the saloon were the rows of chairs screwed down along the long tables, and there was nothing available to draw up about the fire in a comfortable way. So they stood in front of it, the three of them, alert, and ready to disperse if a petty officer appeared, warming their stiff fingers over the meager blaze.

"Never! Never a word! She just lies there silent. But how she suffers! *Mon Dieu*, it is all gone—all—all!"

After a few days the weather got warm, though the monsoon increased in intensity and the ship pitched and rolled, being very lightly laden. Then, the monsoon being very violent even for December, they took the inside passage and went through the Straits of Hainan.

"It will be here that madame will do it! There is in all the world no more desolate place than these straits. The wide sea itself is not more lonely. Here, where it is so emphasized, the desolation, here is where I think she will do it." Therefore, the stewardess set herself to watch with much vigilance her charge. For during the last few days the lady in the darkened cabin had been coming on deck, where she lay very still all day in a deck-chair, and suffered. And the stewardess feared the effect upon her of the desolation of the straits through which they were to pass. The far-distant China coast lay to the right, and to the left, Hainan, the lonely island, with the waves beating against its yellow sands, while between lay the wide expanse of blue, treacherous waters, spacious and sunlit, breaking in white waves on hidden shoals—the quiet silence of the straits, with the lonely, distant shores on both sides, the waters tranquil, but deep enough. So Madame Le Tarnec watched closely, with anxiety, during the slow hours of passage, till the monsoon met and broke upon them again.

"I do not understand," said Madame Le Tarnec. "Perhaps for her it is not the easiest way."

At Haiphong her vigil ended.

"She is booked through to Marseilles. Again, I do not understand." For here at Haiphong she disembarked. Suddenly she seemed to have made up her mind. Leaning upon the rail, looking down at the crowd of little Tonkinese, with their wide round hats and gay sarongs, here she said she would go ashore, and with her went her luggage, all of it; hand-pieces only, but of a size and of a number! Truly it was unbelievable, when there was Marseilles at the other end, and in between, if one liked, the opportunities in between! So Madame Le Tarnec watched her go down the gang-plank, very slowly, the coolies following with the boxes. She walked slowly, with evidently no objective. Just a port, no special port, and this one of all others! Surely there were others, better ones, more amusing. She went slowly along the white, dusty road, with her luggage piled upon a rickshaw in the rear, the coolie walking very slowly, not to crowd her. She stopped at the monument a moment, reading the inscription. Madame LeTarnec knew the inscription by heart. It was to those officials who had died at their posts of duty, of customs officials who had died of fever. Nothing specially heroic. Then she was lost to sight at the turning of the road, by the bridge.

"He opened the door and found her there and stood speechless"

Here Madame Le Tarnec could stand it no longer; so she followed. Impatiently she pushed through the crowds of laboring coolies on the quay and refused the rickshaw boys their offers. The sun beat down upon her, hot, and the tide was out in the river, and from the mud in the river-bed came little scuttling noises of the crabs, and their bubbling, sucking sounds, through the heat. It was better when she crossed the bridge into the town, where the palm-trees sheltered her a little and the white roads had been freshly sprinkled. To the Continental Hotel she made her way, sitting down on the deep, cool veranda, ordering a coffee. Presently the proprietor came out and joined her at a little table, and she gave him such news of the voyage as she had, and in return he told her that the lady had come there but a little while ago and had taken rooms—two big rooms, his best. Meant to stay there for a long sojourn, apparently, judging by the number of her boxes. And that was all there was to it, so Madame Le Tarnec then rose to say good-by, for the ship sailed at three that afternoon.

It is Madame Le Tarnec's tale, this. We must follow it with her as best we can. It is a long, long voyage from Haiphong to Marseilles, and a long, long voyage back, several months, all told. But Madame Le Tarnec had a long memory, overlaid perhaps by curiosity. So we find her again, many months later, at the little café at Haiphong, sitting opposite the proprietor, to whom she gives news of Marseilles, little intimate details, petty and insignificant, but eagerly demanded by those many thousand miles from home. Then in return he tells her of the lady who came there many months ago, heart-broken. At which he laughs a little, and shrugs a great deal, and asks, "what will you?" After this Madame Le Tarnec returns again to the shabby *Polynésien*,—no need to keep her spick and span these days, when each voyage may be her last,—and turns many things over in her mind, cogitating deeply.

It was a foolish thing to do, but Madame Le Tarnec did it, and as most foolish things are done, did it in all kindness. Up to a certain point kindness is all very well, but past that point it is pure meddling. So she meddled.

She went to see Kennedy at his big house on the Bubbling Well Road and gave him news of his wife, worked upon him to go after her. And Kennedy, angry and deserted, finally consented. His big house had been very empty, really. But he told this officious woman, stewardess of one of the French mail-boats, what he thought of her. Later on, when she had gone, he thought the matter over. Only, perhaps, it would have been as well if he had been told all instead of only part. He should most certainly have been told all there was to tell, and there was a great deal. He should not have been played upon in that way, harrowed up, all for nothing. He should have been told much more than that Haiphong was a dreary little port in the tropics, which he knew well enough, having been there once or twice himself. He knew all about the monument and the fever, and besides, he thought it mere sentimental nonsense erecting monuments to men like that, who might have died anywhere else just as well. Well, that sojourn of six months in that beastly little hotel would have been good for her, brought her to her senses. She had had a good long time to think things over. As for himself and his position, there had been no scandal. She had gone home suddenly on a visit. Wives do on the China coast. So he would go and fetch her back again. He was quite pleased with himself on reaching this decision, and underneath there was an unacknowledged pleasure in the thought that she was coming back. He would not admit it, of course; but it was there, tincturing all his preparations.

The proprietor led him up-stairs to her bedroom, but he should have told him. It was cruel not to have prepared him. First that meddling woman, then this man, in connivance. And he, Kennedy, had come down with forgiveness in both hands and in his heart; more than forgiveness—anticipation, joy. He was n't bad; no one is. It is these wretched threads, weaving in and out, that spoil the pattern. Nor had she been prepared either; but it would probably not have mattered much to her, for she had found the oblivion she sought. You must remember, she had suffered greatly. All had gone, her world gone tumbling. And even in the Straits of Hainan she had been too big a coward. This was easier.

So he opened the door and found her there and stood speechless. And she, pausing in her occupation, was also silent. Only silence had now become a habit. So she paused, lying on a couch in the shady embrasure of a window, against which palm-leaves brushed. She looked haggard, but quite content. Therefore, he, after a short period of silence, feeling that he had been duped, burst out with all the disappointment of his heart. All his hope dashed, all his joy gone. Yes, you see, they should have told him. Consequently, he was very furiously angry, and he poured out upon her foul invectives, all of which she merited, or I suppose so. It is hard to tell. Slowly and slowly, the meaning of his tirade penetrated into her numbed brain, rousing anger in her, too. But it was only apathetic anger, and she replied slowly, and for that reason, because of her slowness and not seeming to see the enormity of the thing, it irritated him the more. It was not a happy meeting. All the hotel heard it, and it drifted down into the café, causing those shaking dice to hold their hands suspended. Also the coolies heard it, but did not understand the words, only the great anger. Then, shaking with fury, he went out and slammed the door. But before he left he heard her drawling, twisting something in her fingers.

"You were right. It is a boon. It eases pain, intolerable pain. And I have had great, great pain. My soul is racked with pain. So in this way I ease it. For the widows and orphans you should declare extra dividends this year."

A Land of Natural Beauty

By ANDREW J. STONE

Gradually the world is awakening to the knowledge that Alaska is a land of wonderful charm and beauty, and not the dreary waste that we thought it to be when grudgingly we bought it of Russia.

IT is now about fifty years since the United States, without pleasure, without even cordiality, accepted Alaska. The territory had been offered us several times previously, and had been rejected; but when William H. Seward became secretary of state under President Johnson, he worked vigorously to induce our Government to take a wiser course. His opportunity came when it was intimated that the Russian Government would sell Russian America to any nation but England. At the time, Russia was reported to be greatly in need of money; she had shown us friendship during the Civil War, and here lay our chance to return past favors. A treaty of purchase was sent to the Senate on March 30, 1867; there was a storm of protest throughout the country, but the treaty was ratified on May 28 by a vote of thirty yeas, opposed by only two nays, and was proclaimed by the President on June 30. The purchase price was fixed at $7,200,000, or less than two cents for each of Alaska's 385,000,000 acres of land, with the wealth of all its adjacent waters thrown in.

While the treaty of purchase was still under discussion, Benjamin F. Butler of Massachusetts said, "If we are to pay this amount for Russia's friendship, I desire to give her the $7,200,000 and let her keep Alaska." Benjamin F. Loan of Missouri said that "the acquisition of this inhospitable and barren waste would never add one dollar to the wealth of our country or furnish homes to our people." How completely they misunderstood and undervalued Alaska's material resources may be seen by the fact that in 1870 the sealing privilege on the Pribilof Islands in Bering Sea was leased to the Alaska Commercial Company for a period of twenty years for the sum of $6,020,152; in 1890 the seal islands were again leased for twenty years, this time to the North American Commercial Company, and the Government received $3,453,844. The two small islands of St. Paul and St. George, constituting the Pribilof group, returned an amount greater than the purchase price of the whole territory.

A railway through an Alaskan valley

And this, of course, was only one source of wealth.

Nor was Mr. Loan any more happy in his choice of adjectives; barren and inhospitable do not apply to Alaska, though for years it was thought of as a country of snow and ice fit only for Eskimo and polar bears. The fur trade was largely responsible for this conception. It was enormously profitable, and the only way that the company could retain control of the fur business was by keeping white men out of the country; so for the first twenty-two of the fifty-odd years that we have owned Alaska, the American people heard only of terrible cold and desolation and of a fur business in the control of one concern a situation in no way inviting to the white man. But little by little information relating to the possibilities of wealth in Alaska leaked to the States. Little by little the imaginary walls crumbled. A mere handful of prospectors and adventurers crossed over the coast range of mountains in the southeast and plunged into the mighty wilderness beyond. Others followed; more and more ventured into the great valley of the Yukon. But they came with no thought of Alaska as a country in which to live and establish homes. They came with no thought of developing the wonderful wealth that surrounded them Gold, not furs, was at the bottom of this new raid, for that is what it amounted to—a raid. And the raiders cared only to loot the country and again abandon it to the natives and wild animals. Thousands and thousands of intelligent men found their way through magnificent forests, surrounded by beautiful scenery, and did not see. They did not think of Alaska as an opportunity, but rather as a source of unearned riches. But few Americans who have not lived or traveled there realize the beauty and variety of the country.

Certainly there is nothing dull or monotonous in the eleven hundred islands that form the Alexander Archipelago. Some of the islands are as large as the largest New England States; some are barren of timber, many are heavily forested; others are high mountain peaks. The Aleutian group, famous for their

Baird Cañon, Copper River

furs and their basketry, are chiefly of volcanic origin. Many of them rise from the sea in somewhat symmetrical cones, usually dropping away into lowlands; others offer to the waves precipitous bluffs, which roll in gently sloping plateaus down to short beaches, where quaint villages nestle at the edge of harbors. Bogoslof, in Bering Sea, came poking its head above the surrounding waters in 1796, rumbling, thundering, and indulging in violent explosions. In 1805 it climbed higher above the sea, and during the following twenty-five years continued a slow and irregular climb, lighting up the night, and by day clouding the sun with smoke. In 1883 there was further trouble in this locality, and Bogoslof Second rose upon the scene and did many remarkable stunts in an evident effort to impersonate the older island. In 1906 Bogoslof Third came into sight. The whole group is generally actively engaged, at times becoming agitated and violent. These islands are always steaming hot on their arrival at the surface.

Crossing to the mainland, one finds the highest mountains on the North American continent. Alaska has forty peaks from nine to twenty thousand feet in height. There are at least a dozen systems classified and named as so many ranges, but in reality there are only two clearly defined, the coast range of Alaska, and the northerly extension of the Rockies.

The more important of the two is the coast range, a continuation of the range known in California as the Sierras, in Washington as the Cascades, and in British Columbia as the Selkirks. It extends along the southeast, and breaks into many isolated peaks near the coast and throughout the whole island system constituting the Alexander Archipelago, and north on the mainland to what is known as the summit, north of Skagway. Past Cross Sound it lifts to the Fairweather Range, which, rising directly from the sea, is one of the most beautiful spectacles upon the face of the earth. Mount Fairweather, 15,292 feet high, is but slightly above its neighbors, and every mile of the range is clearly visible from the sea, and so near that any

pair of good glasses shows in detail the deep cañons, the glaciers, and the bluffs. Farther west this is merged with the St. Elias range, which also descends abruptly to the shore. Mount Logan is the highest peak, but as it is surrounded by other great masses, it lacks the grandeur of Mount St. Elias. Wrapped in white, except where a deep, dark-green fringe encircles the base, that mountain rises from the sea in a mighty cone that pierces the sky at a height of nearly three and a half miles; it is so close to the path of the ships that the traveler finds himself almost gazing into the inky blue of the great crevasses that slash the sides of the mighty Malaspina Glacier. It has also a sort of international importance, as its highest point is the corner-stone at a very important angle in the boundary between Alaska and the Canadian territory.

Nowhere else in the world may one enjoy such a superb and magnificent scene with so little effort and in so much comfort. Pure white and fantastically irregular crests stand out against the deep blue of the Alaskan summer sky. As your ship slowly picks her way among the glistening icebergs in Glacier Bay, their crystal white shading to deepest indigo blue, and the mighty Muir Glacier, with its river of ice, rising abruptly from the water several hundred feet in perpendicular height and extending all across the bay, you will for the moment lose sight of the mountains. The rich green of the deeply wooded shores calls to you; the porpoise, leaping and somersaulting above the waves, will entertain you by the hour, and the black whale will now and then come alongside, just to show you how he spouts and how gracefully his clumsy, huge body glides through the water.

The glaciers of Alaska are closely associated with its greatest mountains. Those who are without knowledge of the country naturally assume that as they travel north they come more and more in contact with fields of ice and snow, but as a matter of fact the entire glacial area lies within the great coastal mountain range of the south, and ninety per cent. of it is on the southern slope between the summits and the sea. There are some of the largest glaciers in the world among the hundred and seventy there that are dignified by names. The Malaspina of Alaska has an area of 1200 square miles, whereas the Jostedalsbræ of Norway has only an area of 470 square miles.

Once more the popular conception is incorrect; for these fields of ice are not indications of intense cold and great desolation. Huge forests, magnificent ferns as high as one's head, and luxuriant flowering plants of many varieties, elbow them in all the lower altitudes, and in some instances are found growing on the very surface of the glaciers themselves, often forming a veritable jungle, and with trees sometimes three feet in diameter and from eighty to one hundred feet high. In fact, virtually all of Alaska's 30,000,000 acres of heavy forest are within the area of greatest glaciers, in the foot-hills of the mountains on their coastal side, and in the lowlands bordering the coast, and on the innumerable islands.

A writer and traveler describes a climb up an easy slope through knee-deep lupin beds, "over acres of bryanthus, buttercups, forget-me-nots, violets, bluebells, gentians, geums, asters, and golden-rod. Ptarmagin, a beautiful grouse, ran beside us. Marmots whistled on every side, and the terrace reached by us was a favorite pasture for wild goats, from which the hunters kept our larder well supplied."

In no other country are there such extensive and enchanting inland salt waters. One may travel thousands of miles between the islands of the Alexander Archipelago—islands deeply wooded, where beautiful streams come tumbling to the inland sea or plunge headlong in graceful waterfalls. Deep fiords, sheltered from the winds, afford picturesque anchorage for the night, and in all these places wood and pure water are at hand. Fish are abundant, and deer and grouse come down to visit you.

From the moment you set sail on Puget Sound there is not a dull hour. You may go for a thousand miles to the north through calm inland waters in undisturbed comfort; first through long stretches of narrow channels, and then through broad expanses giving distant glimpses; out past Whidby Island and

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Lovers' Lane, Sitka

its wonderful gardens and the picturesque Indian village at Yes Bay; through the Gulf of Georgia and the swirling tides of Seymore Narrows into the unsurpassable beauty of Johnstone Straits, where for hours you wind your way between great forested walls, beautiful as fairy-land; through Chatam Sound, past Prince Rupert, and "54-40 or fight."

The creator of adjectives had finished his work before he ever saw Alaska. Mrs. Higginson writes:

"To the very head of Russel Fiord supreme splendor of scenery is encountered, surpassing the most vaunted of the old world. Within a few miles, one passes from luxuriant forestation to lovely lakes, lacy cascades, bits of green valley; and then of a sudden, all unprepared, into the most sublime snow-mountain fastnesses imaginable, surrounded by glaciers and many of the most majestic mountain peaks in the world."

Of the Taku Glacier John Muir says:

"It comes sweeping forward in majestic curves and pours its countless roaring plunging masses into a western branch of the inlet, next to the Taku River. Thus we have here in one view, flowing into the sea, side by side, a river of ice and a river of water, both abounding in cascades and rapids, yet infinitely different in their rate of motion and in the songs they sing—a rare object-lesson worth coming far to learn."

When he speaks of the Harriman Fiord

Rock Creek road-house

he says that "we camped in the only pure forest of hemlock I ever saw, the most beautiful of evergreens growing at sea-level, some of the trees over three feet in diameter and nearly a hundred feet high."

The rich farming lands of the valleys and the upland and sparsely wooded ranges represent nearly one third of the territory, a far greater percentage of arable lands than is possessed by many of the States. Added to this, a very large part of the Kenai Peninsula will some day be devoted to agriculture and grazing, and most of the larger of the Aleutian Islands and Kodiak Archipelago will also be devoted to grazing.

Moreover, Alaska has more than five thousand miles of navigable and beautiful rivers. The incomparable and famous Yukon, rushing through magnificent scenery, is navigable for twenty-one hundred miles in one stretch. The Hudson pales before it. Its tributaries, too, hold forth an invitation to vessels carrying cargoes and sight-seers. The Tanana has been navigated for seven hundred miles; the Chisana is navigable by light draft for seven hundred and fifty miles. And so it goes, comfort and beauty together.

If it is bold and magnificent scenery that you long for, the Copper River and Northwestern Railway will pick you up on the shores of Prince William Sound, and later take you along that mighty stream, Copper River, skirting some of its most wonderful reaches, now and then plunging through deep forests, then by great glaciers, all the time walled in between towering mountains and mighty cañons, every curve of the river and the road bringing into view new scenes, until the cañon widens and Mount Blackburn rises directly in front of you, terrifyingly near, and before you have had time to recover, Mount Wrangell bursts into full view to the left, and Mount Regal looks down upon you from the right through a rift in the mountain mass, only to be quickly lost again.

Farther west the Chugach Mountains rise from the shores of Prince William Sound. Mr. Muir says:

"The entrance to the famous Prince William Sound disclosed to the west-

Indian River Road, Sitka

ward one of the richest, most glorious mountain landscapes I ever beheld, peak over peak dipping deep in the sky, a thousand of them, icy and shining, rising higher and higher beyond and yet beyond another, burning bright in the afternoon light, purple cloud bars above them, purple shadows in the hollows and great beauty in a thousand forms awaited us at every turn in this bright and spacious wonderland."

For me the Alaskan Peninsula and the Aleutian Islands have always had a special charm. It is with a mingled feeling of emotion and pride that I review the impressions I set down upon one quiet afternoon in the autumn of 1902, as I sat on the high point of land that sloped from the mountains back of me to the sea in front of me, and in the face of this unusual landscape read from the pages of its history the story of its dramatic creation and its more peaceful and gradual development.

Behind rose a range of lofty snow-capped mountains, peak upon peak, graceful in outline, but so massive in appearance, so solid and immovable, as to give one a feeling of utmost security—a feeling that these great earth masses had been unchanged throughout the ages. From my position they curved slightly both to my right and to my left, and I could see for many miles in both directions this same great range as it fell away from its snowy summit to the lower foot-hills sloping gently to the sea, which spread before me, peaceful and quiet. Everything was so hushed, so secure, that it seemed as though peace must reign here forevermore, regardless of the indisputable evidences of violence that I had but just read from the story told by the land about me—the story of a mighty power once capable of putting all this great land in motion, of lifting it as a man would lift an apple in the palm of his hand.

Just ten years later this mighty power once more displayed its quality, and Mount Katmai, only a few miles from where I had been sitting burst forth as the world's greatest living volcano, not this time to elevate or extend the land, but to assume eruptive power. The whole top of the great mountain was blown to

Hot Springs bath-house and Sawtooth Range

atoms, and hurled through the air. It is estimated that five cubic miles of solid earth and stone, converted into volcanic ash by the awful concussion, were instantly flung up, and so powerful was the force behind it that vast quantities fell a hundred and fifty miles away. At Kodiak, one hundred miles distant, the whole landscape was covered a foot deep with volcanic sand ashes.

The crater left in the top of Mount Katmai is the largest in any of the living volcanoes. Its lower basin is now filled with water, forming a lake a little over a mile square. From the surface of this lake to the highest point of the rim above is 3700 feet, almost three fourths of a mile. The earth blown into the air in that one short and awful moment was forty times as much as all of that removed in the construction of the Panama Canal.

But Alaska's greatest wonder, which, incidentally, is the world's greatest scenic wonder, is not the volcano of Katmai. Here, indeed, is that desire of the jaded appetite, something different, something so unlike all other activities of nature that the world has no records of anything with which it may be compared.

Standing upon the higher surrounding land, the mighty and terrible Mount Katmai in the background, one looks down upon a real inferno, extending for miles within high walls of lava and other volcanic matter, surrounded by powerful living volcanoes. Here lies the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes. Thousands of steaming and smoking jets in various forms and sizes rise from its floor, to merge into one great cloud that drifts upon the winds. Here and there brilliant patches in all the rainbow colors paint the floor and walls of this strange valley, but these patches are not the living flowers known to other parts of Alaska. They are flowers of sulphur thrown up from the furnaces of the giant laboratory leagues and leagues beneath the earth.

Strange as it may seem, one may descend and walk with reasonable safety between these phenomena, dodging a hissing steam jet, breathing the different gases fresh from the depths of the

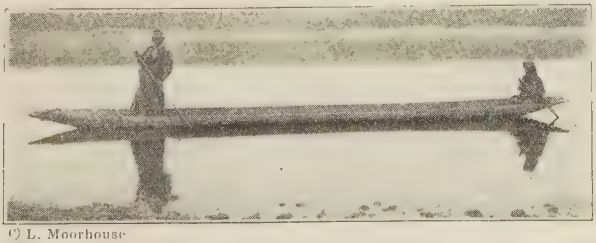
Out from Cordova, Copper River

infernal regions, avoiding streams of boiling water. There are steam jets that one dare not approach, others upon which one can cook a meal; there are ice-cold glacial streams, and even the ice itself, and myriads of steam jets debouching into the same little lake, where the water is hot in places, cold in others.

Mr. Robert F. Griggs says:

"As far as one could see down the broad, flat-floored valley, great columns of white vapor were pouring out of the fissured ground and rising gracefully, until they mingled in a common cloud which hung between the mountain walls on either side. We could not see how far the activity extended, for about five miles down the valley the smoke had closed in, cutting off any further view in that direction."

This great phenomenon, the most bewildering and exciting of all the world's natural wonders, can neither be exaggerated nor faithfully described; but there it is, the climax of a country conspicuous in beauty of a more usual order, a country of sea and mountains, of warmth and cold, of flowers and ice, a country preëminently fitted to become a land of homes.



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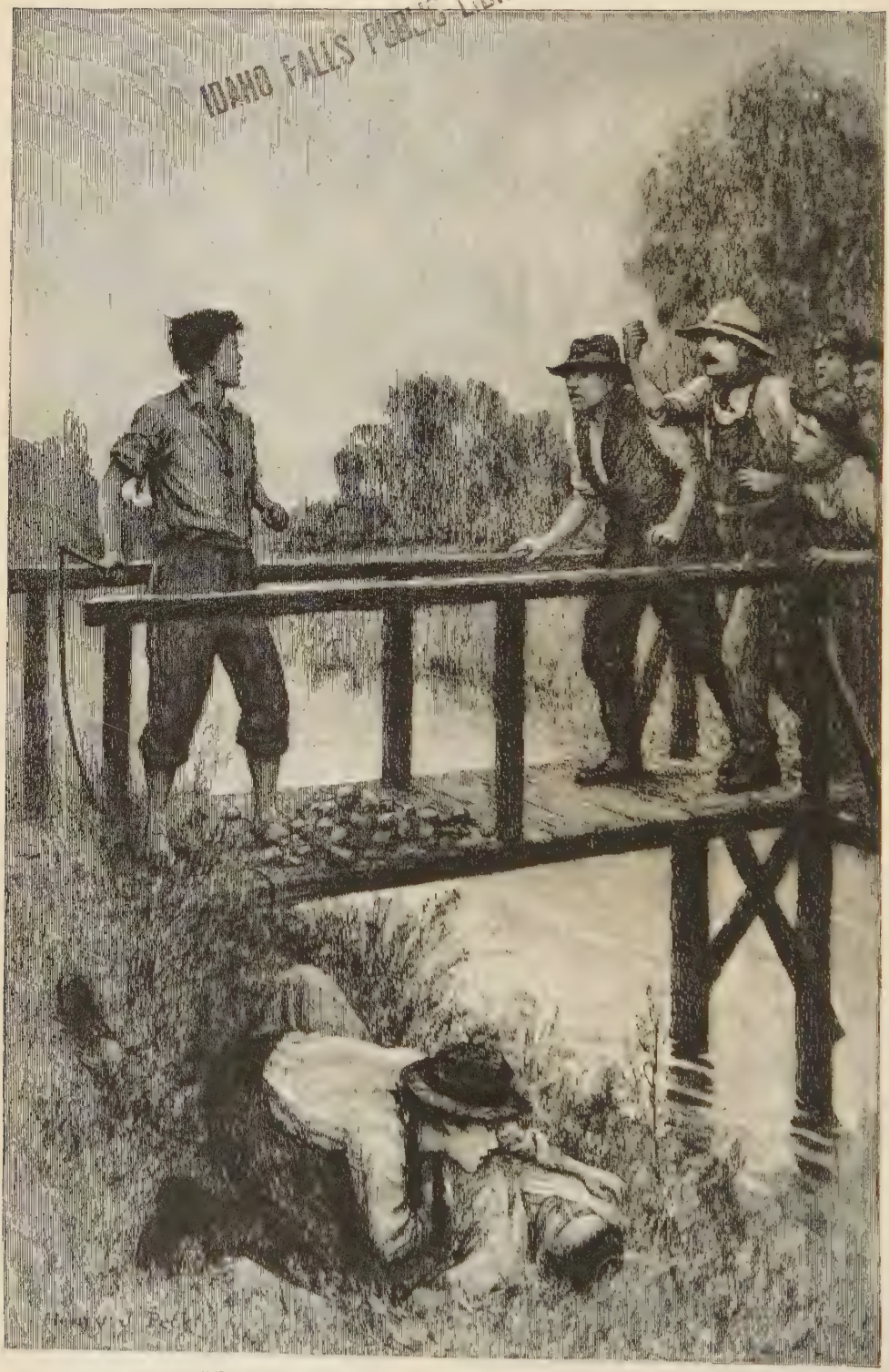

"'Now come on,' he screamed, 'all you that set him on me!'"

Cool

By THOMAS BEER

Illustrations by Henry J. Peck

A modern Irish saga in which Cuchulain of Belfast comes to America, and quickly establishes by physical powers and humorous methods a new legend in Zerbetta, Ohio.

IN May, 1882, the chief secretary of Ireland and the under secretary of Ireland were stabbed to death in Dublin. The London "Times" announced that the crime had "disturbed and interrupted the life and business of the entire world," but I must protest that the life and business of Zerbetta, Ohio, went on quite as usual. Few of my associates in the seventh grade of the public school knew that Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke had existed or that they had ceased to be. Our elders discussed the matter when corn and cows failed as topics. My father gave the fact three minutes' space in a sermon, and my mother was sorry for their families. Only Martin O'Shea, the county jailer, raised the voice of approval. He said it served them right, but was straightway rebuked by Captain Fergus Healy.

Healy made his remonstrance in a tone heard all over the central square of the flat town. He sat his mare by the gates of the blue-brick jail, and committed verbal massacre on old O'Shea for ten minutes, while loungers gathered, grinning. In Meagher's Brigade the captain had acquired a pointed style and an immense strength of lung, so all Zerbetta knew that he was ashamed of the Phœnix Park murders on behalf of Ireland, and a mild cheer followed when he rode off. But John and Owen O'Shea, the jailer's red-haired twins, avenged their father on Connal Healy that afternoon when school was over. A relief column, headed by Ethan Ross and me, came to Connal's aid, and the O'Sheas were driven back into the high school yard, their proper territory.

"Dad says there 's all kinds of Irish," said Connal, wiping his nose on my shirt-sleeve, "an' the O'Sheas are shanty Irish. Let 's lay for 'em in the morning, huh?"

But Captain Healy's largest barn burned that night, and so diverted our activity to afternoons of pleasure among the delightful charred wreckage. Ethan and Connal, with their black hair, were statues in coal by each sunset, and my mother mourned over my smeared shirts. The farmers of the neighborhood idled on Healy's porch over furtive glasses, so that some went less sober home, for the captain was a generous host and a widower. He was, too, a scholar and a wit, and I think he got a repayment from listening to the drawling talk of the county. Local gossip was mingled with tales of the Civil War, and I remember the captain's dark, long face writhing away from a grin into courtly composure when Jackson Smith took the air with some statement on land strategy. Smith was the local naval hero, and his judgments had the advantage of absolute inexperience, while they were the less debatable since given as opinions of Smith's Brother Pete. Now, Pete was dead, so his views were sacred.

"You can call a live man a fool," Healy once observed, "but good manners prevent my exposin' the idjucy of a corpse, and I would n't hurt Jack's feelings for all the world."

Smith lived across the river from Healy and the Rosses, and there was a common saying that he had married his farm, for he was not a native. He was a burly, handsome man, and it was suitable that a landed heiress should marry him. Certainly he made an excellent manager for her farm, and all small boys adored him for his good temper, his sea lies, and his embellished person. He was marvelously tattooed. While

the burned barn was being demolished, we haunted him, asking for stories. He would sit in his wagon beside the fading ruins and yarn about the battle of Mobile Bay, where he had served as a powder-monkey on the *Hartford* and had escaped death a thousand times. We swallowed his adventures earnestly despite Captain Healy's open skepticism.

But Smith's exploits were pallid as against those of his Brother Pete, who had been a gunner in the great victory. He could point out the location of this gun on the *Hartford* herself, wrought in three colors between his stomach and collar-bone, and we all respected the shallow, jolly man for so doting on this miraculous brother, although Pete became tedious at times, and Ethan Ross would diplomatically shift Smith to tales of the high seas and the New Bedford whalers. It was Ethan, after one of these romances, who asked why Mr. Smith had left seafaring.

"Well, d' know just, Eth. Pete he married a girl in Belfast and settled down there, and we 'd always shipped together, and—" he looked down the slope of rising corn below the barnyard, and his ruddy face grew sad as he stared at its rippling. "Well, Pete he 's dead now. His boy 'd be about as big as you, Eth. Chuck me up that hunk of stall, will you, Joe Henry?"

Captain Healy told us that Belfast was a city full of Orangemen and money, a combination that meant nothing to any of us. It was exciting to hear in early June that Pete's widow was dead and that Pete's son was on the Atlantic headed for Ohio. Smith overwhelmed his friends with happy babble about this boy. It was concluded in his mind that Pete's son must be the image of Pete in all ways, fine-looking, audacious, and clever, and we grew to hate the orphan in advance. Connal Healy particularly resented him, for Connal was no model in either conduct or appearance, and a paragon in the neighborhood would be a nuisance. Also Connal had decided that all Irish boys must be rather like the O'Shea twins, and hence detestable. When Smith set off to meet his nephew in New York, Connal cruelly hoped we might hear that the heir of Pete Smith's virtues had been lost at sea. But two days later, during geography lesson, the schoolroom door opened, and the principal led in a boy of a sort never seen in Zerbetta, murmured to Miss Cox, and fled. Meanwhile the stranger stood, red from his broad, low collar to his lint hair, and the morning sun beat on the clothes that made him as startling to us as a cardinal. The Eton jacket was too tight for his bulky arms, and his long, gray trousers fitted his legs down to the ankle, where polished shoes finished the amazement. In one hand he carried a silk hat with an egregious mourning-band. In Ohio he was undreamed save as an illustration to "Tom Brown's School-days," and Miss Cox plainly shared our alarm. Too appalled to whisper, we gazed at him, and I thought that Mr. Smith must already be disappointed. Pete's son was clearly strong, but his perplexed face was in no way handsome.

"I expect you 're Mr. Jackson Smith's nephew," the teacher stammered.

"I am," he said in a clipped, jerky bass.

"And what 's your name?"

"Smith," said the exile from Erin.

"I meant your first name."

He pronounced three syllables, his voice bouncing up into treble on the last. Miss Cox blinked, and asked him to say it again, then to spell it.

"C-u-c-h-u-l-a-i-n," he spelled.

"Oh," said the teacher, with fatal brightness, "that sounds like a German name."

Cuchulain's wide mouth fell open, and he gulped.

"German? Listen to the woman! Do I look like a German, now, for God's sake? You 'll be takin' me for a Jew or a Eyetalian the next."

The class exhaled its rapture in a long squeal, cut by the recess bell. He marched down-stairs with the rest of us, muttering to himself in what Connal Healy whispered was Irish, and wrinkling his fair brows. Ethan Ross, the diplomat, was the first to address him.

"I 'm Eth Ross. I live out across from your uncle. Lemme see your hat, huh? This here 's Joe Henry, and that 's Connal Healy. How old are you?"

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"Surrendered his hat, which Ethan at once rubbed the wrong way and then put on"

Cuchulain, after a frown, smiled, and admitted that he was twelve "and a bit," and surrendered his hat, which Ethan at once rubbed the wrong way and then put on. We made a ring about Cuchulain on the grass below the steps and surveyed him with the respect owed one who had sworn at a teacher. The rattling report of his act leaped the high-school fence, and larger lads came over to examine, among them the sulky O'Shea twins. All the little girls giggled, and Cuchulain jammed his hard hands into his pockets, eying our bare feet.

"An' I heard everybody in this country was rich," he said.

"Nobody wears shoes in summer but girls," Ethan assured him; "it 's too hot."

"Ain't it lots colder in Ireland than it is here?" Connal asked.

Cuchulain was not sure, but Connal smiled at him and went on talking eagerly.

"An' that 's an Irish name, Coo—whatever it was?"

"It is," said Cuchulain.

"I thought it was," Connal pursued. "My father 's Irish. Well, what 's it mean?"

"It means Cullan's dog, like," Cuchulain said, then flinched from the laughter and the instant bark of some wag. Connal talked on.

"Is Belfast bigger 'n Dublin?"

"It is." Cuchulain nodded, considering Connal with shy favor.

The Dublin-born O'Sheas thrust through the circle and called him a liar in the same breath. Connal Healy flung up his brown face and shouted that Belfast was bigger than Dublin. His green eyes simmered, and his square jaw shot out, seeing the twins tower close. But Cuchulain looked at the big boys, and took his hands out of his pockets easily.

"Dublin 's a fine town, then, where they killed the lord leftenant, and him with no more to his hand than a walkin'-stick!" He began to whistle a dancing little tune. It had no meaning for us, but the O'Sheas yelled, and jumped at him, upsetting Ethan Ross into a clump of virgins and battering down the silk hat over his nose. We scattered like

sparrows from the slung stone, and a mirthless fight began with blood, for Cuchulain met John O'Shea with a fist on the mouth that sent him reeling. Miss Cox wailed unheeded from a window above, and spectators climbed into the horse-chestnut-trees for view and safety. Cuchulain's jacket split up the back smartly before he went down in a pinwheel welter of gray and blue canvas legs.

"Oh," cried Ethan, through the shreds of the hat, "it ain't fair! They 're bigger 'n him! It ain't fair!"

Some big fellows were moving in to stop it when Connal Healy gave a grunt of wrath and plunged into the muddle, landing on John O'Shea's back just as Cuchulain got a leg free and planted his heel in Owen's ribs. The distraction tossed John and Connal into a separate tangle, and Connal was trying to chew John's ear when some one dragged Owen from the strange champion altogether. Cuchulain jumped up, his collar a' chart of finger-prints and his brown eyes glassy with battle fever. I was the first thing he saw, and he came for me headlong.

"Run, Joe!" Ethan counseled, and I ran, without stopping to argue fairness. He almost got me at the turn of the stairs. The bruise on my back was worth exhibition for a week. He was kicking through the panels of a classroom door to get at me when the principal and janitor arrested him. Connal and he were banished, and we watched their contrasting heads vanish up Poplar Street with the purest awe. On the mile walk home they became dear friends, and that afternoon when Ethan and I called on the new-comer, he was draped in some faded, familiar rags of Connal's, so that there was left nothing strange about him except his odd accent, level and curt, and the whiteness of his bared feet on the grass. We liked him promptly despite his wordless state. No one ever came out of Ireland with less gift of speech.

Connal extracted his history by affectionate prodding. It was a dingy outline of life in his grandfather MacCormac's failing public house on a side street of Belfast, where his mother's swarm of young brothers taught him to guard his head, and the whistling of "Lillibullero" was signal for alley factions to gather for battle, religious and political. His mother had spent her savings to give him a little schooling, and his bedridden grandmother seemed the sole friendly thing he regretted, for he had learned of her queer songs and twisted, ancient stories which frightened Smith's small daughters when Cuchulain tried to amuse them. Outside boxing, his only social resource was an ability to jig endlessly and solemnly, which he had been taught to do for the delight of the customers in his grandfather's bar.

"Why," said Smith to Captain Healy, "the poor boy 's had an awful life. He acts like three meals a day and a room to himself was somethin' wonderful. He ain't nothin' like Pete except he 'll fight anything on two legs. Pete was bright an' lively and—"

"This is the gloomy Gael you 've got on your hands, Jack," Healy said smilingly, "and I expect his grandmother was out of Galway. He 's got the Galway talk. But he 's a fine boy, too."

"I thought all the Irish were funny," I put in.

"That 's an American superstition, Joe," said the captain. "Some are, some are n't. Ulster 's not a gay county. But this lad, saints! they ought to start a war for him! He 's as strong with his fists as his namesake."

"They 'd ought of named him for Pete," Smith complained. "But who *was* this Coo—what is it?"

"Coo-hoo-lin," Healy said. "I have n't it all in mind. He was a big fighter back in the days when Ireland was a seethin' mass of two-cent kings. He was an Ulsterman. The King of Connaught came up with his gang to do some dirty work or other in Ulster, and all the other Ulstermen were off fishing or drunk. Anyways, Cuchulain was the only man to meet them. He held them out of Ulster at Ardee ford for a week or a day or some such rotten lie. Such are the tales they tell. I 'm glad Cool never lights on my Connal."

"Oh, they 're too good friends to fight," Smith told him.

"For the which God be thanked!" The captain laughed and walked off to watch Cuchulain jig in the barnyard.

Cuchulain's qualities as a fighter did not amuse Healy as they did the boy's uncle, who was rather proud of this one resemblance to the idol Pete. Smith was too dull to realize that most of the frays were undertaken in his honor. His good nature flowed out to Cuchulain in a constant, smiling attention when the lad spoke. He accepted his nephew as a son, having none of his own, and treated him with a careless, boyish kindness, took Cuchulain's instant worship of him as a natural tribute to their relation and to the good looks of which he was vain. Yet Connal found out that Cuchulain had come here in dread of a drudgery such as the boys suffered who went as laborers to the north Irish farms of that day, and his luxury was, I suppose, an unhoped paradise. He enjoyed the farm in silence, and in silence revered Uncle Jack as a fountain of benevolence. Smith never could pronounce his name, and called him "Cool," as we did. Sometimes we called him "Dog," which was the only joke he ever comprehended, and this name suited him well, for he followed his uncle in that fashion about the orchard and pastures, whistling dreadful, sad tunes, "The Ship That Sank," or, worse, "Queen Deirdre in Scotland," which even Connal could not endure. We did not fathom his still beatitude, although we learned in that first summer that he would flash into blows on any criticism of his uncle, or anything that was his uncle's down to the set of a fence.

"Cool," said Ethan, nursing a swollen ear, "thinks Mr. Smith 's some doggone kind of God, I guess."

Apart from this, Cool went to war on curious pretexts. It was never possible to judge what he would take as an affront. He fought the O'Sheas by rote, jointly or severally, a dozen times a year, and sometimes came off badly, as they were not cowards. He hammered a young hired man of Mr. Ross's who wanted Ireland free, and had a furious public duel with the massed sons of the Welsh cobbler, who alleged that the Welsh and the Irish were oppressed by the Saxon. I think that he liked fighting against odds. It is certain that he never touched a boy smaller than himself. He could box with precise and telling skill, while the rest of us floundered, and he taught Connal to fight carefully with gloves, yet would not hit him hard enough to raise a mark on his surface, for Connal ranked next to Uncle Jack in his heathen heart, and my last row with Cuchulain, when we were fourteen, was about Connal. It took place in the Ross hay-loft, and I descended by way of the open doors on to a moving hay-cart.

"But," I protested, "what did I say, Eth?"

"You said you could swim better 'n Connal," Ethan drawled.

"Well, I can, can't I?"

"Sure you can, Joe, but you ought to know better 'n to say so, you lummox!"

Cool had no right to set himself up as a judge of swimming, for he was that rarity, the boy who cannot swim, and this distressed Smith more than all his other lapses below the phantom standards of the late Pete. He wasted hours of each summer for three years trying to teach his nephew the simple art. At his bidding Cuchulain would wade out into the broad pool, splash manfully a moment, then sink and be rescued, spluttering and ashamed, too sorrowful for apologies.

"It beats time," Smith would say, "how many ways you just ain't like Pete at all."

Cuchulain shook the water out of his ears and looked sad, but said no word in defense. In any case, he was too stupid for arguments. But of his merits Smith was proud to folly. Cool was admittedly the best milker on any of the three farms, and he saved Smith hire, for the Smith acreage was devoted to kine and to an orchard that ran from the house to the river. Cows and apples had become passions in Smith. He planted no corn, and in the summer when we were all fifteen he bought a new pasture for his growing herd of sleek, supercilious brutes with pedigrees and prizes. Cuchulain tended them as though they were human.

"Uncle Jack's got the best cows in the county," he said, meaning the world, and no one denied it. He was so big and burly now that there was small fun in a fight with him. When the apples were ripe he frightened us by trotting

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"A cow he had just bought from a Gipsy on the road"

about the orchards with sacks and bushel-baskets a grown man would have shirked, and Smith's hired men had an easy time that September.

The October of 1885 was famous for its heat, and our leisure, after harvest, was tedious. The one excitement was the building of a yard-wide plank bridge to join the Smith and Healy orchards west of the swimming-pool, and we were roaming up to look at this one afternoon when Ethan proposed a swim. We had been eating a pie or so on the Ross porch, and I mentioned this as an excuse.

"Yes," said Connal, "you 'd get cramps; and, anyhow, it 's so cold it 'd freeze the toes off you. Come on."

Ethan got stubborn. Connal and I sniffed and walked on. Cuchulain stayed to tie a shoe-lace, and fell talking to Ethan while that maniac stripped. We were already out of sight, about the bend of the stream, when Cuchulain shouted, and we gave it no attention. His second shout rose to a shriek, and we tore back, to see him knee-deep in the bright water. Ethan had disappeared. Pie and cold had combined against him, and there followed an odious business of diving in the chill, groping in the lower mud, while farm-hands yelled advice, and the seven lesser Ross boys howled together. When retrieved, Ethan was obstinate about showing any sign of life. He was, in all seeming, dead, a slim, limp terror stretched on a table in the Ross kitchen, while the frenzied women of all the three households tried this and that fabulous remedy, and the noise of the disaster spread, shouted along the fields. Meanwhile Cuchulain sat on the porch outside, dripping, his head in his hands, indifferent to Connal's consolations and the bray of incoming neighbors. I remember his tense crouch even through my own woe, and I remember Smith arriving with a bottle of brandy and plowing through the crowd in the door.

"There 's your uncle," said Connal. "He used to be a sailor; maybe he 'll be able to do somethin'."

But Smith got some breathless version of the accident in the kitchen, and came out to Cuchulain. He spoke furiously, silly with fondness.

"If you had n't got sand enough to stop Eth from drownin' himself or pull him out of the pond, it ain't any wonder the boys call you Dog. I 'm ashamed to death of you, and so 'd Pete be if he was n't dead already."

He swung away from the boy and stalked back into the kitchen. Cuchulain cringed, just as a dog's body ripples under the whip, and his head dropped on his knees.

"Oh, he 's forgot you can't swim," said Connal, and we both forgot the speech in a yell of joy from the kitchen. Captain Healy had forced enough brandy down Ethan's throat to annoy him back to life and alcoholic nausea. Since he was the best-beloved lad in the county, there was a vast celebration. Smith got somewhat tipsy in honor of the event, and any recollection of his idiotic words passed out of his brain. I remember his telling me, a day or so afterward, how sensible Cool had been not to dive after Ethan; but he did not tell the boy this, and his spark of silliness kindled a flame he did not see.

His habit of stillness hid Cuchulain's misery too well, and yet symptoms appeared that caused Connal to worry and set us wondering. Cuchulain stopped whistling, though this was no loss to local music. We were not sorry, but it began to bother us when Christmas passed without a fight, although he had fine provocations. He was thinner, and his face never colored about a smile. His dullness in high school was astounding. He could not be induced to stop in town for dinner at my father's house. From school he went straight to the farm and stayed there, a mute image in Smith's sitting-room on snow-bound days, dreary, laborious when there was something to be done, his whole being clouded with shame. He had been called a coward by his visible God, and there was no compensation in Smith's kindness, which the boy took for toleration. I suppose that every time his uncle spoke of Pete the comparison burned further into his soul, and his poor stock of confidence dwindled. He thought himself quite worthless, a creature maintained for his father's sake and too degenerate for censure. His sorrow expanded so that it poisoned the winter for all of us, and at last gave Smith the idea that Cool needed what he called "brightening."

"He don't seem as cheerful as a boy 'd ought to be," he told Healy at a crossroads conference.

"It 's no good feedin' him cod-liver oil," Healy said. "Amuse the poor lad, and don't fret him about his lessons."

The captain came to Cool's sixteenth birthday party in March, and watched the boy stumble about among the guests, forgetting names and smiling only when Smith spoke to him. It was pitiable, but with spring and outer air he seemed better, and had a mighty fight with the O'Sheas, who had come to work on the Healy farm. Hired men were scarce, and Healy took the stalwart, sullen twins for lack of anything better, against Connal's dislike of them. They made their first experiments with whisky and cheap poker in the barrack behind the captain's green-painted barns, where he had managed to gather half a dozen men, all young and unsatisfactory.

"A poor lot," he said to Smith. "Your Cool 's worth the whole gang and ten more in the bargain."

"I must say Cool 's a big help," Smith boasted. "He 's awful' willin'. I don't ever have to go lookin' for him. He 's always right there."

"Tell him," said Healy; "don't tell us."

"I don't aim to make him conceited."

"Conceited? Oh, man!" scoffed the captain. "Cool 's not got the conceit of a starved louse in him. And do stop tellin' him how fine his father was, Jack. It 's in no way his fault that he is n't the compound of all the perfections."

But Smith had some notion that Cool should be encouraged to emulate Pete, and he did not stop; so between afternoons of work and nights of vain study the boy came to be gaunt by May, a statue of muscle laid over bone, big hollows about his brown eyes, and so humorless that his mistakes in class did not raise the old laughter. Connal, Ethan, and I tried to help him through the wastes of geometry and Latin,

and one day Connal burst into pained upbraiding.

"Oh, Cool, what 's the matter with you? You act like you had n't a brain in your head."

Cuchulain shuffled wearily in the school-yard grass and sighed.

"It 's a pity I ever came out of Ireland to be a burden on anybody," he said, and tramped off up the road toward open country. We looked at one another stupidly, and Connal ran after him to make amends. Ethan figured out that he might be homesick for Belfast, and we argued this sometimes while I was getting through the bed-keeping term of a badly broken arm in the first week of June. Cool came to see me only once, and brought with him a whip he was making, a hideous contraption of plaited, thin leathers, with a lash six feet long fixed to a short, thick handle of carved wood.

"The drovermen use the like of that fetchin' cows into Belfast," he explained.

"Your uncle would n't let you use that on one of his cows," I said.

"Oh, no; but I was thinkin' mebbe he 'd like to have it." Cuchulain flushed.

He finished the whip the next day, and offered it to Smith when Connal was by at the farm. Smith looked at it, laughed, and tossed it into the rack of the carriage-house, bidding Cool harness a team for a trip to town. The boy drove him in, and was amiably lectured all the way on his father's prowess as a Latin scholar in New Bedford High School. I saw Cool sitting in the buggy outside the post-office, where Smith was holding forth to a group on the size of a cow he had just bought from a Gipsy on the road. I was parading the square with my arm in an ostentatious red-silk sling, and Cuchulain's stolid pose in the buggy hurt me. He seemed the loneliest thing alive.

"Uncle Jack did n't like the whip at all," he said, biting his lip, "and I was a fool to think he ever would. But he bought the finest cow off a man on the highway right now, for a hundred dollars, too."

The vender had led the cow on to deliver her at Smith's farm, and just about the time Cuchulain was telling me this, the Gipsy met Captain Healy riding out of his gate. Healy almost equaled Smith in his love of fine cattle. He took one look at the beast and asked how much she would cost. Connal Healy sat on the gate-post and listened to his father's bargaining. He remembered that the man kept looking back at the palisade of trees that hid Zerbetta from their view, but in the end he sold the cow to Healy for another hundred dollars in gold pieces, and Connal took her off to the barn. The Gipsy vanished into the outer country, doubly paid, and the captain rode on into town. He was on his way to Chillicothe, and stopped at the bank to fill his purse again. I had transferred myself to the bank steps and held his horse. He told me about the cow, and it puzzled me.

"Mr. Smith just bought a big cow off a man on the road," I said.

"Saints!" murmured the captain, "I wonder if that tramp was playing a game on me? Where 's Jack Smith gone to?"

But Smith had driven off already, and I idled after the captain down to the railroad station. We talked about Cool.

"You keep saying you 'll be a doctor when you grow up, Joe Henry. Now, you 'll find the insides of peoples' heads a heap more interesting than their silly livers."

"You don't mean you think Cool 's crazy?" I exclaimed.

"No, but he 's got a sorrow rooted in his poor, thick head. His skin 's not so thick as his skull, either," said Healy, "and I 'd bet it 's some silly little thing no one 's thought of at all. It 's queer he won't tell Connal, when they 're like brothers, too, and—hey, there 's my train!"

Meanwhile Smith was hunting his purchase about the country-side, and when Connal came over to supper at the Smith house the news of the trick put upon him made Smith swear for five minutes. After that he laughed, knowing that Healy would admit his claim. The matter would arrange itself the next day when the captain came back from Chillicothe, but by morning the joke was spread all over Zerbetta, where new jokes were rare, and Cuchulain was bristling with anger at the affront to his uncle.

"But it is funny, Cool," said Connal, hanging on his arm, "both of 'em buying the same cow."

Cuchulain took his arm away and stared anxiously at Connal.

"I see nothin' funny in it at all," he said, and went to stand under one of the high-school chestnuts, unapproachable, while he brooded on the outrage. Connal was vexed.

"I wish Cool 'd stop bein' silly about it. It *is* funny. Oh, well dad 'll be back on the four o'clock. They can fix it up then."

All afternoon we heard the wheels of buggies and wagons roll past the school, to be hitched in the square. There was a wedding of some popular couple, and the whole country had come in. I watched the Smiths and the Ross carriage go by, and thought it too bad that Captain Healy would miss this ceremony. Ethan and I walked out of town together along the empty road, Ethan pensive, so that my maunderings went for nothing, and I had to rebuke him at last.

"Oh, shut up!" he said. "Look here, Joe, Cool got up and went out before the end of Latin, and he did n't come back, either. D' you think he 'd be plumb idiot enough to go steal that cow off the captain's place?"

"Mr. Smith would n't let him."

"Mr. Smith 's gone to the weddin', you gump! There 'd be nobody to stop him but the hired man. It 's just as likely as not. He 's crazy enough to do it?"

It would be madness. A cow was holy in that day and region; we had seen blood shed over the theft of a calf. My mind recoiled even from the theory.

"You 're crazy," I jeered.

"So 's Cool," said Ethan, stubbornly, and we walked on, debating, up the hot road until I became infected with his imagination, and listened for the whistle of the four o'clock train as we strolled. We were at the Ross gate when Ethan halted and pointed up the lane to the Smith pastures.

"I told you!"

A woman was running, and waving to us wildly as she came. It was the old Smith cook, and she panted up, all her wrinkles congested with fright.

"Cool 's gone and stole that cow out the Healy place and locked her in the barn," she gabbled. "Oh, and he 's got the key, and all the men 's gone off to town for the weddin'."

Ethan nodded to me and raced off.

My arm would not let me run, but I met Ethan in the Smith orchard. He had tried to unlock the barn, where the abused cow was complaining, deprived of food. Cuchulain had made the doors fast. As we came down through the apple-trees we could hear his whistling, strident and constant, but he was not in sight. A heap of big stones lay on this end of the bridge, and he was grubbing for more among the ferns of the bank. The stream ran deep here, murmurous under the crowded trees of both orchards.

"If they come after her," he said, when he saw us, "I sha' n't be so easy to get past, neither, and you 'd best be out of here, Eth, and you, Joe."

Ethan broke into expostulation and entreaty. It was silly. It was stealing. The captain would be home any minute now. Why could n't Cool wait?

"She 's Uncle Jack's cow," said Cuchulain, fondling the lash of the great plaited whip in his lips. Its haft was stuck through his belt. He had shed his shoes and socks, and stood balancing from heel to heel, frowning off at the Healy orchard, his fair head high. The sleeves were rolled up on his heavy arms, and the muscles kept working under the white skin.

"Look here," Ethan cried, "if the O'Sheas and that Swede hand of the captain's come over, why, they 'll just about kill you, Cool!"

"It 'd be no big thing if I was killed when Uncle Jack 's ashamed of me," he retorted, "and it 'd be no great thing if I was dead if I 'm good for nothin'." But his voice rattled on the words as if he were close to tears, and some recalling center stirred in my brain, but just then there were other voices from the Healy shore, and Cool drew himself up at the end of the little bridge.

"They 're comin' now," he said, and his whistle began again. Connal, goaded on, was leading the hired men down. He had laughed when they told him Cuchulain had taken the cow from the orchard, and then his hot temper had roused on the taunt of the O'Sheas that

he was afraid of his friend. We could see the blue shirts and the red heads of the O'Sheas in the flecks of paling light that scattered through the dark boles of the fruit-trees on the slope. The small valley was filled with shadows, and a shivering took me as Cuchulain whistled. My pent arm ached.

"Eth," I whispered, "run and get all the hired men off your place! Get any one you can find!"

Ethan saw the sense of this, and ran along the bank swiftly toward his father's land. Cuchulain did not see that he was gone, his eyes intent on these men, who meant, I think, the chance of redemption to him. He had staked his honor here. There was nothing left but to prove his courage, even so desperately.

"They 've got no guns," he said softly, and with a sort of satisfaction then whistled on. The men jostled down to the bridge, staring over, and the big Swede, Gelson, lifted to his lips a flask that glittered like a yellow jewel in the rift of a sun-ray. Connal came along the planks a few yards, his black hair blowing, his face hot, and leaned a hand on the rail.

"She 's Uncle Jack's cow," said Cuchulain.

"Oh, don't be a fool!" Connal urged. "Bring her back, Cool!"

"I 'll not bring her back, Connal."

"Oh," I wailed, "you two ain't goin' to fight over a measly cow!"

Owen O'Shea laughed behind Connal, and Connal sprang forward. Cuchulain dropped the whip. The men were still. There came a shock and a whirl of arms between the rails of the bridge, and I cried out miserably, ashamed of my helplessness. But this did not last long. Connal came tumbling over the pile of stones and rolled to my feet. The men yelled. Cuchulain gave a sob like the note of a drum beaten sharply, and picked up the whip.

"Now come on," he screamed, "all you that set him on me! Come on!"

I knelt over Connal, whose face was white among the fern sprays. His mouth bled, and his lids flickered up and down as he panted. In this horrible shadow I thought he must be dying. I did not look at the bridge, although boots pounded on it, and the whip screeched in the air, and bit somewhere with an answering howl. They gave back, and Cuchulain hurled a stone into the press, laughing.

"There 's for you, Owen O'Shea!"

The bridge was barely a yard wide, and the men stumbled forward and back insanely, getting mad with the fair boy's easy defiance and the bite of the whip that cut through their shirts when it landed. But the swearing meant nothing to my terror until Connal opened his eyes fully and sat up against my knee. Then I looked, and saw Cuchulain stoop for another stone.

"Stop it!" said Connal in a whisper, and tried to get up; but his legs doubled under him and he dropped beside me, crying a little with shame. Cuchulain's head was scratched, I saw, and while he stooped there came a rush that he met with his fists and the haft of the whip.

"Oh, stop it!" Connal sobbed.

But they did not stop. The men were savage. An empty flask was thrown, and smashed on the bark of an apple-tree behind us. Cuchulain laughed, and hurled his last stone. John O'Shea coughed, and slid on the planks, a leg trailing under the rail. The other five came back to the charge, cursing harshly, and in the twilight their shapes took on the semblance of giants as they swayed. I knelt, staring at the senseless brawl, its floods and recessions. Once some one got Cool down, but he kept the whip, and the incessant pant and scuffle went on until the trees seemed to break into motion about us, and men arrived from all sides like the molten crowd of a dream. Ethan had roused his father's men and had met the carriages returning from town, Healy riding beside the Smith surrey and laughing about the cow. I saw the captain rush past us. He drove himself by Cuchulain and forced a way on to the bridge, roaring at his farm-hands to go back. For a second they did not know him, and only bellowed at a new defender. Big Mr. Ross got an arm about Cuchulain and dragged him from the planks, pulled him down on the grass, and got a knee on the whip. A dozen bodies made a wall of sane

presence between the bridge and the struggling boy.

"My word," Healy shouted, "an' this is civilization! Get back, you fools! Jack, take the lad home, for God's sake! Get back!"

"She 's Uncle Jack's cow," gasped Cuchulain, his head under Ross's arm, "an' they sha'n't have her!"

Connal staggered up past Smith, who was standing witless, and his cry reached the captain as the yelling sank to a sullen babble.

"Dad, tell Cool his uncle can have that cow!"

"He can have the whole herd," said Healy, "if he 'll take the boy home!"

Here Ethan came up with a hat full of water and showered Cuchulain, who gave a sick sigh and sat up, letting Connal feel his cut scalp. The noise ceased. The Healy hands moved off up the slope, and we all stood staring at the lad, his clothes torn, his eyes still lurid.

"Are you hurt bad?" Connal whimpered.

"I am not," Cool muttered, then grinned, and stretched his shaking arms. "And you 'll tell Uncle Jack I' m no such coward as he thinks I am."

Smith was behind him, silent and bewildered. He gaped and strode down.

"When did I ever say you were a coward, Cool? Why, whoever said that? I never—" Then in the dimness he grew red and choked, his eyes widening on the memory. Cuchulain twisted about to look up at him. We were all dumb, waiting for the boy to speak again. When he did it was very humbly.

"Maybe I could learn swimmin' sometime."

"Go home, all of you!" said Healy, and we drifted away from them into the trees, muttering to one another. I looked back from the bend of the stream and saw Smith sitting beside the boy. Yet farther off, when we could not see them, we heard Cuchulain laugh loudly and gaily, as if he had found a peaceful joke and liked the telling of it.

Fame

By JAMES PAUL WARBURG

O thou capricious meddler, on whose tongue
  Hangs all the world with bated, trembling breath,
  Whose slander digs untimely graves for death,
And desultory praise makes old age young,
Upon your altar all mankind has flung
  Hope, honor, happiness, and watched them blaze
  To ashes, for a paltry word of praise
That scarce is audible, so faint 't is sung.
  I loathe you, Fame, yet fear your cruel hate;
I curse you, yet I bend the unwilling knee,
  Quivering with rage before your temple's gate,
Doubting my soul's own immortality.
  Through you I fain would wrest from grudging Fate
A mortal atom of eternity.

The Virgin Islands

By HARRY A. FRANCK

Photographs by the author

A candid view of the present stock of our new island possessions and some of their problems.

THE weakest link in the shipping chain down the West Indies is that between our own possessions. Once a week a little schooner that was built to defend America's yachting championship, but which never reached the finals, raises its wings in San Juan harbor and, the winds willing, drops a flock of disgruntled passengers, the United States mails, and assorted cargo in the harbors of St. Thomas and St. Croix in time to return for a similar venture seven days later. Congressional committees, of course, have their battleships, and the white-uniformed governors of our Virgin Islands their commodious steam yachts; but the mere garden variety of tax-paying citizen has the privilege of tossing about for several days on the *Virginia*, subsisting on such food as he has had the foresight to bring with him, and drinking such lukewarm water as he can coax from the schooner's cask. It is nearly fifty miles from Porto Rico to St. Thomas, and the mail contract gives the owners a bare ten thousand a year; hence it is no doubt essential that they preserve themselves from bankruptcy by charging what seem exorbitant passenger and freight rates, especially as the crew is made up of nearly half a dozen boys whose wages average more than ten dollars a month.

All day long our racing yacht crawled along the Porto Rican coast, San Juan and the island's culminating peak, El Yunque, equally immovable on the horizon, while the crew alternated between pumping water from the hold and playfully disobeying the orders of the forceless old mulatto captain. Nine at night found us opposite Fajardo light —more than an hour by automobile from our starting-point! While the crew slept, without so much as posting a lookout, a boy of thirteen sat at the wheel.

Sunrise overtook us still within sight of Porto Rico, but with her dependencies of Culebra and Vieques abeam, and the hazy mass of the Virgin group visible on the horizon ahead. Brown, rugged, strangely aged looking, Culebra showed no signs of life except the lighthouse set upon its highest cliff. Vieques, on the other hand, known to English-speaking mariners as "Crab Island," is a diminutive replica of Porto Rico, with four large sugar-mills and a population of some eleven thousand, American citizens all. The Danes once claimed this also, but Spanish bucaneers established the more efficacious right of actual possession,

and at length the Porto Rican Government sent an expedition to annex it to the Spanish crown.

For five profane hours we tacked to and fro within gunshot of a towering white boulder jutting forth from the sea, and fittingly known as Sail Rock, without seeming to advance a mile on our journey.

We turned the isolated precipice at last, however, and headed in toward mountainous St. Thomas. Neither its scattered keys nor its long broken coastline showed any evidence of habitation, but at length three white specks appeared on its water's-edge, and grew with the afternoon to a sembance of Charlotte Amalie, a city rivaled in its beauty at a distance by few others even in the beautiful West Indies. We dropped anchor near midnight within rowboat distance of the wharves.

The loose-kneed stroll of the Virgin-Islander is typical of all his processes, mental, moral, or physical. It is not merely slow, rhythmical, and dignified; there is in it a suggestion of limitless wealth, an untroubled conscience, and an ancestry devoted to leisurely pursuits for untold generations.

The town itself had the same identical loose-kneed gait. In local parlance a "five minutes' walk" means a block. One must not even speak hastily to a native, for the only result is wasted breath and the necessity of repeating the question in more measured cadences. Politeness oozes from his every pore; "at your sarvice, sar," and, "only too glad to be of use, ma'am," interlard every conversation; but any attempt, courteous or otherwise, to hurry the Virgin-Islander brings a sullen resentment which you will never succeed in smiling away.

Once the visitor has shaken off the no doubt ridiculous notion that things should be done in a hurry, or done at all, for that matter, he will find our newly adopted children an amusing addition to the family. Like all negroes in contact with civilization, they are fond of four-jointed words where monosyllables would suffice, and of pompous, rounded sentences in place of brief, to-the-point statements. "Presently" means "now"; "He detained from coming" is the local form of "he can 't come."

The great majority of the population is undernourished. Even when their earnings are sufficient, most of the money is spent on dress. The chief diet of the rank and file is sugar. A sugar-cane three times a day seems to be enough to keep many of them alive. The morning meal for the rest consists of "tea" only, the local meaning of that word being a cupful of sugar dissolved in warm water. Then along in the middle of the afternoon they indulge in their only real food, and not very real at that. This is a plate of "fungee," a nauseating mixture of fish and corn-meal, which to the local taste is preferable to the most succulent beefsteak. The natural result of the constant consumption of sugar is an early scarcity of teeth. The Americans found that barely three men in twenty could be enlisted in the native corps, chiefly because of their inability to cope with navy rations.

It goes without saying that such a population does not furnish model workmen. From Friday night to Tuesday morning is apt to be treated as "the Sabbath." The man who works two days a week at eighty cents has enough to provide himself with sugar-cane and "fungee."

On the whole, the women are more industrious than the men, perhaps because the great disparity of sexes makes the possession of a "man" something in the nature of a luxury. Time was when the women of St. Thomas were able to support their husbands in a more fitting manner than at present. In the good old days hundreds of ships coaled here every month; now many a day passes without the long and two short whistles that brings a throng of negresses scampering for the coaling-wharf far out beyond the drowsy town. In a constant stream the soot-draped women jog up the gang-plank, balancing the eighty pound basket of coal on their heads, often without touching it, thrust out a begrimed hand for the three cents a trip which a local labor leader has won them in place of the original one, drop the coins into a dust-laden pocket, dump their load into the steamer's chute, and trot down again. Even when there is a ship to coal, it does not last long now. The women are many and coal is scarce.

Sometimes the ship is a man-of-war that unfairly speeds up the pace of coalers by having its band play rousing music on the upper deck. Here and there a man may be made out in the endless chain of black humanity. At least one of them works with his wife as a "team," by carrying the empty basket back to be filled while she mounts with the full one. But most of the males have the point of view of the big "buck nigger" who was lying in the shade of the coal-pile watching the process with an air of languid contentment. "Why de coalin' is done by women, sah?" he repeated, scratching his head for a reply. "Why, dat 's woman's work."

The population of our Virgin Islands is overwhelmingly negro. Even Charlotte Amalie cannot muster one white man to ten of African ancestry, and not a fourth of the latter show any Caucasian mixture. Once upon a time the Jews were numerous; there is still a Jewish cemetery, but the synagogue had been abandoned for lack of congregation. Though the islands were Danish for nearly two and a half centuries, their language has always been English, probably because their business has ever been with ships and men who, though it may not always have been their native tongue, spoke the language of the sea.

My fellow-passengers on the *Creole*

Seen from any of its three hills, Charlotte Amalie looks more like a stage setting than a real town. Its sheet-iron roofs, many of them painted red, seem to be cut out of cardboard, and the precarious slopes on which the majority of its houses are built suggests the fantasy of the scene-painter rather than cold practicability. A single long, level street, still known, on its placards at least, as Kronprindsens Gade, runs the length of the town and contains virtually all its commerce. The rest start bravely up the steep hills, but soon tire, like the inhabitants, and leave their task uncompleted. On the eastern side, where the storms come from, the houses have glass windows, almost unknown in the larger islands to the westward, and are fitted on all sides with heavy wooden hurricane-shutters. If these are closed in time, the roofs can withstand the frequent high winds that sweep down upon the island. Bulky stone or brick ovens, separate from the houses, are the only buildings with chimneys, and many of these were mutilated by the hurricane of four years ago. Palm-trees and great masses of red and purple bougainvillea add a crowning beauty to a scene that would be entrancing even without them.

Of a score of solemn old buildings the most imposing is the residence of the governor, on the middle of the three hills. Higher still on this same Government Hill stands a grim tower known as "Blackbeard's Castle," about which cling many legends, but no other certainty than that it was built by a turbulent colonist of long ago who was credited, justly no doubt, since that clan has not wholly died out in St. Thomas to this day, with being a pirate.

The eyes of the modern visitor are

sure to be drawn to what looks like an attempt to pave a large section of the steep hill behind the town. A great triangular patch of cement gleaming in the sun on one of the slopes brings to mind the island's greatest problem. St. Thomas depends entirely upon the rains for her water-supply, for the water to be had by boring is so brakish that it ruins even a steamer's boilers. When renting or buying a house the most important question is to know the size and condition of its cistern and what provision has been made for filling it. In the dry season, which is heartlessly long and appallingly dry, the poorer people wander from house to house begging a "pan" of water, and the word means a receptacle of any size or shape that will hold the precious liquid.

All three of the islands of any importance were long planted in sugar-cane. It covered even the tops of the hills, those of St. Thomas being cultivated by hand in little stone-faced terraces. Today sugar-cane has completely disappeared from St. Thomas, almost entirely from St. John, and is grown only on the level southern side of St. Croix. Several slave uprisings had been suppressed with more or less bloodshed on each side, and in 1848 Denmark subscribed to the then astounding theory that slavery should be abolished. The agricultural importance of the islands began at once to decline. Free labor was cheap, but it would not labor. Then, too, the competition of sugar grown more economically elsewhere began to make life dreary for all West Indian planters.

The Danes had long been looking for some kind Samaritan to take the islands off their hands. We first began to talk business with the owners under Lincoln. Seward negotiated a treaty by which we were to have all the group except St. Croix for seven and a half million dollars. A vote of the population showed them overwhelmingly in favor of the change; the Danish Government was paternal, but it was far away and unprogressive. The treaty was ratified in Denmark. The king issued a manifesto telling his loyal subjects how sorry he was to part with them, but assuring them, as fathers always do, that it was for their own good. He did not mention that he needed the money. Two years later he was forced to admit in another royal document that he was not parting with them, after all. The chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee was Senator Sumner, and he did not walk hand in hand with President Johnson. For two years he kept the treaty in his official pocket, and when it did at length reappear under Grant, it was adversely reported.

In 1902 a better bargain was struck. A new treaty setting the price of the whole group at five million dollars was drawn up and ratified by the American Senate. But this time the Danish Rigsdag turned the tables. Perhaps they had inside information on the future development of American politics. If so, it proved trustworthy, for by 1916 we were in the hands of an administration to whom mere money was no object. The Danes quickly caught the idea, the people themselves voted to sell while the selling was good, and on the last day of March, 1917, old Danneborg was hauled down and the Stars and Stripes raised in its place.

I have yet to find any one who knows just why we bought the Virgin Islands, still less why we paid twenty-five millions for them. As a navy man engaged in governing them put it, "They are not worth forty cents to us, or to any one else; but, it would have been worth a hundred million to keep Germany from getting them."

We seem to have bought the islands in a panic born of the fear of the moment that the Germans were about to swallow the world whole, and must put them down as a legacy from our "too-proud-to-fight" days. If the loss of the twenty-five million were an end of the matter, we might forget it; but it is costing us more than half a million a year to support our dear little black children. Furthermore, the Danes made the most of their ripe opportunity not only in the matter of price, but in an astonishing number of concessions in their favor. Evidently our Government said to them, "Go ahead and write a treaty, and we 'll sign it"; and then in the press of saving the world for democracy we did not have time to glance it over before adding our signature.

If a farmer bought a farm for, say, twenty-five hundred dollars, and found, when he came to take possession of it, that it would cost him fifty dollars a year out of his pocket to run it, that it was inhabited by a happy-go-lucky lot of negroes who would not work for him, but who expected him to do many things for them, from curing their widespread disease to sending them to school; if, furthermore, he discovered that the former owners still held everything on the farm that was worth owning except the title-deed, he would probably give it away to the first unsuspecting tenderfoot who happened along. Unfortunately, governments cannot indulge in that dying-horse method of laying down their burdens. Even had the purchase price included everything of monetary value on the islands, from the wardrobes of the inhabitants to the last peasant's hut, we should have made a bad bargain. About all we got for that sum is the right to fly our flag over the islands and half a dozen old forts and government buildings entirely stripped of their furniture. The Danish Government has the reputation of being conservative and economical. It surely is in more senses than one. By the terms of the treaty "the movables, especially the silver plate and the pictures, remain the property of the Danish government and shall, as soon as circumstances permit, be removed by it." By virtue of that clause they sold at auction every stick of furniture in the public buildings; they tore the mirrors off the walls; they removed the gilt moldings from them; they tried to tear off the embossed leathery wall-paper, and left the rooms looking as if a party of yeggmen had gutted them. They took down and carried away the rope on the government flagpole! Economy is a fine trait, but they might have left us a chair in which to mourn the loss of our twenty-five—and more—millions.

Everything worth owning in the islands is still in private hands, principally Danish hands. When we decided to erect a naval station on an utterly worthless stony hill on St. Thomas's harbor, the owners demanded twenty-five thousand dollars an acre for it. We must maintain all the grants, concessions, and licenses left by the Danish Government. "Det Vestindiske Kompagni" retains most of the harbor privileges; another Danish company, of which the principal shareholder is Prince Axel, cousin of the king, holds the coaling rights, the electric lighting rights, the right to operate a dry-dock. We cannot even use American money in our new possessions. The Danish West Indian bank has the exclusive concession for issuing notes until 1934, paying a ten per cent. tax on profits to the Danish Government, and the good old greenback must be exchanged for the domestic shin-plasters.

It is difficult to find anything left by the old régime that is not protected by that curiously one-sided treaty. An American remarked casually to an old Danish resident one evening as they were strolling through Emancipation Park:

"I think we 'll tear down that old bust of King Christian IX and put one of Lincoln in its place."

"Vat?" shrieked the Dane. "You can't do that. Eet ees in de dreaty."

Among the things which the Danes left behind were their laws, and their own judge to administer them. True, Judge Thiele has become an American citizen, but it is a curious sight to see born Americans brought into court by negro policemen, to be tried by a man who is still a foreigner in point of view and thinking processes despite being no longer officially a subject of the King of Denmark. There are those who claim he sides with the favorites of the old Government to the decided disadvantage of Americans, though there are more who speak well of him. It is enough to know that Americans are being tried in American territory under the Napoleonic code, in that laborious old-fashioned style by which the judge questions the witnesses, dictates their answers to a yellow clerk, who writes them all down in laborious long-hand in a great ledger, to be sure that a change should be made in the judiciary system of our Virgin Islands.

Just a few words more, and I am done with solemn statistics. Having bought them, and being forced to support them for the rest of our natural existence, it

Cistern in which rain-water is stored for drinking purposes

might be of interest to make a brief inventory of our new possessions. The total area of the three islands, with their seventeen keys, only three or four of which are inhabited, is about 140 square miles. The census taken soon after the raising of the Stars and Stripes showed something over twenty-six thousand inhabitants, but several signs indicate that these are decreasing. The only real value of the Virgin group proper is the splendid harbor of St. Thomas. St. Croix, forty miles distant from it, is considerably larger than all the rest of this group put together, more populous, more fertile, and could easily be made self-supporting governmentally, as it always has been privately, particularly with the introduction of an extensive system of irrigation.

A couple of trails zigzag up the reddish, dry hillside behind Charlotte Amalie, scattering along the way a few hovels. They really lead nowhere, however, for there is no other town than the capital on the island. The hurricane of 1916 blew down most of the farmhouses and many of the trees, and they were never rebuilt or replanted. Once heavily forested, later Nile-green with sugar-cane, St. Thomas is now brown, arid, and dreary, with scarcely a tenth of its acreage under even half-hearted cultivation. Being all "mountain," fifteen hundred feet high in one spot, with buttresses running down to the sea in every direction, it can hardly be expected to compete with modern agricultural methods. Moreover, eight of its ten thousand inhabitants have been drawn into town by the higher wages of harbor work, and though there is now a scarcity of that, they still remain, to the detriment of what might be moderately productive plantations, forcing the island to draw its food from St. John, the British Virgins, or Porto Rico. A journey over the "mountain" brings little reward except some marvelous views and yet another proof of how primitive the human family may become.

St. John is little more than wilderness. Its twenty square miles have almost entirely gone back to forest, through which a few trails meander amid a silence as unbroken as that of Robinson Crusoe's place of exile. There is not a wheeled vehicle on the island; one may often ride for miles without meeting an inhabitant, and the very birds seem to have abandoned it for more progressive climes. Yet rusted iron kettles and the ruins of stone sugar-mills, scattered here and there in forest and scrub, show that the island was once a place of industry. Sugar and cotton plantations almost completely covered it when in 1733 a

slave rebellion started it on a decline that has never since ceased. To-day it has barely eight hundred inhabitants, of whom, unlike the other islands, the majority are men. A few mangoes and bananas, yams, okra, and a kind of tropical pumpkin keep its hut-dwellers alive. Here and there is a little patch of cane, from which rum was made before the Americans came to interfere with that; limes are cultivated rather languidly in a few hillside orchards, and the high ridge between Hope and Bordeaux is covered with bay-trees.

These vary in size from mere saplings to trees twenty feet in height. The picking is best done in June, when men and boys break off the smaller branches and carry them to the distilleries. Here they are cooked in sea-water in immense brass decanters, from which the bay oil is drawn off, and the leaves tossed out, apparently unchanged except from green to a coppery brown. One hundred and thirty pounds of leaves are required to produce a quart of oil, which sells at present for six dollars, and has long had the reputation of being the best on the market. The bay-tree estates give occasional labor to the inhabitants, but their livelihood depends chiefly on their own little patches of tropical vegetables, their cattle, and their fishing.

If the *Virginia* was unworthy of her calling, what shall I say of the *Creole*, which carried me from St. Thomas to St. Croix? A battered old sloop of a type so ancient that her massive wooden rail resembled that of a colonial veranda, barely fifty feet long, and nearly as wide, her bottom so covered with barnacles that she did little more than creep in the strongest breeze, she represented the last stage in ocean-going traffic. Not only were there no other whites on board, but not even a mulatto. The passenger-list was made up chiefly of a batch of criminals and insane who were being sent to their respective institutions in St. Croix. Most of them wore handcuffs and leg-irons, and the rattle of chains and the shrieks of their wearers suggested the slave-ships of olden days. One of the mad women screamed for unbroken hours in the lingo of the Dutch West Indies; another, calling upon the rest to help her in saving the soul of the former, conducted single-handed an entire church service, hymns, sermon, prayers, and all.

We left at five in the evening, and by sunrise had covered the forty miles,—though not, unfortunately, in the right direction. Had our destination been Fredricksted, at the west end of the island, we should have landed early. But the *Creole's* contract calls for a service between St. Thomas and Christiansted, the two capitals of our Virgin group, and all day long we wallowed eastward under the lee of St. Croix's mountainous northern coast, while "de lepards," as the sane passengers called their unsound sisters below, shrieked their maudlin complaints and the church service began over and over again with a "Brethern, let us pray for her."

Christiansted is prettily situated amid cocoanut-palms and sloping cane-fields at the back of a wide bay, but a long reef with an exceedingly narrow entrance gives it a poor harbor. Its white or cream-colored houses, with here and there a red roof, lend it a touch that is lacking in the half-dozen rather grim-faced villages and estates that may be seen scattered to right and left along the rugged coast. A little green island, with a red-tiled dwelling-house and a pathetically ancient fort, lies piled up in the harbor before it. An old Danish law requires the city to furnish free transportation to this, and a rowboat lies always in readiness. The town has wide, rather well-kept streets, many stone houses, an imposing government building, and climbs away up the stony slope behind as if it had once planned to grow, but had changed its mind. Old-fashioned chain pumps supply it with water, from wells rather than from cisterns; a big Catholic church is barely outrivaled in size by the Anglican; on the whole, it seems better swept than more populous Charlotte Amalie. Its people are simple-mannered, rather "gawky," in fact, with a tendency to stare strangers out of countenance, and have a leisureliness that shows even in the long-drawn "Good ahftehnoon, sar," with which they greet passers-by.

Across the street from the government building is a shop in which Alexander Hamilton once clerked. His mother,

born in St. Croix, married a man named Levine, who abused her, whereupon she went to live with a Scotchman named Hamilton in the neighboring British island of Nevis. There Alexander was born, but when his father went to seek his fortune elsewhere, the mother returned to her native land. While clerking in the Christiansted shop, the son wrote his father a letter describing a hurricane that had swept the island, the father showed it to influential friends, with the result that Alexander was sent to King's College (now Columbia University), and, thanks partly to Aaron Burr, never returned to the West Indies.

Under these pillars is a shop in which Alexander Hamilton once clerked

It is far more a real country than all the other islands of the group put together. Not only is it much larger, being twenty miles long and five wide, but is much more extensively cultivated. Three splendid roads run nearly the length of the island, with numerous cross-roads in good condition. There are far more signs of industry in St. Croix than in St. Thomas; its estate-owners are on the whole an intelligent, progressive class, with a social life far different from that on the other and more primitive islands. When one has seen St. Croix, the twenty-five million does not seem quite so complete and irreparable a loss. Perhaps it is worth a million or so to us, or would be if we really had anything more of it than the right to fly our flag over it.

I took the "King's Road" through the middle of the island. It runs for fourteen miles, from Christiansted, the capital, to Fredricksted, its rival. The northern side is abrupt, with deep water close to the shore, and its highest peak, Mount Eagle, rising 1180 feet. South of this range are undulating, fertile valleys and broad, rolling plains not even suggested along the northern coast, and the land slopes away in shoals and coral ledges for several miles from the beach. The highways are maintained by the owners of the estates through which they run; therefore they follow a somewhat roundabout course through the cane-fields, that the expense of maintenance may be more evenly divided. They are busy roads, dotted with automobiles, of which there are more than one hundred on the island, many donkeys, heavy two-wheeled carts hauled by neck-yoked oxen, a kind of jaunting cart of the conservative gentry, and innumerable black pedestrians. The island is everywhere punctuated with picturesque old stone wind-mill towers that once ground cane, their flailing arms long since departed, and gray old chimneys of abandoned sugar-mills break the sky-line on every hand. Some of these dull-white heaps of buildings on their hilltops look like aged Norman castles; there is something grim and Northern about them that does not fit at all with the tropics. They suggest the diligence and foresightedness of the temperate zone. Old human treadmills may still be found among them, and slave-house villages that in some cases are inhabited by the laborers of today. Rusted sugar kettles, such as are strewn through the West Indies from

eastern Haiti to southern Trinidad, lie abandoned here and there throughout the island.

Sugar-cane once covered even the tops of the hills, but to-day only the flatter lands are planted, though there are splendid stretches of cane-green valleys. The ceiba, or "silk-cotton tree," beautiful specimens of the royal palm, the tibet-tree, full of rustling pods that give it the name of "woman's-tongues" in all the English-speaking West Indies, everywhere beautify the landscape. Ruins of the slave rebellion, of the earthquake of 1848, of the disastrous hurricane of 1916, are still to be found here and there. There is a marvelous view from King's Hill, with its old Danish gendarmerie, now a police station, from which the central highway, lined by palms and undulating through great valleys of cane, may be seen to where it descends to "West End" and the Caribbean. In the center of the picture sits Bethlehem, the largest sugar-mill on the island, with its cane railway and up-to-date methods. For the modern process of centralization is already spreading in St. Croix; the small independent mills are fast disappearing, and with them much of the picturesqueness of the island. These big mills, as well as most of the small, are owned by Danes, half the stock of the largest being held by the Danish Government. Unfortunately, St. Croix has put all its eggs in one basket, or at most, two, sugar and sea-island cotton.

There is not a thatched roof on the island. The people live in moderate comfort, as comfort goes in the West Indies. Toward sunset the roads are lined with women cane-cutters in knee-length skirts, with footless woolen stockings that suggest the tights of ballet-dancers, to protect their legs in the fields, who patter homeward, carrying their big cane knives flat on the tops of their heads. Bits of colored rags sewed on the hat-bands of the men indicate that they are members of the newly organized labor-union. They still bow and raise their hats to passing white men, yet one feels something of that Bolshevistic atmosphere which their black leaders are fostering among them. The King's Road passes a large distillery, which prohibition has closed. Formerly St. Croix made much rum; now it is giving its attention rather to syrup than to sugar, as there is more money in the former; but estate-owners are threatening to give up cane-growing and turn their fields into cattle pastures, so greatly have the wages of field laborers increased in the last two years—from twenty-five cents to a dollar a day. For St. Croix is one of the few islands in the West Indies where "task work" has never taken the place of a fixed daily wage. Cattle are already plentiful on the island, from which they are sent to Porto Rico in tug-towed open barges, and sold on San Juan wharf at seven cents a pound on the hoof. Some of them are so wild that they are brought down to the coast in cages on wheels, and all of them are roped and swung on board with little regard to their bodily comfort.

Fredricksted, the third and last town of our Virgin Islands, is a quaint, "Dutchy" place, with very wide sanded streets, some five blocks wide and seven long, two-storied for the most part, boasting no real public sidewalks; for though what look like them run beneath the arcades that uphold the upper-story verandas, they are rather family porches, shut off by stairways or barricades, which force the pedestrian to take constantly to the sun-scorched streets. The town has only an open roadstead; indeed, there is not a good harbor in the island. A native band recruited by the American navy breaks the monotony of life by playing here once a week, as it does daily in Christiansted. The cable company is required by law to furnish the world's news to the press, but as the pathetic little newspapers are so small that they can publish only a few items at a time, the despatches are habitually some two weeks old, each taking its chronological turn irrespective of importance.

I visited several schools in the Virgin Islands. When an American school director arrived early in 1918 he found no records either of schools, pupils, or parents. By dint of going out and hunting them up, he discovered nineteen educational buildings on the three islands. Ninety per cent. of the population can read and write after a fashion, but the majority usually have their

Street in Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas

letters written by the public scribe, of whom there is one in each of the three towns, in a set form that gives all epistles a strong family resemblance. The school system was honeycombed with all sorts of petty graft. Thus a man who received three dollars a month for keeping a certain school clean had not seen the building in years. The town clock of Christiansted has not run for five years, yet another favored person receives a monthly stipend for keeping it in order. The new director and his two American assistants have still to contend with many difficulties. There are no white teachers; those now employed were trained either in Denmark or in the Moravian schools, and the "English" of most of them almost deserves to be ranked as an independent dialect. The jet-black principal of "West End" draws the maximum salary of seventy-five dollars a month, and, unlike most of them, is worthy of his hire. Boys of sixteen, drawing the regal income of ten dollars monthly, conduct many of the classes. The average teachers' salary is twenty-four dollars. Those who had served a certain number of years under the Danes demanded, and receive, a pension from the famous twenty-five millions, most of them being under the perfectly correct impression that the Americans would discharge them as fast as they could find more competent persons to take their places. They are small pensions, like those that went to all the small government employees whom the Danes left behind, and those who still hold their places protest against telling their new employer how much they draw from Copenhagen, fancying it may result in a corresponding loss in the increase they fondly hope for under American rule. Lack of funds has forced the director to maintain many of the incompetents in office. Thus one rural school we visited is still taught by the local butcher, whose inefficiency is on a par with his custom of neglecting his educational duties for his more natural calling. But as the island budget does not permit an increase of

the monthly thirty-five dollars,—and in every case it is merely Danish, not American, dollars,—no more competent substitute has yet appeared to claim the butcher's ferrule.

The country schools have no desks; the children sit on backless benches, their feet usually high off the floor. The tops of the desks are in many cases painted black and used as blackboards. A rusty tin cup was found doing service for all the thirsty; when the Americans attempted to improve this condition by introducing a long-handled dipper with an edge cut in repeated V shape, the teachers bent the sharp points back and returned to the old dip-your-hand-in method. Lessons are often done on slates or pieces of slate, which the teacher periodically sprinkles with water from a bay-rum bottle, then requires the sums to be erased in rhythmical unison. Formerly the teachers sat in the middle of one large room, surrounded by eight different grades, and the resultant hubbub may be imagined. The Americans put in partitions, and the uproar is now somewhat less incoherent. In some of the larger schools there were half-height partitions, with little sliding-doors, through which the principal could peer without leaving his central "office." Loud protests have been heard because the Americans nailed these up, forcing upon the sedentary gentlemen in charge the exertion of walking around to the several doors. The teaching methods were, and in many cases still are, of that tropically medieval type in which the instructor asks long questions that require a single-word answer, even that being chiefly suggested by the questioner.

The largest *ceiba*, a silk-cotton tree on St. Croix

"What is the longest river in America? Now, then, Miss-Mississi—"

The answer, by some unusually bright pupil "pi!" is followed by exclamations of praise from the teacher. Like most negroes, the Virgin-Islanders have tolerable memories, but little ability to apply what they learn. Not the least of the difficulties confronting the new director was the reform of the Catholic schools, which had long put great emphasis on matters of religion and treated other subjects with worse than indifference. The attempt to better matters sent shrieks of protest to Washington, whence the director's hands were more or less tied by misinformed coreligionists. Bit by bit the Virgin-Island schools are being improved, however, a decree permitting superintendents to fine the parents of pupils absent without due cause, simply by sending a policeman to collect the sum assessed, without any troublesome process of law, having given a badly needed weapon against the once wide-spread inattendance. Parents who decline, or are unable to pay the fines, are required to work one day on the roads for every dollar unpaid.

There is no agriculture worth mentioning in St. Thomas and no employing class in St. John, hence labor troubles have been chiefly confined to St. Croix. The present leaders of the movement in the larger island are three negroes, Morris Davis, D. Hamilton Jackson,

and Rothchild Francis. All of them are agitators of the more or less violent type, differing only in degree, and all more or less consciously doing their best to stir up a species of Sinn Fein movement among those of their own color. Davis is considered the most radical, but the least troublesome, as he can readily be bought off. Jackson, a man of some education, runs a newspaper advocating civil government,—that is, negro government,—preaching that the white man is the enemy of the black, that St. Croix belongs by right to the latter, and openly accusing the white officials of incompetency and dishonesty. In addition to this, he publishes secretly a scurrilous sheet that is doing much to inflame the primitive minds of the masses.

"Since the Americans came, it is all for the niggers," said an old English estate-owner. "The niggers even steal our fruit and our vegetables, carrying them to town a bit at a time in their clothes, for the policemen are all friendly or related to them. Let that man Jackson go on a bit longer, and we whites will have to leave the island."

There are signs that the whites are in peril of losing the upper hand in the island, particularly with the methods of the present rather weak-kneed governor, who caters to the negroes with un-American eagerness. As an example, though his private yacht may be on the very point of steaming from St. Thomas to St. Croix or *vice versa*, even American white women are left to the mercies of the filthy *Creole*, lest the local merchants complain that trade is being taken away from them. Yet native negro girls are readily carried back and forth, because they happen to be the daughters, relatives, or dependents of members of the colonial council, or of some other local officials of the islands we are paying taxes to support.

Jackson sees much "social injustice" in St. Croix, of which certainly a customary amount exists; but he seems incapable of noting the great disinclination to work and the fact that the "paltry dollar a day" buys scarcely one tenth the amount of labor which constitutes a day's work in the white man's countries with which he strives to compare his own. In 1916 Jackson went to Denmark and raised funds to establish several labor-union estates on the island, where the negroes might raise cattle, cane, and the like, each to get permanent possession of the piece of land on which he was working as soon as he had paid off the mortgage. But the farms are already, after a bare two years, in the hands of the union, largely overgrown with weeds, bush, and miserable shacks, and about the only result of the move has been the loss of more land to world production, and the infliction of Jackson with an exaggerated self-importance that has made him lose the one virtue of the Virgin-Islander—his courtesy.

On the other hand, the employing class is by no means immune to criticism. The larger sugar companies were paying cane-growers six or seven cents Danish for sugar at the same time that they were selling it for from twelve to fourteen cents in American money. The diligent Yankee who controls the lighterage, wharfage, and many other monopolies at "West End," as well as sharing with Jackson the political control of the island, cannot be acquitted of the native charge of exorbitance. A big Danish company whose profits in 1919 were more than a million sent all its gains to Copenhagen, instead of helping to stabilize the exchange by depositing them in New York.

There is a justice in the plea for a homestead act that will turn the uncultivated land over to the people, though even that should be framed with care. One of the chief troubles with nearly all the West Indies is the ease with which lazy negroes may squat on public land. The Islanders have one real kick, however, on the state of their postal service. Under the Danes there were mail-carriers in the towns, there were country post-offices, and a certain amount of rural delivery; all school-teachers sold stamps, and mail was sent by any safe conveyance that appeared. To-day there are only three post-offices, no mail delivery, the country people must carry their own letters to and from one of the three towns, those living on St. John being obliged to bring and fetch theirs from Charlotte Amalie, and though a dozen steamers may make the crossing during

the week, the mails must wait for the languid and uncertain *Virginia* or *Creole*. There are only four postal employees in St. Thomas, in addition to the postmaster, a deserving democrat from Virginia who, in the local parlance, "does nothing but play tennis and crank a motor-boat." When one of the mail-schooners comes in, the population crowds into the post-office in quest of its mail, disrupting the service, each hopeful citizen coming back again every half-hour or so until he finds that the expected letter has not come. Yet carriers were paid only thirty-five dollars Danish under the Danes, and three or four of them obviated all this chaotic confusion.

Pumps and cisterns like these furnish the two towns of St. Croix their water

Roughly speaking, the St. Thomas division does not want civil government, feeling it cannot pay for it, and St. Croix does, though her colonial council has asked that no change be made for the present and has implied that it expects the expense of government to be chiefly maintained by congressional appropriation even after the change is made. But this same body demands full jurisdiction over all taxation, the one thing it is least competent to handle properly, for it would result in the powerful and influential and their friends escaping their just share of the burden. There are queer quirks in the taxation system left by the Danes. Buildings, for instance, are taxed by the ell, or two square feet, with the result that old tumbledowns often pay more than smaller modern and useful structures. There is a tax on wheels, so that the largest automobile pays five dollars a year, as does the poor man's donkey-cart. Moreover, this money does not go into the maintenance of roads, but into the colonial treasury, as does every other cent of revenue. Even with lottery taxes yielding a hundred thousand dollars a year, and a large income from liquor taxes, under the Danes, the islands were never self-supporting. Our income tax in place of these amounts to little, because nearly every one manages to get out of paying it. The public revenues of the islands is barely a quarter million a year. We contribute an equal amount directly, and three hundred thousand dollars a year in navy salaries, for the governor and his assistants get no other recompense than their regular pay as naval officers. There are a few persons, not Virgin-Islanders of course, who advocate annexing the group to Porto Rico. Theoretically, this plan would greatly simplify matters; in practice there would be certain decided objections to it, though the scheme might be feasible if worked out with care. Two things are indispensable, however, that during the life of the present generation the islands be given no more autonomy than they have at present, and above all they must be taxed by disinterested outsiders.

One of our most serious problems in the Virgin Islands is to combat disease. The Danes had only three doctors on the islands; now sixteen navy physicians are busy all the time. Their fees are turned into the colonial treasury, an

arrangement nowhere else in force in American territory. Half the children die as a natural course, though the islands are really very healthful, and no white child born under proper conditions has died since American occupation. There is no hookworm and little malaria; but much pellegra and "big leg," due to wide-spread infection, which shows itself not only in elephantiasis, but in tuberculosis and similar ailments. Tests indicate that eighty per cent. of the population is infected with a hereditary blood disease. There is a leper colony in St. Croix. The present generation, in the opinion of the navy men, is hopeless. In the improvement of the next they are hampered by the ignorance, indifference, and superstition of the parents. The doctors of "West End" found nothing unusual in the case of a baby that was brought to the hospital during our visit there, an infant already dead because the father had taken it first to a native healer, who put "chibble" (pot herbs) under its nose to cure it of acute indigestion.

But there is a worse problem than that facing us in the Virgin Islands—the elimination of the habit of trying to live off the exertions of others. Thanks to their race, history, and situation, the islanders are inveterate, almost unconscious, beggars. Young or old, black or white,—for environment has given even those of Caucasian ancestry almost the same habits and "ideals" as the negro,—they are all gifted with the extended palm. If they do not all beg individually, they do so collectively, in a frank, shameless assertion that they cannot support themselves. The Danes left a "rum fund" that is designed to aid all those who "have seen better days," and to judge by the applicants the entire population ranks itself in that category. The native woman clerk at the "West End" police station does not hesitate to give any one, even the six-dollars-a-day sugar-porters on the wharves, a certificate that he is unable to pay for medical attention, though the navy doctors' fees are nominal and, even when they are paid, go into the colonial treasury. The admiral-governor gave a reception to the natives. Food was provided for five hundred, and was carried off by the first hundred street women and urchins who surged through the open door. Next day a large crowd came to demand their share, saying they had got nothing the day before. Rothchild Francis told the negroes of St. Croix to hide their mahogany bedsteads and phonographs and sleep on drygoods boxes while the congressional committee was scheduled to visit the island. Of the entire crowd appearing before that committee not one had the general good of the islands on his lips, but all came with some petty personal complaint or request.

A view in Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas

In short, our new wards want all they can get out of us. They want dear Uncle Sam to provide them with schools, with sanitation, with irrigation, with galvanized hill-sides, with roads,—even in St. Croix, which has better highways than almost any State in the Union,—

with public markets, with libraries, with means of public transportation, with anything else which, in his unsophisticated generosity, he chooses to give, so long as he does not require them to contribute their own means and labor to that end. The colonial council of St. Croix "hopes means will be found to get Congress to appropriate a half million a year, a sum far beyond our own means, so that we can live up to the high ideals of our great American nation." It never seems to occur to them that the schools, libraries, and streets in our cities are paid for by the inhabitants thereof; they have the popular view of Uncle Sam as the world's Santa Claus. Yet many of the very members of that council have made fortunes in St. Croix and probably could themselves pay one tenth the sum demanded without any more difficulty than the average American finds in paying his taxes. Naïve as they are, the Virgin-Islanders can scarcely expect Americans to adopt them and never let them work or want again, yet they talk as if they had some such thought in mind. Or, as a congressman put it during a public hearing, "I doubt whether the farmers of my State of Kansas will be willing to get up at four all summer and pay money into the federal treasury so that you can sleep until nine in the morning and stroll in the park the rest of the day."

A new code of laws, based almost entirely on those of Alaska and reputed to contain all the latest improvements in government, has recently been drawn up for the Virgin Islands. Unfortunately, the colonial councils can reject that code if they see fit; that is another weakness in the treaty. Already they have marked for the pruning-knife every clause designed to improve the insular morals. The marriage ceremony, for instance, has never been taken very seriously by the natives. Unions by mutual consent are at least as numerous as legal marriages. Our census-takers were forced to include a fifth class in their returns, the "consentually married." Illegitimacy runs close to eighty per cent., far out-distancing even Porto Rico. In fact, the mass of the islanders have no morality whatever in that particular matter. Girls of fourteen not only have children, but boast of it. The Danes are largely to blame for this state of affairs, for there were few of them who did not leave "gutter children" behind, though it must be admitted that our own marines and sailors are not setting a much better example. The negro is almost purely imitative; he is particularly quick to copy any easy-going ways of his superiors; hence there is almost a complete absence of public sentiment against such unions among the blacks.

There is no reason why the Virgin-Islanders should not be sufficiently taxed to support their own schools and other requirements. Even if St. Thomas is now largely barren, many of its shopkeepers are steadily growing wealthy. The Danish planters of St. Croix send fortunes home to Denmark every year; at the present price of sugar they alone should be able easily to contribute a sum equal to that they are demanding from Congress. Should not even dollar-a-day negroes pay something in taxes? It might develop their civic spirit. The Virgin-Islanders need many things, it is true; but there are millions living in, and paying taxes to, the United States who have by no means what almost every Virgin-Islander has, or could have for a little exertion. The future of the islands depends largely on whether or not we succumb to our natural tendency to make our wards mendicants for life, or give them a start and let them work their own way through the college of civilization.

Whenever I look back upon our new possessions I remember a significant little episode that took place during our first day in St. Thomas. A negro woman was sitting a short way up one of the great street stairways that climb the hills of Charlotte Amalie. A descending friend paused to ask her what was the matter, and she replied in that slow, whining singsong peculiar to the community:

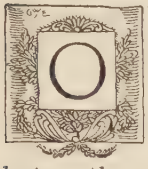
"Me knees jes wilfully refuse to carry me up dem steps."

That is the trouble with most of the Virgin-Islanders. Their own knees jes wilfully refuse to carry them up the stairway of civilization. They will have to be lifted or booted.

Sailormen and Other Mortals

By L. FRANK TOOKER

"Then slowly there came a change. Sailing-vessels began to disappear from the ocean, and fewer keels were laid in our yards. There came a time presently when these were mainly the keels of yachts, and the character of our seafaring men changed. The old race passed away."



UR town lay in a deep narrow valley at the head of the harbor, with slow tidal creeks running up through the heart of it, but on the west, winding through a wide stretch of salt meadow, vividly green in summer, but ranging through all the browns of a weathering russet apple at other seasons. East, south, and west a main highway ran steeply up through wooded hills to the plateau above; but to the north ran our main-traveled road, the harbor itself, which, seen in perspective from the shore, was not unlike a cross-section of an elongated egg, the broader end being toward the sound, from which it was separated by a white beach. Almost midway in this beach, the swirling tides had fashioned a channel that for generations a paternal Government has spasmodically, and more or less successfully, striven to deepen and make straight. Village and harbor lay in an amphitheater of thickly wooded hills; but to the north, above the white beach, we could see the waters of the sound, now blue, now gray, now green, with the hills of Connecticut far beyond. At the extreme point of the mainland to the west stood the white tower of our lighthouse. Between it and the eastern headland of Mount Misery, therefore, lay our only outlook into the world—the continual panorama of sailing-vessels going up and down the sound.

Not that we cared for any other. We were seafaring people by heritage and choice, and this mile or two of sun-drenched or storm-beaten water was the vast scenic stage across which our dreams and visions passed. It was like viewing life itself through a reversed telescope. Through it we saw a symbolized realism. Once, when I was young, I sat watching it from the wide doorway of the sail-loft. Near me sat a retired sea-captain. He had been there for hours, gazing outward with half-closed eyes. The sound was blue, the sky cloudless; a fresh breeze was blowing.

"It 's always interesting, is n't it?" I said at last, curious to know the reason of my companion's intentness.

"Always," he replied. "It is n't just that bit of water out there; it 's what lies yonder." He waved his hand vaguely toward the concealing headlands. He was thinking of the past, I now know; I, of the future. It was a stage that each interpreted in his own fashion.

I have now come to the time of life when I can smile in gentle derision of the complacent belief, yet, nevertheless, I cannot wholly rid myself of the lifelong conviction that one born in any other spot than our little seaport, and at any time other than my own, is distinctly to be pitied.

It was certainly the town's fortunate hour. The Civil War was nearing its happy close when my recollections began to take on tangible continuity, and the vision of a widening prosperity that appeared to all the country except the unhappy South had appeared to us, of course. Six shipyards lay within the half-mile semicircle of shore at the head of the harbor, and the hulls of new vessels in all stages of incompletion crowded them all. The scent of fresh-hewed timber filled the valley, and in summer, from seven in the morning till six at night, except at the noon-hour, the thud of mauls and the click of calkers'

mallets striking their irons on the hollow decks were as all-pervading as the iterated cries of katydids in our woods on early autumnal nights. I can still recall vividly the peculiar hush that fell on our village when the "Mechanics' Bell" rang at twelve and six. The sudden stillness, after that pulsating, few-chorded choral of labor, was almost painful. As the men trooped home to their twelve-o'clock dinner or six-o'clock supper, solid, self-respecting citizens and householders almost to a man, skilled in their work, and proud of their skill, one might have noted that they carried the badge of their calling: everyone bore an armful, or basket, of chips. Here one passed with a stout armful of heavier pieces of chestnut or yellow pine; another bore the long, graceful, yellow shavings made by a drawing-knife in fashioning the locust treenails, or "trunnels," as all the world calls them; a third carried a basket of lighter chips. One skilled in the work of the yards might have guessed from their burdens which ones had been wielding broadax, drawing-knife, or adz. Men wasted no time in searching, but took what lay nearest at hand. Of course there were also the ship-smiths and painters, who, having no specialty in chips, may have roamed a bit in selecting; but they bore their badge in their clothes. How often, at such hours, have I seen Captain Apollos D——, an aged sailor who was filling out his allotted span of years as a ship-painter, going up the steep grade of Thompson Street with his shoulders bowed under the weight of a great basket of chips! I was always reminded of *Christian* going up to the place of deliverance.

He was an interesting old man, full of memories of earlier days, and with an accuracy for details and dates that always amazed me, and momentarily left me discouraged with my own lack of historical perspective. The events in my short past were jumbled together in an inextricable confusion; those of his long life had all the definiteness of the multiplication table. But looking back from the height of years, I can now see clearly that his chief quality was a genial openness of mind to all the impressions of life —a quality that he possessed in common with the half-dozen other retired sailors who served in the yards as painters. They were companionable, making no distinction in quality or age; their grave, but cordial, greeting to me, a small boy on the street, was in itself the right hand of fellowship. It gave me a vague, but satisfying, sense of belonging to the community of the elders.

Of them all, it was Captain Smith D——, a brother of Captain Apollos, whom I knew best. He was our nearest neighbor. His house stood directly opposite, with a great Balm of Gilead tree towering over it, and a long thickly-set line of cherry-trees close to the street fence and running back by the division fence at the north for fifty yards or more. Other large cherry-trees stood at the southeast and southwest corners of the house. In May we saw the place merely as a high wall of white blossoms.

Captain Smith was wise in weather lore, but apparently wholly unmindful of weather except as an interesting phenomenon to be forecast; its actual state at the moment of passing he ignored. I never saw him wear an overcoat, and though out of deference to custom he might don a coat in winter, it was never buttoned. At stated hours, timed by the diurnal appearance of meals, he would pass our gate with the hurrying, short-stepped walk that seemed to be not so much a matter of haste as a fixed habit. The most torrential of rains could not move him to carry an umbrella, and with a bitter snow-storm driving its icy particles straight through our streets, I have met him plowing unconcernedly through the drifts, his coat flapping gaily behind him and his carelessly unbuttoned shirt-front gaping wide over his chest. Only fling him a muffled word of the storm in passing, and the chances were ten to one against his answering in kind. Rather, he would draw you forthwith into the past. And then you would hear in all its details how on November 25, 1855, perhaps, or perhaps, in March, 1837,—like his brother, Captain Apollos, he was accurate in his dates,—between twilight and dawn of the third day snow fell so fast that the tops of the fences were hidden, and remained hidden for a month, so intense was the cold. Day and night in the windless hush one might hear the snapping of the frost-bound

trees. Listening to such tales, one would be moved by a momentary jealousy for a world grown too tame.

He was a notable gardener, as all his neighbors knew, for in the proper season, on opening our doors in the morning, it was as much a matter of course to find on the doorstep the bunch of vegetables that Captain Smith had deposited there before we were astir as it was to let in the household cat. It was never a question of giving to the needy; it was the abstract love of sharing with all—the perfect flowering of a fine neighborliness. Having thus become one of the immutable incidents of our lives, like the rising of the sun, one seemed to call for special thanks no more than the other. At long intervals one might say casually, "Your tomatoes are unusually fine this year, Captain," or, "That corn of yours is the sweetest I ever tasted"; anything more seemed supererogation. And the captain would nod indifferently, and explain at length the meteorological causes of the particular excellence in question. He had great faith in a rainy moon in planting time, it seemed. Indeed, in his philosophy, the moon played many parts in the making and marring of men.

He was the only one I ever knew to invite passing boys to climb into his cherry-trees and fill themselves, "if you can fill a boy," he added, with an unsmiling face that left us in doubt whether the remark was intended as a joke or the expression of an intent to test a physiological hypothesis. As his nearest neighbor and a crony in a way, despite a difference of fifty or more years in our ages, I always felt as privileged to climb into his cherry-trees as into my father's.

Captain Smith read "The Nation" in that far-off time and was a famous arguer. For want of a better audience, he would sometimes orate to me by the hour, a small boy sitting blankly before him, but characteristically trying to look intelligent. The name of William Lloyd Garrison first came to me in those seasons of high discourse—a name that, with a certain lucidity, I vaguely associated with Fort Sumter, "Fortress" Monroe, and Castle William, familiar words at that age to a sailor's child. When years later I came to a more definite knowledge of the part "The Nation" and its editor had had in mystifying my earlier years, I felt, in that single oasis of remembrance in a vast desert of incomprehension, all the satisfying glow that *Joe Gargery* had in finding a "J" and an "O" on a printed page.

In that association of a child with a Ulysses at last come home may be seen in epitome the chief characteristic of our town: it was a pure democracy. The leveling factor with us was that we were all tarred with the same brush—were in one way or another bound to the sea. Those who did not "follow" it made ready the path of those who did; they built and rigged their ships, furnished them with stores, doctored their wives and children, and from their pulpits preached the consolation of hope. "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters"—how many times I have heard those words in audiences where every bowed head personally felt the harrowing dread that the prayer was meant to assuage! Now, we who were the real seafaring people might properly have felt that we belonged to the higher service had it not been for the fact that most of the shore-abiding men had been sailors at some period of their lives. Most of the ship-painters, as I have already said, were retired sea-captains, as were some of the riggers. The chief ship-smith had sailed around Cape Horn as a "Forty-niner," one ship-carpenter, at least, had been a whaler, and more than one storekeeper bore the distinguishing prefix of "Captain." That, with "Doctor," "Squire," and "Boss" (the master shipbuilders), was our one distinguishing title; all other men, no matter of what age, passed by their first names. To be sure, a schoolmaster or a minister was spoken of as "Mister," but as the designation merely fixed his status as a rank outlander, it must have carried with it a conscious sense of not belonging.

Not that some of us did not set out to be superior. It was to little purpose; the rest calmly or jocularly refused to see the point. The general attitude was not unlike that of a certain Captain J——, a resident of a neighboring town and a man well known for his gift of picturesque language. One day in a meeting-place of sailors ashore he watched Captain H——,

a large, pompous mariner who was locally characterized as "big-feeling," stalk away from the company. As the door closed behind him, Captain J—— turned and drawled:

"Say, God Almighty's overcoat would n't any more than make a vest for Cap'n H——, would it?"

Yet we were not a new people. There were among us descendants of at least one signer of the Declaration of Independence, and many bore names that had been modestly cropping out in the annals of the land since early colonial days. Scarcely half a dozen families were of other than pure English origin. Two or three Irishmen had wandered in, a Dutchman or two, an Englishman or two; that was all. And here we were set down in one little spot on the earth and filled with the divine impulse to follow the wine-dark sea. It was inevitable that our boys would go to sea at an early age; it lay before them always like the white highway of romance. If at first too light in weight to be of much value on the halyards or the capstan-bars, they "climbed in through the galley-windows," shipping as cooks. It was at least a beginning. Some of the more ambitious ones would often return in winter for a further term or two at the public school, but the early spring would find them prepared to take flight. One by one they would leave for New York, for though we built many ships and reared many sailors, ours was not a large port, and only the small coasters sailed into and out of our harbor with cargoes. The larger vessels used New York as their home port. I have assisted in the preparatory flight of not a few lads who had found berths on one or another of the home coasters that used to come into the harbor to "lay up" for the winter. In the last days of March they would drop out of school with much swaggering ostentation, and on Saturdays I would find them liming sails on the sunny beach at Saint's Orchard, or, on the decks of vessels in the harbor, "holding turn," scraping spars or bright rails and bitts, or, needlessly bedaubed, slapping paint-brushes with a fine eye for its professional effect on a mere school-boy. Many hours have I worked beside them at their tasks, partly through that strange readiness of the average boy to toil over the wood-pile of his mate while shunning his own ax at home; partly eager, under the sting of their open assumption of superior knowledge, to prove my own proficiency. But it did not count; nothing counted. They *were* the professionals, one knew; I, the amateur, and my own exotic dreams for the future, beside their high-hearted certainty, seemed pale and shadowy and unreal. Their course was so surely charted!

Thus buoyantly they went forth. The sea was in their blood, and its traditions had been theirs from the cradle, and it was small wonder that they speedily rose to be masters of vessels. It was a time before syndicates had laid their octopus-like hands on general trading at sea, and a master shipman was really a master. Usually with us, he owned a share in the vessel he commanded, but he always stepped to the quarter-deck as an autocrat. He obtained his own charter-parties, went where he pleased. Skilled, resourceful, and proud, he was a lineal descendant of the gentleman adventurers of an earlier age. I see them rise before me now, the ones I have known, a strong, merry, steadfast body of men. I am proud to have known them and to have walked with them for a little way in the world.

How vastly interesting is life at sea in even its minutest details! Indeed, I used to think that it was mainly in its details that these men viewed it; its larger aspects, its magnificences, its dangers, escaped them, so closely did they concentrate their attention upon the seemingly trivial matters that necessity laid upon them. The gorgeous passing of the day, the austere clarity of the light at dawn, they did not view so much as pageants as plainly revealed prophecies of foul or fair weather. Before their Mother Goose they knew these rhymes:

> The evening red and morning gray
> Are sure signs of a fine day;
> But the evening gray and morning red
> Make the sailor shake his head.

Or,

> When the sun sets in the clear
> An easterly wind you need not fear.

Viewed from the quarter-deck, the soaring heights of bellying canvas present a moving spectacle; but the searching eye of the master, passing this by, sees in the fluttering luff of a sail or the frayed spot in halyard or tack matters of more significance. He cannot see the forest for the trees.

One felt this strongly in any concourse of shipmasters. In my earliest years we had no railroad to our town, but left the train twelve miles from home at a bare little station in the middle of the island. The long stage-ride over the sandy road, through the scrub-oaks and pines, on a Saturday night in autumn or winter, cold and cheerless as it was, was always a delight to me. The dark interior of the stage would be crowded with home-returning sea-captains, coming up from New York, where their vessels lay loading or unloading or waiting for charters. Wrapped in a buffalo-robe, I would listen to their talk. It rose like the incessant bubbling on the surface of a boiling pot. They were telling the stories of their last voyages.

"It was well on towards noon when I finished loading," one would begin, "and we hung the ensign in the rigging for a tug and hauled out into the stream below Bedloe's Island. I was late in getting my clearance-papers, and did n't get aboard until dark; but we got under way at daybreak, at the end of the flood, in a light air out of the nor'west, and by noon were well off the Highlands. Well, the wind backed around to the south'ard by sundown, but blew light, with a swell running in that there was n't wind enough to explain, and I knew we were in for a change. By two bells it came on like that,"—he clapped his hands together,—"southeast by east, with rain by the bucketful, and as black as a nigger's pocket. Well—"

Thus the narrative would run on through every day of the outward voyage, sometimes through every hour of a special night or day, and then home again, precise, unemotional, almost without an adjective, but listened to with intent absorption by men to whom its happenings were normal events in their lives. Why did they never tire of it? They never did. I did not know why; they did not know why themselves. It was the sea itself, its mystery and glamour, its uncertainty, perhaps. The narrator may have come from an interesting foreign port, but of that he had nothing to say. It did not interest him or his hearers. He might give the bearings of its lights and channel in minutest detail and the quality of the anchorage in the roadstead, but that was all. Details, details; nothing else mattered.

But might that not be a purely superficial view of their never-ending eagerness for details? Though by heredity and choice and experience they were trained mariners, they could never have lost sight of the truth of the remark that I once heard one of the wisest of them make. "Anything," he said, "is possible at sea." Through long years of arduous service one might sail the seas, command ships, and reach the stage where he might naturally be supposed to know all the vagaries of the elements against which his life was a struggle, and then at a stroke find himself face to face with a new condition—a condition for which nothing in his experience furnished a remedy. But the remedy must be as swift as the danger, for the sea waits for no argument. One must do the right thing at once, intuitively, out of the subconscious activity of the trained judgment. Light-hearted as were these men as a class, nevertheless they must sometimes have faced the thought that the day might come when they would put forth on a voyage that would have no return. They had no fear, yet over the surface of their placid minds there must always have played the far-off, flickering summer lightning of an inordinate curiosity. They loved, yet were piqued by, every turn, every smile of the dear, but passionate, mistress who carried a dagger in her bosom. Nothing in her unnumbered moods could be unimportant to them.

In the years between my first going to sea as a child and the period when, fifteen or twenty years later, I was gradually to withdraw to more modest ventures along shore, the national character of the men in the forecastle was to change radically. The crews of the earliest period were almost wholly American, and were frequently young men from our neighborhood who

usually rose to be masters of vessels. At the end an American rarely appeared; Swedes, Norwegians, Germans, Irishmen Englishmen, and Finns had taken their places. Of them all, the very best sailorman I ever knew was an Irishman. He was perhaps thirty-six at the time, and was never likely to reach the quarter-deck, but in everything that an able-bodied seaman could or did do he was easily supreme. It was on almost my last voyage that I met him, and in a way we became great friends.

One night, anchored off in the stream at a southern lumber port, we sat on the forecastle-deck and talked. He had sailed often to France, and had picked up enough of the language to be inordinately proud of his knowledge. He took it for granted that I was as wholly ignorant of it as were most of those with whom he had come in contact, and I studiously guarded my supposed lack of linguistic attainments in the joy that I took in his novel instruction. He was talking of a certain Breton port.

"You come tearing down the channel," he said, "through a sea that breaks all ways at wance, and then you swing in past the mole, and there you are in quiet water, with the red-brick houses all about you, and maybe a row of gir-rls swinging their feet over the sea-wall and making eyes at you the while. They 'll have your heart broke at the start." He was silent a moment, lost in thought. "*Lay patrie dace belles damselles*," he continued suddenly, looking up at me quickly with his winning smile. "You 'd never take that to mean, 'the country of beautiful gir-rls,' now w'u'd you? But it is. It 's the queer tongue. And the gir-rls, too. They 'll say 'Yes' or 'No' with their lips, but their eyes will laugh as if asking if you believe what their lips say. And you won't know.

"But it 's the queer language. *Pan* mean 'bread,' like the thing it 's baked in, you know. And *chain* is 'dog.' Just think of the thing they tie them up with, and you have it. And *je t'aime* is 'I love you,' and that is easy, too; for God knows we 're all tame enough when we can tell a gir-rl that. So if you 'll remember to think of one thing when you mean another, it 's as easy to learn the language as to wash your face."

On the same voyage we had aboard one of the few American stewards left. He had sailed in the vessel for three or four years. He had somehow acquired the belief that the captain would be satisfied with no breakfast that did not include buckwheat cakes, and though it was then late in the spring, and for voyage after voyage they had sailed to the tropical or semi-tropical South, the cakes had never been lacking. Sometimes the captain would scarcely touch them for days, and the steward, thinking only that something was wrong with the cakes, redoubled his efforts to make them better. One especially rough morning on the edge of the Gulf Stream, when cooking of any sort seemed well nigh impossible, shortly after seven bells the captain and the mate stood on the quarter-deck and watched the steward laboriously work his way aft, balancing himself with the galley-basket in one hand and the coffee-pot in the other.

"Well, there 's one thing to be thankful for this morning," declared the captain. "He can't bake cakes in this seaway."

They heard the tinkle of the breakfast bell a few minutes later, and the two went below. At the foot of the companionway the captain stopped and stared. The rough-weather rack was on the table, and wedged in one corner was a great pile of cakes.

"Good Lord! Harrison," he exclaimed, "we 've had buckwheat cakes steadily for seventeen months at least. I rather thought we 'd be spared this morning."

"Yes, sir," answered the steward, "it was rather hard, with things jigging about so, and I had to lash the griddle to the stove, and the cakes have run a bit out of shape; but I did n't want to disappoint you."

Without a word the captain seated himself, speared a cake with his fork, and began his meal. It was his last protest.

I have read many chronicles of seafaring communities, but never one that did not claim for its sailors and ships that they in their high qualities outranked all others. Probably all were right—within limitations. Neither the unadventurous nor the timid is of a sort

to hear the call of the sea, and the high-hearted brave who do hear it are limited only by their strength and endurance, their judgment and experience, and by the magnitude of the danger that besets them; and these qualities at their highest belong to individual men and to chance, not to communities. The sailor in danger does not dwell on that thought; he has not the time. Every moment has its own possible mischance, and possibly its own cure, if one can find it. That is the lure of the life—to find it. It comes to sailors of all sorts in its own way; but which kind is best I leave to the enthusiastic chroniclers. I should say that all are best, adding, as before, within limitations. A crew of fishermen would not shine if called upon suddenly to make sail on a square-rigger and beat off a lee shore, though in their own craft they might be flawless; the captain of a square-rigger would not be my choice for the skipper of my small boat in a race. Each to his own crock and his own fireside.

Certainly we were proud of our own men. We had skill and daring in danger, and our lost dead. We ran the whole gamut of sublime endurance and sorrow. I think the thing that these men themselves esteemed highest was the fine resourcefulness that evaded disaster, the cool, but light-hearted, calculation that seemed to take chances, but won because the calculations were true. There were skippers who knew their vessels as they knew their own thoughts and temptations. I recall one whose vessels were always noted for speed while he was in command; under subsequent masters they lost the distinction. When anxious to make a quick passage or racing with another from port to port, always a delight to him, he would not go below in his watch at night until he had tied bits of white twine at certain points of sheets and halyards, leaving orders that at such and such an hour they were to be eased off to the twine. So nicely had he calculated the shrinking effect of the damper air of the night on his cordage, and the perfect poise between hull and canvas! Once in a port-to-port race, his rival having sailed two days before his own departure, he caught sight of her only at the end of the voyage. The point of the race was that both vessels had been consigned to the same firm, and the first to arrive at her berth at the wharf would be the first to unload. The wind was fresh and fair to the very dock. The rival ahead was shortening sail, and desperately signaled for a tug when she caught sight of her pursuer. She had almost reached the goal, a narrow dock between two long wharves, with a stone bulkhead at the land end, when the other passed, with all her canvas set, and the foam boiling white about her forefoot. So she flashed into the narrow passage between the wharves, with her skipper himself at the wheel, the mate at the windlass, the crew at the stations, and on shore men pouring out of the warehouses and running along the water front shaken with a sense of disaster. There was none. A few sharp orders, a rattle of chain through the hawse-pipes, a crackle of shaken canvas, and the vessel lay at her pier. Her paint had not even been scratched. The captain went chuckling below; indeed, he chuckled for a week. He was a merry man.

One night I was to see a captain come home from whom I expected a more exciting story than the usual detailed account of a voyage. He was limping badly, and squarely in the middle of each ruddy brown cheek was a black spot the size of a silver half-dollar. A touch of frost, a knock on the leg—not a word more of his interesting disabilities did I gain. I gathered from his incommunicative manner that he was somewhat ashamed of his weakness or carelessness, whatever he chose to call it. Later I went to his mate, a middle-aged dweller in our town. He was more satisfactory. I learned that the captain had remained on deck for forty-eight hours in a gale that had constantly swept the vessel with icy seas. He had been washed from one side of the quarter-deck to the other, and in the darkness had been saved from going overboard only by the mere chance of his striking against the spanker-sheet and grasping it with his hands. The wash of the seas had frozen as it fell, till his cheeks, beard, and rubber coat were overlaid with ice, which had constantly to be beaten off

with his ice-covered mittened hands to prevent immobility. Once ashore, he had appeared to put the experience out of his mind. It had been unpleasant, but it was past. Why recall it? The attitude was typical of his kind.

The following winter it was my fortune to go south with this captain. The same mate was with him. One night off Hatteras we ran into a sharp, short northeaster. It was a busy night for all on board, but shortly after daybreak the wind rapidly fell, and by seven bells the sun began to break through the clouds and tinge the crests of the purple waves with angry patches of crackled white. The captain, the mate, and I went down to breakfast together. We were tired, and it was a silent meal; but near its close the mate turned to his chief.

"Cap'n," he said, "I looked up last night."

The captain stared at him.

"What?" he said blankly.

"I looked up," repeated the mate. "'Long about six bells in the middle watch I looked up. 'Lord,' I said, 'if You don't let up on this pretty damn' quick, we 're going to lose that old foresail.' "

The captain made no reply; I suppose I grinned; the mate resumed his breakfast. He had no appearance of being aware that his prayer was lacking in form. Certainly, he had intended no irreverance; that was not in his nature. I take it that he was simply a non-praying man who at a moment of stress had felt a desire to be spared an inconvenience. Well, he was spared it. He looked satisfied.

Few daily papers were taken in the town in my early years. As a matter of business policy, perhaps, the proprietors of the larger stores usually subscribed for a New York daily. The "Herald" was naturally the most popular; its world-wide shipping news assured that. Men would drop in at the stores for a glance at the news; at times of momentous happenings some one would read aloud. My first vivid recollection of the Civil War—vivid only in its impression upon me, not in its actual clearness—came to me at such a moment one afternoon when I had been sent to the store. I had stood on tiptoe to lift the latch of the unpainted door, and as I entered the long, dark, narrow room, child though I was, I had an immediate impression of something unusual in the mid-afternoon aspect of the place. The chairs about the stove in the narrow space between the two long counters were all filled, and a huddle of men stood over them. Behind the west counter, with a dusty window at his back, Captain R——, the proprietor, stood, reading aloud from the New York paper, which had just come in by the stage. The picture is as clear to my mind as though seen only yesterday: the dusky interior; the silent, intent group; the tall, slight figure of the reader, with his kindly face and clear voice, reading with a dramatic emphasis that had the effect not so much of reading as of a visualized picture of the events he described. Now and then he would lower his paper and glance over the top of his spectacles to make some emphatic comment, his eyes darting from face to face with an intensely keen brightness. The sail-loft was on the floor above, and at times the tramp of the sailmakers' feet and the loud, slurring sound of the heavy canvas drawn over the wax-polished floor would drown out the reader, and he would stop and spit under the counter in a sort of nervous impatience at the interruption.

The Battle of Gettysburg was being fought, and something of the anxiety and depression of the listeners so reacted on me that finally I stole away, wholly forgetting that I had been sent thither on an errand. I recall distinctly, though, that as I walked slowly homeward along the shore road, the sound of the waves washing up on the beach was utterly sad and ominous. I knew that Gettysburg was in the North; if the "rebels" broke through—I was facing my first childish terror.

The captain was shortly to move to a new brick store on Main Street, which seemed to me at the time the last word in quiet, austere refinement. I compared it favorably with Lord & Taylor's, far up-town on Grand Street, where I had been taken on shopping trips when in the city. But the readings went on in the new abode, and I was there to hear of the war many

times before Richmond fell and Lee surrendered.

It was, indeed, a sort of clearing-house of public opinion, an informal town-meeting, as were all the larger stores of the town, each taking its political color from the politics of the proprietor. Perhaps the most notable and interesting was the one connected with the chief shipyard. There, by the front stoop, stood the "Mechanics' Bell," and in it was the office of the shipyard and at one time the local custom-house. In its back room, redolent with the pungent odors of oakum and tarred cordage, one looked out through the wide rear doors upon the marine railways, the wharves, the ships on the stocks, and the harbor. Here men of the sea and the yards congregated in their idle hours. The whole nautical history of our town has been told and re-told within its walls.

The characteristic of the town that most appealed to the returned native, aside from its association with the sea, was its atmosphere of restfulness and permanence. Coming back at long intervals, he would seek the water front at once; it was the goal toward which all his memories tended. Perhaps he might catch a momentary glimpse of a sloop anchored under the high cliffs at the head of the harbor, beyond the shipyards; he would recognize her at once. "The old *Emperor*," he would murmur. He may never have set foot on her deck, but the sight of her warmed his heart. She had been old when he was a boy, and had outlasted two generations; but each succeeding year, with her wales freshly painted in their three broad stripes of gay colors, she would fare forth anew, airily refusing to recognize the disabilities of age. Her mere presence was an argument for the persistency of youth and its aspirations.

But the home-comer would pass on to the shipyards. He might see the bowed back of a man who was feeding the fires under the steam-boxes, where the great planks were steamed to render them pliable to take the sharp curves of the hull of a new vessel. When a boy he had seen that same back bowed over the same task. The ends of the planks protruded from the boxes, wedged about, as of old, with wet seaweed to prevent the escape of the steam. From the mold-loft a man would walk quickly, alertly, over the crackling chips, and pause under the staging, where a carpenter with an adz was delicately hewing the rough surface of a ship's rib along a white chalk-line. They were the master builder and the dubber. For a moment they talked together, addressing each other by their first names. One could feel their common interest in their tasks, their common regard and respect. All their workaday lives they had passed in like relations. The returned native might see the men leave the yard at the close of day. He knew them all, had known them from childhood. He knew the homes toward which their steps tended—the substantial homes that they themselves owned, homes of settled hopes, with their neat yards and gardens and fruit-trees. He had gone to school with their children. It was a community of interlocking common interests.

In the sail-loft one saw the same close relationship between master and men. They grew old together. In seasons of unusual activity a gang of extra sail-makers from the city would be added to the home force; but when slack times came again, they would leave us to our settled habits, departing without a ripple.

Without a ripple, unless a story I heard as a boy, and have never forgotten, may pass by that name. In the gang of extra sailmakers who came to town one summer was a small Englishman named Guthrie, sensitive as to his size and full of pride in England. An Englishman dwelt in the town at that time, a ponderous, bluff, rosy-cheeked man, who may pass by the name of John Start. Guthrie sought him out, introducing himself as an Englishman. Start, towering over him, glanced down at him for a moment and then asked from what part of England he came. Guthrie drew himself up, and answered rapidly, almost in one breath:

"Thomas Guthrie, sir, sailmaker to her Majesty, sir, Newcastle-on-Tyne, sir. And from what part of Hengland do you come, Mr. Start, if I may so harsk?"

In a deep rumble the other replied:

"John Start—from the 'eart of Hengland."

Guthrie's eyes measured him from head to foot; then he said airily:

"Oh, I say, you know, you might 'ave said from hall Hengland."

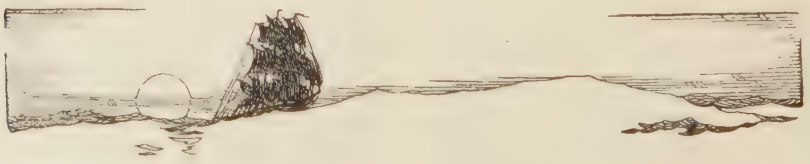
In the sail-loft the drafting-books of the sail-plans of our vessels were treasure-houses of memory. Many hours I poured over them in company with the son of the master sailmaker, who himself was later to become one of the most famous of his craft, until the names and dimensions of the spars and sails of our vessels were as familiar to me as the tables of measures, and far more interesting. There we studied, drawn to scale, the sails of the *America*—the sails that she wore when, in 1852, at Cowes, she won the cup that has made her the most famous yacht in the world. The floor of the loft was too small for the purpose, and the canvas for her mainsail was cut out and fitted to scale on Bell Hill, a green slope, now mostly cut away, that overlooked the main shipyard and the harbor. There, too, were the sail-plans of the three-thousand-ton full-rigged ship *Adorna* that was built on the tributary bay at Setauket. School was dismissed for the day, I remember, that we might go in a body to the launching, two miles away over the hills to the next valley; for launching days were always holidays with us, or at least half-holidays. That was an unwritten law. Independently, I established it in my own case at the first launching that I can remember. Considered too young for the public school at that time, I was attending a small private school kept by a young girl of the town. Whatever may have been her merits as a teacher, she was callously blind to the traditions of the place, for she refused to dismiss us for the launching. For the first and last time in my school life at home I ran away from school—ran away proudly, indignantly, with never a pang of remorse or conscience afterward. It is the only recollection of the school that I have, a fact that leads me to think that my punishment must have been light.

The *Adorna* was owned wholly by her captain, which made it possible for him to indulge in a peculiarity that might have been trying for shareholders eager for quick voyages, for he always hove to on Sundays. No matter how favoring the wind, he would have no work aboard on the Lord's Day.

Then slowly there came a change. Sailing-vessels began to disappear from the ocean, and fewer keels were laid in our yards. There came a time presently when these were mainly the keels of yachts, and the character of our seafaring men changed. The old race passed away, and few of the younger generation cared to take their places, for the sea had lost its old glamour and attraction.

The Great War brought new conditions. The yards were sold to a syndicate, throngs of strangers who were merely riveters of steel came to the town, the building of steel ships was begun, and guards and high walls were set around the sacred places that had once been both our playground and our pride. At a stroke all our traditions lay dead.

But what will take their place? Will the new proletarian spirit bring in material prosperity, with its accompanying unrest, and transform the picturesque old seaport into a commonplace industrial center? Or will the new energy speedily exhaust itself, and presently depart, leaving the huge sheds and cranes and derricks but stark and futile ruins that cannot even achieve picturesqueness? Whatever the Delphic answer, the old order has passed away.



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Eight paintings by

Frederick J. Waugh N.A.

Courtesy of Union League Club, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Transport under convoy

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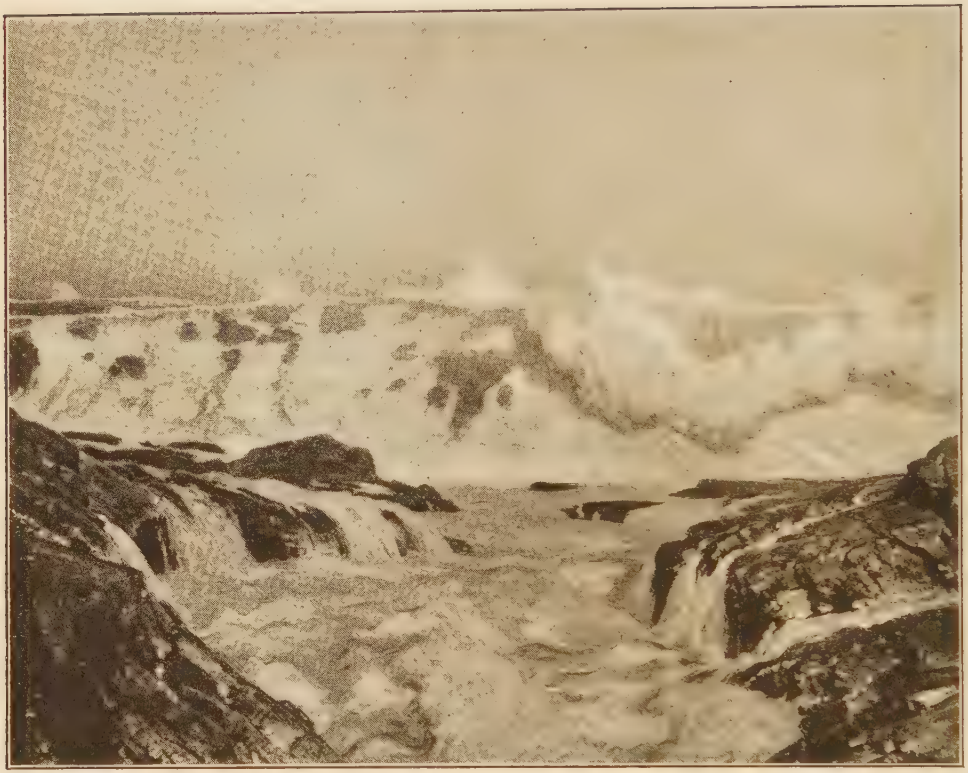
"The Wave"



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"The Sea"

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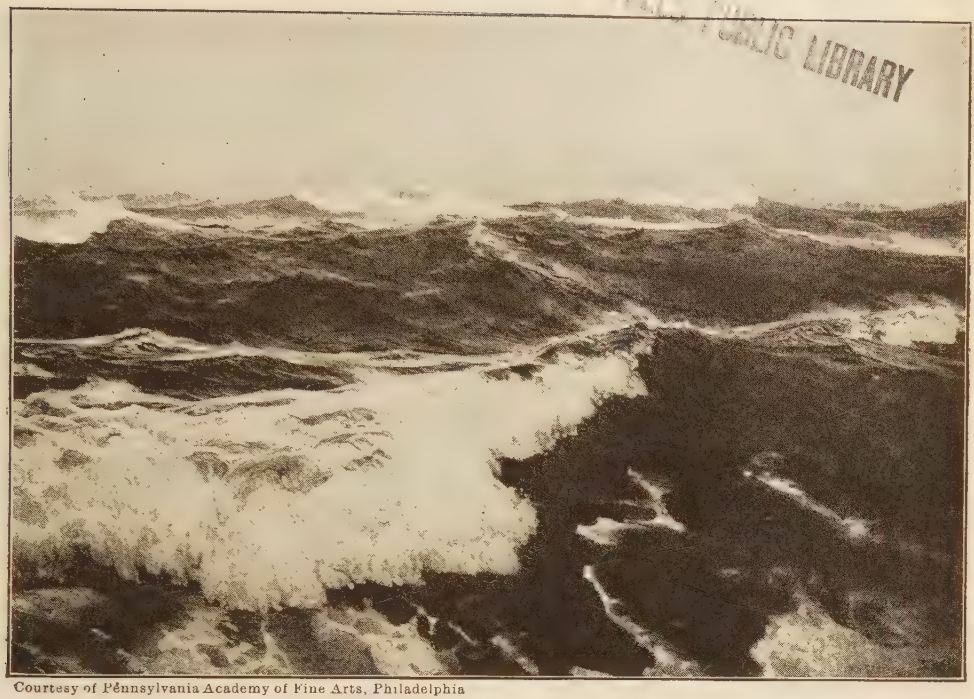

Courtesy of Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia

"The Blue Gulf Stream"

Courtesy of Public Art Gallery, Dallas, Texas

"The Roaring Main"

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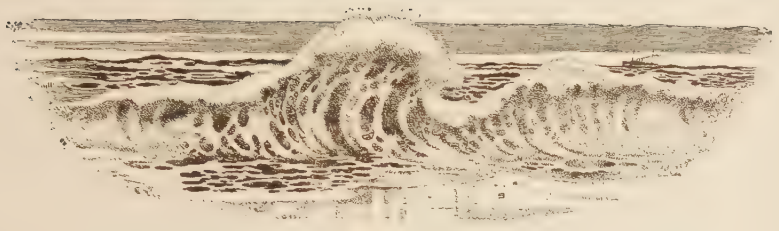
"The Outer Reef"

"The Buccaneers"



The Tide of Affairs

Comment on the Times

By GLENN FRANK

FROM SEA-SHORE TO SCHOOL-ROOM—THE DEMOCRAT AND HIS WEALTH—THE PURITAN AND HIS CONDUCT—THE ARISTOCRAT AND HIS WORK—GORGAS: CHEVALIER OF HEALTH—EXTRA! THE JERUSALEM DAILY!—A 1917 ORANGE FOR YOUR BREAKFAST—OIL ON THE TROUBLED WATERS—THE ANGLO-FRENCH CROSS-ROADS.

FROM SEA-SHORE TO SCHOOL-ROOM

THIS month marks the beginning of the trek from sea-shore to school-room. The romp and relaxation of vacation are over. The educational mill again begins its grinding. Diversion gives way to discipline. The quest for a liberal education is resumed with new zest. Will the work of the current school year show that we have brought back from the tonic air of mountains or the tang of sea-breezes any fresh conception of the purpose and processes of education?

The irresistible lure of the teacher's job lies in the fact that education is, and always will remain, an unfinished experiment. Dictionary-makers will never be able to write a final definition of liberal education. The terms of its definition must shift, from generation to generation, as the stage-setting of life changes. The education that fitted a man for a simple, leisurely, and individualistic society will not meet the needs of the complex, busy, and interdependent society in which we now find ourselves enmeshed. That is to say, every generation must, to some degree at least, evolve its own definition of educational material and method.

Creative educators are to-day seeking to formulate new and more valid definitions of education not because they are captious critics with a passion for publicity, but because they are honest workmen who want to see the tool fitted to the task. This eagerness to revaluate and redefine is gratifying, for all progress must begin with a definition. Unless we know where we are going, we are likely to arrive nowhere in particular. Our aim must be clear before our action can be constructive. The architect's blueprint precedes the mason's trowel and the carpenter's hammer. Throughout history the periods of greatest advance, in religion, in government, in industry, in science, in every department of human affairs, have been preceded by periods in which men earnestly reëxamined and honestly redefined their fundamental concerns. The man who writes a new and creative definition is the *avant-courier* of progress. Despite his failure in the ultimate execution of many of his policies, history is likely to grant greatness to Woodrow Wilson for his matchless definitions of the just and righteous aims of international life. Regardless of his compromises and entirely aside from what he did with his own creed when he took it into the diplomatic bazaars,

Mr. Wilson's satirized rhetoric will haunt the counsels of diplomacy for a century to come. He may have been an inexpert mason, but he drafted the blueprint of a better world. And, as just stated, all progress must begin with a definition.

The present process of educational redefinition is simply one phase of the general revaluation that began in the nineteenth century. Four significant streams of intellectual tendency converged in the nineteenth century. At the point of their convergence the modern man was born, and since then he has been rethinking and redefining all the major interests and institutions of society in the light of these four intellectual movements. Religion, politics, economics, and education have all alike been summoned to the witness-stand and compelled to give reasons for their ancient dogmas. These four streams of tendency were:

First, philosophical criticism, which, broadly speaking, destroyed the old theism by which men looked upon the world as a huge machine that had been assembled by some omnipotent mechanic who straightway left it to run of its own accord, thereafter playing the rôle of a god outside the machine who intervened in its operation upon emergencies only. For this mechanical, and at times fatalistic conception of the world, philosophical criticism substituted, by virtue of a new emphasis, the idea of the immanence of God in the world. This was not a reversion to a primitive pantheism that peopled the world with a medley of gods, turning every stone and tree and waterfall into a divinity; it was not an atheistic attempt to materialize the spiritual, but rather an attempt to spiritualize the material; it conceived the world's creator as alive and breathing in every atom of the universe, just as a writer's imagination may pass through a pencil of wood and lead and precipitate itself upon white paper, or the soul of an artist travel through the handle and hair of a brush on its way to the canvas. This investing of the world machine with vibrant life had a profound influence upon thought in many departments of life that seemed at first glance far remote from such philosophical web-spinnings.

Second, historical criticism, which, as a new method of approach for the scholar, struck heavy blows at the dogma of authority in every quarter and established the right of independent investigation and private judgment. This movement is still playing havoc in the temples of religious, political, and economic traditions.

Third, the doctrine of organic evolution, which for most men shattered the one-week carpenter theory of the world's making and substituted the conception of a constantly developing world, in which we are not mere Tony Sarg marionettes, but daily creators of new values. Here again this intellectual movement was not the private plaything of biologists in sequestered laboratories, but a force that altered men's conceptions in every field of affairs.

Fourth, that social enthusiasm which came in with the reaction against the blighting effects of the industrial revolution and which stimulated the democratic movement. This social enthusiasm dramatized the interdependent relations of modern society and emphasized our social responsibilities.

These four intellectual movements, as stated earlier, set men at the task of rethinking and redefining all their interests and institutions. Education, of course, has not escaped this searching reëxamination. The present stage of our process of educational redefinition is marked by our attempt to shake off the dangerous dominance of the specialist who has done the double damage to our educational system of dehumanizing it and of splitting our curricula into air-tight compartments of unrelated knowledge. President Lowell of Harvard University, who unites rare scholarship with rare humor, once paid his compliments to the perversion of specialism by saying that the real scholar was "not a man who devotes his erudition to a small thing, or who achieves eminence in paths that no one cares to tread; not the man who knows all about the antennæ of the paleozoic cockroach or some Greek root; but the man who has the sharpened brain, who has developed that tool so that he can use it for any purpose for which in life he may hereafter desire to use that tool."

The blight of specialism and the error of conceiving education in terms of informational instruction alone do not begin at once in the American educational system. But it has been true for years that the higher the student climbed on the educational ladder, the narrower became his outlook. In his graduate days, when the student should be achieving a broad interpretative outlook upon life, our system has narrowed his concern to microscopic details. We have gone wild over bogus research which, as administered in many of our colleges, has not the remotest relation to education or to the pushing out of the frontiers of useful knowledge.

No writer has followed the trail of the specialist across American education with greater good sense and good humor than has Stephen Leacock, professor to McGill University in particular, and court jester to the English-speaking world in general. In his "Essays and Literary Studies," he says, regarding specialization in our colleges:

> I quite admit its force and purpose as applied to such things as natural science and medicine. These are branches capable of isolation from the humanities in general, and in them progress is not dependent on the width of general culture. Here it is necessary that a certain portion of the learned world should isolate themselves from mankind, immure themselves in laboratories, testing, dissecting, weighing, probing, boiling, mixing, and cooking to their heart's content. . . . In any case this is real research work done by real specialists *after* their education and not *as* their education. Of this work the so-called researches of the graduate student, who spends three years in writing a thesis on John Milton's god-mother is a mere parody.

The point here seems to the writer well taken. The specialized work of our graduate schools is not educational in its effect upon the student. Here is a list of thesis-publications which suggests the broad culture that must come to the graduate student in their preparation:

Cell size, nuclear size, and the nucleocytoplasmic relation during life of a pedigreed race of Oxytricha fallax.

Development of the peristome in Ceratodon purpureus.

Desmotropism in the Pseudothiohydantoins.

Sexual reproduction in certain Mildew.

Heredity of Hair-lengths in Guinea Pigs.

A Complete List of Prime Numbers between the limits of 1 and 10,006,721.

Evidently with some such list of theses in mind, Mr. Leacock contends that the so-called original scholarship of our graduate school is not only lacking in educational effect, but that it is not difficult to a degree that evokes and disciplines a student's latent powers of mind. He says:

> It is pretentious, plausible, esoteric, cryptographic, occult, if you will, but difficult it is not. It is of course laborious. It takes time. But the amount of intellect called for in the majority of these elaborate compilations is about the same, or rather less, than that involved in posting the day book in a village grocery. The large part of it is on a level with the ordinary routine clerical duties performed by a young lady stenographer for ten dollars a week.

To these two charges against the so-called specialized research of our universities,—that it is neither educational nor fundamentally disciplinary,—Mr. Leacock adds a third, namely, that it does not make vital contribution to knowledge. In this connection, he says:

> The pretentious claim made by so many of our universities that the thesis presented for the doctor's degree must represent a distinct contribution to human knowledge will not stand examination. Distinct contributions to human knowledge are not so easily nor so mechanically achieved. . . . It is of course not to be denied that there is, even in the field of the humanities, a certain amount of investigation to be done—of research work, if one will—of a highly specialized character. But this is work that can best be done, not by way of an educational training,—for its effect is usually the reverse of educational,—but as a special labor performed for its own sake as the life work of a trained scholar, not as the examination requirement of a prospective candidate.

The reason why it is worth while to go at length into this indictment of the

sterility of graduate research in a general editorial article on popular education is not that the average college student ever reaches the graduate school, but because it is this type of training that is undergone by the professors who teach the great rank and file of students who want liberal culture, not scholastic data.

Much of our graduate training unfits men for the art of teaching at the same time that it fails to give them that broad and synthetic grasp of things essential to genuine intellectual leadership in the class room. One brilliant college teacher says that after post-graduate work he spent three years recovering his interpretative powers and teaching facility.

But, happily, we have long since realized that the purpose of liberal education goes beyond the mere turning of the minds of students into cold-storage plants for unrelated information; that, save in the exceptional case, the purpose of our educational system should be to produce not great scholars, but good citizens. Recent educational discussion has reflected this realization and has shown a reaching out for broader and more human definitions of liberal education. Mr. Wilson, while president of Princeton University, referred to a liberal education as that which "enables the mind to comprehend and make proper use of the modern world and all its opportunities." Generations before, as if foreseeing our present effort toward educational redefinition, John Milton said, "I call, therefore, a complete and generous education that which enables a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all of the offices, public and private, both of peace and war."

Now, it may be suggestive to call attention to three practical aspects of the sort of liberal education foreshadowed in Milton's statement and succinctly phrased by Mr. Wilson. We are coming to believe that a liberal education should do at least three things for a man: it should make him a democrat in his attitude toward his wealth, a puritan in his attitude toward his conduct, and an aristocrat in his attitude toward his work. Lest this phrasing be misunderstood, it is necessary to say what we mean by democracy, Puritanism, and aristocracy in this connection.

I. THE DEMOCRAT AND HIS WEALTH

A democratic attitude toward wealth may be said to involve the principles and practice of three things: the efficient production, the just distribution, and the wise consumption of wealth. The education that does not make a man an efficient producer of wealth, a lover of justice in its distribution, and a practitioner of wisdom in its consumption is ill-adapted to the needs of American democracy. Manifestly these three principles are essential to that economic democracy without which political democracy easily degenerates into a farce and a mockery. Popular education *per se* is not a guaranty of democracy. That the little red school-house is necessarily the bulwark of democracy is simply one of the many untrue truisms of political oratory. Popular education may be the dangerous tool of sinister interests, as it was in Germany under the Hohenzollerns. It is the things taught and the type of graduate produced that determine the social value of education.

American democracy depends not upon the election of this or that man to the Presidency, not upon this or that crusade, but upon the efficiency with which our school system offers information and training to fit men for the three fundamental processes of production, distribution, and consumption. And everything depends upon a well-rounded knowledge of all three. Knowledge of production alone may make a man a slave. Knowledge of distribution alone may make a man a plutocrat. Knowledge of consumption alone may make a man a parasite. Knowledge of all three makes a man an effective citizen of a democracy.

This contention was brilliantly argued by Mr. Arland D. Weeks in his "The Education of To-morrow," published some years ago. In that volume Mr. Weeks went into great detail regarding the manner in which the curriculum might be revised in the interest of greater instruction and better training in these three processes. His specific suggestions are recommended to the reader who desires to pursue this contention further. Mr. Weeks pointed out the great importance of such an educational readjustment to orderly democratic pro-

gress and a constructive checkmating of radicalism.

Were every American student, rich or poor, trained to produce, there would be throughout American society an appreciation of the workman's problems that would make for greater sanity in our treatment of industrial issues. Were every student instructed in the function and machinery of distribution, we should deal more wisely with the issues of justice and injustice involved; we should be less easily hoodwinked by piracy, on the one hand, and less susceptible to the inflammatory appeals of the demagogue, on the other. Greater knowledge of consumption might save us from the sins of extravagance and waste at one extreme, and from the tragedy of unawakened and unborn appetites at the other.

II. THE PURITAN AND HIS CONDUCT

The Puritan here referred to is not the Puritan of popular misconception, a narrow-minded religious fanatic who thought of conduct in terms of austere personal habits alone, a moral coward who ran away from the life of Europe that he might achieve private goodness in the wilderness monastery of New England. It is rather the Puritan of Dr. Samuel McChord Crother's illuminating study. In THE CENTURY for May, Dr. Crothers, writing on "The Pilgrims and Their Contemporaries," contended that to understand the Puritan of the seventeenth century we must remember that, though a decidedly independent person, his primary interest was in a new social order, not in the individual man. He quoted an early New England minister as asking the question, "What is our errand in the wilderness?" The old Puritan answered his own question by suggesting that their mission was not religion as a private interest. Good personal conduct could be achieved anywhere. His words were:

> New England's design in this vast undertaking is to set up the Kingdom of Christ *in whole communities*. His Kingdom must come and his will must be done. Only in so far as his Kingdom comes can his will be done. This Kingdom must be set up in a public and openly prevailing manner. It is in the commonwealth that it must be established.

It is this conception of the Puritan's,—that conduct is a matter of government, of public relations and responsibilities, as well as a matter of private habits and character,—that we have in mind when we say that a liberal education should make a man a Puritan in his attitude toward his conduct.

It may be said, however, that this guidance in conduct is the function of the church rather than of the school; we may be reminded that church and state and school are separated in the American economy. We do not ask education to invade the field of the church or deal in moral precepts. What we mean is this. To-day the desire to do right in politics and industry is stronger than our conception of right is clear. This is because life has become so complex. We have heard of a shot fired in New England and heard round the world. To-day almost any act, vote, or policy in government or industry registers an effect across the continent, affects the lives and fortunes of men and women in the Orient, or gives concern to foreign office or bourse in half a dozen European capitals. Rightness of conduct was a much simpler problem for David, herding his sheep in Judean hills, than it is for the American captain of industry into the fabric of whose policies the hopes and fortunes and lives of multiplied thousands of employees and customers are woven. W. H. P. Faunce, the clear-minded president of Brown University, put the matter finely when he said:

> Now the world is so crowded that each life touches all lives, and each man sustains a multitude of relations to his fellow-men. That a man is a good husband and father does not insure his being a good employer of labor or a good bank president. That he is a model son to his aged mother, or a zealous officer of the church, furnishes no guarantee that he is a good alderman or member of Congress. . . . As a church member he devoutly and sincerely recites the beatitudes; as a Wall Street operator he spurns them all. Let not these contradictions be charged to hypocrisy, any more than we charge John Newton with hypocrisy because he wrote

Christian hymns on the deck of a slave ship. . . . In our day . . . there is a confusion of moral standards. . . . There is genuine agony of spirit on the part of men who find themselves in such a network of relations that, whatever course of action they adopt, they must hurt some innocent persons. There is genuine dismay on the part of men who have for years followed their uninstructed conscience, and now wake up to find themselves pilloried as traitors to society.

All this means that in the midst of modern complexity the achievement of socially right conduct requires more than good intentions; it requires good intelligence that will enable a man to keep up a continuous moral analysis of his political, social, and industrial relations. Otherwise it is impossible for a man to assess the rightness or wrongness of his acts and policies in the modern world. No man can be said to be liberally educated until he has achieved a comprehensive and realistic understanding of the tangled network of modern relations, an appreciation of the endless ramifications of every act to-day. It is not the business of liberal education to determine moral standards in any religious sense, but it is the business of liberal education to give a man full knowledge of the modern stage upon which the play of human conduct is acted and to train his mind to follow his every act to its ultimate social effect. An education that leaves a man cold to the social implications of his professional or craft conduct, or fails to train him to see these social implications, is illiberal and inadequate.

III. THE ARISTOCRAT AND HIS WORK

It should be unnecessary to say that we do not here refer to the opera bouffe aristocrat, who is the worthless son of a worthy sire. In this day of word-worshiping democracy, the label of aristocracy has become more a liability than an asset. This is true only because the high meaning of the word has been prostituted. Words, like Methodists, may fall from grace. The word "aristocracy" is a striking example of such linguistic backsliding. When the Greeks built the word, they joined the word ἄριστος, meaning best, to the word κρατία, meaning rule; so that aristocracy, save when perverted, is the rule of the best. The original aristocrat, therefore, was accounted aristocratic not because of inherited privileges, but because of inherent powers.

If we push our studies back to origins, we find that nearly all aristocracies gained their preëminence by virtue of superior excellence in the performance of some socially necessary work. The fathers of the world's aristocracies have not been the pampered sons, but the powerful servants of society. When later generations of an aristocracy begin to rest content with ancestral achievement and idly to live on inherited privilege, the "aristocracy" in question becomes the legitimate butt of ridicule. It is only when life has become highly artificial that such perversions of aristocracy are accorded social rank. This is proved by the fact that when men, by some stroke of fate or fortune, are taken out of the artificial life of a modern city and thrown into the natural association and elemental environment of the wilderness or the frontier, the old credentials of aristocracy are demanded. There only the superior servant is recognized as superior.

Sir James Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton," as Mr. Ferguson has suggestively pointed out, dramatized this law of aristocracy. In this very provocative play, an old aristocratic English family is shipwrecked. In their savage surroundings human wits have to be pitted against nature. They have to fight for sustenance and life. Enfeebled by long reliance upon inherited privilege and by long divorce from the doing of useful work, the members of the family prove unequal to the task. The butler alone proves equal to the occasion. By the sheer power of his social usefulness, the butler becomes the head of the shipwrecked household. The lines of caste, rigidly drawn back home, are obliterated. But the moment the family is rescued and reaches London, the butler slips back into the traditional subservience of his class. The authentic aristocracy of power gives way to the artificial aristocracy of position.

The aristocracy that our disordered

democracy sorely needs, the aristocracy that it is the business of liberal education to foster, is not a social caste, but an attitude of mind toward useful and necessary work. Hanford Henderson, in an illuminating essay on "The Aristocratic Spirit," defines the spirit of the aristocrat as a disinterested love of excellence. "To be an aristocrat," he says, "one must be an unselfish devotee of excellence, and happily such devotees are found in every walk of life, from the humblest to the most exalted. . . . To love excellence, not the appearance of excellence, and to love it disinterestedly, not for the sake of the loaves and the fishes—this is the whole creed of the aristocrat."

Traditional education has fostered this aristocratic love of excellence for its own sake in the arts and the sciences. Poets, painters, sculptors, philosophers, and the pioneering adventurers of the laboratory have been stimulated by traditional education to bring to their work this aristocratic spirit. But it is in the doing of the ordinary work of the world that the aristocratic spirit is most greatly needed. Too frequently, so-called liberal education educates men *away from* instead of *for* the doing of the ordinary work of the world by which the race is fed and clothed and sheltered. So-called liberal education has too often made for a pseudo-aristocracy of the arts and the sciences and the professions, instead of a genuine aristocracy of good workmen in every field. We criticize, and with some justification of our severity, the tendency of labor-unions to reduce accomplishment to the dead level of the mediocre workman. A like charge can be launched against much of our educational effort.

The "prosaic" work of the world cries aloud for workmen with the aristocratic spirit, men who will be dominated in their work by a love of excellent performance. Some years ago, Richard Washburn Child wrote, for "Everybody's Magazine," a story called "The Game of Light," in which he told about a *Jimmy Birch*, unschooled and very middle-class, whose job was the installation of electric-light fixtures. *Jimmy* had completed a job of lighting a big hall in which his employer's daughter was to conduct a society bazaar, and the daughter, charmed by the way in which the tone of spring sunlight had been reproduced in the hall, had inveigled *Jimmy* into talking about his work—the putting in of light fixtures. *Jimmy's* talk was a superb illustration of the way in which the spirit of the aristocrat and the artist can be brought to the doing of the ordinary work that we are accustomed to regard as deadly prosaic. Here are a few random sentences from *Jimmy's* discussion of his job in answer to the queries of the girl.

He had said, when it was suggested that there were greater opportunities for advancement in other departments of the lighting industry: "But I 'll stick to the lighting end. . . . because it 's a great field. Making night a mighty agreeable time for folks is my game."

"What 's the point of being a salesman of light?" the girl asked. "Is it salesmanship? Is that all?"

"No! It is n't all!" *Jimmy* countered. "It 's faith. It 's a kind of religion. Anybody's work should be; I 'd quit it if I did n't believe in electric light."

That certainly did not have the sound of a greedy industrial slacker. Plainly the girl was not following this rhapsodizing about a job of day labor, so *Jimmy* got down to details.

"You saw that work I 've done for your bazaar?" he asked.

"I told you," she said, "it is *lovely*."

Then *Jimmy* showed the idea that lay behind his work.

> Those that come will have a better time because of it, won't they? It is spring sunlight, and I tell you spring sunlight is good for men and women. You don't realize how much light affects life, do you? Houses lighted the wrong way hurt the souls of the people who live in 'em. I 'll bet I have put installations in people's private dining-rooms and parlors that have prevented divorces. . . . I 've put lights in the front parlor of a workman's cottage that have kept his daughter off the streets! . . . I can light a church so that people will *feel* the place. . . . I can light a school so evening classes can *think* in it.

The *Jimmy Birch* of Mr. Child's story was not a college graduate, but the conception of a salesman of electric light and

an installer of fixtures who can see running out from his job lines of influence that he believes touch the divorce record of the community, the morality of working-men's daughters, the intellectual quality of night schools, and the worship of the church, is the sort of conception that a liberally educated man ought to bring to every job. This is, of course, a highly idealized picture of a workman. But an education that, even slightly, stimulates this aristocratic attitude toward work is the sort of education our democracy needs. It might, perhaps, bring us nearer to a solution of our labor problem than all our elaborate programs of compulsory arbitration, investigation, or conciliation.

The evolution of an educational system that will more and more contribute toward these social objectives is a slow and tortuous process. Its coming depends upon the actual arrangement of curricula and the spirit and method of individual class-rooms throughout the nation. A layman's discussion of goals is, of course, an easy task. The teacher faces the real job.

GORGAS: CHEVALIER OF HEALTH

PRESIDENTS and pages, bishops and bell-boys, have alike found diversion in the subtle reasonings and thrilling adventures of *Sherlock Holmes*, the deductive detective, *Craig Kennedy*, the bacteriological detective, and *Luther Trant*, the psychological detective, as they have solved baffling mysteries and dragged the unknown into the daylight. But science runs fiction a close race in the matter of adventure and the solution of mysteries.

Conan Doyle never wrote a better story to intrigue the interest of the adventure-lover than the story of the successful fight waged by General Gorgas against yellow fever. General Gorgas was the *Sherlock Holmes* of the story; the *stegomyia* mosquito was the criminal. The climax of the story was reached at Guayaquil, where the mosquito, bearer of the infection, was cornered in the last "endemic focus" of yellow fever on this hemisphere and compelled to surrender. The fight was carried on under the auspices of the Yellow Fever Commission of the International Health Board of the Rockefeller Foundation. General Gorgas, a few weeks ago, brought back the news that since June, 1919, there had not been a case of yellow fever in Guayaquil, formerly a fertile breeding-ground of the dread disease. The essential details of the story are interesting.

Really to appreciate the greatness of the Gorgas achievement, one should have experienced the chronic dread of the men and women in the South who for long years have lived under the menace of recurrent yellow-fever epidemics. John H. Anderson, writing of the Gorgas report in a recent issue of "The New York Times," said:

> To New Yorkers perhaps that statement [of the conquest of yellow fever] does n't carry the thrill that it does to those who live further south, and who greet,—or, rather, used to greet,—the coming of spring and summer with a pleasure that was mixed with dread. They feared in the soft, languorous nights of the tropics the death song of the *stegomyia* mosquito, and saw in the exotic beauty of the swamp lands the haunting shadows of the fever-smitten, with parched skins and disease-brightened eyes.
>
> It was a very real spectre that passed with the droning of the mosquito. Each year it garnered its tribute, plunging cities into horror, and awakening terror in every breast. None knew what it was nor whence it came —nothing save that its victims wilted like leaves before a fire and that the fire burned itself out. . . . For a long time, and even now among older residents of those localities, it was customary to reckon time and events in terms of the last epidemic. Local seers, in ponderous superstition guised as science, forecast the coming and the passage with all the luck of good guessers and a shameless faith in the tenacity of the unknown bearer of the disease.

The bearer of the disease is no longer "unknown" or given free range to sing its death-song and to bite fever into the bodies of men and women. An associate of General Gorgas, with the scientist's aversion to dramatics, reports the conquest in the simple sentence, "There has not been a case reported in Guayaquil since last June."

For the lay observer the really inter-

esting part of the adventurous fight against yellow fever began with the "fever squad" of eight men who allowed themselves to be bitten by infected mosquitos that Major Walter Reed, then head of the sanitary commission that was cleaning up Havana after the Spanish-American War, might test his hypothesis of the mosquito-transmission of yellow fever. The results of that investigation and test established the fact that "yellow fever is an acute infectious disease which is transmitted from the sick to susceptible individuals through the agency of mosquitoes." Mr. Anderson states in greater detail the fact from which General Gorgas proceeded in his fight, as follows:

> It has been established that the yellow fever parasite exists for three days in the blood of persons afflicted with the disease, and that if a patient is bitten during that period by the *stegomyia fasciata*, the female of the genus *stegomyia*, the mosquito is then able to convey the disease to another simply by biting him.

In the light of this fact, the first point of attack was the isolation of the men and women already infected. By this act, the mosquito's storehouses of infection were closed. Every infected person that could be kept out of reach of the mosquitos, meant a reduction in the spread of the disease. But that was only a first and a negative step. Then came constructive, preventive, sanitary measures. Mosquito-breeding swamps were drained. An educational campaign to teach the native populations the simple lessons of sanitation and hygiene was launched. Medical treatment of diseased persons was better organized.

After a great deal of work had been done here, in our southern cities, in Panama, and in South America it was found that yellow fever had been playing constant havoc in Guayaquil for forty years. Elsewhere it came and went at more or less regular intervals. This is why General Gorgas, upon his return from France, where he served as chief sanitary officer for the American Expeditionary Force, made an intensive drive on yellow fever in Guayaquil—the drive that has resulted successfully.

Yellow fever has not been completely conquered, but its main breeding-ground on this hemisphere is under scientific control now. The commission of which General Gorgas was the head stays behind to carry on the work in collaboration with local forces. The untimely death of General Gorgas prevented his going to Africa to locate and treat "the greatest endemic focus" of yellow fever on the eastern hemisphere. There he was to have served in coöperation with the British Government. We trust there would have been no senatorial objection to such an entangling alliance.

Elaborate surveys have been made of conditions in Guatemala, Salvador, Brazil, Nicaragua, and Honduras. Constructive programs will follow these surveys. A sanitary development that will cost about sixty million dollars is to be undertaken in Peru. Extensive water-supply systems are to be designed and constructed. The program calls for the complete demolition of one town, Payta, and its complete reconstruction on a modern and sanitary plan. Arrangements are to be made for a specially constructed barracks in which the people will live while the reconstruction of the town is being accomplished.

It was fitting that the King of England contemplated decorating General Gorgas and that Albert, King of the Belgians, likewise planned to honor him. His service was not the service of a narrow nationalist. His ministry of science was as impartial as the sting of the mosquito, which knows neither Greek nor barbarian, neither bond nor free. Whatever decorations might have come to General Gorgas from kings, the grateful people of two hemispheres will always know him for the Chevalier of Health that he was.

EXTRA! THE JERUSALEM DAILY!

A LITTLE while ago, a New York newspaper man received a copy —the first copy to reach this country—of "The Jerusalem News," an American newspaper, the first daily to be printed in English in the Holy City. The daily was established about ten months ago. The copy that reached New York was a one-sheet publication, about twelve by twenty-four inches,

printed on both sides. Its printing-press and paper were brought to Jerusalem from the Suez Canal by motor-truck across the desert. Arthur D. Howden Smith, reviewing the issue in "The Globe" of New York, tells of many interesting advertisements it carries, and calls the finicky food inspector's attention to the one that urges the housewives of Jerusalem to "go to Jamai's Anglo-Palestine Grocery Store for your food. It has *monthly* fresh supplies."

It is a little difficult to associate Jerusalem, home of the holiest traditions, with the raucous cry of "Extra! Extra!" But after the impression of novelty has faded, the existence of a daily newspaper in Jerusalem sets one's mind to speculation upon what the effect upon the early history of Christianity might have been had a strong popular press existed in Jerusalem during the first century A.D. What part would a Hebrew Northcliffe, with a string of papers throughout Palestine, have played in the mission and fate of the Nazarene?

The writer raised this question the other evening at a dinner-table. One of the guests, about whose mind there is something of the freshness and daring and realism of Shaw, responded promptly, "Jesus would have been the newspaper sensation of his day."

"But would the press have helped or hindered him?" the writer asked.

Another intercepted the question with a diatribe on "bought and paid for" journalism, and allowed that "the powers that were" would have dictated the policy of the press, and that the editors of Jerusalem, at the nod of the "interests" that were menaced by the social principles of the Nazarene, would probably have brought him to the cross all the more quickly. This gentleman had just finished a reading of Upton Sinclair's "The Brass Check."

"I know newspaper men," countered the man of whom the question had been asked, "and I take this wholesale indictment of the press as 'bought and paid for' with a grain of salt. Of course, a newspaper is n't a charitable institution. It 's a business institution. It has to be. And, human nature being what it is, the economics and the ethics of a newspaper get tangled once in a while. But, taken by and large, there is no crowd on earth that sees more quickly through a fraud or rises in quicker loyalty to the genuine and the sincere than a crowd of seasoned reporters. The way Jesus pierced through sham and veneer, the sarcastic humor of his epigrams—more striking than Bernard Shaw's—would have been chuckled over in every editorial office in Jerusalem; his utter fearlessness and his transparent sincerity would have won every reporter in Jerusalem to his side."

Before any one realized it, this one question had captured the conversation of the entire evening. Journalism, religion, economics, were all caught in the sweep of the discussion. Certain it is that a reading of the record makes clear the fact that the Nazarene, at the time of his conviction and sentence, was popular with the masses. "The common people heard him gladly." Only a little while before he was put to death by the authorities, Jerusalem turned out to give him a popular reception to the city that, by its magnitude and its enthusiasm, made his enemies proceed with marked caution and shrewdness. The only way the little clique of Jerusalem politicians and high priests could escape the wrath of the masses was by railroading his trial through under the cover of darkness. They knew that the proposal to crucify him would never have stood the test of a popular referendum.

These are the facts that make interesting the speculation upon what might have happened if a syndicate of newspapers throughout the country had kept a corps of trained reporters on the trail of the high priests and politicians during the weeks when the crucifixion plot was being laid, and had played up on the front page the sinister purposes of the little crowd of religious bigots and venal politicians who were plotting the death of a popular leader. Despite the mercurial mob, public opinion usually reacts rightly on a fundamental moral issue once the facts in the case are made clear beyond cavil. Is it conceivable that an informed public opinion might have prevented the crucifixion? But this skirts the edge of doctrine and dogma, and editors must not rush in where wiser men would decline to tread.

A 1917 ORANGE FOR YOUR BREAKFAST

THIS editorial title does not refer to the anti-social practice of any cold-storage proprietor who has attempted to foist oranges of the vintage of 1917 upon his 1920 customers; it refers instead to the reputed discovery of a method of fruit and vegetable preservation that will, if the inventor's claims prove sound, revolutionize the cold-storage industry and, perhaps, prevent a waste of a billion dollars a year. The invention will, it is claimed, keep fruit and vegetables fresh for an indefinite length of time. The preservative used is earth magnetism. The inventor of the "consavador" is Dr. Harry Barringer Cox, who enjoys a prior reputation from his work in the invention of the dry battery, the ground wireless, and other useful contrivances. The facts of the story open an alluring vista of possibilities.

In New York Dr. Cox recently demonstrated his apparatus, which has received the indorsement of many experts, of the United States Department of Agriculture, of the California Fruit Growers' Association, and of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. The specimen apparatus used by Dr. Cox was a box about the size of an ordinary suitcase containing several tin cans. At the bottom of each tin can, or "consavador," was a "vitalizer" to which was attached a copper wire which ran out through the bottom of the box and was attached to the radiator in the room. This copper wire, Dr. Cox explained, could be connected with any metallic substance that was ultimately in contact with water or earth. The radiator happened to be the one metallic substance in the room that was in contact with water.

The title of this editorial was suggested by the fact that the first consavador opened by Dr. Cox contained a 1917 orange which was as firm in texture and as cool as though it had just been picked, despite the fact that the thermometer in the room stood near eighty degrees. The orange was covered with moisture. Other cans contained last year's new potatoes, old potatoes, and a variety of vegetables, all in perfect preservation. The aroma, the taste, and the temperature of the vegetables seemed the same as when taken from the ground.

The principle of the consavador is the introduction into the canned fruit or vegetable of the same earth currents that course through them when on the vine or the tree or in the earth. Tapping the copper wire that ran from the radiator to the vitalizers at the bottom of each consavador, Dr. Cox said:

> This connection harnesses the earth currents. The vital forces of the earth are transmitted through the vitalizer to the products in the receptacle which are kept in as perfect a state as when on the vine or tree or in the earth.
>
> Vegetation is due to the action of radioactive rays of the sun, which are produced in the earth, and which through this new method may be transmitted, by metal connection, to any vessel and the products contained therein. The process going on in the vessel is exactly the same as that which goes on in the earth. I have invented nothing new. I have simply discovered one of nature's many wonderful and simple laws.

An interesting aspect of the invention is that the atmosphere and temperature in which the consavadors are kept has no effect upon the products. They remain at a fixed temperature, just as a person's temperature will remain at normal in hot or in cold weather. Dr. Cox seems to have found a way to preserve the vegetable *status quo*.

In bringing the specimen consavadors from California to New York, Dr. Cox said, the copper wire was "connected by the steel car to the wheels of the train and thence to the earth." Ships, Dr. Cox said, could make the earth connection simply through the water.

The practical importance of such an invention, if successfully and widely adapted to use throughout the country, is clear beyond the need of comment. Our scientists are among the most precious possessions of our democracy. Niggardly support of scientific research in America is social short-sightedness.

Granted adequate financial support in our universities of men particularly fitted for scientific research; granted an intelligently organized coöperation between our industries and our laboratories; granted liberal endowment of our National Council of Research, we may expect science greatly to aid our economic situation.

OIL ON THE TROUBLED WATERS

INTERNATIONAL politics has played havoc with the laws of chemistry. "Pouring oil on the troubled waters" has always been supposed to make for calm, but the question of oil threatens to produce combustion in the troubled waters of international politics. The newspapers and magazines have been filled with statements and charges and counter-charges respecting a future oil famine for the United States, an attempted oil monopoly by Great Britain, flat denials by Sir Auckland Geddes, lurid pictures of an oil-imperialism by Jingo and Anglophobe journalists, and an orgy of statistical compilations. It may be of interest and value to draw together some of the more important threads of this controversy, first, by stating the charge of a British attempt to secure an oil monopoly, and, second, by stating the most reliable figures and conclusions respecting the American oil supply, both present and potential.

The broad basis of the oil-monopoly charge against Great Britain is that the British are fostering a grandiose scheme for the control of the world's oil and trade that smacks of the far-flung pretensions of Germany's pre-war dreams of a Mittel-Europa. This British dream, it is contended by a certain class of political analysts, is of more vital consequence to the world than was the German dream. All this, it is contended, is part of the attempt to achieve a greater coherence of the scattered parts of the British Empire. In this achievement of coherence, oil-fields and adequate railways to tap them, it is said, play a big part. The Britisher looks forward to the time when he will be able to travel all the way from Calais to the Cape of Good Hope by rail across a bridged Bosporus. He sees in the future a vast network of railways that will open up the regions between India and the Mediterranean, linking up the state railways of Egypt with the rail systems of Mesopotamia, Palestine, Persia, Baluchistan, and India. The military railways of Palestine and Mesopotamia are a beginning of this.

It is the quest for oil in Mesopotamia and the latest attempt to consolidate her economic advantages in Persia, of which the oil control is a significant part, and her policy of excluding aliens from the control of petroleum supplies in the empire and of attempting to secure control over oil resources in foreign countries, that have stimulated the charge of an oil-imperialism against the British Government.

Sir Auckland Geddes denies the charge *in toto*. Recently he said to an American audience:

> There have been reports in some newspapers or magazines that Britain has acquired an oil monopoly and purposes to hold the world to ransom. Well, seventy per cent. of the world's output to-day is from American soil and sixteen per cent. from Mexico, American capital controlling three fourths of the Mexican yield. In addition, Americans are seeking oil in at least ten other countries, and regardless of these operations, you have eighty-two per cent. of the present world supply of oil under your control.
>
> The British Empire's total production is about two and one-half per cent. of the world supply, while the supply of Persian oil, which is controlled by British capital, is about two per cent. In time of emergency, British interests controlled about five per cent. of the world's oil output. Do these figures suggest a monopoly for Britain?

In connection with this statement that compares the American and British positions with respect to oil to the marked advantage of America, it is interesting to read Sir E. Mackay Edgar's statement in which he says:

> While America has been exhausting her supplies at prodigal speed, we [the English] have been getting a firmer and ever firmer grip on the world's reserves of oil. In a very little while America will have to come to us for the petroleum she needs.

In his staff correspondence to "The World" of New York, Joseph W. Grigg quotes this eminent oil authority, Sir E. Mackay Edgar, in a more detailed statement, which he contributed to "Sperling's Journal." There Edgar said:

> I do not care how much money America has so long as the metals and minerals throughout the world are in British possession or under British control. . . . Amer-

ica's assets are diminishing while we are only just beginning to valorize ours; she is living off the fat of her own tail, while we are staking out fresh claims on vita physical properties all over the world.

Then in a long and detailed statement, in which he specifically deals with the oil situation, he prophesies that within ten years the United States will be compelled to buy from British interests five hundred million barrels of oil annually at a cost of a billion dollars. He asserts that British enterprise has rendered virtually all of the potential oil resources outside Mexico invulnerable to the attack of American competition. He asserts that the British control two thirds of the improved fields of Central and South America; that a decisive majority of petroleum concessions in Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Panama, Colombia, Venezuela, and Ecuador are in the hands of British subjects; that British interests hold the balance of power in the oil-fields in Russia, the Dutch East Indies, Rumania, Egypt, Trinidad, India, Ceylon, the Malay States, northern and southern China, Siam, the Straits Settlements and the Philippines, and that by its control of the ordinary shares of the Anglo-Persian Company the British Government will control the oil of Persia for at least forty-one more years, or to the termination of the sixty-years concession arranged in 1901.

In connection with Sir Auckland's statement it is also interesting to read a recent statement by Walter Hume Long, First Lord of the Admiralty, whose eagerness to acquire the Mosul oil-fields of Mesopotamia is reminiscent of Winston Churchill's ambitions, when he was First Lord of the Admiralty, respecting the oil resources of Persia. Mr. Long said, "If we secure the supplies of oil now available in the world, we can do what we like." Merely as a measure of prevention of misunderstanding, and to reduce the temptations of Jingo editors, Sir Auckland, Mr. Long, and Sir E. Mackay Edgar should hold occasional rehearsals.

After-dinner amenities aside, the fact would seem to be, according to Mr. Albert D. Brokaw, an authority on petroleum production, that "at the beginning of the war British control of potential reserves was estimated at only two per cent., while to-day the British Admiralty is said to reckon it at fifty-six per cent."

Then, too, it is in terms of production instead of potentialities that Sir Auckland draws the contrast between America and England in the oil industry. Much of the oil program of the British Government is based upon a policy of "acquisition without production." England does not have a monopoly of oil *production* to-day. She does not need or intend it now. The question is of her *acquisitions* of fields that may be developed when our fields have been pumped dry. Meanwhile, she buys gasolene from us, despite her possession of undeveloped resources. Mr. Brokaw, speaking of this in a recent interview in "The Evening Post" of New York, says:

> They [the British] are not nearly so eager to produce oil as they are to acquire oil producing tracts or concessions. Even though American gasoline now sells in London at 3s. 6d.—approximately 80 cents—a gallon, due to the distance of their oil fields from the markets and undeveloped transportation facilities in South America, South Africa, Asia, or wherever they have gained tracts, they cannot easily afford to compete. Their way of reasoning seems to be something like this: "The oil resources in the United States will, according to all geological prophecies, one day be exhausted; perhaps it will be ten, twenty, or even thirty years. But whenever their domestic production falls off sharply they will have to turn to distant territories; then the price will rise and we can produce our oil in competition at a good margin of profit."
>
> They also realize with wise foresight that the British navy, the bulwark of the empire, will need—as far as any one can see into the future—a plentiful and unrestricted supply of petroleum and its products. And if they utilized their fields now, selling their oil at a negligible profit, or perhaps a loss, they would be encroaching upon that resource necessary in years to come.

It is said that the British Government is lending money at a nominal rate to British interests that will acquire petroleum concessions in foreign countries.

Money can be used to so much better advantage by American interests in the development of home fields that this policy of the British Government puts the United States somewhat at a disadvantage, for, looking ahead, this means that the crown will acquire indirectly large oil deposits that fifty years from now will be of crucial importance.

It is impossible within the limits of an editorial article to thread through the medley of prophecies and statistics regarding the depletion of our oil-supply. During the last ten years, however, there is no doubt that a situation of over-demand has been substituted for a situation of over-supply. In 1910 American wells were adding fifteen million barrels a year to our reserve stock. During the last four months of 1919 and the first five months of 1920 we drew fifteen million barrels from our stock of stored petroleum. In 1910 our oil imports were negligible; in 1920 we imported between forty-five million and fifty million barrels of crude oil more than we exported.

The United States Geological Survey has made what is thought to be a fairly accurate estimate of the petroleum resources in this country. It is estimated that we have a petroleum reserve of seventy barrels for each person in the country. Mr. Brokaw says that since the beginning of the oil-producing industry in this country the total quantity produced has been forty-two barrels to each person, and that the present per capita rate of production is three and six tenths barrels annually. These estimates make it clear that we have used up a liberal proportion of our petroleum resources and that the present orgy of consumption, together with the tightening of the lines of control by other countries over foreign oil-fields, should give us pause.

No one save a congenital Jingo sees in the present oil policy of Great Britain any peculiarly malevolent intention toward the United States. Great Britain is simply displaying foresight and a sense of enlightened self-interest. She is doing what every nation with a sense of responsibility to future generations will do as long as the economic world is run on the present anarchic basis of competition.

We, or at least our senatorial representatives, have seen fit to absent the United States from participation in the settlement of the post-war problems in Asia Minor, where the oil issue attains significant proportions. Unless we are willing to throw our strength into the battle for a coöperative ordering and administration of the economic life of the world, we must expect that the nations that are on the ground and willing to take the responsibilities of administration and development will reap the benefits. Any other attitude is the attitude of the spoiled child who "won't play" and insists that no one else shall play.

Unless we revise our decisions respecting the peace treaty and the League of Nations and find a sound basis of international copöeration, our policy respecting the oil situation is fairly clear. We must do what we can toward as much foreign oil production as possible, sanely conserve our domestic resources, set our scientists at work upon possible substitutes for certain uses, and study with great care the oil possibilities in South America. But the larger wisdom advises that we exercise an intelligent statesmanship in behalf of a workable and just economic internationalism.

THE ANGLO-FRENCH CROSS-ROADS

ONE of the first things to be observed in a study of international politics is an attitude of scientific skepticism toward the formal pronouncements of foreign offices. Diplomats may be most suave when the situation is most serious. A pointed illustration of this fact is found in Anglo-French relations. Before the San Remo conference, the press was filled with discussion of a serious break between France and England. At the conclusion of the conference, French and English diplomats went through all the motions of a love-feast. Complete Anglo-French accord was asserted. But responsible students of the situation contend that there are essential disagreements between Downing Street and the Quai d'Orsay that will ultimately split Europe into two camps, with England at the center of one camp and

France at the center of the other. The gestures of comity may be maintained for a long time, it is said, but the basic disharmony is there, making for this realinement.

It has been pointed out that after every Continental war Great Britain has disentangled herself as quickly as possible from her war associations and recovered her freedom of action, and that she is following that long-established policy now. If this were true, it would not tell the whole story. There has been from the beginning a much wider and more detailed basis for disagreement between France and England over the tangled issues bred by the war and the peace conference. What are the facts, as far as we are able to judge them, behind this statement and behind the contention that Europe will drift into two major alliances headed respectively by France and England? Let us briefly review certain outstanding points of disagreement in order that we may, perhaps, judge whether or not they are fundamental enough to persist despite the asserted agreements of San Remo and other conferences. A few specific references will be sufficient to suggest whether or not the reputed rift in Anglo-French relations is real or the fanciful creation of sensation-mongers.

There has been, of course, from the beginning a real difference between the French and English attitudes toward the formulation and execution of the treaty with Germany. France has felt, for one thing, that, if the Versailles treaty was to mark more than a mere truce, Germany must be rendered physically and economically impotent to start the war afresh or dream dreams of an early revenge. This feeling of France has expressed itself definitely on two points, among others, namely: that in the interest of the German impotence, which is the best guaranty of French safety, the military frontier should be pushed forward to the Rhine, and that Germany should be held to the letter of the treaty with a Shylockian insistence. On both these points France has met with British opposition. French officials and publicists charge that the British do not want to see France grow too strong after this war, as Germany grew too strong after 1870–71, and that the British want to see an even balance held between France and Germany. The French deride the idea that chivalric France would ever misuse power for imperialistic purposes, and say that France is concerned only with her safety. They claim that the British disregard the potential menace to France of a quick reconstruction in Germany. They say that Germany has the requisite population from which to rebuild in a short time their army and say that the treaty contains, thanks to British insistence, an ill-advised clause imposing a long term of military service in Germany, which gives the Germans the opportunity of forming excellent *cadres*.

This clause, the French claim, was insisted upon by the British because it would enable the British more easily to do away with conscription, while it left France to carry the staggering burden of obligatory military service. The French and the French alone should have been permitted to determine what was necessary for security, they insist. To this charge the British answer that they oppose the Rhine frontier because they think that nothing would be more fatal to the peace of Europe, and in fact more fatal to France, than to intrust France with the control of large tracts of preeminently German territory. For the demilitarization of the left bank of the Rhine, the British say, they will join France in any necessary steps, but that anything beyond that is simply insuring that Germany will turn all her energies to a policy of revenge.

Then, speaking broadly of the economic provisions of the treaty, the British have been drifting more and more into an attitude of leniency toward Germany, contending that all Europe must recover economic health before any part of Europe can really recover, and that to ask the impossible or the over-disheartening of Germany is killing the goose that should be busy laying golden eggs. With whichever nation the right rests, it is clear that here are two points of fundamental disagreement. The French view with growing distaste the repeated assertion in England that the treaty concludes a peace *against* Germany rather than a peace *with* Germany.

Again, on the question of Poland there has been a deep Anglo-French dispute. The French throughout the peace conference wanted a "Greater Poland" that could play the rôle of a great power on Germany's Eastern frontier, able and willing to attack the German armies in the rear if Germany again struck at France. At the peace conference the British fought this plan. The French are constantly harking back to the way Lloyd George opposed French desires at every turn on the Polish question, in the matter of Dantzic, of upper Silesia, of Galicia. The French want to see Galicia incorporated into the Polish state, in order that Poland and Rumania can have a common frontier and in alliance block Bolshevism's coming out of Russia, or Germany's colonizing of Russia. The British have stood for Dantzic as a free city within the economic sphere of Poland as a just compromise between German and Polish interests; they have stood for a plebiscite in upper Silesia because race lines are admittedly difficult to determine; and they have said it would be a travesty on justice to hand the inhabitants of Galicia over to their bitterest national enemies, the Poles. The Polish question has not made for Anglo-French comity.

There has never been of late Anglo-French agreement about Russia. France wants to see a strong, integrated republican Russia able and willing to pay Russia's debts to France. On the other hand, the British have seemed to prefer a disintegrated, shattered Russia. Great Britain is not anxious to see Russia again a powerful competitor in the game of imperial politics, dreading the expansion of a strong Russia toward Constantinople. The British have shown for months a leaning toward trade relations with soviet Russia that provoked unhappy comment in France.

Then, too, the Middle East has been an area of disagreement between France and England. Briefly stated, the French say that Great Britain aspires to create an ambitious zone of influence, a string of protectorates, to the west of India and northeast of Egypt, including Palestine, Arabia, Mesopotamia, Kurdistan, Persia, Afghanistan, the former Russian Trans-Caucasia, Russian Turkestan, and so on, that in doing this there is a tendency to impinge upon French rights in Syria, which has been whittled down, and in Cilicia; that, at least, France wants it understood that she has rights there that must be respected; and that this grandiose scheme threatens the rights of Russia which France would see respected. The French refer with a certain sadness to their former renunciation of Egypt, and to their deference to the British in Palestine, and speak warningly that, having given up these, they must cling more firmly to Syria and Cilicia as their foothold in the East. Just by way of warning the British off their preserves in these regions, the French occasionally remind England that France still has friends and influence in Egypt and could complicate matters if they chose.

There are still other important issues upon which France and England are in fundamental disagreement, but space limits their discussion in this editorial. The purpose of this comment is only to suggest that there is ground for thinking that Europe may in the future fall into two camps—an English and a French camp. Present indications are that the camps may be made up somewhat as follows: With England we may find Germany, Italy, Austria, Hungary, Czech-Slovakia, Lithuania, Latvia, Esthonia, and Finland; with France we may find Belgium, Rumania, Poland, Jugo-Slavia. Some of the war-neutrals may be swept in; Switzerland on the side of France, although this is doubtful, and Holland on the side of England.

It would be interesting to go into the detailed reasons that are prompting or will prompt these several nations thus to aline themselves. This we shall probably do in a later issue, when the relations of Europe have developed further.

The Residue

By PHYLLIS BOTTOME

(Mrs. Forbes Dennis)

Illustration by W. M. Berger

"Her wishes never passed her lips. They solidified into facts, or were buried in the silent depths of her consciousness."

MARIE-CÉLESTE CONDORCET sat in the twilight with her hands in her lap. It was a short, silent period between the moment when the sun let go its grip of the villa, slipping from the red-bricked terrace down the precipitous steps into the burning sea. In half an hour coolness and dense darkness would flow over the garden. The leaves of the two great plane-trees above her head would become black and as solid as iron; the house behind her a shadow, madame herself a shadow.

There was no one in the house. An hour earlier her husband had changed his white coat for a visiting black one, had rolled his Paris paper neatly in his hand to lend to a sick friend, had saluted his wife as if their parting were final, and had descended the steps with his usual brisk and ineffective bustle.

He had never done very much in the world, Pierre Condorcet, but he had always bustled. At sixty the daily drama of habit meant as much to him as it had at sixteen. He did not ask himself whither his string of unconnected actions led. He was as content in his mechanical performances as a dancing midge.

Claire Reboul, Mme. Condorcet's married daughter, had embraced her mother and taken her two children away to bed. She brought the children daily to the terrace at three o'clock and removed them invariably at six.

Laure, the *bonne-à-tout-faire,* worked with her broom and her mop punctually and thoroughly for four hours. The brick-floored, uncarpeted house yielded every inch of itself to her resounding vigor. She came at nine and left at one. Silence settled down afresh after her retreat.

Mme. Condorcet did her own cooking. Her home belonged to her, as her husband and her children belonged to her; she put into them all the immense force of her orderly personality. She was not intimate with them, but ironically, with a thoroughness beyond all mere enthusiasm, she knew them. Their qualities and their weaknesses were as plain to her as the ingredients of the dishes with which she served them twice a day at the appointed hours.

She was hardly ever in the small, spotless kitchen for more than five minutes at a time; her touch was creative, and she never wasted an unnecessary gesture. There are people who have to make a fuss about their wishes, and in the event of their failure feel it compulsory to complain. But Mme. Condorcet did not share this weakness. Her wishes never passed her lips. They solidified into facts, or were buried in the silent depths of her consciousness. She was a very delicate woman, but no one had ever heard her complain of physical infirmity or seen it prevent her from carrying out her plans. She accepted her bad health as she accepted the defective kitchen range, which it would have been too expensive to alter. It required a little more care than a correct range, and Mme. Condorcet gave it the care it required, but no more.

She was never in a hurry, and she never left anything undone. She could look back on her life as upon a smooth, unbroken thread, wound neatly and lightly around one particular spool. She had not wanted to be married.

Deep in her fastidious, lonely soul she had a lasting resentment against personal surrender; but she had accepted marriage because without it she could not have had the spool. The only alternative to marriage had been the convent, and Mme. Condorcet was not religious. She wished to possess something of her own.

Life had been very much what she had expected it to be, the suffering a little sharper, the joys a little exaggerated. Still, there had been great joys. Her children were joys, and her friendship with Thérèse Arnot had been a joy. It was the only friendship that Mme. Condorcet had ever allowed herself, and it went deeper than her prejudices; it reached to the very bottom of her heart.

As she sat there immovable in the twilight, listening to the shriek of the tram turning the corner of the road beneath, or heard the sober rustling of an occasional rat crossing the terrace by her side to pick up an infrequent crumb, her mind reviewed vividly the stages of her one deep intimacy. She was waiting for Thérèse Arnot. In half an hour perhaps Thérèse would arrive from the station and climb the stone steps of the high-terraced garden. She would pass the pungent bed of red geraniums, turning black in the fading light and keenly sweet; she would lift her eyes to the trellis of pale plumbago rising in ghostly clusters against the wall, and know herself at home again. She would be very welcome, and she would even be invited to share the evening meal. Mme. Condorcet did not lightly invite friends to meals; but for the sake of Thérèse, she would be guilty of fundamental extravagance.

From the time she had entered the convent school when she was twelve years old, and had been put in charge of the small and turbulent Thérèse, she had given her the freedom of her heart. Thérèse had been a creature all curls and tempers, gaiety, stamps, and wet kisses—such a wild Thérèse! And Marie Céleste had been quiet, formidable, and serene; she had not at all approved of Thérèse, but she had never let her go. They had been confirmed together, and received their first communion together, crowned with stiff, white little flowers, and heavily veiled. They had felt mysterious and very important, although not much had come of it afterward.

They had had measles together, and the sisters had had to punish them together, though they knew that it was Thérèse alone who had committed the fault. Marie Céleste did not commit faults, but she insisted on sharing all her friend's disgraces.

The sisters had done their subtle inflexible best to break this unsuitable relationship, but it was not made of anything breakable. It lived on tragedy and survived separation; even familiarity never rusted its brightness.

To Thérèse, Marie Céleste was the only thing in the world that did not break; to Marie, Thérèse was the authentic pathway of romance. When they left the convent, they met daily at each other's houses. The night that Pierre Condorcet was invited to dinner by Marie Céleste's careful parents to inspect, and to be inspected by, his future bride, Thérèse had whispered in her ear:

"Marry him, *ma belle*. He will never do you any harm." And Thérèse had been perfectly right. Pierre was a good man. He had choleric moments and many weak ones, he was convinced of his own importance without possessing those qualities which convince others; but he had integrity and order. He wound the clocks regularly every week, and was not extravagant. He had fitted Marie Céleste like a pair of easy shoes.

It was not, perhaps, the rôle he would have chosen when, full of youth, vigor, and enthusiasm, with his charming manner, his small brown beard, and very light brown eyes, he had sought to make an impression upon her twenty-four years ago.

Marie Céleste had made her own impression upon him without any effort. She had a still, blond beauty and an air of imperturbable innocence. She was like a poised white bud, out of reach of the dust; and the impression she had made upon Pierre had been ineffaceable.

Pierre Condorcet had a simple vanity,

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"Breathless meetings . . with Marie Céleste as watch and ward"

and it is to be hoped that when Marie Céleste raised her sober blue eyes and looked at him on that memorable evening he had not guessed precisely what was passing through her mind.

Marie Céleste knew nothing of life, but even then she was a shrewd judge of human nature, and before she gave her submissive, modest consent to her parents' demands, she had decided for herself that, since she intended to marry, Pierre Condorcet provided the easiest method; and it was as the easiest method of meeting a disagreeable necessity that she continued to prize him throughout their married life. She made a minute study of his wishes, and carried them out when she thought them sufficiently reasonable.

The three weeks that followed her betrothal had been immersed in a dangerous and thrilling romance—a romance that entirely ignored the existence of Marie Céleste's future husband, whom she did not see again until the day of their marriage. Thérèse flung her into a secret and incredible love-affair of her own.

Thérèse had fallen in love utterly against all law and order not with a young man provided by her parents, but with a young man who had spoken to her over a garden wall. She had thrown him a rosebud out of sheer lightness of heart and because it had happened to come handy; and then more roses had followed, and notes with the roses, and at last ladders propped against the wall, and breathless meetings under ilex-trees, with Marie Céleste as watch and ward, sewing with precise and intricate stitches, even while she listened breathless for dangers, the last touches on her soberly accumulated trousseau.

The young man was a complete stranger. He had appeared from nowhere, very handsome and dark, with a tongue as expressive as Thérèse's own, and with perhaps rather more knowledge of the world behind it. His mother, he explained, was Spanish, and he was employed in a mysterious business which was not exactly a profession, but which always enabled him to look extremely smart.

In the end everything was discovered. Thérèse's father and mother were in a whirlwind of anger and dismay. Scenes took place daily that disorganized the whole household. Thérèse was in despair. She was a spoilt and only child, and her despair was a formidable weapon. She wept herself white and starved herself thin. Her parents, resisting and ordering, storming and relenting, abruptly yielded. On the day that Marie Céleste gave her hand and her unwavering observation to Pierre Condorcet, Thérèse tossed her young, wild heart—and was permitted to let her hand go with it—to Paul-Gustave Arnot. They were married before the same altar, and in very much the same white frocks and veils in which they had received their first communion. They still felt very mysterious and important, and nothing very much came of it afterward.

Without turning her head, Mme. Condorcet could see the small gold dome under which they had knelt. Four times a day she heard the jaded tumble of the loose cracked bells that had struck the hour of their divided destinies.

Thérèse, with eyes and cheeks on fire, had gone into a dazzling mist of happiness, out of which her letters streamed like the colored lights of innumerable fireworks, and Marie Céleste had passed with no mist whatever into the home which stood behind her, shadowy, clean, and without surprises. Thérèse and her husband never had a home; they passed on in their brilliant flight from one colored center of life and joy to another. They seemed to be subject to great inequalities of state. Sometimes Thérèse wrote on thick paper, with gold monograms and addresses, and sometimes on chance sheets of very inferior quality, with no addresses at all. Her life changed with the paper, but it was always romantic. Then suddenly a letter came,—it was after the birth of Claire and before that of Charles,—a very short, dry little note from Thérèse, saying that Paul had vanished.

Thérèse's dot had gone also, and she was n't going to ask her parents for any more money.

That was twenty years ago. There was Thérèse at Nice, only four and twenty, penniless, and alone. Marie Céleste was not very rich. She had had a sufficient dot, and Pierre earned a

modeste aisance in a government office. She calculated swiftly what she could afford at a pinch, and then accepted the pinch.

It took Thérèse to Paris, and that and a magnificent diamond ring which Paul had fortunately overlooked in his flight saw her through the worst of the business. She had always an admirable head. Disaster merely served to produce her latent abilities. With a voice like velvet, an excellent elocution, and a habit of making the best of things, she very soon became a well-known teacher of singing, and made sufficient for herself and even enough to return to the last centime Marie Céleste's generosity.

Marie Céleste could probably have lived by bread alone, but Thérèse Arnot could not. There appeared in her letters the name of a certain Robert Pigaud, a man of genius and a sculptor. Marie Céleste regretted the genius, but she accepted the man.

Thérèse had no children. Marie Céleste believed that children are the vocation of women; without them one falls back upon man. That there was something a little irregular in the relation Marie Céleste also accepted. She was not religious, and though she was rigidly moral and despised lightness as she despised dirt, her common sense showed her that you cannot divorce a person whose whereabouts are completely unknown to you.

Marseilles is a long way from Paris and very oblivious of what happens there. Marie Céleste undertook to kill and bury Paul-Gustave Arnot as far as Marseilles was concerned, and she did it with so much thoroughness that he soon figured for her also as safely in the hands of a sufficiently revengeful deity.

The European War crashed through Marie Céleste's life like a brick through a skylight. Charles Condorcet, in his twentieth year, left his bones and his mother's heart at Verdun. Mme. Condorcet was a Frenchwoman as well as a mother. She took this blow tight-lipped and tearless. She did not join Pierre in his pathetic ravings against the German Empire, but of the two it would have been safer for a German to appeal to M. Condorcet for mercy than to his wife. He would have got no mercy from Pierre, but he would have been safer.

Mme. Condorcet stripped life bare during those chaotic days, and when they were over, she read of punishments with an avidity that she kept for no other pursuit.

That is how she saw in the "Temps," with a rush of blood to her cool head, the familiar name, tracked through countless aliases, of Paul-Gustave Arnot, and discovered that he had tried to sell France to her enemies.

She knew in a flash what this meant for Thérèse Pigaud. It meant ruin and disgrace. M. Pigaud could marry her now. He no doubt would, for although a genius, he was a man of a certain decency; but if he married her now, it would have to be known that for fifteen years they had dispensed with the ceremony. Indeed, worse might happen; Thérèse might be called as a witness.

There was a chance, a small, unbelievable chance, that Mme. Pigaud might be so far away, in a life so thickly populated, as to escape detection, but this chance faded through the sultry summer weeks. Every one Paul Gustave had ever known was called as witness. Justice needed all the aid it could lay its hands on to match Paul Gustave's terrific slippery wit.

His first wife (it appeared that though there had been innumerable successors, Thérèse had really been the first) must be called upon like the rest. The judge dealt very leniently with Mme. Pigaud. He knew her history and slipped lightly over its details, but the main facts had to be elicited. Thérèse was Paul Gustave's first wife. She had known nothing of him for twenty years; and there was M. Pigaud.

Thérèse wrote to Marie Céleste with the same curious inexpansiveness with which she had written once before of Paul Gustave's flight. As a rule her letters were profuse and demonstrative outpourings which warmed the cockles of Marie Céleste's more inexpressive heart; but in this letter Thérèse merely stated her plans.

"My life in Paris is now impossible," she wrote. "I shall therefore return to Marseilles and hope that among the people who knew me as a child, and those

who do not know me at all, I may be allowed to earn my bread. Robert will find the scenery wonderfully stimulating."

So M. Pigaud was coming, too! Thérèse mentioned the train by which she would arrive, and begged that no one would meet her at the station. Robert was to follow later with the luggage.

Thérèse did not mention Paul Gustave or any single incident of the trial. There had been only one moment of emotion during her brief examination, when the counsel had said:

"Surely, Madame, you must have known this man was living by irregular means, even if he was not already a definite criminal?"

And Thérèse answered:

"He was my husband, and I loved him."

They had not asked her any more questions.

It was curious to Marie Céleste that Thérèse should have admitted, under the eyes of that consummate, conceited villain (the care he gave to his physical appearance in court shocked Marie Céleste nearly as much as his crimes) the compliment of past affection. Could she not simply have said: "I was young and without experience. He was my husband"? But Thérèse had said, "Je l'aimais." She had never had the solid pride of Marie Céleste. There was something fluid in her; she did not, like Marie Céleste, hold the chosen attitude of her soul beyond the reach of accidents.

A sound reached Marie Céleste like the click of the gate, which she had told Pierre to leave unlocked. She moved slowly between the black ilex that guarded the steep path down to the lower terrace, which overlooked the street and the sea. Château d'If and its little flock of islands were lighted, and shone in the deep night like flowers; the sea beneath them was a more massive darkness. In between the islands flickered the red and green lamps of the fishing-boats. Beyond the rocks, high and brilliant, like a galaxy of stars, a big liner flung its tremendous moving pattern against the screen of night.

The lower terrace was lighted by the street lamps just below. Mme. Condorcet peered down the steps and saw a figure mounting them. A little, old, stout figure, rather out of breath and clumsy, she came into the lamplight waveringly and held out both her hands.

It was, Mme. Condorcet thought for a moment, Thérèse's mother, rather a tiresome old woman whom she had always been kind to, but who did not understand Thérèse; and then she remembered that it could not be Mme. Le Brie, because she had been dead two years.

It was Thérèse herself, changed beyond recognition, her small face colorless and sallow, her delicate features thickened and blurred, her gay eyes dulled, the mouth which lifted up like wings, turned resolutely down.

Marie Céleste did not wait any more. She took Thérèse in her arms and held her. She held her close for a very long time. She held her as close as if she had been Romance.

It was Thérèse who spoke first.

"It is as I hoped," she murmured. "You here alone, and nothing has altered —the gate, the steps, the trees, and here is the terrace where your babies played. My dear, I have not seen you since you lost Charles—" Her voice broke, but Marie Céleste's voice did not break.

"It is true," she said, "these abominable five years lie between us, and the summer we spent so happily together at Cassis. Nothing is changed here; even Charles's room is as he left it. I do not let Claire's children play with his toys. Pierre will be back shortly. We dine at eight o'clock on the terrace, as usual. Will you take something immediately or will you wait until Pierre returns?"

"Let us sit here," said Thérèse, "and wait for Pierre."

Her eyes rested upon the face of Marie Céleste as they used to rest when she had been naughty and dreaded punishment. It had always reassured her to meet Marie Céleste's unwavering eyes even when they had been powerless to avert her doom. The altering of Marie Céleste's eyes was a punishment she had never had to meet. She did not have to meet it now.

Marie Céleste's eyes were blue without being bright. They were the delicate gray-blue of small hedge flowers, and they could look very tender.

"You still appear so young," Thérèse

said humbly, "and I—I am old, fat, and yellow. One sometimes wonders what has become of all one's little charms. Robert must wonder, for he thought so much of them. Poor Robert! That is the worst of being an artist: they depend on charms. I meant to tell you, *ma chérie*, but there have been too many things: we have put our little irregularities straight; the state has married us."

"Ah, yes," said Marie Céleste, quietly; "I had supposed you would do that. It is a better arrangement. He is the same then, I hope, the good Monsieur Robert?"

Thérèse gave a low, derisive laugh.

"The same?" she asked. "As what? *Mon enfant*, he is the same as he has been for ten years—twelve. I forget! I keep his house, I fill his tobacco-jar. We are not too well off, as you know. I cook his meals, and some of what he earns perhaps assists my little marketings. The rest? Does one ask where birds' wings take birds? I ask nothing. He has done, in the circumstances, his duty. He knew I was a respectable woman, and he has treated me as such. And now—this has come! His career, as well as mine, you know, is out—like a spent match. Perhaps he may do something down here. He has, at any rate, attempted the sacrifice, and I have accepted his attempt. Could I have done otherwise? One must not lose too many husbands."

Marie Céleste put her firm, cool hand over Thérèse's feverish one.

"You have done," she said decisively, "what you should. The past is terrible, unspeakable, but over. Here in this garden and in your little apartment over the way we will renew our youth. You have been tossed like a small boat in a storm, all these years without solid earth under you; and I, who have had the solid earth, have had my heart torn up by the roots. Well, what is left of us can sit under these trees and talk."

"Before we talk," said Thérèse in a low, toneless voice, "I must tell you some thing, Marie. You may despise me; others would despise me. You may not wish to give your confidence to one who is so weak. I am French; *j'y suis; j'y reste.* But I am also something else, something you have never been. Ah, Marie, I am a lover! That man—you spit perhaps if you say his name? He was my beloved; he rested against my heart. When they took him and bound him at Vincennes, when he stood bravely—for he was always brave at a crisis—against that white wall, it was I who was bound with him, and when those shots rang out, I also fell."

There was a long silence. Then Marie Céleste said with unshaken tenderness:

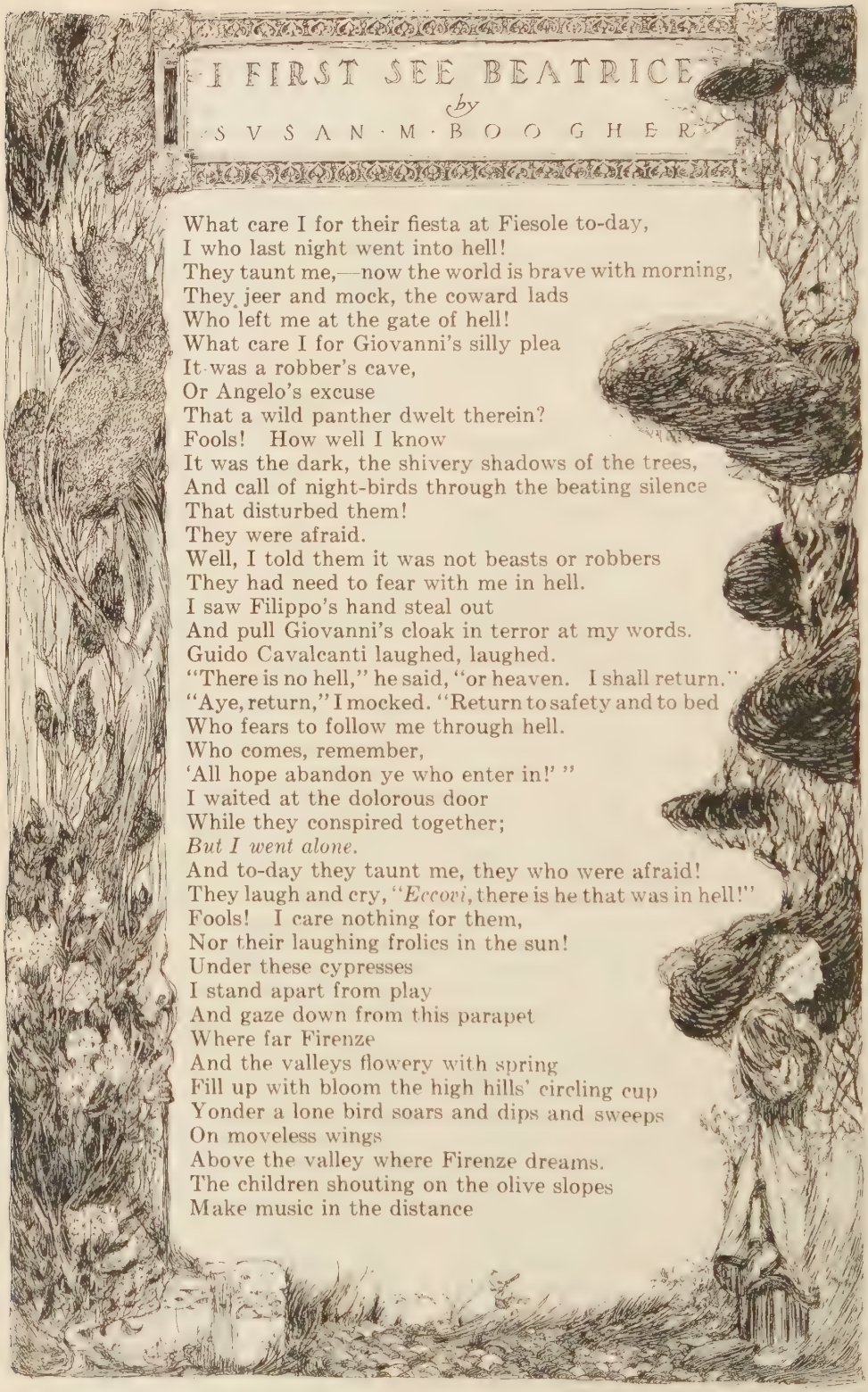
"I can understand love. I, too, am a Frenchwoman, but first I am a mother. A mother can always understand love. Did you see him, my dear? You had the right, I suppose, before the execution?"

Thérèse shook her head.

"No," she said; "it was enough. I saw him in court. He looked across at me. He was as young as when we parted, and I saw in his face such consternation. It was not remorse, you understand, for what he had done to me: he was horrified to think that he could have married a woman who at that time of day could look so like a frog! He had had, you see, twenty years excitement, pleasure, luxury, and I had had very hard work—and Monsieur Pigaud, of course. Well, for Robert's sake also, I could not have gone to see him. Robert resented everything and understood nothing. What man would have done otherwise? No; I said only what I could. They asked if he had ill treated me, and I said, 'Never.' If I had not known he was bad? I said, 'He was my husband, and I loved him.' Marie, I am still his wife, and I still love him. What ceases ever but what has not existed? You and I sitting here under these trees where we sat as girls, as children almost, are we not the same? Do you not know that although my hair is gray and thin, my youth blotted out, my wildness run very tame, you are my rock still, and I only the waves that really break against it? Ah, that is Pierre entering, is it not?"

Marie Céleste rose, and led the way up the garden.

"It is time," she said briefly, "that I break the eggs for the omelet. You will, of course, remain?"

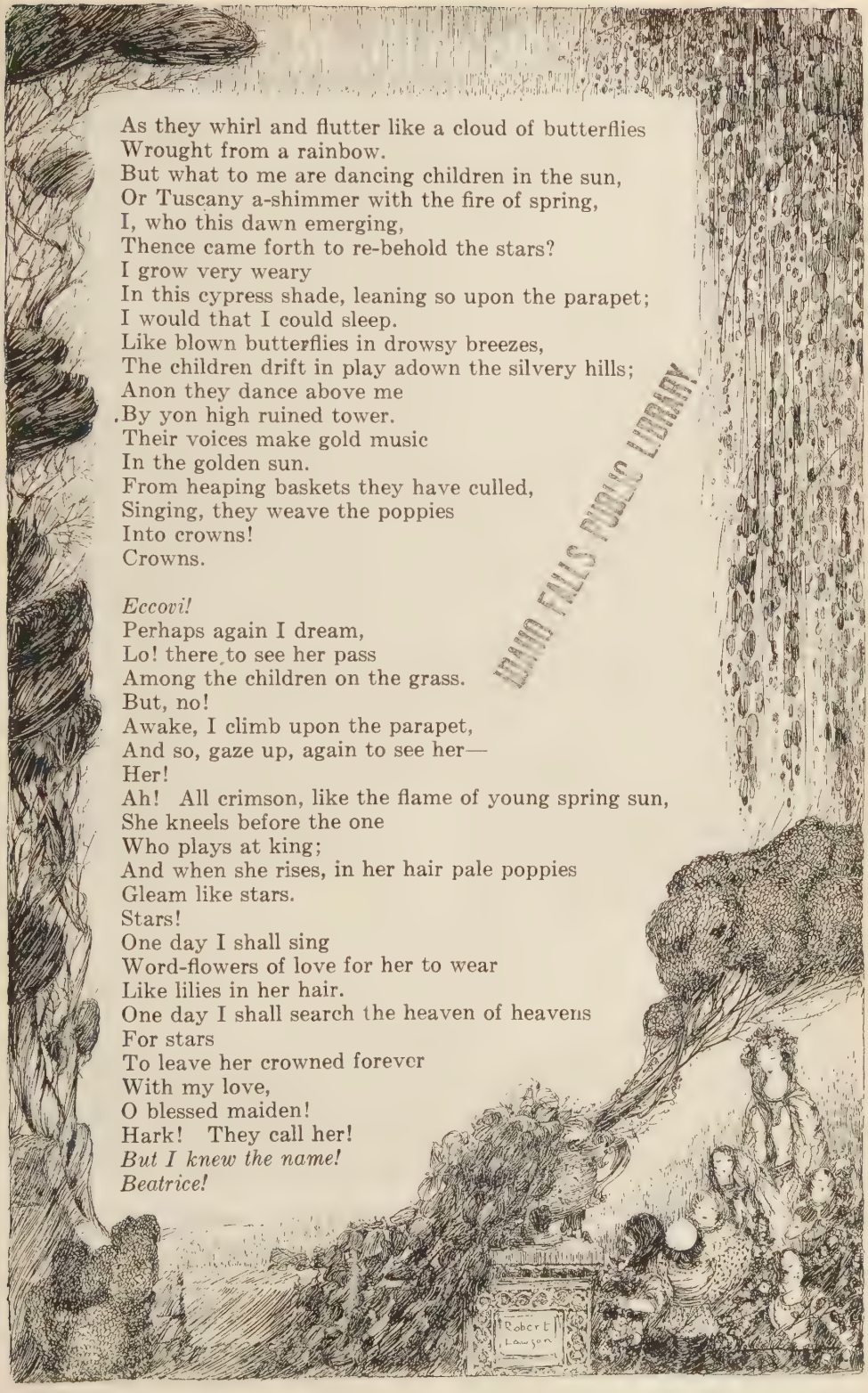


I FIRST SEE BEATRICE

by

SUSAN M. BOOGHER

What care I for their fiesta at Fiesole to-day,
I who last night went into hell!
They taunt me,—now the world is brave with morning,
They jeer and mock, the coward lads
Who left me at the gate of hell!
What care I for Giovanni's silly plea
It was a robber's cave,
Or Angelo's excuse
That a wild panther dwelt therein?
Fools! How well I know
It was the dark, the shivery shadows of the trees,
And call of night-birds through the beating silence
That disturbed them!
They were afraid.
Well, I told them it was not beasts or robbers
They had need to fear with me in hell.
I saw Filippo's hand steal out
And pull Giovanni's cloak in terror at my words.
Guido Cavalcanti laughed, laughed.
"There is no hell," he said, "or heaven. I shall return."
"Aye, return," I mocked. "Return to safety and to bed
Who fears to follow me through hell.
Who comes, remember,
'All hope abandon ye who enter in!' "
I waited at the dolorous door
While they conspired together;
But I went alone.
And to-day they taunt me, they who were afraid!
They laugh and cry, "*Eccovi*, there is he that was in hell!"
Fools! I care nothing for them,
Nor their laughing frolics in the sun!
Under these cypresses
I stand apart from play
And gaze down from this parapet
Where far Firenze
And the valleys flowery with spring
Fill up with bloom the high hills' circling cup
Yonder a lone bird soars and dips and sweeps
On moveless wings
Above the valley where Firenze dreams.
The children shouting on the olive slopes
Make music in the distance



As they whirl and flutter like a cloud of butterflies
Wrought from a rainbow.
But what to me are dancing children in the sun,
Or Tuscany a-shimmer with the fire of spring,
I, who this dawn emerging,
Thence came forth to re-behold the stars?
I grow very weary
In this cypress shade, leaning so upon the parapet;
I would that I could sleep.
Like blown butterflies in drowsy breezes,
The children drift in play adown the silvery hills;
Anon they dance above me
By yon high ruined tower.
Their voices make gold music
In the golden sun.
From heaping baskets they have culled,
Singing, they weave the poppies
Into crowns!
Crowns.

Eccovi!
Perhaps again I dream,
Lo! there to see her pass
Among the children on the grass.
But, no!
Awake, I climb upon the parapet,
And so, gaze up, again to see her—
Her!
Ah! All crimson, like the flame of young spring sun,
She kneels before the one
Who plays at king;
And when she rises, in her hair pale poppies
Gleam like stars.
Stars!
One day I shall sing
Word-flowers of love for her to wear
Like lilies in her hair.
One day I shall search the heaven of heavens
For stars
To leave her crowned forever
With my love,
O blessed maiden!
Hark! They call her!
But I knew the name!
Beatrice!

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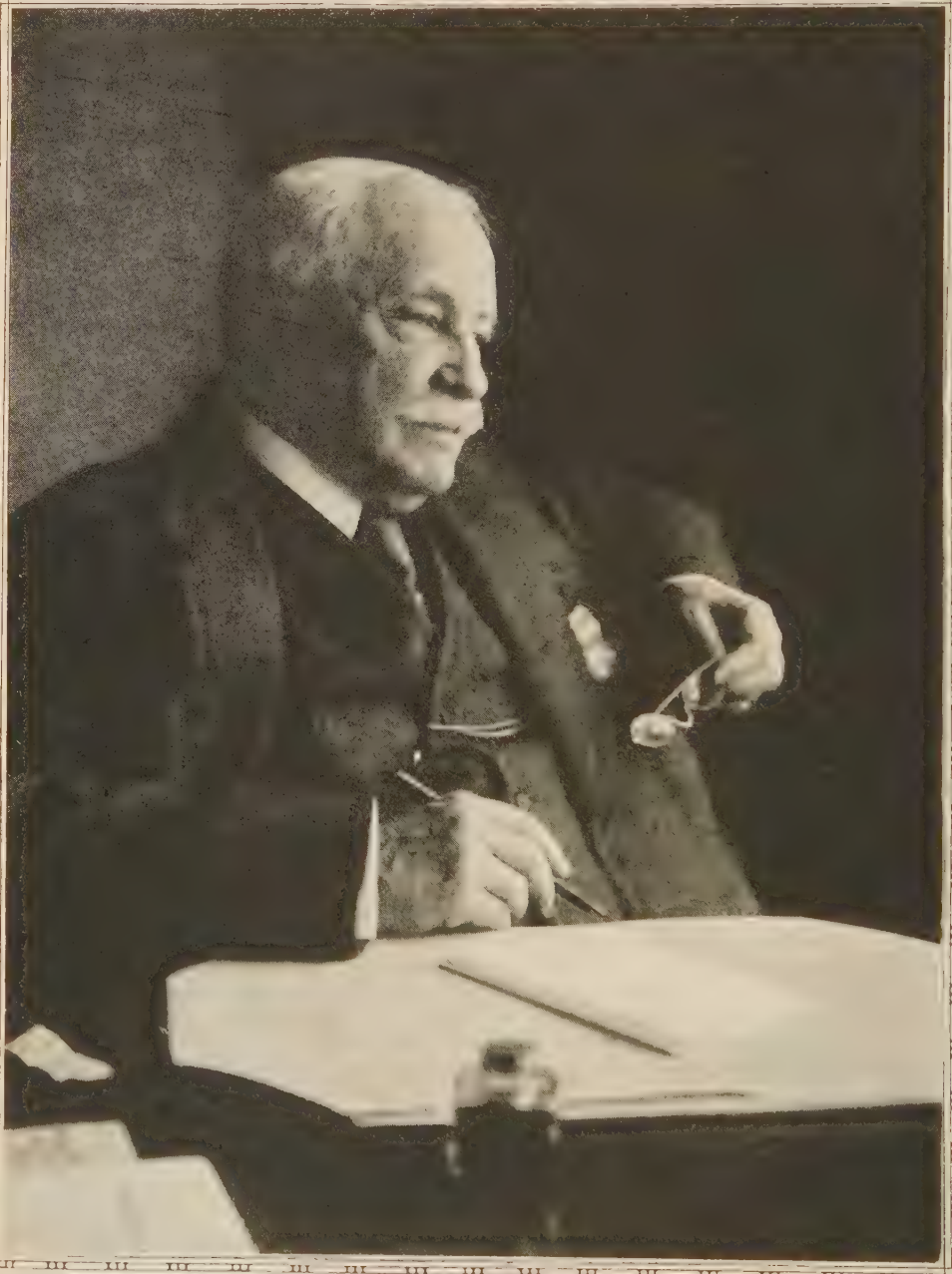

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W. D. Howells.

The Art of William Dean Howells

By ARTHUR HOBSON QUINN

A study of the literary characteristics of the man who for many years was generally acknowledged as the leader of American letters.

IN the amiable practice of evaluating the literary accomplishment of this country since the Civil War, there has never been any difficulty in beginning at the top. The position of William Dean Howells was so preëminent that he had ceased to be even an unconscious competitor, and had become in some sense a standard. For while others had been discussing the qualities that should belong to the great American novel, he had quietly written it, and he had supplemented his creative achievement by a criticism that rivaled that of Poe in analysis and that of Lowell in constructive quality. In both his novels and his critical essays he led the realistic movement in this country, which avoided the pitfalls into which the French and Russian novelists might have led, and yet was not unaware of that great accomplishment. It was our good fortune that to him realism meant the treatment of real life in its most important aspects, that he never lost the sense of the significant in order to avoid the charge of treating the obvious, and that he resolutely set his face against the celebration of the sordid holes and corners of life in the false idea that this was realism. He ran cheerfully the risk of being called "bourgeois" and "parochial," knowing that he shared the danger with Defoe, Goldsmith, and some other great masters of English fiction, and he carried the war into Africa in that passage in "Criticism and Fiction" which should be a bugle-call to all those who refuse to acknowledge that the introduction of the methods of comparative anatomy and experimental pathology into literature is a notable achievement.

English and American readers require of a novelist whom they respect unquestionable proof of his seriousness, if he proposes to deal with certain phases of life; they require a sort of scientific decorum. He can no longer expect to be received on the ground of entertainment only; he assumes a higher function, something like that of a physician or a priest, and they expect him to be bound by laws as sacred as those of such professions; they hold him solemnly pledged not to betray them or abuse their confidence. If he will accept the conditions, they give him their confidence, and he may then treat to his greater honor, and not at all to his disadvantage, of such experiences, such relations of men and women as George Eliot treats in *Adam Bede*, in *Daniel Deronda*, in *Romola*, in almost all her books; such as Hawthorne treats in *The Scarlet Letter;* such as Dickens treats in *David Copperfield;* such as Thackeray treats in *Pendennis*, and glances at in every one of his fictions; such as most of the masters of English fiction have at some time treated more or less openly. It is quite false or quite mistaken to suppose that our novels have left untouched these most important realities of life. They have not only made their stock in trade; they have kept a true perspective in regard to them; they have relegated them in their pictures of life to the space and place they occupy in life itself, as we know it in England and America. They have kept a correct proportion, knowing perfectly well that unless the novel is to be a map, with everything scrupulously laid down in it, a faithful record of life in far the greater extent could be made to the exclusion of guilty love and all its circumstances and consequences.

His life was as sane and progressive as it was distinctly American. Born in 1837 of pioneer stock that transplanted its Welsh inheritance first to New York and then to Ohio, it was the East to which he always turned for inspiration, and it was in the circle at Boston and

Cambridge that his maturity found the most valued intimacies of his life. Primitive as the life of Ohio was,—he has painted a vivid picture of it in "The Leatherwood God,"—there was little of the wild or the remote about it. It was for him and his parents a life of struggle, though the struggle was not for material prosperity, but for the opportunity of mental and spiritual progress.

His education was largely that of his father's editorial room and printing-shop. Just as Emerson, Lowell, Hawthorne, Longfellow, and Holmes were college-bred as a matter of course, so Howells, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Gilder, and others of their generation were practical printers. This similarity of training may account for the friendship between Howells and Mark Twain, notwithstanding the wide disparity in their literary methods. It was this practical knowledge of printing, too, that helped him to secure the assistant editorship of "The Atlantic Monthly" in 1866, after he had returned from Italy.

The other great influence upon his early years was his wide reading. He has given a pleasant picture of the literary interest in Columbus in "My Literary Friends and Acquaintance" and in "Days of my Youth," and those who knew the serene poise and wide interests of one of the most truly cultivated men of his time can easily visualize him as a boy in the Ohio town, with its keen interest in the older civilizations and its pride in having at least one contributor to "The Atlantic Monthly." It is seldom that we are privileged to follow so closely the influences that have shaped the tastes and achievements of a great novelist, but in the case of Howells the record has been charmingly provided. Not only in the books already mentioned, but also in "My Literary Passions" and in "Heroines of Fiction," we can see how the boy and the man selected the poets and novelists that fostered the innate preference for the truth and for the real presentation of it, which remained his constant quality. Beginning with Goldsmith and Irving, continuing through Pope, Chaucer, Longfellow, and Tennyson, through Dickens, Thackeray, Eliot, and Trollope, to Turgenieff and Tolstoy, he followed at first, aware that he was "of the Academy," until he had beaten out a way for himself to a manner that was his own. He was never a copyist.

"Harry James," he once told me, "introduced me to Flaubert and Balzac, and then I grew to know Turgenieff and Tolstoy; but I had already grown into my realistic method, and I was authorized rather than inspired by the Frenchmen."

It was this very rational way of taking life that prevented him from being a poet, though it was as a poet that he first published, and while "Venetian Life," "Italian Journeys," and "Tuscan Cities" are charming, there is little of that enthusiastic description of the picturesque that postpones the inevitable fading of the travel book from our interest. To him the Bridge of Sighs was a "pathetic swindle" and Italy was a surface rather than a mine.

His Venetian consulate was, however, invaluable to him. It gave him breadth of vision, it opened to him the international point of view, and it confirmed him in his estimate of American men and women.

His real life as a man of letters began in 1866, when he went to Boston as assistant editor of "The Atlantic Monthly." The literary supremacy of Boston at that time was unquestioned. Besides "The Atlantic Monthly," there were "The North American Review" under Lowell, "Every Saturday," under Aldrich, "Our Young Folks" under J. T. Trowbridge and Lucy Larcom. These dominated the magazine world of America, and into the circle which their editors drew around them Howells fitted easily. "My home is still among them," he wrote years afterward, "on this side and on that side of the line between the living and the dead which invisibly passes through all the streets of the cities of men."

It was not a violent change from his descriptions of foreign life to his first novel, which appeared in 1871. "Their Wedding Journey" is a record of travel in this country and Canada, with only a slight plot, but with the creation of *Basil March*, a typical American of cultivation without wealth, healthily interested in life, not too enthusiastic, who is willing to let trifles drift and refuses to become excited as frequently as his wife desires.

March appears more than once in Howells's novels, and as late as 1920 became the central point of interest in his last book, "Hither and Thither, in Germany." In fact, if Howells reveals himself at all, it is in this character, who becomes in a way his accessory in the development of the novelist's main achievement, the revelation of average American life. For it is a development, and we find a certain series of changes, though its main purpose remains constant.

In the beginning, we see him, in "Their Wedding Journey" and "A Chance Acquaintance," feeling for a method, being interested in certain external features of American life and being content, apparently, to observe these features through his characters. His experiences of Italian life also attracted him, and in such stories as "A Foregone Conclusion" and "The Lady of the Aroostook" he tried, with, however, only fair success, to describe that life. Here the main interest lies in the American characters, and he probably recognized this fact, for we find him returning to his native soil and beginning to take up contemporary phases of American life such as the spiritualism and mesmerism of "The Undiscovered Country," or the study of a woman physician in "Dr. Breen's Practice," returning only later, and then occasionally, to his Italian background in the delightful story of "Indian Summer." It is interesting to see how forty years ago Howells put his finger on the weakness of the spiritualistic movement. He pointed out that it fails because of a materialistic basis. It gives no stimulus toward a rule of life; it simply tries to show future life without any deductions from that fact.

The study of phases of American life was only a preparation for the study of certain types of American people, and in "A Modern Instance" we have the first of those characters on which one feels that he must have bestowed the hardest kind of creative labor, the character of *Bartley Hubbard*. This character was a striking picture of the clever, unscrupulous American newspaper man, who was pushing aside the journalist with a literary feeling, like *Evans* in "A Woman's Reason," and also displacing the less able, if not less shifty, variety which Dickens portrayed in *Mr. Jefferson Brick*. *Bartley Hubbard* is a type, it is true, but he is not merely the type of a class, he is a person; he has good points as well as bad, though the whole effect is that of a dangerous character to society. There is no reforming of the erring one and the consequent "being happy ever after"; the events go on relentlessly to the sordid end. The plan is laid along the great lines of human comedy. Perhaps there is a disproportion between the art employed and the worthless stuff of the hero, but we feel the art there, and in 1885, in "The Rise of Silas Lapham" we find the art and the worthy subject together, and the result is one of the most significant novels of the century. Again the material seems poor at first, but the potential greatness of the "Colonel," the man who made the "Persis Brand" the *best* paint and who led his regiment across the river in the teeth of the enemy, becomes apparent in his rise to moral heights undreamed of even by his wife, his earlier conscience. It was the innate imaginative quality which is only hinted at in the beginning and which finds its expression in his somewhat tiresome pursuit of the ideal in paint, that, combined with his Puritan conscience, wins out in the end. The character of *Silas Lapham* is vitally American. The very largeness of his success provides him with a substitute for the *noblesse oblige* of an earlier civilization. Because he has been first in his business, he cannot fail in the hour of moral trial, and he sees his way straight through the cloud of sophistry in which even his wife is lost, and decides that he cannot regain his financial standing at the expense of his self-respect.

It was in this novel that the supreme quality of Howells's art began to reveal itself. Its very essence is moderation. It divests itself of all mere devices of ornament, and proceeds not by the selection of striking scenes, but by the insight into human character. *Rogers*, the arch tempter of *Silas Lapham*, has despaired of success, and in revenge writes to *Mrs. Lapham* that her husband is having an illicit affair with his secretary. She

worries about it, then visits his office, and finds out his absolute innocence.

That night she showed him the anonymous scrawl which had kindled her fury against him. He turned it listlessly over in his hand. "I guess I know who it 's from," he said, giving it back to her, "and I guess you do too, Persis."

"But how—how could he—"

"Mebbe he believed it," said Lapham, with patience that cut her more keenly than any reproach. "You did."

The human quality of *Silas Lapham*, of his daughters, *Penelope* and *Irene*, of *Tom Corey* and his father, was shown decidedly in the artistic success of the dramatization of the novel and its production by the Theatre Guild in New York in the autumn of 1919. Mr. Hackett's impersonation of *Silas* was a triumph, and as one watched the seventies coming to life again upon that stage, the union of what *Tom Corey* and *Penelope Lapham* represented seemed to say all that needed to be said about the past and the future of the republic.

To this gallery of fictional portraiture Howells next added, in the charming story of "Indian Summer," the figure of *Lina Bowen*, a conception of American womanhood which almost atoned for the mischief done by the changeling birth of *Daisy Miller* in the previous decade. The difference between the quiet, yet spirited, heroine of Howells, playing with dignity her rôle of apparent guardian and unconscious rival to her younger charge and the distorted picture of femininity which Europe seized upon as the "typical American girl," illustrates again the superiority of sincerity to irony as a motive power in art. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell was fond of telling how on one occasion, after treating Mr. Howells professionally, he had declined to send a statement of his account, but implied that he would feel fully recompensed if the novelist would satisfy his curiosity by telling him which of the novels seemed the most significant to the author himself. Mr. Howells's answer was very prompt, to the effect that "Silas Lapham" was the greatest and the next best was "Indian Summer."

If these two stories mark the climax of his creative achievement, there was no early sign of a decline. While the hero of "The Minister's Charge" is a tiresome boy who is cursed with the mirage of literary greatness, the theme of the novel, the responsibility of every one for the lives that surround his, is admirably developed, and Howells's versatility was shown in the way in which he turned to social satire in his light, but clever, story, "April Hopes." This is a love-story of contrasted temperaments, and the intense *Alice Pasmer* is one of his most subtle creations. Howells's lighter manner is well illustrated in the description of the effect of rumor:

In Boston the rumor of Dan's broken engagement was followed promptly by a denial of it; both the rumor and the denial were apparently authoritative; but it gives the effect of a little greater sagacity to distrust rumors of all kinds, and most people went to bed, after the teas and dinners and receptions and clubs at which the fact was first debated, in the self-persuasion that it was not so. The next day they found the rumor still persistent; the denial was still in the air too, but it seemed weaker; at the end of the third day it had become a question as to which broke the engagement, and why; by the end of a week it was known that Alice had broken the engagement, but the reason could not be ascertained.

This was not for want of asking, more or less direct. Pasmer, of course, went and came at his club with perfect immunity. Men are quite as curious as women, but they set business bounds to their curiosity, and do not dream of passing these. With women who have no business of their own, and cannot quell themselves with the reflection that this thing or that is not their affair, there is no question so intimate that they will not put it to some other woman; perhaps it is not so intimate, or perhaps it will not seem so; at any rate, they chance it. Mrs. Pasmer was given every opportunity to explain the facts to the ladies whom she met, and if she was much afflicted by Alice's behaviour, she had a measure of consolation in using her skill to baffle the research of her acquaintance. After each encounter of the kind she had the pleasure of reflecting that absolutely nothing more than she meant had become known. The case never became fully known through her; it was the girl herself who told it to Miss Cotton in one of

those moments of confidence which are necessary to burdened minds; and it is doubtful if more than two or three people very clearly understood it; most preferred one or other of several mistaken versions which society finally settled down to.

In 1889, after a brief return to New England town life in "Annie Kilburn," Howells stretched his broadest canvas in "A Hazard of New Fortunes." In this novel he brings his old friends, *Basil* and *Isabella March*, to New York City and builds a story around the contributors to "Every Other Week," a magazine of which *March* is editor. Again, as in "Silas Lapham," a moral crisis forms the climax of the plot, and *March* faces it quietly and wins out. His antagonist, the vulgar proprietor of the magazine, *Dreyfoos*, is well studied, but perhaps the best portrait is that of the artist *Beaton*, whose temperamental irresponsibility is depicted with a master hand.

There was a keenness, too, in the analysis of the defaulter, *Northwick*, in "The Quality of Mercy," and a certain appeal in the literary adventurer, *Shelly Ray*, in "The World of Chance," but in the last novel there may be seen a falling off in the reality of the presentation. In "The Traveller from Altruria" Howells even became an idealist,—the characters are types, not human beings,—and we have the strange spectacle of the foremost realist of his time building up a sociological treatise upon the basis of abstractions and calling it a novel. The remaining novels are not of the same fiber as those of his great period. Howells's grip on his art grew weaker, though at times it flashes up in the wit of "Their Silver Wedding Journey" or the occasional powerful character portrayal of "The Son of Royal Langbrith" and "The Leatherwood God." In its prime, however, it was a great art.

That it was a conscious art does not militate in any way against its significance. Howells always knew what he was doing. In his first novel he outlined his theory of fiction, and he repeated more than once the description of what he believed to be the proper material for treatment. "In the World of Chance" he makes the hero think aloud in this way:

If he had made a book which appealed to the feeling and knowledge of the great, simply conditioned, sound hearted, common schooled American mass whom the Simpsons represented, he had made his fortune. He puts aside that other question, which from time to time presses upon every artist, whether he would rather please the few who despise the judgment of the many, or the many who have no taste, but somehow have in their keeping the touchstone by which a work of art proves itself a human interest and not merely a polite pleasure.

This is the democratic theory of art. One may agree with it or not, but it is at least intelligible, and he had some great models in English fiction to urge in justification. Defoe, Richardson, Dickens, and George Eliot had similar theories, and it was the author of "Amos Barton" who said:

> Depend upon it, you would gain unspeakably if you would learn with me to see some of the poetry and the pathos, the tragedy and the comedy, lying in the experience of a human soul that looks out through dull grey eyes, and that speaks in a voice of quite ordinary tones.

Seldom has there been a stronger contrast in this question of material than that which existed between the work of the two friends, Howells and Henry James, both realists in their method, but differing absolutely in their attitude toward standards of selection. The theories of Henry James have been expressed so much at length, both in his novels and in the verbal labyrinths which are known as prefaces to his definitive edition, that it is unnecessary to expound them here, but they are summed up in the conversation of *Henry St. George* in "The Lesson of the Master." "The question remains," remarks that gentleman, "whether you can do it for two or three." In other words, art is to be judged by the standard of the writer alone, for of course he selects the "two or three" himself, and thus he loses the corrective judgment of popular taste, and if he has eccentricities, they become more besetting with time until they become the standard itself. This is, of course, what happened to Henry James.

This democratic theory of art per-

mitted Howells a wide range not only in his choice of individual types of character, but also in his portrayal of American life in its general social contrasts. He deals with life in many aspects, the *Careys, Bellinghams,* and *Hilarys* illustrating the patrician caste of Boston, the *Marches* the educated, but not so wealthy, class, and the newly rich being represented in the *Laphams* and the *Dreyfooses.* He treats less frequently the comfortably established provincials of the stripe of *Annie Kilburn* or the *Gaylords,* touching here and there the poorer classes, such as the *Dentons* in "The World of Chance," but dealing only rarely and then for but a short time with the lowest strata, as in the beginning of "The Minister's Charge."

Howells's attitude toward the patrician class is unabashed, tolerant, and slightly amused. In the passage at arms between the *Laphams* and the *Coreys* he has described cleverly the clash between people in trade and the descendants of people in trade, and he represents *Corey* himself as seeing the weakness of his caste in a passage worth quoting:

"This comes of the error which I have often deprecated," said the elder Corey. "In fact I am always saying that the Bostonian ought never to leave Boston. Then he knows—and then only—that there can be no standard but ours. But we are constantly going away, and coming back with our convictions shaken to their foundations. One man goes to England, and returns with the conception of a grander social life; another comes home from Germany with the notion of a more searching intellectual activity; a fellow just back from Paris has the absurdest ideas of art and literature; and you revert to us from the cowboys of Texas, and tell us to our faces that we ought to try Papa Lapham by a jury of his peers. It ought to be stopped it ought, really. The Bostonian who leaves Boston ought to be condemned to perpetual exile."

Howells sees the narrowness of such an attitude, and has admirably revealed the difficulty which a woman of that class finds in facing certain actualities of life in "A Woman's Reason." One of his subtlest studies, the character of *Bessie Lynde* in "The Landlord at Lion's Head," is drawn from this class. But one feels that Howells's real interest does not lie in this direction. There are certain elements in the life of those whose social position is secure and whose material wealth makes repose of mind easy, and leisure an active and not a passive mood, which Howells does not develop at all. There is nothing of the great world about his books, and the elements of tradition and inheritance of culture seem absent.

What he was interested in was the middle class, for the same reason perhaps that Dickens chose to portray them, because they represent their feelings more openly and because in America at least they are really more interesting for novelistic work. He realized the vast contrasts within this broad class; he has described some of them cleverly in "Annie Kilburn":

In the process of that expansion from a New England village to an American town of which Putney spoke, Hatboro' had suffered one kind of deterioration which Annie could not help noticing. She remembered a distinctly intellectual life, which might still exist in its elements, but which certainly no longer had as definite expression. There used to be houses in which people, maiden aunts and hale grandmothers, took a keen interest in literature, and read the new books and discussed them, some time after they had ceased to be new in the publishing centres, but whilst they were still not old. But now the grandmothers had died out, and the maiden aunts had faded in, and she could not find just such houses anywhere in Hatboro'. The decay of the Unitarians as a sect perhaps had something to do with the literary lapse of the place: their highly intellectualised belief had favoured taste in a direction where the more ritualistic and emotional religions did not promote it; and it is certain that they were no longer the leading people.

It would have been hard to say just who these leading people were. The old political and juristic pre-eminence which the lawyers had once enjoyed was a tradition; the learned professions yielded in distinction to the growing manufacturers; the situation might be summed up in the fact that Colonel Marvin of the shoe interest and Mr. Wilmington now filled the place once held by Judge Kilburn and Squire Putney. The social life in private houses had undoubtedly shrunk;

but it had expanded in the direction of church sociables, and it had become much more ecclesiastical in every way, without becoming more religious. As formerly, some people were acceptable, and some were not; but it was, as everywhere else, more a question of money; there was an aristocracy and a commonalty, but there was a confusion and a more ready convertibility in the materials of each.

The realistic writer who describes contemporary life must become a satirist to a certain extent. Howells chose for his keenest satire the class which rose into financial prominence after the Civil War, owing to the commercial expansion caused by the discoveries of new wants, the increase in manufactures due to a decline in the shipping industries, and the general readjustment of conditions which came after the conflict. Many large fortunes, too, had been made in contracts during the war, and the "shoddy aristocracy," as it was often called, was a choice subject for satire.

It will be an interesting period for the social historian, when we get far enough away from it to view it correctly. To many it still seems a vast desert of crudity, bad taste, and political corruption; a day of the breaking down of old traditions, of quick making of fortunes, of consequent vulgarity and pretense. It was an inevitable result of conditions of the war, however. The great Southern landholding families and the great Northern merchant princes both saw their possessions swept away, one by the war, the other by the tariff. The social standards they had helped to make and preserve were swept away, too. With the unsettling of traditions, the disturbance of artistic ideals of all kinds set in, and this was unfavorable to literature, as it was to painting and to architecture.

It was less disturbing to literature, for the satirist had his field provided for him, and there can be no question of the ability of Howells as a satirist. His books are full of clever epigrams, hitting our weaknesses, our self-deceptions, our compromises with our consciences, our relations with other men and other women. Some of his most interesting remarks are concerned with the relations of men and women. Thus in speaking of an elderly man, *Rufus Kilburn*, he remarks:

> Till he began to break, after they went abroad, he had his own way in everything; but as men grow old or infirm they fall into subjection to their womenkind; their rude wills yield in the suppler insistence of the feminine purpose; they take the colour of the feminine moods and emotions; the cycle of life completes itself where it began, in helpless dependence upon the sex; and Rufus Kilburn did not escape the common lot.

The style of Howells, however, is not only well fitted to be a satiric vehicle. It has a sustained power which cannot be well illustrated by quotation, but which by its clarity, its force, and its finish keeps the reader always interested. A passage from "April Hopes" will at least indicate this quality:

> It has been the experience of every one to have some alien concern come into his life and torment him with more anxiety than any affair of his own. This is, perhaps, a hint from the infinite sympathy which feels for us all that none of us can hope to free himself from the troubles of others, that we are each bound to each by ties which, for the most part, we cannot perceive, but which, at the moment their stress comes, we cannot break.

It was not satire alone, therefore, that secured Howells his audience. It was his really deep insight into certain phases of human character, his careful study of human emotions, of human purposes and motives, his kindly, tolerant attitude toward mankind, the probability of his events and characters, and the art with which his plot, slight as it often is, works out logically and inevitably to the destined end. He never makes use of the easy "God out of the car," he even avoids the use of striking situations which he might have employed, he resolutely determines to represent the human comedy as it is; and as a result his novels form a most important contribution to our literature and to the study of our national life.

The Family

By L. M. HUSSEY

Illustrations by M. Frank Martino

A story of family life, showing that lifelong association is the greatest strength of this institution even though many weaknesses seem to be common to it.

IT was an uneasy gathering; they were waiting for Harold to come home after his latest disgrace. He had spent a week in the jail, for during that time his father had steadfastly refused to pay his fine.

They were together in the large living-room, Harold's mother, his father, and his sister. He was expected at any moment, and dinner had been kept waiting for nearly half an hour. His sister, Gertrude, resented this delay, and shrank, moreover, from the scene that she knew would be enacted upon his arrival. Only the fear of her father's displeasure restrained her from leaving the house until the storm had blown over.

She was seated at the window, pretending to look through the pages of a current fashion magazine. The dying sun tinged her white cheeks with a glow of fading crimson, accentuating the touch of petulance and weakness habitually expressed by her features. She was not, however, an unlovely girl; when she smiled she was pretty.

Her mother was also seated, doing little embroideries in the corners of thin linen handkerchiefs. With her pale skin, her blond hair, her air of fragility, she revealed the source of certain physical characteristics displayed by the girl at the window. But she was a finer type; the girl was an indifferent reproduction. As her fingers carried the thread in and out of the linen, while her gray eyes were bent upon the work, you thought of her, seeing the rhythm of her hands, the tender, sweet curve of her neck, the drooping head, which was frail without suggesting weakness, as a woman assuredly derived from some aristocratic strain; she had the manner of good breeding.

Only the man in the room was notably restless, for he walked from one end to the other, a peculiar brutality in his stride. This hint of the brutal was heightened by his physical aspect: he had a thick body, heavy arms and legs, a broad, massive-chinned face set down close to his square shoulders. His eyes were in color that extremely light blue that chills. At this moment his mouth was compressed and angry.

As he strode up and down, neither of the women addressed any remark to him: Gertrude was afraid; his wife knew the uselessness of expostulation, since their ideas were irreconcilably divergent. Therefore he was left to his angry thoughts without distraction—thoughts that mingled bitterness with the anger, and embraced, with his son, the two women near him.

He understood the alienation of their sympathies, at least, putting it more accurately, in the case of his wife. Gertrude was not precisely unsympathetic in an antagonistic sense. She was merely indifferent; she was pallid, she lacked interest, she only sought to save herself from any momentary unpleasantness. He resented the fact that she did not take definite sides with him when the others in the house opposed him.

As for his wife, her attitude enraged him. He could never understand her defense of Harold, a bad son. She was not insensible to the boy's viciousness; he recognized that each new disgraceful escapade brought her grief, and for this reason her extenuations, her excusings, seemed almost a personal

affront. She defended their son in order to oppose *him*, for the pleasure of thwarting his just authority.

These thoughts, accumulating in his mind, brought his restless pacing to a standstill; he had paused in the middle of the room, and was glaring down at the bent face of his wife, when Harold entered.

The boy stopped just inside the door and met his father's eyes. Harold's expression was a mingled one of obstinacy and defiance. He had the kind of face suitable to the expression of such feelings, his father's face, with the same heavy features, straight, compressed mouth, large chin. His figure was more youthful, and therefore less square and solid, but the resemblance between the two men was obvious.

At his entrance Gertrude closed the fashion magazine, but did not rise. She sat with her hands dropped in her lap, looking on, with a faint, petulant frown.

His mother, however, arose immediately; the embroidery fell to the floor. Her face became tense as if she were summoning all her strength for a situation that, while it gave her fearful anticipations, did not deprive her of her courage. Her slender figure was poised forward with a rigidity that hesitated between motion and inaction.

Harold's father broke the immobility of the tableau. He stepped forward half a dozen paces, until he was close to his son.

"Well," he said, "I see you 've decided to come home again."

The boy's lips relaxed and curved into a sarcastic smile.

"You mean *you* decided it," he replied. "You let me stay in that rotten place a week before you 'd be decent enough to pay my fine."

The face of the older man flushed, and his anger was further apparent in the increased stiffness of his thick body.

"You 're as impudent as ever," he cried. "There 's nothing honorable in you. Your own name does n't mean anything to you, and mine means less. A common street brawler! I sent you to college to give you an opportunity, and you get into one mess after another. This one is the last. Fighting on the streets with the police! I suppose you and the rest of your roughs were all drunk. I 'm sorry now I did n't let you serve your sentence; it would have done you a lot of good." He paused, but the young man was silent; now he raised his finger to emphasize his continued words. "You 're through with college; do you understand that? Tomorrow you 'll go to work. I won't spend another cent on you. And if you get into any more scrapes, you can pay your own way out."

He glared a moment more, and then moved abruptly toward the door, passing the boy without turning his head.

"We 've been waiting long enough for dinner," he called. "Come down, all of you."

As he descended the stairs he could hear the others following after him; Gertrude's step sounded ahead, and two mingled footfalls, his son's and his wife's. He knew without looking back—and so by ocular confirmation stirring up his anger to an incontrollable pitch—that his wife had joined Harold and had put her arm around his shoulder. He could hear her low voice speaking. He closed his ears to her words; her abominable pity maddened him.

AFTER dinner Harold's mother went up to her room, and a moment later she heard her boy ascending the stairs. She resisted her impulse to go out into the hall and call to him, but it was too strong for denial; she hurried to the door, and caught him by the arm as he was passing. She drew him with her into the room.

"I want to talk to you, dear," she murmured.

He stood inside the room, looking down at the floor; the sullenness had not left his features, but it was tempered now by the softening invariably aroused by his mother's nearness. She crossed to the little stool placed before her dressing-table and seated herself. The room was illuminated by the light of a small, ornamental electrolier on the bureau. It had a colored, brocaded shade that carried soft reds and greens to the figure of the seated woman.

"Please sit down, dear," she said.

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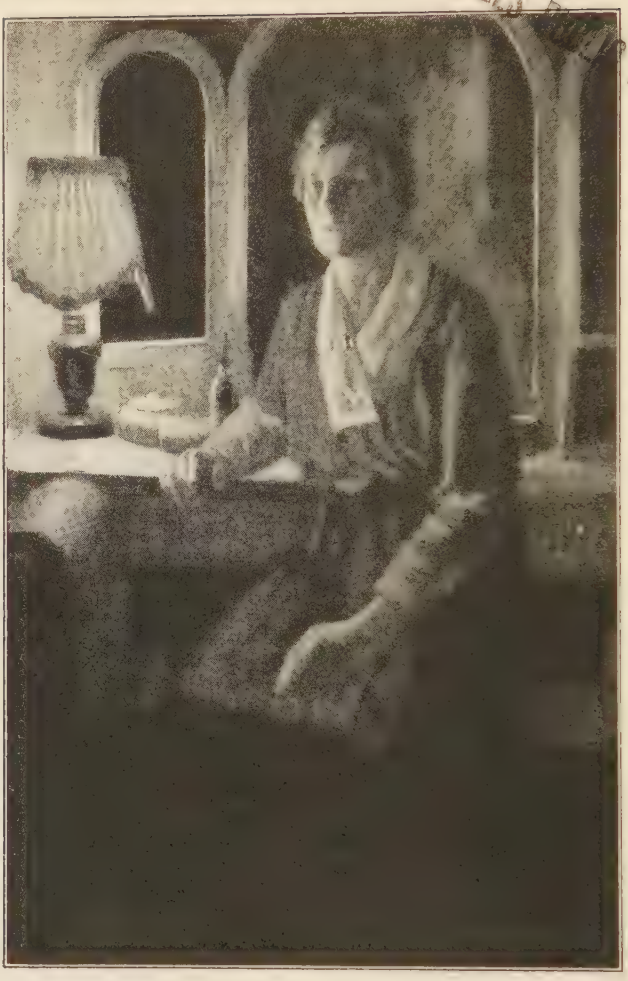

"She crossed to the little stool placed before her dressing-table and seated herself"

He obeyed, taking the only other chair in the room, a little rocking-chair, disproportionately small to the accommodation of his solid bulk.

"Tell me how it happened," she asked.

"What? What is it you want to know, Mother?"

"Your—your trouble."

He raised his hands, making an abrupt gesture of disgust.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "you know me. I 've got a bad temper and I 'm not so awful tame, either. We were rushing a few freshmen; there was really nothing to it, and then the cops came along and got too fresh, that 's all. I was n't going to stand around like a baby and be bawled out by a lot of boobs in uniform. I cracked one of the fellows; I 'm not sorry I did it."

The woman suppressed any facial expression of the tingling wave of admiration that suffused her, like the effect of a heady wine. A bold boy; she loved his courage. She kept her voice low, faintly expostulant.

"Don't you ever think of me—of your father?"

Harold dropped his eyes, scowling. Raising his face an instant later, he met his mother's gaze with a touch of defiance.

"I 'm sorry whenever I trouble you," he muttered, "but I don't care a cent about dad. He wants me to be a ninny; he don't understand at all."

"Don't say that sort of thing!"

There was a suggestion of insincerity in her words, and the boy caught it up at once, speaking belligerently.

"Oh, don't try to fool me, Mother," he said. "There 's no use in your pretending to take dad's part. I 'm not a kid any more, and even when I was I was pretty soon old enough to see how he treated you. Many a time I 've wondered how you stand the things he says; I could never see why you did n't cut out."

Surprised by this unintended turn of their conversation, the woman was silent; her face was a little paler. An incongruous blotch of red, reflected from the lamp-shade, wavered on one cheek, like a signal of her distraught emotions.

"Why don't you cut out?" he demanded. "Gertrude 'll be married soon, and I'm no kid any more. There 's no use for you to live with dad now, stand the things you have to stand. Let 's go somewhere and live together. You can trust me; I 'm not the bad one he tries to make out. You don't believe what he says about me, do you?"

She had risen from the little stool, her arms upraised, as if she intended to run to the boy and embrace him; the impulse passed, and she sank back again.

"Oh, no!" she cried; "of course I don't. I know you 're impulsive, dear, a little wild; that will all pass. But I don't think he believes what he says about you, either."

The boy snorted contemptuously.

"Of course he does. Don't tell me anything about him; I know him so well! He has no time for me, and just because he 's my father I don't see any reason why I should respect him, or why you should, either. I don't see how you ever came to marry him."

At his concluding words the woman raised her eyes, meeting those of her son, who was regarding her with a puzzled speculation, as if he sought an answer to that problem found in the fact that his mother, with her frailties, her acute sensibilities, her palpable fineness, had found a romance with the man he knew as his father. His questioning gaze disconcerted her, arousing at the same time a strange emotion, old and vaguely familiar.

An unintended nuance in his words returned the feelings of a former year, a time gone before this. And her boy himself, by similarities in his physical presence heightened the momentary and confused recollections: she was suddenly young again, touched with ardors and expectancies, and looking back in this mood even her love was comprehensible. Once she had actually felt that soft, emotional illusion! He had been like her boy, appealing in his harshness, his strength, his touch of brutality.

Her cheeks were reddened with her thoughts; she stood up abruptly.

"Don't say such things!" she cried. "Dear, you don't understand."

The boy stared at her a moment, and then, as if in disgust, turned, and left the room. She permitted his departure without protest; in reaction to her memories she became depressed.

She stood idly near the bureau, fingering the edge of the embroidered scarf. Her face, still vaguely touched with a reminiscent glow of recollections, was in the circular shadow thrown by the bell-shaped top of the little lamp.

Some one passed along the hall, paused at her door, and then came in. It was her husband.

"I saw Harold going out of here," he said harshly. "What did he say?"

She raised her eyes, met his own.

"Barton, you 're too hard on the boy," she murmured.

The familiar extenuation, the old maddening excuses! His plethoric face reddened at once; his cold eyes widened into a stare.

"Pitying him again!" he cried. "It 's useless for me to attempt any correction of that boy. You 're too much of a soft fool to see that I 'm right. Have n't you an ounce of sense!"

He waited a second; she did not reply.

"Let me tell you one thing," he went on. "I won't stand for much more interference. If you persist in ruining whatever influence I may have on Harold by your confounded sentimentalities, I 'll take some mighty drastic

action. The boy 's a young brute; he needs an almighty thrashing."

He turned, and strode angrily out of her room, and at his going she sprang forward a pace, her eyes very wide, her lower lip caught slightly between her teeth. There was almost the suggestion of an intended, cat-like spring in her sudden step, as if, goaded beyond her possible acquiescence, something fundamentally feral had arisen in her heart. She stopped near the door. Her hands, straight at her sides, clutched the edges of her dress.

"Brute!" she whispered tensely. "You 're the brute! You brute! You brute!"

She was almost on the point of running to Harold's room, and leaving the house with him at once. His suggestion, the peculiar crisis of that day, had put wild thoughts of freedom into her mind. He would go; a courageous boy. But her passion dominated her, staying action. Her husband's retreating step was still audible as he descended the stairs. A burning hate filled her, that mastering, direct hate only possible toward one thoroughly known, with whom all the events of a life had been shared. For a moment it thrilled her to feel so much, to give herself to these abandoned emotions.

Then her tenseness relaxed, her body swayed a little, and she clutched at the rocking-chair in which Harold had been seated. She sank into it with a low, sudden cry. The tears overflowed her eyes; shame, regret, despair, and the ache of forgotten things superceded, with their complexity, that simple abandon of the former instant.

The house was quiet now, and presently she herself was again composed.

ACCEPTING his necessity, Harold left college and went to work. The routine of the family began again. They were all together only at meal-times. This was their habit, the habit of most families; actually they would probably have preferred each his separate meal.

At the table Gertrude was preoccupied with her own concerns, chiefly the matters of her love-affair with an awkward young fellow who called at the house three or four evenings in the week. They were now engaged to be married. Before that arrangement her father had more than once threatened to throw the young dog out if he persisted in remaining so late. Now, with a bad grace, he tolerated the silent sessions in the drawing-room that were prolonged until after all the others had gone to bed.

Harold had little to remark during the meals; he ate rapidly, and disappeared immediately after dessert. He had developed a new interest, a friendship with a man named Simmons, whom he mentioned with increasing frequency during his loquacious moments. His mother did not question him; his father was suspicious.

At last he brought Simmons home for dinner. His father was shocked to see that the fellow was much older than his son, and, moreover, the stranger's appearance was not prepossessing. He had a flippant manner that was unbecoming to maturity. The next morning at breakfast Harold's father remarked on this.

He leaned a little over his plate, addressing his son roughly.

"Where did you find that fellow Simmons?" he asked.

Harold was defensive at once. His lips became sullen, his eyes drooped a little.

"I don't know what you mean," he replied.

"Of course you do. To make it plainer, I may as well say right now that I don't like him. He 's too old a man to spend his time with a boy like you. Get some friends your own age."

"I don't see what you have to do with my friends. I did n't expect you to like him. It would be too much to expect you to like anything connected with me, I guess."

The older man reddened; his anger was stirred at once.

"None of your confounded impudence!" he cried. "I have to do with everything that concerns you, young man. Understand that. You 've got less sense than a puppy. You have n't an idea how to run your own affairs."

Harold half rose from his chair; a crisis seemed imminent. It was averted by his mother. She sat next to him; she touched his arm.

"Don't !" she admonished.

The father stared at the pair with his customary animosity, but nothing further was said.

Within the next few weeks the full interest that this matter deserved, and the investigation his father intended to make, were put aside by a new, wholly unexpected development in the family's fortunes, more specifically, in Gertrude's fortune. For no reason at all she eloped suddenly with the awkward young man to whom she was engaged.

Her father was immeasurably indignant. The marriage had been planned for a time about six months ahead, and he saw no reason for this precipitant folly. In a way it looked like a personal affront to him, a sign of Gertrude's indifference. He suspected his wife of being in the conspiracy, but she denied his accusations. Harold shrugged his shoulders and said that it made no difference to him; Gertrude's business was not his affair. Her father declared that he never cared to see her in the house again.

However, he relented, and Gertrude soon returned, bringing her husband with her. It developed that their circumstances were not quite good enough for a separate establishment. Her father received her ironically, uttered some sarcastic innuendos, which she heard in silence. But in the end the new arrangement was not disagreeable to him, for Gertrude's husband was an inoffensive fellow who listened to his father-in-law's conversation with a strained attention, being almost pitifully eager to please. The older man domineered over him and agreed that he was not a bad young chap. It pleased him to have a dependent who by a certain servility of attitude acknowledged his condition. What a contrast with Harold!

Harold, meanwhile, was going his way without much criticism, although his mother noticed presently that he appeared more sullen, worried over something, she felt. Once or twice she endeavored to draw him into conversation, but he rejected her gentle appeals. The truth was not revealed until the storm itself broke.

One morning a letter came to Harold's father; it was from the man named Simmons. He received it at the breakfast-table, read it once to himself, and then, throwing back his chair, he stood up and re-read the document aloud, the volume of his voice increasing with his indignation.

"Dear Mr. Morgan," he repeated. "I 'm sorry to have to trouble you about a matter of this kind, but your son Harold seems to ignore certain obligations that are kept scrupulously among gentlemen. You may or may not be aware that I introduced your son to my club, where he has been in the habit of playing at the table with a group of us in the evenings. The sum he has lost is not great,—less than a thousand,—but he appears to have no way of paying it, and I feel it my duty to call your attention to his obligations. I don't think that my reputation ought to suffer from the fact that I have introduced a man to my friends who does not meet his debts. I would be much obliged if you would take suitable action——"

Harold, as soon as the character of the letter was apparent, had also arisen, and now he seemed as enraged as his father, from a different cause.

"The dirty sneak!" he cried.

Turning abruptly, he pushed past his chair; it overturned and fell back to the floor with an explosive noise that set the dishes rattling on the table in a petulant chorus. Striding to the door, he passed out into the hall; a moment later the front door slammed, and he was gone.

Gertrude and her husband remained seated, saying nothing; Morgan began a tirade against his son.

He was interrupted by his wife.

In one of the instants when he paused for breath she met his eyes. Her pale face was whiter, the gracious curve of her slender neck was strained, drawn by the stiffened tendons at the sides, which were the visible evidence of her taut emotions.

"But you must pay Harold's debts," she announced, speaking in a low voice that nevertheless expressed decision.

Her husband glared at her; he stooped over the table; he pounded on the cloth with a hard fist.

"Not a penny!" he bawled. "Don't let me hear any more of your foolishness! It 's time you understood that I 've reached the limit."

She kept her gaze steadily on his face, and there was a quality in her steadfast eyes that disconcerted him, shook his assurance.

"But I think differently," she said.

"I don't care what you think," he yelled. "You can get out if you don't like it."

Her expression did not change, but she dropped her eyes, and stood up slowly. Her face was still determined, and the obvious fact of her physical frailty heightened the sense of her inward inflexibility. She moved her chair aside and walked slowly toward the door.

Suddenly afraid, her husband strode after her; his large hand fell over her shoulder.

"Where are you going?" he demanded.

"Don't touch me like that!" she murmured.

He dropped his hand.

"Where are you going?" he repeated.

She turned around, facing him squarely. Her eyes widened, glowed, blazed.

"I 'm going to leave this house," she cried. "I would n't stay here any longer with a brute like you!"

He began a reply, but his syllables sputtered out incoherently; he was silent. For an instant these two, the companions of years, faced each other with their mutual hate burning in their faces. Then their feelings grew more complex; they saw each other with all the naked understanding of long acquaintance and association. How incompatible they were! Yet a dreadful tie bound them. Neither could be free. The woman knew she would never go; Morgan understood that he would not consent to lose her.

"Go up to your room," he muttered at last. "I 'll come and talk to you about that idiot's debts."

HAROLD remained away from home for two weeks, and it was his mother at last, discovering his whereabouts, who persuaded him to return.

He was humiliated by the fact that his father had discovered acts that he now privately held to be foolish, and further humiliated by the knowledge that his gambling obligations had been paid. To this hurt of his pride he reacted by an outwardly sullen demeanor; he refused to talk to any one.

He and his father did not speak; they ignored each other in the house. At meals they sat opposite with averted eyes, but neither would change his place at the table so that the dinner-hour might be more bearable for both. Sitting there in silence, each avoiding the glance of the other, they were ironically similar. The one was the younger replica of the older; there was the same stubbornness, the same touch of animality, the same harsh temper.

Gertrude accepted this unpleasantness with her customary petulance. Her husband was conciliatory to the father; and it was these two that held all the conversation that passed during meal-times. Morgan talked; the young man listened.

One evening Harold, glancing up from his plate, met his father's eyes, and in the momentary crossing of their glances there was something that vaguely shocked the boy. He was surprised to find that his father looked old and, in a way, tired. He stole another swift look at the familiar face; his first impression was confirmed.

Vaguely, indefinably, a bit of the old implacability was gone, and in its place was a suggestion of weakness.

Impelled by an urge he could not deny, Harold spoke.

"What 's the matter, Dad?" he asked. "You don't look well."

The older man raised his face swiftly, surprised, disconcerted.

"Don't be foolish," he replied, accepting the renewal of their intercourse, as if it had never been interrupted. "Of course I 'm well. I 've been working hard. You don't know anything about work. When you get more sense and have a family, you 'll learn something of my anxieties."

His wife, looking from the boy to his father, eagerly, sighed with relief.

Harold thought that while his father might not look well, his temper was by no means changed.

But later in the evening, when they

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"Later in the evening, when they separated to go to bed, the father and son said good night to each other"

separated to go to bed, the father and son said good-night to each other.

It was sometime in the early morning hours that Harold awoke with the confused notion that some one had been calling him. He listened. The house was still; he believed that some vivid dream had deceived him.

Then a curious sound came through the hall, entering his room indistinctly. In a way it was unreal, a ghostly noise, incoherent, indefinable. He sat up quickly, swinging his feet over the edge of the bed. The sound ceased.

He arose, and stepped to the door, peering out into the corridor. The noise was repeated. Now he recognized it as a curiously broken human voice, and it came from his father's room. Running through the hall, he reached his father's door, turned the knob, and entered.

The older man always slept with a little night-lamp burning, and now his son could see him lying stiffly on the bed in an unnatural attitude. His head was thrown back, his facial muscles moved in alarming contortions, and recognizing his son he endeavored to speak, but achieved no understandable words; blurred syllables alone issued from his mouth. In a second Harold understood: a cerebral hemorrhage—paralysis.

The household was awakened and a physician was summoned. Before he could arrive the patient was dead.

Gertrude, weeping, had gone back to her room, supported by the solicitous arm of her husband. Harold remained in his father's room with his mother.

She was sitting at the bedside, looking into the face of her dead husband. During the excitement she had felt no grief; when the doctor announced the fatality, a swift thrill had touched her like a shaft of clear light: she was free!

Harold stood near her, moved by scarcely comprehended emotions. Many times in anger, in humiliation, he had contemplated the possibility of his father's death, and he regarded the chance with equanimity, if not without a certain pleasurably bitter anticipation. He was surprised now to find a lack of bitterness in his heart.

His mother arose; she met the gaze of her son. A new emotion, a new realization throbbed in her breast, like the beating of another heart. In an instant she clasped him in her arms. He felt her tears moistening his cheek.

"I miss him!" she sobbed. "He went too soon. We were together so long!"

She spoke now with an utter sincerity, for the strong, incalculable bond of a lifelong association, however less than the ideal, stirred her profoundly, moved her deeply. Her arms tightened about her son's shoulders; she raised her face looking into his own. Reflections of the little night-lamp danced in the tears on her cheeks.

"Dear boy," she murmured, "I love you so much! You—you look so much as he did when——"

Her voice died away as if her heart denied her the courage to call back in spoken words the memories of old illusions. Harold, half understanding, half bewildered, feeling too young and inadequate for the subtilities that came with these unaccustomed moments, supported her in his arms.

The Fiddler

By HARRY KEMP

Why, upon this lovely day,
Must that wretched fiddler play?
All the sky one stainless blue;
Every note he strikes untrue!
Summer deep-embowered in flowers,
Silent music in the hours,
In the west a feather moon,
And that fiddler out of tune!
God's hand never slipped to mar
At the making of a star.
There is no excuse yet made
For the bungler at his trade.

Western Mountain Lions

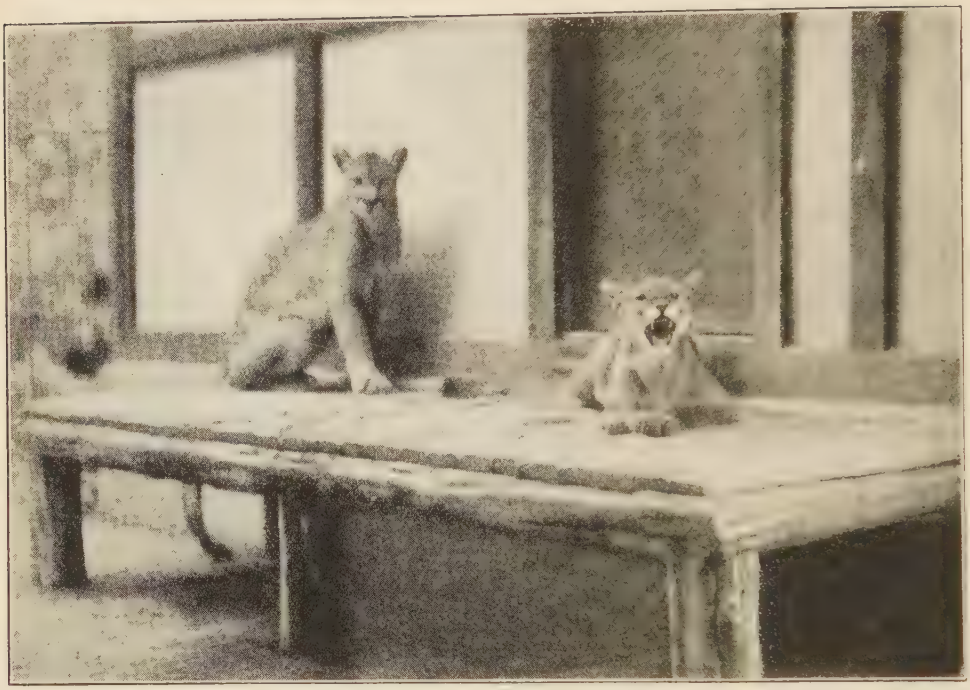
By HENRY G. TINSLEY

"The mountain lion combines the cunning agility of the cat with the ferocity of the tiger and the strength of the Asiatic lion. About twenty of the brutes are killed in Southern California every year; but there are many men who have spent considerable time in the mountains, and who have lived for years in the valleys, who have never seen a California lion."

THE mountain lion of the Western coast of America is the only wild animal that has increased in number while civilization has been spreading through the valleys, cañons, and plateaus of the Sierras and the Rockies. The coyote has seen its tribe of the foot-hill and sunbaked regions of the Western mountains greatly decimated. The antelope race has been reduced over ninety-five per cent. in thirty years. Elks have never even been seen by thousands of people who live where the big fellows used to vegetate in herds. The grizzly-bear population of the Sierras and Rockies is less than twenty per cent. of what it was a generation ago, and there are now mountain and foothill regions where the black bear, formerly a common beast, is never seen. It is reckoned by sportsmen that there are several thousand more mountain lions in California than there were a dozen years ago. Recently, several mountain lions were killed in San Lucas Valley, in San Bernardino County, where they had never been seen before, at least in this generation. The marvelous skill mountain lions have in evading pursuit, their extraordinary artifice in escaping attention, their unusual fleetness of foot, and especially their secret life amid crags and brush, have made them a very hard game for the best of hunters to pursue. The animals have therefore steadily withdrawn to the higher mountain fastnesses and inaccessible spots, while the waves of civilization have rolled nearer and nearer.

In many respects the mountain lion, or cougar, of the West is an interesting beast. On the Pacific coast of the United States it is known as the California lion, but in the States and Territories of the Rocky Mountain region it is the mountain lion. In the Andes of South America it is known as the puma, and in Central America as the cougar. It has the coloring of the Asiatic lion and the litheness of the tiger; but it is simply an immense cat, with big claws as sharp as razor-blades. Panthers belong to the same family. The idea that the mountain lion or the puma or jaguar regards man as his natural prey is a pleasant fiction of the early California story-writers for boys. Mayne Reid's tales of thrilling experiences with the mountain lions in the Rocky Mountains were altogether imaginative. The mountain lion, like the pampas puma, is terribly destructive to other wild animals and to young live stock. Owing to its shyness toward human beings, the mountain lion is rarely seen by man, though sometimes in mountain fastnesses a camper may hear at night its wailing cry to its mate, and perhaps detect signs of its presence about the camp, which, if pressed by hunger, it may visit in the hunter's absence and make way with any meat left carelessly within reach. Like the South American puma, the mountain lion is often found upon the plains, where its presence is soon made known to ranchers by its ravages among colts and calves and sheep. Its flesh is white, and some North American hunters, like all the *gauchos* of South America, consider it good eating.

The mountain lion combines the cunning agility of the cat with the ferocity of the tiger and the strength of the Asiatic lion. No American wild feline is nearly so large. About twenty of the



Mountain lions in the National Zoölogical Park at Washington

brutes are killed in Southern California every year; but there are many men who have spent considerable time in the mountains, and who have lived for years in the valleys, who have never seen a California lion. There are said to be more of the beasts in the mountains between California and Lower California than in any other locality in this region.

The mountain lion whelp makes an attractive pet until it gets so large as to be formidable in strength. That point reached, while still amiable toward its master, it becomes unsafe for strangers to approach, and its fierce predatory instincts are inveterately displayed toward animals that are its natural prey. Until these instincts become manifest, which usually occurs when the whelp is about a year old, it is as playful and gentle as a kitten, and its soft, violet eyes give no warning of latent danger. The cubs are born with faint marking of bars and spots, which disappear soon after their eyes open.

"The California lion is the most wonderful gymnast in all nature," said Professor Armstrong of the State University at Berkeley, California, a few years ago. "I have studied the beasts during parts of thirty years, and I cannot tell too strongly my admiration for their agility. They are built for marvelous feats in leaping, turning somersaults, jumping down from precipices, and getting through orifices half their girth, for they are poor fighters, and almost their sole protection is in their escape from danger. No matter how or from where they leap, whether up or down, they never fail to light on their feet. I have seen a mountain lion, when hotly pursued, jump downward, and then, while in mid-air, turn almost sixty degrees to one side, so as to make a landing the animal could not have seen when he leaped. Once when several of us naturalists were camping in Nevada Mountains, I saw a mountain lion come out of some chaparral, leaping after several jack-rabbits, about twenty feet at a leap. Now, jack-rabbits are about the fleetest thing in the animal kingdom of the West, and the rabbits in this case had about a hundred yards' start of the mountain lion when we first observed the race for life.

Fortunately, we happened to be in an elevated spot, where we could look down the long, narrow gulch, filled with debris of boulders, cactus, and yucca, where the rabbits ran like mad, and the lion bounded like the most extraordinary athlete that ever breathed.

"The lion gaged distances and elevations with precision, and the way it leaped over a boulder standing five feet high, and instantly over another boulder eight feet high, exactly scaling each without even the delay of intuition, was a revelation. While the closely pressed rabbits scurried through clumps of cactus, the lion leaped each clump as if it were only fun. On the farther side of one cactus clump the lion snatched one rabbit in its mouth and threw it into the air with scarcely a lessening of its fleetness. The rabbit fell dead in the gravel. A few more boulders were leaped, a bunch of yucca was scaled with wonderful dexterity, and the lion had another rabbit in its teeth. Then the tawny old fellow went leaping lightly back over the race-course until it found its first victim. Then it settled down to its feast.

"There 's no animal that can climb tall trees like the mountain lion. I have seen them climb the big trees in Calaveras County like a sky-rocket. A mountain lion can give a cat points on how to catch birds on the wing. I have known even of hawks being caught on the wing, when flying near ground, by a nimble mountain lion. Then, too, a mountain lion can squeeze through about as small a hole and crack in a rocky wall as anything alive can. Some of the stories the professional mountain hunters tell of how the lions have diminished their girth and stretched their length seem almost incredible. I have heard of beasts weighing about one hundred and sixty pounds, and having a belly of about a foot in diameter, squeezing through bars five inches apart."

The most important characteristics of the California lion resemble those of the feline. It sleeps by day in secluded spots in the mountain cañons and caves, and prowls at night for food. There is scarcely a record of a lion seeking food abroad in the daytime. It has the slow, crouching, and noiseless movements of the cat, and invariably steals upon its victims. It has never been known to attack a man or a beast in a fair, open way, as the bear or the wild beasts of the tropics will do. The eyes of the California lion are exactly like those of the cat in color, form, and the dilation in darkness. It has the patience of the cat in waiting for its game, and has the same quickness and agility the very moment an opportunity for capture presents itself. It is a coward and will run miles to avoid a human being, but if cornered, it turns with madness and ferocity upon any pursuer.

The mountain lions, as they are known among the Californians, are larger in Southern California than in the Northern and colder regions. The average weight of the mature beast is 130 pounds. Some have been killed that weighed 180 pounds. From nose to tip of tail, the animals vary from six feet, five inches to eight feet. The shoulders are from thirty to thirty-six inches in height. The animals are of yellowish brown, or dirty color, and have no spots on their bodies, although the young lions have frequent spots and stripes. Like all the feline tribe, they have unusually large mouths and sharp side teeth, which are three inches long.

It kills its game by tearing into the flesh at the vital parts. Hunters say that the mountain lions prefer deer to other animals, although the hogs, horses, cows, and dogs of farmers in the mountains have hundreds of times made meals for the beasts. The lion generally attacks its victims by stealthily crawling out upon a limb or a rock or some timber about a dozen feet from the ground. There it lies in wait for hours for its prey to come that way or to present itself. Then, in a second, it leaps noiselessly upon its game, and, clinging about the body, tears open the neck and at once kills the animal. The lions know the vital parts, and often kill a horse or a cow by a single bite at the jugular vein. The lions have been known to carry colts, calves, or deer weighing over a hundred pounds several miles away to their young, but large, heavy animals are feasted upon where they are slain.

The mountain lion figures in all the legends in the Indian tribes of the Pacific coast, and the beast is regarded by the

Apaches and Hualipis with particular dread. The wail of a lion is a death-warning in these tribes, and the medicine-men of many tribes shake the dried paws and claws of a mountain lion over sick Indians for the purpose of menacing the evil spirits, whom the savages take for granted are as fearful of the mountain lion as the Indians themselves. The gall of a mountain lion is a remedy beyond price among some Indians, as the Ava-Supis, who believe it contains all the concrete ferocity of the beast and will make the sick redskin fierce in his efforts to beat off the evil ones that have compassed his weakness and pain.

Every mountain locality in California has its quota of stories of destruction of live stock by mountain lions. Pigs, calves, colts, and especially sheep are toothsome to mountain lions, as the rural press of the Sierras and the Rockies shows. Every few weeks the California and Oregon local newspapers publish items about depredations by the artful beasts. There are some instances of death among children from attacks by unusually ferocious mountain lions, and several men who have cornered them in a cave or thicket have lost their lives under the teeth and jaws of the animals. Three years ago last summer a German farmer named Boheim, living at Strawberry Valley, in San Jacinto Mountain, found that his pigsty had been robbed several times in the course of a month. He sat up several nights, and one moonlight night saw an immense female lion stealing a young porker. The man aroused his two sons, and the party of three, armed with rifles and shotguns, started to kill or capture the thief as she escaped among the pine-trees on the mountain-side. The next day the father was found dead in a log cabin five miles from home. He had tracked the lioness there, and had come upon her and her whelps while in the act of devouring the pig. The German must have cornered the wounded lion, when she sprang upon him, threw him to the ground, and gnawed out his neck and breast. For several weeks, hunters and farmers in that region prowled over the mountain and set several traps for the lioness and her whelps, but they were never caught, although their tracks were frequently found.

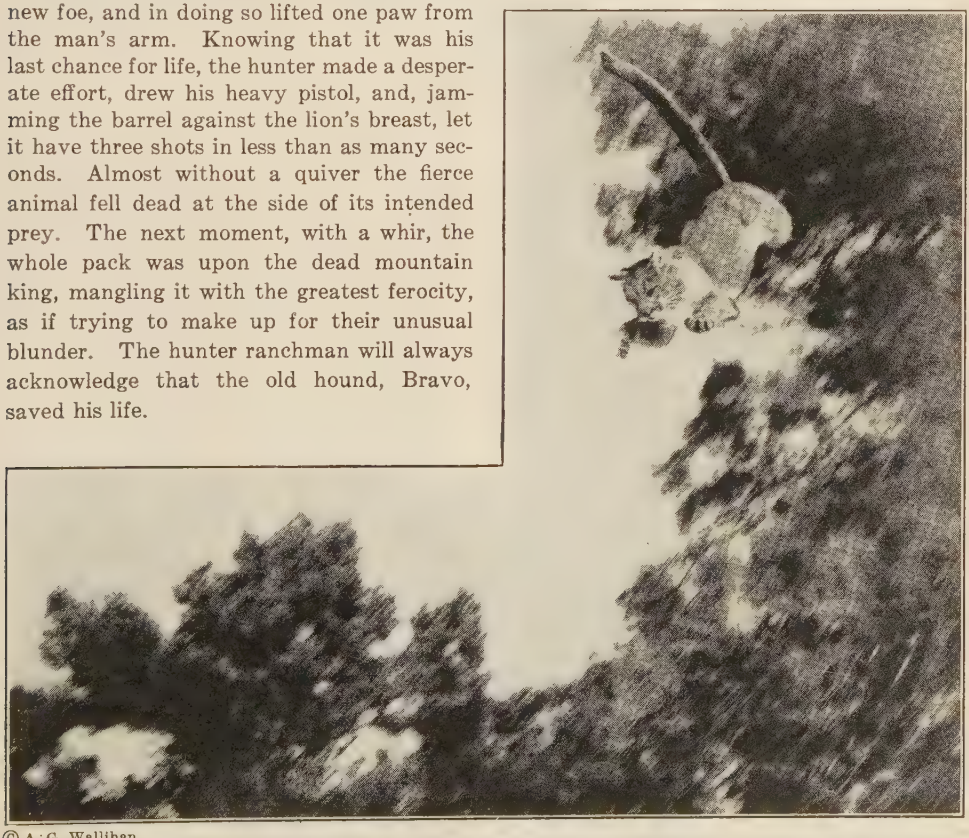
As a beast for a true sportsmanlike chase, there is nothing comparable to a mountain lion in its prime. Nothing on earth can catch it. It requires expert manœuvering and the very best of long-distance shooting to bag a mountain lion that has any show at all for liberty. The fleetest hounds are always left behind. The writer has heard scores of remarkable and veracious stories about hunters' camp-fires of the athletic feats of mountain lions. Many hunters declare they have seen mountain lions, when hotly pursued, rise like a winged creature high above the greenwood and chaparral and make leap after leap of over thirty, sometimes forty, feet across boulders, logs, and rocks. Ground scent for the dogs is barely left, so daintily does it alight; the hounds must use the slightly tainted air for their guide. It is a well-known fact that the mountain lion stands in the greatest terror of dogs. When chased by them, it will first try to outrun them; failing in this, it will take to the nearest tree. But when there are no trees of refuge and the lion comes to bay, then look out! One stroke of the powerful paw means a dead dog, and unless the hunter comes to the rescue with rifle or revolver, the savage brute will slaughter the whole pack in detail. Should it succeed in killing all the dogs, it will immediately turn its attention to the human enemy, whom it considers the most insignificant of its pursuers.

The Pomona "Times" recently published the following:

A ranchman in Perris Valley, whom I know very well, met with a terrible adventure while hunting the mountain lion. The animal came to bay upon the top of a pile of rocks far up on the side of San Jacinto Mountain. As a matter of course the dogs arrived there long before the hunter and, wishing to get as near as possible to the game, they crowded onto a small bluff that projected above the lion's position, and from there bayed and growled at the quarry. The hunter, meantime, had worked his way up till he arrived, say, within thirty feet of the spot. Here he stopped and was looking around for a place whence he could shoot the lion dead without endangering the dogs, when, with a shrill scream that went up the

canyon, the big cat sprang upon him, threw him backward and, placing its huge paws on either arm, literally pinned him to the ground, giving him no chance whatever to draw knife or pistol. The lion all this time was growling and screaming with fury. So near were the yellow fangs to the hunter's face that the froth dripping from the beast's mouth nearly blinded the prostrate man. The hounds for some reason, perhaps on account of the thick brush, did not see that the lion had pounced upon their master; so, instead of going to the rescue, as they always do, they, with the exception of one old dog, veered to one side and ran quite a little distance on the back track before finding their mistake. The veteran hound that stayed behind leaped on the rock vacated by the lion and from there saw the perilous position of its much-loved master. With a deep bay, that sounded almost like a roar, the noble animal launched itself into the air and alighted within a few feet of the lion. The next bound landed it on the enemy's back. The lion turned to defend itself from this new foe, and in doing so lifted one paw from the man's arm. Knowing that it was his last chance for life, the hunter made a desperate effort, drew his heavy pistol, and, jamming the barrel against the lion's breast, let it have three shots in less than as many seconds. Almost without a quiver the fierce animal fell dead at the side of its intended prey. The next moment, with a whir, the whole pack was upon the dead mountain king, mangling it with the greatest ferocity, as if trying to make up for their unusual blunder. The hunter ranchman will always acknowledge that the old hound, Bravo, saved his life.

Several years a cattleman named Overholtzer, in the neighborhood of Hemet Lake and dam, lost in one season three colts, varying in age from one to two years, and five yearling cows. He set numerous traps and hired hunters to sit up night after night to shoot the mountain lions that he knew were killing his animals, but so wary and cautious were the lions that only once in weeks were they ever so much as seen. Every time the watch for them relaxed, or the traps for them fell into disuse, another colt or calf was slain in the corral. On one occasion a colt weighing about two hundred pounds was dragged and carried two miles from the corral, and lifted over a stone wall five feet high. When winter came and the beasts could be tracked in the snow on the mountainsides, a band of men was employed to search for the lions. It was a week before they were caught, and six of them were shot down one morning in a cave



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Instantaneous photograph of a mountain lion leaping in mid-air

fourteen miles from Overholtzer's corral. One lioness there measured seven feet and nine inches from nose to tail, and weighed about one hundred and seventy pounds.

Robert Anderson of San Bernardino has hunted big game in the mountains every summer for several years, and has killed over twenty mountain lions. He says the animals have a greater fondness for blood than any creatures he has ever known. He has seen them lie in wait for eight and ten hours at a time, at the top of a tree or behind a ledge, for deer, which, when pounced upon and torn open at the neck, furnished no meat for the lion. The blood was sucked from the gaping wound, and when that was exhausted the slayer sprang upon the rocks on the way to its lair, apparently satisfied. He has seen a mountain lion about the size of a mature Bengal tiger in the menagerie cages easily carry home two sheep in its jaws for the whelps to feed upon. One moonlight night he followed a lioness that carried an eight-months-old calf three miles up a mountain-side where no man could climb. He says it is no trick for a frightened lion to spring up ten feet at a bound, and he has known the beasts to cover fully eighteen feet.

C. E. Fulton, ex-superintendent of schools in Santa Ana, was hunting in Bear Valley in October, 1894, and heard that mountain lions had stolen some sheep near there. He set out to catch or kill the lions. One night eleven sheep were killed in one corral. The lion had sprung upon a sheep, cut its throat, and sucked the blood without eating any of the meat. One morning Fulton set out to visit a deer-lick, but was chagrined to find no game. On returning, however, he saw a tawny-colored beast, crouched low and switching a long tail, creeping through the underbrush on the hill below him. He fired hastily, and was satisfied that he had wounded the animal, but it disappeared. At this moment the hunter's attention was attracted by the barking of his dog. Another lion had sprung into a tree, but stood on a limb exposed to full view. Moving up the hill a little in order to get a better aim, Fulton fired, and shot the animal through the heart, killing it instantly. The dog was not inclined to follow the wounded one into the underbrush, but its owner urged it on, and soon he heard it barking. Thinking that the dog had treed the lion, Fulton hurried through the brush until he came up with the animals. He found dog and lion on the ground, their noses within four or five feet of each other, but separated by a little bunch of bushes. A well-aimed shot rolled the lion over dead. On examining the body the hunter found that his first shot had broken the back of the lion, which explained why it did not spring upon the dog. It had dragged itself down the hill some rods from where it was first shot.

On another occasion Mr. Fulton was out with a companion and killed a deer. The carcass was tied in a low tree, and the hunters went on. On returning they found that the deer had disappeared. Thinking that they had mistaken the locality, they separated and searched the forest, but in vain. They could find no marks where the body had been dragged, and could not imagine what had caused its disappearance. While they were discussing the point, Fulton's companion happened to glance at the top of a dry pine stub fifteen or twenty feet high, where they saw one foot of the deer protruding from the top. Bidding Fulton have his rifle in readiness in case the lion was hidden in the hollow stump, he climbed the stub. There was the mutilated carcass of the deer, but no lion. Footprints showed that the beast must have sprung a distance of twelve feet and landed on the dry pine with the deer in its mouth, and then climbed to the top of the dead tree, carrying the deer in its jaws.

Eben P. Harrison, who has been a telegraph operator for the Southern Pacific Company at Redlands and in Los Angeles in the last few years, came from the mountains in Lake County, California, where lions used to be plentiful. He killed a deer one day and hung the carcass on a tree. Returning a short time afterward, he found that a lion had carried off the entrails of the deer. The trail led down a steep and rocky cañon to a hole beneath a high cliff. Being armed with a rifle and a hunting-knife, Harrison determined to enter the den, and for this purpose took the knife in

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Watching its prey from ambush

his teeth, and holding the gun ready for instant service, he crawled in. He expected every instant to hear the angry growl of the great beast, but reached its lair without finding the lion in its den. The sleeping-place was filled with the bones of animals the lion had killed, and the blood was carefully lapped from the bones and earth, but the hunter was unable to find anything of the beast itself. Soon afterward Harrison, with a companion named Mason, was ascending a steep hill in the same locality, when they saw a large lion bounding up the hill. Mr. Mason cried, "That lion will kill my horse, picketed on the top of the hill." The men hurried up the trail and found that he had guessed correctly. The lion had sprung upon the back of the horse and bitten it through the neck, evidently killing it instantly. The lion had already begun to feast upon the carcass when it was frightened away by the approach of the men. A short time later this beast was killed, and was found to be of unusual size. The skin was stuffed, and sold for a good price to an Eastern museum.

Mrs. Benson, wife of a Baptist minister formerly at Elsinore, had a thrilling experience with mountain lions two years ago. Late one evening she was driving home from the bedside of a sick friend, who lived off on a lonely foot-hill ranch. Her way led through a thicket that was dark. She had driven that way hundreds of times before, and felt no alarm at being alone. Suddenly her horse, a slow, sedate old creature, stopped short in the road and began to paw the ground and snort. Mrs. Benson could see nothing and tried to urge her steed on, but it became more frightened, and reared and snorted the more. In her fear that the horse would overturn the carriage and throw her out, Mrs. Benson leaped to the ground. At that very moment she saw what seemed to her in the darkness to be two big shepherd dogs spring at the breast of the horse. One of the beasts clung to the flesh of the horse's neck, and the other fell to the ground. Before she was aware of what she was doing, Mrs. Benson struck with a whip at what seemed to be a dog. The horse fell on its knees, then rose to

its feet, broke loose from the harness and carriage, and shook the beast from its neck, while Mrs. Benson stood terrified alone in the roadway. She knew by that time the attack had not been made by dogs, but thought they must have been fierce coyotes from the manner in which they darted into the brush and stole away. She walked home, and at daylight went with her husband to seek the horse. It was found from the tracks that the attack had been made by two very large mountain lions, and that they had so torn the flesh from the breast of the horse that it was necessary to kill the creature. A hunting-party searched for days in vain pursuit of the lions, but none of the beasts has ever been seen in the locality since.

The California lions migrate with the seasons in that State. As cold weather approaches, they descend from the higher mountains and spend the winter in the foot-hills, where they do much damage to stock.

E. Leslie, a well-known merchant of Cucamonga, says that while he lived in Santiago Cañon (the house of the actress, Mme. Modjeska, by the way) a few years ago, he started one evening just about sundown to a neighboring mining-camp. He had not gone half a mile when he was frightened by the fierce cry of a lion on his right hand, and not more than a half dozen rods distant. He had no weapon, he dared not run, and it was useless to climb a tree. He had gone only a short distance when the cry of the lion was answered by its mate, and the two followed Mr. Leslie, now on one side and now on the other. Sometimes they would run a few rods ahead and then drop back behind him, but they were at no time more than five or six rods distant during a walk of three or four miles, and they did not leave him until he was within a short distance of the camp. He thinks that if he had stopped or shown any signs of fear, the brutes would have sprung upon him and torn him to pieces.

Within the last few weeks there has been in Southern California an instance of the desperation that overcomes the mountain lion when trapped, and the fidelity of the beast's mate in time of trouble. So much has been written and said of the sneaking, good-for-nothing ways of mountain lions that it has been a surprise to learn of the solicitude of one of these animals for a mate which has met with disaster. Last August the little mining-camp at the head-waters of the San Gabriel Cañon found, at different times, two donkeys dead, and the blood sucked away at the neck. On a third occasion a pig that the miners were fattening for winter meat was carried off, and lion-tracks showed the nature of the captor. Eleven different traps were set for the lion, and men grew weary and worn out from watching night after night from a sheltered spot for another visit, when it was proposed to lay it low. At last, after seven weeks, when the miners had abandoned all hope of shooting the prowling beast, a big, tawny mountain lion was caught in a trap that had been made specially for the purpose. The steel clamps of the trap closed tight upon both paws of the beast. It must have been held there half an hour before the sleeping miners knew of the capture. At about midnight one of the miners awoke and saw from the cabin-window not only a lion held fast in the heavy trap, but a female mate that was running about the captive, whining and purring and apparently trying to devise some means to liberate the captive. The female seemed to suffer more at the mishap than her imprisoned mate, and made such a commotion that all the miners were soon awakened.

"It seemed a terrible pity," said one of the party later, "to kill animals that acted so 'tached to each other and had such human-like understandin'. We fellows sat there in the cabin and silently watched them two mountain lions for some time. But we could n't keep no domestic animals round our camp if we let them live, so we all together raised our guns and let drive at the lion couple. When we went and looked at the carcasses, we found that an attempt had been made to chew the captive lion's paw out of the clutches of the trap. We all have had a deal more 'preciation for lions since we saw that scene there in the moonlight."

The San Remo Conference

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

An article in which the author declares that the League of Nations of the Treaty of Versailles is dead, though not by the hand of the Senate of the United States.

PROFOUND was the secrecy surrounding the continuation conference at San Remo. Cables were guesswork. None save the three premiers knew the scope of the discussion. Members of the delegations were as much at sea as correspondents. The inside news they gave was frequently wrong. The official press statements were misleading in that they purported to cover in a general way the subjects of negotiation. Some vital subjects were not mentioned in the bulletins, and it is not true that the premiers were "in accord" or "arrived at a satisfactory solution" of moot questions.

Partly for this reason and partly because the importance of San Remo has been underestimated, I feel no hesitancy in calling attention in September to events that happened in April. It was not until June that much of what happened at San Remo leaked out. The significance of the conference was not appreciated until its aftermath was observed both in the countries participating in it and among the peoples whose destinies it assumed to decide. San Remo also had a direct bearing upon the American Presidential campaign, for it demonstrated the impotence of the League of Nations and gave the American people reason to be thankful that the Senate had not ratified the Treaty of Versailles.

The treaties of Versailles and St. Germain decided nothing. The experience of a year, during which the vanquished have not fulfilled the terms and the victors have not enforced them, proves that the treaties were impracticable. The League of Nations, too, which was to be the international machinery for executing the treaty, has not been able to function. The Bulgarian, Hungarian, and Turkish treaties are not yet in force. Nor have the victors agreed upon a common Russian policy. A year after President Wilson returned in triumph, as he thought, with "the noblest document in human history," Europe is in worse confusion and misery than when the Treaty of Versailles was signed, and the United States still remains technically at war with Germany and Austria-Hungary.

Is the failure of the American Senate to ratify the Treaty of Versailles without reservations responsible for the plight in which the world finds itself? Would the goose be now hanging high had the Senate obeyed the President? Are the American people dishonored, have they turned their backs upon their duty to humanity, did they deliberately deceive and abandon their associates in arms, because the Senate refused to sign on the dotted line? President Wilson answers vehemently in the affirmative, and seeks to subordinate all campaign issues to what he believes was the Senate's dereliction. He goes back to the Lodge reservations to explain not only our own political and economic and social ills, but those of the entire world. But, unless by American participation in the peace settlements was meant the use of our military and naval forces unlimited in time and measure, it is not a difficult task to show from the San Remo conference that there exist reasons for the impotence of the victors wholly independent of our alleged defection.

The Conference of Paris adjourned without having come to an agreement upon three vital questions: the terms of the treaty with Turkey, the adoption of a common policy toward Russia, and an understanding as to the means to be employed to compel Germany to fulfil the terms of the Treaty of Versailles.

According to Lord Robert Cecil and a

group of English Liberals, there was no further need for the Supreme Council. The war was won. The most important treaties were signed. The Treaty of Versailles had created international machinery for its enforcement. The Covenant of the League of Nations provided specifically for the settlement of the Turkish question, and generally for just such a situation as that which existed between soviet Russia and the Entente powers. If the League of Nations was to be taken seriously and had any meaning at all, let it start to function. Let the premiers of the victorious powers themselves sit on the Council of the League, if that seemed necessary for the completion of unfinished business.

The suggestion was reasonable and logical. If ever the time was ripe for launching the League of Nations, it was in December, 1919. By merging the Supreme Council into the Council of the League, the new organ for international coöperation would have been vested immediately with dignity and authority. The skeptics would have been convinced and the cynics confounded if the creators of the league thus proved that they believed in it and were willing to trust their interests to it. The league was the potential *deus ex machina*. The neutrals, associated with the victors in a judicial and wise application of the treaties, would have aided in deciding upon a world policy toward Russia, and in settling the future of the Ottoman dominions in conformity with article XXII of the Versailles treaty. An honest effort could have been made to substitute international coöperation for national rivalry.

But the premiers of Great Britain and France and Italy elected to hold secret continuation conferences, in which they endeavored to settle international problems not in the interest of all nations alike, but in their own interests. Each had national aspirations to satisfy and a definite foreign policy to follow. They looked upon the League of Nations without confidence. They saw in the league only an instrument to advance the selfish interests of the countries they represented. It would never do to let representatives of smaller states, as provided by the Treaty of Versailles, sit in on their discussions and have the power to check or veto their *combinazione*. The statesmanship of Lloyd George and Millerand was the traditional European diplomacy. The war had changed nothing. The Conference of Paris had changed nothing. In their minds the League of Nations counted only in so far as it might aid in "putting across" the programs of their ministries of foreign affairs.

This is a serious charge, but I think I can prove it from the San Remo conference. The attitude of Lloyd George and Millerand and Nitti toward the League of Nations refutes the argument of President Wilson that the Treaty of Versailles had in it the germ of a new world order. Moreover, it confirms the suspicions of senators who expressed the fear that the United States was being asked, under the cloak of idealism, to enter into an underwriting scheme from whose benefits the ingenuous underwriters were to be excluded.

If we piece together the information that has come from different sources as to what happened at San Remo, we get a picture of three men, who have excluded from the discussion and from their calculations the idea of a League of Nations, trying to get all they can out of one another on the basis of *do ut des*, and attributing to outsiders only what none of the three wants or is willing to let the other two have. The semblance of harmony is maintained with difficulty. One premier, in the midst of the conference, gives out an interview, condemning in unmeasured terms the Turkish treaty, which he is supposed to have helped draw up and to have assented to. Another premier warns his colleagues, by way of the press, that the question of Russia is not to be discussed at San Remo. The next day Russia is discussed. The third premier says to a group of correspondents that a constructive, even a conciliatory, spirit must be applied to the situation in central Europe. To this the premier that was displeased with the Turkish treaty gives hearty assent. But in the end all three premiers sign a note warning Germany that the Treaty of Versailles will be strictly enforced.

The terms of the treaty with Turkey

were finally decided upon at San Remo. A year and a half had passed since the armistice with Turkey, and nearly a year since the Treaty of Versailles. The statement that the delay in imposing terms of peace on Turkey, so disastrous to the interest of Europe and subject races alike, and to the interest of the Turks themselves, was the fault of the United States Senate is absurd. It is disheartening to see the sufferings of the Armenians used as ammunition in an American Presidential campaign. Cruel and false is the intimation that the Lodge reservations had anything whatever to do with the tragic events in the Near East since the armistice.

The inheritance of the Ottoman Empire was a bone of contention and cause of wars throughout the nineteenth century. It played an important part in bringing on the recent war, and in secret diplomatic negotiations during the war. Owing to the defection of Russia, the Entente powers had all their calculations upset. There was a definite plan for the division of the spoils, agreed to by France and Great Britain and Italy, which took no account of the aspirations of any subject races. What Armenians, Syrians, Arabs, and Greeks wanted did not enter into the calculations of the framers and solidifiers of the Entente Alliance. Because Russia was out of the game and not because Senator Lodge proved recalcitrant, French, British, and Italian statesmen were slow to solve the Ottoman problem. Had czarist Russia survived the war, she would have installed herself at Constantinople, and there would have been no question of an independent Armenia. Great Britain and France, Italy and Greece, became rivals in the Ottoman Empire the moment the armistice was signed. A bitter conflict of interests arose. This, and this alone, prevented the Conference of Paris and the continuation conference at London from settling the terms of the Turkish treaty. This, and this alone, was responsible for the renewal of Armenian massacres, and for the rise of a powerful Nationalist faction in Turkey, able to defy at once the simulacrum of government at Constantinople and the victorious powers. America's unwillingness to accept an Armenian mandate was the result rather than the cause of the Near-Eastern tangle.

From the armistice to San Remo, just as during the war, Entente statesmen refused to admit that the Armenians were or could become an independent nation, with boundaries that satisfied the economic necessities of nationhood. As long as there was hope of the success of Kolchak and Denikin, they were ready to sacrifice Russian Armenia. This is why they did not recognize the independence of the Armenian Republic of the Caucasus. They were waiting to see how the cat would jump. The right or necessity of an outlet to the Mediterranean was denied because France planned to keep Cilicia and add it to her Syrian protectorate. I read a report of General Franchet d'Esperey, after his first visit of inspection to the southeastern corner of the Mediterranean. He described in glowing terms the wealth and resources of Cilicia and the hinterland as far back as Diarbekir. This portion of Armenia he insisted that France could profitably annex. As for the bare and mountainous interior, the Armenian vilayets (provinces) of Turkey, he declared that their management would be very expensive and profitless. So he suggested the United States as mandatory for that portion of Armenia!

This was the point of view adopted at Paris, at London, and at San Remo. It will be objected, of course, to prove me wrong, that the San Remo conference asked President Wilson to decide the frontiers of Armenia, and offered the United States the mandate. But I answer that this offer was a clever attempt to throw upon the United States the consequences of the failure of Allied policy to settle the *status quo* of Asia Minor in accordance with selfish imperialistic ambitions. When the three premiers met at San Remo, Lloyd George faced the breakdown of the attempt to make the Caucasus a barrier to Bolshevism, and Millerand knew that the French army was not strong enough to hold the positions it had occupied confidently the year before. In fact, the Nationalists of Mustafa Kemal Pasha had already defeated the French and driven them out of several cities, and it was

only a question of time when General Gouraud would be compelled to ask the Turks for an armistice. Premier Nitti had withdrawn the Italian forces from Konia, and was encouraging the Nationalists to attack the Greeks. If America could be induced to come in now, the premiers felt that any concession was justifiable. The Russian threat against Russian Mesopotamia might be warded off, French prestige might be saved, and the Turkish Nationalists, realizing the hopelessness of taking on the United States as an enemy, might devote their energies to clearing the Greeks out of the Smyrna regions.

The sincerity of the desire for our coöperation in the Near East was tested long ago. At the beginning of the peace conference, when American enthusiasm was great, and the prestige of President Wilson unimpaired, the Entente statesmen should have made the offer of San Remo. Given a free hand then as to the frontiers of Armenia, American public opinion would have been favorable to the proposition of extending aid in creating the new state. But at the beginning of 1919 Entente diplomacy was not thinking about any sort of Armenia, and did not believe that the embarrassing collaboration of the United States in the Near East would be necessary. Throughout President Wilson's stay in Paris his colleagues were hostile to American intervention in the Near East. President Wilson tried his best to get the conference to settle the Armenian and Turkish questions. He suggested an inter-Allied commission on mandates, and when it was agreed to, he appointed, as American delegates, President King of Oberlin College and Mr. Charles R. Crane, now Minister to China. These gentlemen waited in vain for the appointment of their colleagues. Finally they had to start out and make the trip of investigation alone. If the British and French were eager for our coöperation in settling the status of lands and peoples freed from the Ottoman yoke, they succeeded in concealing that fact from President King and Mr. Crane, either in Paris or in the course of the long journey in the Near East.

In regard to Turkey, three decisions were necessary: what territories to detach from Turkey, how to force the Turks to give them up, and what to do with them. The premiers were no more ready to make these decisions in April, 1920, than they were the year before, but there always must be an end to a transitory period. The delay was affecting the prestige of the Entente powers and their harmonious relations. The time had come to cut all Gordian knots simultaneously.

Turkey was asked to give up Thrace, her last province in Europe; a large part of the vilayet of Aïdin, of which Smyrna is the port; all the Arabic-speaking portions of the empire; and to accept, as frontier on the east with free Armenia, a line to be later communicated to her. The Arabic-speaking portions, which Great Britain and France decided to keep for themselves, were already in their possession. No means were provided to force the Turks out of Thrace and Aïdin, attributed to Greece, and out of whatever territories should fall to Armenia. France, having found herself unable to hold Cilicia, waived her claim to a province to which she had refused to acknowledge Armenia's rights.

In the disposition of the Arabic-speaking portions of the Ottoman Empire the San Remo agreement violated clearly and specifically the Covenant of the League of Nations. Article XXII of the Treaty of Versailles provides a mandatory régime for the territories to be taken from Turkey. The mandatories, appointed by the League of Nations, are to be chosen after considering the preferences of each liberated people concerned. Notwithstanding the presence of this article in a treaty they solemnly affirmed their determination to enforce, the French and British premiers made of Palestine a "Jewish national home" under the protection of Great Britain, and divided the rest of the loot in the utmost secrecy, consulting neither their own parliaments nor the representatives of the races whose lands they were cutting up. This shameless proceeding, which will result in bloodshed and anarchy, is no conjecture on my part. It was confessed in the official bulletin and spoken of in guarded terms by Premier Millerand in the Chamber of Deputies on the

day after the conference adjourned. At the time it happened, it was denounced by Premier Nitti in strong terms. The Italian premier said that Italy would contribute no troops to enforce such a treaty, and doubted the possibility of getting it signed by men who represented the Turkish nation.

Premier Nitti's words were prophetic, although it was possible that he connived in stacking the cards against his colleagues in Asia Minor. Mustfa Kemal's forces could not have captured all their ammunition, their new artillery, and their machine-guns from the French. Since the Entente powers control the sea, gun-running and smuggling are not being carried on without collusion of Entente officers. Turkey is in rebellion against the sultan, or rather against his captors. As Signor Nitti said, the delegates from Constantinople who were asked to sign the document drawn up at San Remo had no authority to speak for the Turkish people.

The San Remo decisions about the Near East are declared null and void by Syrians and Palestinians, who appeal from the three premiers to the League of Nations. The Arabic press sustains the thesis that the three premiers were without competence to decide the destinies of the Arabic-speaking world. They were co-signatories of the Treaty of Versailles with the delegates of the free and independent Hedjaz, and were bound by the Covenant of the League of Nations to let the league appoint the mandatory powers after the liberated races had been consulted. Unless the creation of the Hedjaz was an expedient later to be disavowed and the League of Nations a cloak for imperialism, the San Remo conference was as high-handed and illegal as it was impolitic. The Hedjaz was the logical state to consult about the status of Palestine, Syria, and Mesopotamia because of geographical proximity, ethnological and religious affinity, and economic interest.

Had not French and British statesmen declared that the rights and interests of the weak were to be considered by the League of Nations equally with those of the strong? If so, the Hedjaz could claim a voice in the future of Palestine and Syria with as much reason as Great Britain in the future of Ireland. I refer my readers to article XXII of the Treaty of Versailles, to a map of Syria, Palestine, and Arabia, and to the statistics of population as given in the Statesmen's Year Book or the Encyclopædia Britannica. Draw your own conclusions.

An American representative, sitting in the conference of San Remo with full and equal powers, would have been in the unhappy position graphically described by Mr. Herbert Hoover in the memorandum he wrote for President Wilson's consideration during the peace conference. Having no ax to grind and no "special interests" of the United States to advance and defend, the American representative would have proved a troublesome meddler. With the report of Messrs. King and Crane before him, and feeling bound by the Covenant of the League of Nations, he could not have helped throwing a monkey-wrench into the works. And unless he was authorized to accept this or that responsibility, pledging the military and financial resources of the United States, his rôle would have proved a negative and destructive one, leading to no good result.

I am not discussing the San Remo conference for the sake of condemning the diplomatic methods and aims of Entente statesmen, but to illustrate the mess we should have got into had the American Senate ratified the Treaty of Versailles as it stood. The far-sightedness of our senators saved us from an impossible situation. Idealists and enthusiasts assume that the League of Nations, with the United States as a member, could have started right in to function as an effective international machine to correct the causes of wars by settling international moot questions. This is an unwarranted conclusion from unestablished or disregarded premises. The League of Nations presupposed facts that did not and do not exist, such as: harmony of ideals among the members; a willingness of all to clothe the league with authority to judge differences of opinion and reconcile divergent aspirations of its members; providing the league with the power to enforce its de-

crees. None of the five "principal Allied and Associated Powers" was willing to accept these conditions. Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan ignored the league, and continued to try to get what they wanted by direct negotiations and secret compromises. Small nations, although members of the league, were not consulted in the settlement of matters vitally affecting their own interests. Are we less to blame than the others? They excluded Asia and Africa from the practical application of league principles only after we had insisted upon excluding Central and South America. And the American Senate knew that whatever popular clamor there might have been in the United States for the league, American public opinion did not realize, and was unwilling to accept, the responsibilities entailed by membership in the league as it was created by and interwoven into the Treaty of Versailles.

Particular and irreconcilable interests of our associates in the recent war—interests in which by the very nature of things we could have no part or sympathy—come to light in the discussion over other subjects at San Remo than the treaty with Turkey. Tangible progress may have been made at San Remo toward the Ottoman settlement, although this is doubtful. Virtually no progress was made in arriving at a common policy toward Russia and Germany.

Premier Nitti told his colleagues that Italy felt the time had come to enter into diplomatic relations with Russia, soviet or no soviet. Economic difficulties were so great and political agitation so serious that he could not much longer sit on the lid. Above all things Italy needed peace and trade. Before winter the two burning problems of bread and coal must be solved. The bread must come from Russia and the coal from Germany. Italy, then, stood for conciliation with Germany as much as with Russia. Premier Lloyd George was inclined to take the same attitude as his Italian colleague both in regard to relations with Russia and softening of the peace terms imposed upon Germany. But the Russian menace in Asia had not developed alarmingly in April, and Great Britain did not have the same stake as Italy in Germany. The Turkish treaty appealed to Lloyd George as the task at hand. With the realism and single-mindedness that make the British the best diplomats in the world, Lloyd George persuaded Millerand to concede the British contention in the Turkish settlement in return for promises to delay recognizing the Moscow Soviet, and to maintain an uncompromising attitude toward Germany.

In unison the three premiers proclaimed "perfect harmony" when the San Remo conference ended. Separately Millerand and Lloyd George declared that San Remo had proved satisfactory from the point of view of national interests. Millerand pointed to the reaffirmation of the intention to enforce the Treaty of Versailles, beginning with the complete disarmament of Germany. Lloyd George cited the Turkish treaty as proof of triumph of British views. Nitti told Italian Socialists that there was hope of opening up the Russian wheat-fields, and Italian Nationalists that Great Britain and France recognized the treaty obligations to back up Italy in the Adriatic question and to give Italy political compensation in Africa. Newspaper comment, parliamentary discussions, and speeches of opposition leaders soon demonstrated, however, that the decisions of San Remo were not final, and that the assertion of harmony among the three powers was false.

The particular interests of Italy call for a strong and prosperous central Europe, which means the political stability and economic independence of Germany. Italy is dependent upon German coal and German trade. Hence the economic clauses in the Treaty of Versailles are proving scarcely less disastrous to Italy than to Germany. Why should Italy, allotted only seven per cent. of the German war indemnity, be interested in the maintenance of the reparations commission, which would limit her vital coal supplies and cripple her trade? Since Italy has no fear of a strong Germany, but great fear of a revival of the Hapsburg dominions in a united political organism, her foreign policy dictates the incorporation of Austria in the German Empire. Facing the alternatives of financial collapse if

she maintains, and revolution if she abolishes, the subsidies for keeping low the price of bread, wheat from Russia is an imperative necessity. The geographical position and lack of colonial expansion of Italy make the commerce of the eastern Mediterranean a consideration that transcends everything else in her foreign policy. She wants no Balkan State to become too powerful. The expansion of Greece, a maritime rival, is especially dangerous. The integrity of Turkey is preferable to the passing of large portions of the Ottoman Empire under the influence or protectorate of Great Britain and France.

France's interests are just the opposite. They call for a weak Germany, with the permanent exclusion of Austria, as a military safeguard, and control of Germany's coal and other resources and industries not only as an economic safeguard, but as a means of assuring the payment of the war indemnity, in which she has a fifty-five per cent. share. A great cereal producer herself, and able to use her vast colonial raw materials to pay for American wheat, she can afford to keep Russia blockaded until she receives guaranties for the repayment of more than twenty billion francs invested in Russian government loans. As she controls Morocco, Algeria, and Tunis, her Mediterranean trade is already considerable. Changes in the Balkans and the aggrandizement of Greece do not worry her. She has Morocco as compensation for letting Great Britain have Egypt. Her traditional ambitions in Asiatic Turkey have been great, but are susceptible of modification in exchange for continued British support against Germany.

British foreign policy has developed through centuries the principle of intervening in Europe only to maintain the balance of power. After each intervention to crush a potential mistress of Europe, Great Britain has refused to follow up her victories on the Continent, and has taken her pay in colonial aggrandizement. She has destroyed in turn the sea-power of Spain, Holland, France, and Germany, gathered in their colonies, and, being out of reach of a possible military come-back of a defeated rival, has left the Continental powers to work out their salvation and rehabilitate themselves in Europe. Her share in the German war indemnity is twenty-five per cent., and she has loaned huge sums to her Continental allies. But what she has expended is more than offset by her gains. She has not the trade worries of Italy and feels none of the apprehension of France. Since the literal enforcement of the Treaty of Versailles would entail the maintenance of a large standing army in Europe, which is not justified by considerations of personal security or material gain, Great Britain is in favor of revising the treaty. Her Russian and Turkish policies are subordinated to commercial and colonial interests.

San Remo is probably the poorest watering-place on the Italian Riviera for scenery. There is no glorious sweep of coast-line. The view is cut off on both sides by Capo Nero and Capo Verde. The shut-in feeling is enhanced by the amphitheater of hills rising from the town. Wild flowers are abundant, but you have to climb for them. The fascination of the place is in its architecture. The houses have arched loggias. They do not stand apart. Bands of masonry unite house to house, so that each helps the other in resisting earthquakes. A splendid lesson of solidarity was constantly before the eyes of the Entente premiers. Could they have heeded it if they had wanted to? I think not.

It is not the fault of Lloyd George and Millerand and Nitti that the conference of San Remo was a three-cornered struggle, each antagonist pitted against the other two, for the triumph of national interests. The premiers were bound by fetters they could not break. In their respective countries traditional foreign policies are more powerful than cabinets. The press and editorial writers, independent of and hostile to other ministries, take their cue from the ministry of foreign affairs. So do cabinets and ministers of foreign affairs. Premiers and ministers who try to oppose or who refuse to follow their cues are discarded. The ministry has powerful means of leading and misleading public opinion. It can suppress or distort news. The rebel or prophet lifts his voice in a meeting attended by a few hundreds or a

review read by a few thousands. He talks mostly to those who share his views or at least do not need to be enlightened. The ministry of foreign affairs speaks every day to its millions in the newspapers.

Not until Americans realize the essential difference between our attitude toward international relations and that of European nations will they understand how impossible of attainment at Paris were the ideals and principles of which President Wilson was the protagonist the moment he began to yield and compromise. Had he made good the threat of his speech of September 27, 1918, he might have revolutionized the world. A preacher may not have to practise what he preaches, but a prophet does. The prophet has to go through the temptations of Christ in the wilderness. He must be ready to fail, if need be, as is the general lot of prophets, to get his message before the world. President Wilson was beguiled into consenting to derogations of the principles for which he stood in order to get into the treaty the League of Nations, which he hoped would correct the abuses he was condoning. He confessed this in his Western speeches when he was explaining the Shan-tung clauses. But by acknowledging secret treaties and using the very methods he himself had proclaimed the passing of, he abdicated his moral leadership. The danger of arousing European public opinion against the old-fashioned diplomacy of the ministries of foreign affairs was over. Given a new lease of life, the European systems, not Senator Lodge and his associates, set to work to discredit before public opinion and to ignore in current negotiations the League of Nations.

All this we guessed at last year. Our instincts were right. The conference of San Remo proved that post-bellum Europe is running its international relations in the time-honored way, and sees no reason for making a change. Public opinion in Entente countries discusses with vehemence the San Remo decisions not on the ground of the common weal of mankind, but in the light of how British and French and Italian interests are affected. A review of the press is sadly instructive. After the Bolshevists entered Enzeli, the British press discovered that it was foolish to refuse to trade with a country because you did not happen to approve of its form of government. The French, who went to Cilicia to protect the Christians, are now in favor of leaving that province to the Turks. Why multiply examples?

The tragic situation of Europe is not of America's making. An enthusiastic internationalist, as readers of THE CENTURY know, I have reluctantly come to believe that at the present time American intervention in European affairs would do no good and would make us still more unpopular in Europe than we are now. We cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, even were we deft and skilful craftsmen. Our ignorance of European problems, our inexperience in international relations, the radical difference, due more to different conditions than to simon-pure idealism, between our foreign outlook and that of European nations, would make us a blundering partner either in enforcing or modifying the Versailles and other treaties. When our statesmen, clothed with the same authority and moved by the same incentives, are able to bargain and swap interests with European statesmen, we can talk the same language in international conferences.

Or when the European nations, new and old, realize of their own accord that the present methods and programs of international relations are suicidal and no longer possible, European public opinion may demand a new international morality. Then will come the opportunity of the United States to propose once more the formation of a League of Nations, but with the stipulation that it be a league of all nations, as President Wilson said at Manchester, built upon the foundation of willingness to renounce particular ambitions and to pool interests for the good of all. The present league project is dead. San Remo demonstrated that a house built on sand could not stand. For the winds blew, and the waves came.

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The Old Mill

Daniel Boone and the American Pioneer

By ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

"In the future, I dare say, the pioneer will displace the Puritan and the Pilgrim, the Cavalier and the planter, as the true progenitor of present America and the most characteristic type in our democracy."

Some to endure and many to fail,
Some to conquer and many to quail,
Toiling over the Wilderness Trail.

ONLY a few years ago this country, through the impressive object lesson of a national memorial, the Jamestown Exposition, was celebrating the tercentenary of the settlement in Virginia in 1607. In the present year, again tercentenary, the mind of the American public is dutifully diverted to that other event of epochal significance in the annals of our historic origins, the landing at Plymouth, Massachusetts. As the panorama of American history slowly unrolls before the gaze of posterity, with the compelling perspective defined through the patient investigations of the historian and the recreative imagination of the literary artist, the high lights in the picture tend to cluster about certain social, religious, and ethnic types. To the New-Englander, the Puritan, with staff and book, leads in the grand procession of national destiny, and Plymouth Rock looms up as the foundation-stone, the Gibraltar, of our national institutions. To the Virginian, prone to trace his origin to belted earls and ancient kings, the Cavalier, dashing, debonair, yet with an instinctive genius for government, is the characteristic figure in the national pageant. It has been wittily said that when the great fraternal crisis arose which rent this country in twain, there were not a few in self-sufficient New England and patrician South who looked upon that mighty war of brothers as a conflict of the ideals of the Lees of Virginia with the ideals of the Adamses of Massachusetts.

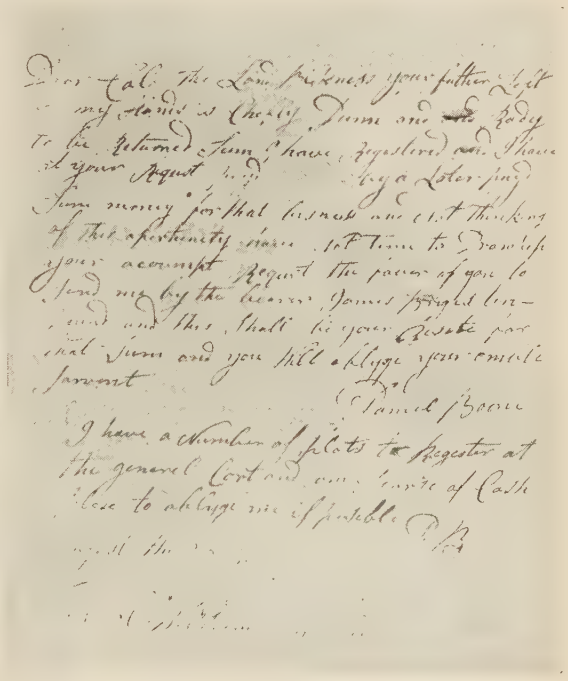
In the month of September, one hundred years ago, died one who, taken as type-figure in our national history, is more truly representative of America than the Puritan of New England or the Cavalier of Virginia. An impartial historian, Mr. Woodrow Wilson, in a public speech delivered several years ago used these words—words which, as I heard them, gained added impressiveness from the fact that they were uttered at Charlotte, North Carolina, on the

twentieth of May by a Presbyterian of Scotch-Irish ancestry:

> America did not come out of the South, and it did not come out of New England. The characteristic part of America originated in the Middle States of New York and Pennsylvania and New Jersey, because there from the first was that mixture of populations, that mixture of racial stocks, that mixture of antecedents which is the most singular and distinguishing mark of the United States.

The most dramatic story which America contributes to world history is the arduous struggle, prolonged through well nigh three centuries, of the pioneer to conquer the red man, to subdue the wilderness, and to wrest civilization from savagery. In the future, I dare say, the pioneer will displace the Puritan and the Pilgrim, the Cavalier and the planter, as the true progenitor of present America and the most characteristic type in our democracy. The frontier life, with its purifying and hardening influence, bred in these pioneers intellectual and social traits which constitute the basis of American character. The single-handed and successful struggle with nature, in the tense solitude of the forest, developed a spirit of individualism, restive under control. On the other hand, the consciousness of sharing with others the arduous tasks and challenging the dangers of conquering the wilderness gave birth to a strong sense of solidarity and of human sympathy. With the lure of free lands ever before him, the pioneer developed a restlessness and a nervous energy, blended with a buoyancy of spirit, that are fundamentally American. Yet this same untrammeled freedom occasioned a disregard for law and a defiance of established government that have exhibited themselves throughout the entire course of our history. Initiative, self-reliance, boldness in conception, fertility in resource, readiness in execution, acquisitiveness, inventive genius, appreciation of material advantages—these, shot through with a certain fine idealism, genial human sympathy, and a high romantic strain, are the traits of the American national type contributed by the pioneer.

The true cradle of westward expansion was North Carolina, largely peopled by emigrants from Pennsylvania. North Carolina, with its negligible percentage of foreign elements, has been happily termed by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler the most American of the sisterhood of States. Pennsylvania was the fecund mother of an earlier migration into the old West lying east of the mountain barrier. The conjuncture of Pennsylvania and North Carolina, the redirection of the irrepressible migration from southwestward to westward, the transition from following the line of least resistance to attacking boldly the supreme obstacles of geographical barrier and embittered savage resistance—all these find their classic epitome in the monumental figure of Daniel Boone.



Facsimile of letter of Daniel Boone to Colonel William Christian

Seen through a glorifying halo after the lapse of a century and three quarters, he rises before us a romantic figure, poised and resolute, simple, benign, as naïve and shy as some wild thing of the primeval forest, five feet, eight inches in height, with broad chest and shoulders, dark locks, genial blue eyes arched with fair eyebrows, thin lips and wide mouth, nose of slightly Roman cast, and fair, ruddy countenance. Wrought with rude, but masterly, strength out of the hardships and vicissitudes of pioneer life, the heroic conquest of the wilderness, the mortal struggles of border warfare, this composite figure of Indian-fighter, crafty backwoodsman, and crude surveyor is emerging in our history as the type-figure in the romance of the evolution of American character.

Two great impulses gave character and significance to the progressive American civilization of the eighteenth century. The least important, the most frequently stressed, of these determinative impulses of pioneer civilization was the passionately inquisitive instinct of the hunter, the traveler, the explorer. These nomadic wanderers, these hunters in the twilight zone of the uncharted West, unhesitatingly taking their lives in their hands, fared boldly forth to a fabled hunter's paradise in the far-away wilderness, because they were driven by the irresistible desire of a Ponce de Leon or a De Soto to find out the truth about the unknown lands beyond.

A deeper, a more primal determinative impulse even than this was the acquisitive passion of the land-seeker. Here was a vast, unappropriated region in the interior of the continent to be had for the seeking, which served as lure and inspiration to the man daring enough to risk his all in its acquisition. The pioneer promoter became a powerful creative force in westward expansion. Groups of wealthy or well-to-do persons organized themselves into land companies for the colonization and exploitation of the West. Whether acting under the authority of crown grants, or proceeding ruthlessly on their own initiative, the land companies tended to give stability and permanence to settlements otherwise hazardous and insecure.

In the elementary conception of his biographers, from the turgid Filson to the bloodless Thwaites, Daniel Boone has been apotheosized in approved scriptural fashion as the instrument of Providence, specially ordained by God, to settle the wilderness. The great scout himself shared this view, and in speaking of himself he used these striking words, "An overruling Providence seems to have watched over my life, and preserved me to be the humble instrument in settling one of the fairest portions of the new world." We shall not find the real Boone by envisaging him merely as an unsocial and nomadic figure, as unreal as an Indian from the pages of Chateaubriand, perpetually fleeing from civilization in response to the lure of the forest and the irresistible call of the wild. Equally unsuccessful will prove the attempt to discover in Boone the creative imagination of the great colonizer and the civic genius of a founder of states.

In his appeal to the Kentucky legislature in 1812, the aged scout and pathfinder says that he "may claim, without arrogance, to have been the author of the principal means which contributed to the settlement of a country on the Mississippi and its waters, which now produces the happiness of a million of his fellow-creatures; and of the exploring and acquisition of a country that will make happy many millions in time to come." A larger horizon and a clearer view of our national destiny enable us to-day to correct the somewhat extravagant conception of the naïve pioneer. Boone was supremely great in three respects, as explorer, as way-breaker, as Indian-fighter. The true significance of the westward expansionist movement largely inheres in the fact that in several of his major contributions to the advance of American civilization Boone was acting as the agent of men of commercial enterprise and far-seeing political imagination, intent upon an epochal politico-economic project of colonization, promotion, and expansion.

In the light of critical investigation Boone's national contribution focuses into three genuine achievements, which embody and signalize the meaning of his career. Boone was not the discoverer of Kentucky, the "Columbus of the land." Many white men, soldiers, scouts, and

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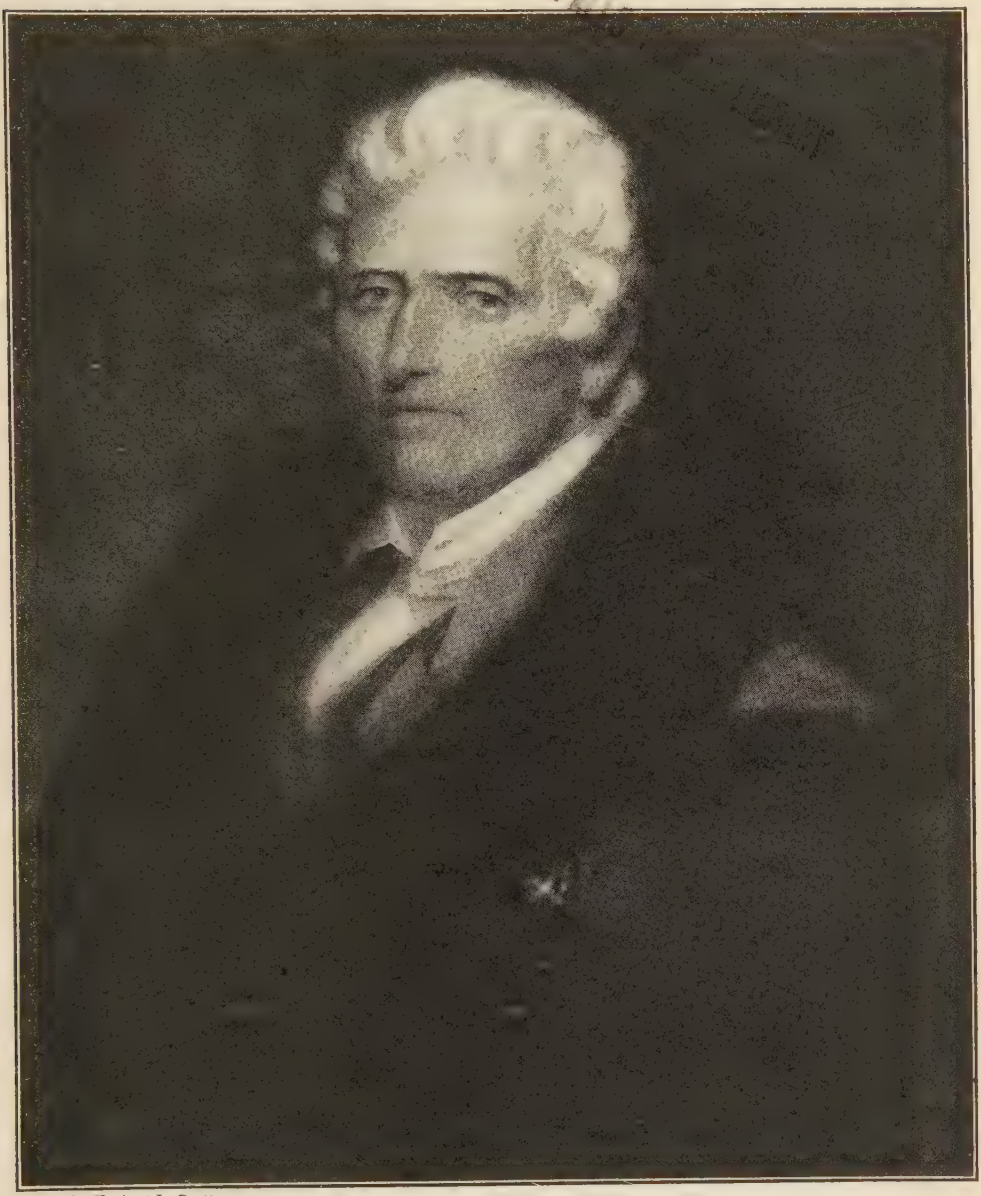


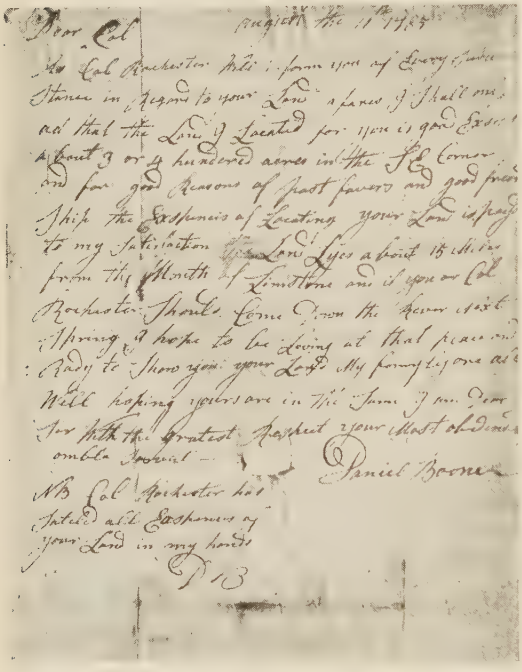
Owned by Herbert L. Pratt

Daniel Boone, from the portrait by Chester Harding, engraved by James B. Longacre

hunters anticipated him in first setting foot upon the virgin soil of Kentucky. It was Boone, however, who possessed the initiative and the genius to warrant and assure the utilizing of his explorations and discoveries for the advancement of civilization. As early as 1764, certainly, Boone was placing his unrivaled knowledge, acquired through solitary hunting expeditions, at the service of the land company known as Richard Henderson & Company, organized for the purpose of studying out for speculative ends the "geography and locography" of the West. Five years later, when he made his epochal two-year exploration of the trans-Alleghany region, Boone was again acting in the interest

of this same constructive and creative force in westward colonization, the great North Carolina land company. Speculative enterprise and colonial ambition looked out over the oceanic expanse of Kentucky forests in 1769 through the eyes of their agents, Boone and his companions.

The second great achievement for which Boone will always be remembered is the opening up of the way to the West, that will be known to history as the Transylvania Trail. This route passed through the "high-swung gateway" of the Cumberlands, and over it Boone led the advanced guard of civilization in 1775. Even in the traversing of the Ouasioto Gap, Boone was anticipated by that vagrant Celtic romancer, John Findlay, and many another trader to the remote Indian fastnesses of the Carolinas. It was the practical genius of Boone, however, the persevering and dauntless spirit of the militant explorer, which achieved the opening of the pathway to the West as a permanent highway for the transcontinental migration of the peoples. The preliminary steps for effecting the purchase of the trans-Alleghany region from the suspicious red men; the smoothing of the way for the negotiation, by Judge Richard Henderson, of the "Great Treaty" at the Sycamore Shoals of the Watauga; and the actual clearing, through the instrumentality of thirty good axmen, of the pathway for the entrance of Kentucky—all these Daniel Boone successfully accomplished through his sagacity as a student of Indian psychology, his native shrewdness as a diplomatist, and his unrivaled knowledge as a practical explorer, geographer, and scout. Acting in the employ and under the immediate direction of the great Transylvania Company, Boone thus made a contribution that must be rated of national importance in American history—the actual opening up for settlement of that far-famed promised land of Kentucky, which had gladdened the eyes of Walker and Gist and Findlay in their tortuous wanderings a quarter of a century earlier. Of Boone, indeed, might Kipling have been thinking when he wrote in "The Foreloper":



Facsimile of letter of Daniel Boone to Thomas Hart

> For he must blaze a nation's ways,
> with hatchet and with brand,
> Till on his last-won wilderness an
> empire's bulwarks stand.

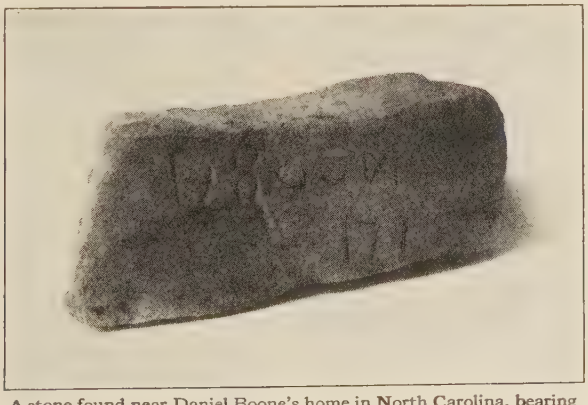
Last of all, and perhaps most important of all, judged by results, was the erection and defense by Boone and his fellow-pioneers of a forest castle in the heart of the West, built according to plans drawn up by Judge Richard Henderson, President of the Transylvania Company. The building of this fort was commissioned by the Transylvania Company for the defense of the vast territory purchased from the Cherokee. It is true that Boone was anticipated in the building, by white men, of a fortified settlement in the wilds of Kentucky. But, again, it was Boone's great achievement not only to build a fortress for the protection of the colonizers of the West, but also to lead in the successful defense of those rude palisades, and thereby to assure permanent

white colonization of the West. The successful defense of the Transylvania Fort, made by the indomitable backwoodsmen under Boone and Callaway, who were lost sight of by the Continental Congress and left to fight alone their battles in the forest, was of national significance in its results. Had the Transylvania Fort fallen, the Northern Indians in overwhelming numbers, directed by Governor Hamilton and led by British officers, might well have swept Kentucky free of defenders, and fallen with devastating force upon the exposed settlements along the western frontiers of North Carolina, Virginia, and Pennsylvania. This defense of Boonesborough, therefore, is deserving of commemoration in the annals of the American Revolution, along with Lexington and Bunker Hill. Coupled with Clark's meteoric campaign in the Northwest and the subsequent struggles in the defense of Kentucky, it may be regarded as an event basically responsible for the retention of the trans-Alleghany region by the United States.

In this day, when respect for constituted government is weakening, and one hundred per cent. Americanism is clamorously demanded on all sides, it is well to recall the classic American characteristics and virtues of the great pioneer who led the way in breaking ground for the discovery and evolution of the national type. I am again reminded of that speech of President Wilson's, already once quoted here, and fittingly conclude with his pertinent words concerning the early settlers of America:

> I dare say that the men who came to America then and the men who have come to America since came with a single purpose, sharing some part of the passion for human liberty which characterized the men who founded the Republic; but they came with all sorts of blood in their veins, all sorts of antecedents behind them, all sorts of traditions in their family and national life, and America has had to serve as a melting-pot for all these diversified and contrasted elements. What kind of fire of pure passion are you going to keep burning under the pot in order that the mixture that comes out may be purged of its dross and may be fine gold of untainted Americanism?

That is the supreme problem of contemporary America.



A stone found near Daniel Boone's home in North Carolina, bearing the inscription "D. Boon. 1774"

Minstrels of the Tropics

By FREDERICK O'BRIEN

A description of the unique society of the Arioi, which lived up to a Malthusian theory of its own.

TAHITI, the Nouvelle Cythère, as Admiral de Bougainville called it, lies seventeen degrees south of the equator, about seven thousand miles from Wall Street, and as far from our conventions as Nirvana from the stock exchange. Tahiti is an emerald isle that one can encircle in a few hours, and is distant from the sea-lanes traversed by the great vessels. Neglected by the tourist, its fame sung only by a few poets, painted by a few artists, who have known intimately its charm, it is still simple, wild, and picturesque. It has been hard smitten by the rude fist of Europe and America in the quest of gain and orgy. Though disfigured, its people's primitive souls seared by the brand of civilization bearing the veneer of the Gaul and the Saxon, its beauty survives, its natives are yet artless, and its hills and beaches the abodes of romance. Loti, Becke, Melville, Stevenson, Pallander, Stoddard, and Gauguin have wandered on its lovely shores and bathed in its limpid pools, have felt the need to tell in their wondrous words and vivid canvases the fascination of its climate and scenes. But even so, to most of the world Tahiti is only a name, an echo of some guide-book phrase, or the conjuring up of a confused vision of palms and brown nudity, of something seen at a museum, or glimpsed in a moving-picture.

What is hardly known even by historians is that when the whites first discovered Tahiti they found there one of the finest races that ever lived on earth, and with a certain bizarre, but highly developed, culture that more and more astonishes one who searches its records and analyzes its basis and growth.

In Tahiti, from time immemorial, as native annals tell, there was a wondrous set of men and women called Arioi, who killed their children, and whose ways and pleasures recall phallic wor-

shipers of ancient Asian days. Forgotten now, with accounts radically differing as to its composition, its aim, and even its morals, a hundred romances and fables woven about its personnel, and many curious hazards upon its beginnings and secret purposes, the Arioi society constitutes a singular mystery, still of intense interest to the student of the curious, though buried with the South Sea Greeks of a century ago.

The Arioi was a lodge of strolling players, musicians, poets, dancers, wrestlers, pantomimists, and clowns in their time of *divertissement*, the merry men and women of the Pacific tropics. They were the leaders in the worship of the gods, the makers and masters of the taboo, and, when war or other necessity called them from pleasure or religion, the leaders in action and battle.

The ending of the celebrated order came about through the work of English Christian missionaries, and the new and destructive conditions accompanying the introduction among the Tahitians of European standards, inventions, customs, and prohibitions. The institution was of great age, without written chronicles, and, like all Polynesian history, obscured by the superstitions bred of oral descent.

"Arioi have been in Tahiti as long as the Tahitians," said the old men to the first whites.

Of all the marvels of the South Seas unfolded by their discovery to Europeans, and their scrutiny by adventurers and scientists, none seems so striking and so provocative of curiosity as the finding in Tahiti of a sect thoroughly communistic in character, with many elements of refinement and genius, which obliterated the taboo against women, and, though nominally for the worship of the generative powers of nature, mixed murder and minstrelsy in its rites and observance. For what wrote red the records of this society in the journals of the discoverers, missionaries, and early European dwellers in Tahiti was the Arioi primary plank of membership—that no member should permit his or her child to live after birth. As at one time the Arioi society embraced a fifth of the population and had unbounded influence and power, this stern rule of infanticide had to do with the depopulation of the island, or, rather, the prevention of over-population.

Yet though the Arioi had existed as far back as their legends ran, Captain Cook estimated the Tahitians to number seventy thousand in 1769. The chronicles say that the bizarre order was rooted out a hundred years ago. There are to-day barely two thousand of this exquisite race living, which the white found happy and healthy. Evidently the Arioi had merely preserved a supportable maximum of numbers, and it remained for civilization to doom the entire people.

The Arioi fathers and mothers strangled their children or buried them alive immediately after birth, for it was considered infamous to have them, and their existence in an Arioi family would have created as much consternation as in a Tibetan nunnery. Infanticide in Tahiti and the surrounding islands was not confined to the Arioi. The first three children of all couples were usually destroyed, and twins were both killed. In the largest families more than two or three children were seldom spared, and as they were a prolific race, their not nursing the sacrificed innocents made for more frequent births. Even ten children were killed by one couple during their married life. Ellis, an English missionary, says that not fewer than two thirds of all born were destroyed. This was the ordinary habit of the Tahitians; the Arioi spared not one. They were inflexible in this rule, born, as one must see, of the direst demand.

Ellis wrote ninety years ago. He helped to disrupt the society. The confessions of scores of its former members were poured into his burning ears. In his unique book of his long life in Tahiti he described their dramas, pantomimes, and dances, their religious rituals, and the extraordinary flights to which their merriment and ecstasy went. Says Ellis:

> In these pastimes, in their accompanying abominations, and often-repeated practices of the most unrelenting, murderous cruelty, these wandering Ariois passed their lives, esteemed by the people as a superior order of beings, closely allied to the gods, and deriving from them direct sanction, not only for their

abominations, but even for their heartless murders. Free from care or labor, they roved from island to island, supported by the chiefs and priests; and were often feasted with provisions plundered from the industrious husbandman, whose gardens were spoiled by the hands of lawless violence, to provide their entertainments, while his own family were not infrequently deprived thereby, for a time, of the means of subsistence. Such was their life of luxurious and licentious indolence and crime.

Each Arioi had his own wife, a member of the society. Improper conduct toward an Arioi's wife by an Arioi was punished often by death. To a woman such membership meant singular freedom from the *tabus*, prohibitions that forbade her eating with men, tasting pig and other delicacies. She became the equal and companion of these most interesting of her race, and talent in her received due honor. She sacrificed her children for a career, as is sometimes done to-day less bloodily.

Believers in the immortality of the soul, the Arioi imagined a heaven suited to their own wishes. They called it *Rohutu noa-noa*, or Fragrant Paradise. In it all were in the first flush of virility, and enjoyed all the good things promised the faithful by Mohammed. The road to this abode of houris and roasted pig was not to be trod in sackcloth or in ashes, but in wreaths and with gaily colored bodies. To the sound of drums and flutes, they were to dance and sing for the honor of their merry god, Oro, and after a lifetime of joy and license, of denial of nothing, unless it hurt their order, they were to die to an eternity of celestial riot.

As old as the gods was the society of the Arioi, said the Tahitians. Oro, the chief god, took a human wife, and descended on a rainbow to her home. He spent his nights with her, and every morning returned to the heavens. Two of his younger brothers searched for him, and lacking wedding presents, one transformed himself into a pig and a bunch of red feathers. The other presented these, and though they remained with the wedded pair, the brother took back his own form. Oro, to reward them, made them gods and Arioi. Ever after a pig and red feathers were offerings to the idol of Oro by the Arioi. The brothers formed the society and named the charter members of it in different islands, and by these names those holding their offices were known until they were abolished.

When called together by their chief, the members of the order made a round of visits throughout the archipelago in as many as seventy great canoes, carrying with them their costumes and musical instruments and their servants. They were usually welcomed enthusiastically at their landing, and pigs, fruits, and *kava* were prepared for their delectation. They were striking-looking performers in their pantomimes, for besides tattooing, which marked their rank, they were decorated with charcoal and the scarlet dye, *mati*, and wore girdles of yellow *ti*-leaves, or waistcoats of ripe, golden plantain-leaves. Their heads were wreathed in the yellow and red leaves of the *hutu*, and perhaps behind an ear they wore a flower of brilliant hue.

They had seven ranks, like the chairs of a secret order in Europe or in the United States nowadays. The first, the highest, was the *Avae parai*, painted leg; the Arioi of this class was tattooed solidly from the knees down. The second, Otiore, had both arms tattooed; the third, Harotea, both sides of the body; the fourth, Hua, marked shoulders; the fifth, Atoro, a small stripe on the left side; the sixth, Ohemara, a small circle around each ankle, and the seventh, Poo, was uninked. They were the neophytes, and had to do the heavy work of the order, though servants, not members, termed *Fauaunau*, were part of the corps. Even these were sworn not to have any offspring, so strict was the example set, as lay brothers in a monastic order take the vows of chastity.

The Arioi kept the records of the Tahitian nation. In their plays they reenacted all the chief events in the history of the race, and as there was no written account, these dramas were, with the legends and stories they recited, the perpetuation of their archives and chronicles. They were apt in travesty and satire. They ridiculed the priests and current events, and by their wit

made half the people love them, and half fear them. A manager directed all their performances. They aimed at perfect rhythm in their chants and dances, and grace, and often sheer fun, in their pantomimes. Some were wrestlers, but boxing they left for others. As with the Marquesans to-day, they had a fugleman, or leader in all songs, who introduced the subject in a prologue, and occasionally gave the cue to a change.

No man could reach high rank with them except by histrionic ability and a strict compliance with their rules. Exceptions to the first requirement might be found in the great chiefs. A candidate came before the lodge in gala fashion, painted, wreathed, and laughing. Leaping into their circle, he joined madly in the rout, and thus made known his desire for admittance. If worthy, he became a servant, and only after proving by a long novitiate his qualities was he given the lowest rank. Then he received the name by which he would be known in the society. He swore to kill his children, if he had any, and crooking his left arm, he struck it with his right hand, and repeated the oath:

> The mountain above, the sacred mountain; the floor beneath Tamapua, projecting point of the sea! Manunu, of majestic forehead; Teariitarai, the splendor in the sky! I am of the mountain huruhuru.

Occasionally there might be persons or districts that felt themselves unwilling or too poor to entertain the Arioi. The latter had many devices to overcome such obstacles. They would surround a child and pretend to raise him to kingly rank, and then demand from his parents suitable presents for such a distinction.

At death there were rites apart from those for others. They paid the priest of Romotane, who kept the key of their paradise, to admit the decedent to *Rohutu noa-noa* in the *reva*, or clouds above the mountain of Temehani *unauna* in the island of Raiatea. The ordinary people could seldom afford the fees demanded by the priest, and had to be satisfied with a denial of this Mussulman Eden reserved for the festive and devil-may-care Arioi, as ordinary people in America perforce abstain from intoxicants while the rich or cunning drink their fill.

Lecky says that however much moralists may enforce the obligation of extramatrimonial purity, this obligation has never been even approximately regarded. One could hardly expect from the heathen Tahitians moral restraint. Malthus, a Christian clergyman, did not, until the second edition of his book, add that virtue to vice and misery, as checks of nature against an increase of humans faster than the means of subsistence. Nor have the most Christian or civilized nations made such a check effectual. War is their remedy, and when conditions become ripe from overcrowding and fear of hunger, it flames spontaneously.

The ever-dominant and only inherent impulse in all living beings, including man, is the will to remain alive—the will, that is, to attain power over those forces which make life difficult or impossible.

All schemes of morality are nothing more than efforts to put into permanent codes the expedients found useful by some given race in the course of its successful endeavors to remain alive.

Did not Zarathushtra so philosophize, and is not the national trend in Europe exalting his theory? With the difference that nationalism takes the place of individualism in the scheme of survival, and a better place in the sun is the legend on the banners.

"The only good Indian is a dead Indian" was our own cynical Western maxim when life and opportunity to lay by for the future meant ceaseless struggle with the dispossessed.

The Tahitian did the best he could, and the Arioi set the example in a total observance not to be demanded, or expected, of the mass. They were the stern, the unselfish men, the men with a mission. It is related that if a child cried before destruction, it was spared, for they had not the heart to kill it. If Arioi, the parents must have given it away or otherwise avoided the opprobrium.

Another explanation of the bloody oath of the Arioi might be found in an effort of the princes of Tahiti to prevent, in this manner, the excessive growth of

the Arii, or noble caste. The Arioi society was founded by princes, and led by them, but that they sought to break down the power of the nobles is evidenced by their admitting virtually all castes to it, thus making it a privileged democracy, in which birthrights had not the sway they had outside it, but in which the man who could fight and dance, sing and tell good stories, might climb from lowly position to honor and popularity.

The early missionaries who had to combat the influence of the Arioi may have exaggerated its baseness. In their unsophisticated minds, unprepared by reading or experience for comparisons, most of them sailing directly from English divinity schools or small pastorates, the devout preachers thought Sabbatarianism as of much consequence as morals and vastly more important than health or earthly happiness. They believed in diabolical possession, and were prone to magnify the wickedness of the heathen. When Christianity had power in Tahiti, the bored natives were sometimes scourged into church, and fines and imprisonment for lack of devotion were imposed by the native courts. Often self-sacrificing, the missionaries felt it was for the natives' eternal welfare. The Arioi society melted under a changed control and Christian precepts.

Livingstone, in the wilds of primeval Africa, making few converts, but giving his life to noble effort, meditated often upon the success of the missionaries in the South Seas—a success perhaps magnified by the society which financed and cheered the unselfish men whom it sent to Tahiti. Livingstone, in his darker moments, consoling himself with the accounts of these achievements in the missionary annals, doubted his own efficacy against the deep depravity and heathenism of his black flock. The fact unknown to him was that the missionaries in Polynesia preached and prayed, doctored and taught, ten years before they made a single convert. It was not until they bagged the king that a pawn was taken by the whites from the adversary's stubborn game. The genius of these strugglers against an apparent impregnable seat of wickedness was patience, "the passion of great hearts."

But conquering once politically, the missionaries found their task all but too easy to suit militant Christians. As the converted drunkard and burglar at a slum pentecost pour out their stories of weakness and crime, so these Arioi, glorying in their being washed as white as snow, recited to hymning congregations confessions that made the offenses of the Marquis de Sade or Jack the Ripper fade into peccadilloes.

Christian says:

> Their Hevas or dramatic entertainments, pageants and tableaux, of varying degrees of grossness, similar to the more elaborate and polished products of the early Javanese and Peruvian drama, one cannot help fancying must be all pieces out of the same puzzle. I have with some pains discovered the origin of the name "Arioi." It throws a lurid light on the character of some of the Asiatic explorers who must have visited this part of the Eastern Pacific prior to the Europeans. In Maori the word Karioi means debauched, profligate, good-for-nothing. In Raratonga [an island near Tahiti] the adjective appears as Kariei. These are probably slightly worn-down forms of the Persian Khara-bati, which has precisely the same significance as the aforegoing. One is forced to the conclusion that the Arabian Nights stories of the voyages of Sinbad the Sailor were founded on a bed-rock of solid fact, and that Persian and Arab merchants, pirates and slave-traders, must have penetrated into these far-off waters, and brought their vile, effeminate luxury and shameful customs with them from Asia, of which transplanted iniquity, the parent soil half-forgotten, this word, like several others connected with revelry and vice, like a text in scarlet lettering, survives to this day.

The first Jesuit missionaries to the Caroline Islands found there an organization with privileges and somewhat the same objects as the Arioi, which was called Uritoi. As *t* is a letter often omitted or altered in these island tongues, it is not hard by leaving it out to find a likeness in the names Arioi and Uritoi. The Carolines and Tahiti are thousands of miles apart, and not inhabited by the same race.

Ellis was a missionary, incapable by education, experience, and temperament of appreciation of the artistic life of the Arioi. He would have chased Pan into seclusion until he could clothe him in English trousers and shoe his bare hoofs, and would have rended the Venus of Melos into bits. Despite an honest love for mankind, and considerable discernment, he saw nothing in the Arioi but a logical and diabolical condition of paganism. Artistry he did not rank high, nor did he go back of the evident efforts of Satan to find a reason for them, other than that master's ceaseless seeking whom he may devour.

Bovis, a Frenchman, world-traveled, having seen perhaps the frescos of Pompeii, and familiar with the histories of old Egypt, India, Greece, Persia, and Rome, knew that Sodom and Gomorrah had their replicas in all times, and that often such conduct as that of the Arioi was associated among ancient or primitive peoples with artistic and interesting manifestations.

He searched in the memories of the old men and women for other things than abominations, and he gave the Arioi a good name for possession of many excellent qualities and for a rare development of histrionic ability. But more than being mere mimes and dancers, the Arioi were the warriors, the knights of that day and place, the men-at-arms, the chosen companions of the king and chiefs, and in general the bravest and most cultivated of the Tahitians. They were an extended Round Table for pleasure in peace and for counsel and deeds of derring-do in war. The society was a nursery of chivalry, a company which recruited, but did not reproduce, themselves. They had a solid basis, and lasted long because the society kept out of politics.

The members never forgot the duty due their chiefs. They accompanied them in their enterprises, and they killed their fellow-members in the enemy's camp, as Masons fought Masons in the American Civil War and in the wars of Europe. In peace they were epicures. They consorted together only for pleasure and comfort in their reunions. The Arioi made their order no stepping-stone to power or office, but in it swam in sensuous luxury, each giving his talents to please his fellows and to add luster to his society. Women were admitted and honored, even the mortal taboos against eating certain foods or eating in the company of men being removed.

To the English missionaries who converted the Tahitians to the Christian faith the Arioi adherent was the chief barrier, the fiercest opponent, and, when won over, the most enthusiastic neophyte. In that is found the secret of the society's strength. It embraced all the imaginative, active, ambitious Tahitians, to whom it gave opportunities to display varied talents, to form close friendships, to rise in rank, to meet on evener terms those more aristocratic in degree, and, above all, to change the monotony of their existence by eating, drinking, and being merry in company, and all at the expense of the other fellow. But—and the more you study the Polynesian, the subtler are his strange laws and taboos—the main provision in the Arioi constitution was undoubtedly conceived in the desire to prevent overpopulation.

We Two and Marriage

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

We two and marriage—how absurd it seems!
Like giving a child a rare and costly vase
To keep among its other toys. We two!
Marriage seemed something made for grave, wise folk;
Not for us happy wild things, wilful, gay,
And always on a wondrous holiday.

We called upon a friend one day last week.
She was engaged, and showed us all her linen,
Smooth household things, that made us slyly look
With deprecating humor at each other.
We two and table-cloths! They 're not for us:
We are so far from table-cloths! What have
We two to do with table-cloths and with
Guest towels of florid, bulging, fat initials?
She and her man are serious-minded folk,
But we are like two children playing house
Who fill material needs with make-believe.
There are too many magic things in life
To give oneself, a voluntary slave
To serve a house, a table and a chair.
Houses are made to use, to flout and leave
When the road calls and sunsets are abroad,
When the sea calls, and rain is in the wind.

Our marriage is a taking hands and running
Into the sunshine, not a being ruled
By a kind house with disapproving shutters.

But even so, how strange to think of being
Always together, with no wagging tongues,
But with the world permitting us to kiss!
The mythical and dread and sacred room
Called marriage, where these grown-ups enter in,
To-day they let us, unreproved, explore,
Two laughing children, curious, wondering.

Though all our work was toward it, all our dreams,
We two and marriage—how unreal it seems!

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THE CENTURY

OCTOBER 1920
Volume 100 No. 6

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Colin Campbell Cooper

THE CENTURY

Vol. 100 OCTOBER, 1920 No. 6

The New British Empire

By JUDSON C. WELLIVER

An effort to project a vision of the future that lies before the most numerous society in history, based on a survey of its past.

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart.

THE world's stage-settings are shifting. Emperors shed their ermine and slip into the wings, setting forth to their St. Helenas —or is it only to Elba? The stage is dark, and the clatter of stage hands, hustling away the settings of a scene that 's ended, makes timid auditors fear lest the playhouse is tumbling about their ears. It is worth while to step outside and see if the pillars of the temple remain; to note whether, under the spell of a mighty scene, we are mistaking the rummaging of stage properties for the rumbling portents of crashing chaos.

Even the philosophic student of history is liable to distortion of vision through foreshortening of time and distances. The near-by peaks of yesterday screen from sight the landmarks of ages. We grope in fear of an abyss ahead that likely will prove no more than a mirage. We wonder whether, in history's circuit, we have come back to A.D. 476 or to 1815; whether another millennium of darkness or a new age of light and reason is opening to us.

During the war's confusion it was not always easy to be sure whose fist had delivered the last blow, whose knee was in whose stomach, whose thumb was gouging somebody's else eye. It was fairly plain that the South-Africans were cleaning out the Germans from eastern and western Africa, and that seemed bad for the Germans, until one remembered the German chancellor's dictum that "the fate of colonies would be determined on the battle-fields of Europe, as it always had been." Likewise, when the Japanese took Kiao-chau, it seemed to be a German ear that was being bitten off. Only recently have we learned that it was a Chinese ear that, in the heat and haste of a free fight, China's ally, Japan, was under the painful necessity of lopping off.

It seemed plain that Constantinople would become either Russian or German, according as victory inclined; yet we find it neither. Thrace, in a proper world settlement, would be Greek; but it is not. Egypt would be free if the Entente won, but instead is finally incorporated into the British Empire. Italy's price would be paid in the Adriatic, but D'Annunzio denies that it has been. And so on, like piggly wiggly, "all over the world."

So even on Armistice day it was not possible to make out just rightly who had made away with the big spoils. Not till after the dove of peace had fluttered uncertainly for nigh a year, and

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finally gingerly alighted on one foot, could an appraisal be made. The balance-sheet is now pretty well made up so far as concerns Great Britain, and it is not untimely to audit accounts. Where do England and the empire stand in the world? What lies ahead of them?

It will not be safe to walk with eyes on the ground while making such a survey. On a dark night a man walks over a familiar road not with eye straining to see where he will next plant his foot, but with head high and gazing on horizons. Too intent on each step in the taking of it, he would surely have stumbled into the ditch.

This is a time to watch the heights, to note the stars. There are financial bogs, social morasses, and political ditches aplenty waiting to be fallen into, and the surest way to do it is to concentrate attention on them. It seems fair to say that, of all countries, Great Britain to-day is most intently watching the distant lights and least distracting herself with the mud and mire.

And Great Britain is traveling a familiar road. There have been other dark nights when she felt her way along this route. A century ago she trembled to think what might have happened if it had been different at Waterloo. She had just muddled through the quarter-century from the States General to the second abdication of Napoleon. She was at grips with political revolution at home, the radicals demanding political democracy as fiercely as now they insist on industrial democracy. Her pessimists pictured impending bankruptcy and demanded repudiation, just as their successors now paint approaching ruin and urge the levy on wealth.

And even then it was a twice-told tale. Read "The Craftsman," writing in 1736:

> The vast load of debt under which the nation still groans, is the source of all those calamities and gloomy prospects of which we have so much to complain. To this has been owing that multiplicity of burdensome taxes which have more than doubled the price of the common necessaries of life within a few years, and thereby distressed the poor labourer and manufacturer, disabled the farmer to pay his rent, and put even the gentleman of plentiful estate under the greatest difficulties to make a proper provision for his family.

British history has been a long succession of big efforts, huge spendings, vast debts, and profound depression over the prospect of ruin that must result, but somehow never did. Probably because they held the purse-strings, the people of Great Britain have been most willing to tax themselves when necessary, and most confident in their anticipation of ruin to result. In 1721 the kingdom had the prodigious debt of £54,400,000, and prophets of disaster declared it would never be paid. They were right. The country merely grew richer, and forgot about it. The wars of that century raised the debt to £240,000,000 at the beginning of the French Revolution, and the Napoleonic struggles brought it up to £861,000,000 in 1815. Again it was agreed that it would never be paid, and again the prophecy proved true, for once more the rising tide of wealth submerged the debt into unimportance, or even, as many came to view it, a guaranty of national stability! To-day the kingdom has debts of £8,000,000,000,—nigh half its wealth,—and as security, holds nearly a third of the world. If it is appropriately glum about the debts, it is at least encouragingly cheerful about getting back to business and cashing in. It remembers that it lifted the load a century and two centuries and three centuries ago, and rather thinks it will do the trick again.

If we look into the history of the British democracy for sign of what may now be expected of it, we find by far the best precedent in the story of the generations after 1815. The country had doubled its foreign commerce between 1793 and 1815, had become the world's workshop, had almost monopolized ocean transport, had led in establishing factory production. With war's burdens lifted, would not prosperity be redoubled? That was the common expectation, sadly disappointed when deflation, cessation of Continental buying for war uses, and stagnation settled over the land.

Wages had risen little during the war compared with prices, and the working-

class had seen its condition steadily grow worse. It had not been able, as during the recent war, to exact better terms of life as the price of its loyalty; and so, when depression and privation faced it, the embers of social conflict burst into flame. Idle workmen wrecked factories, believing the new-fangled machines were depriving them of their jobs. Incendiarism and sabotage were on every hand. Ireland was in a worse state than now; descriptions of Ireland at that day can be applied almost unchanged to the present. Repression was the watchword of the ruling Tories; the idea of concession, of placating, of bettering conditions among the workers, had not found its way into their minds. They had fought twenty years to keep revolutionary ideas about liberty, fraternity, and equality from conquering France and spreading thence: were they now weakly to concede at home the things they had fought off from France? Not they. They were as generously willing to send all their wives' relatives to fight off Chartism as affrighted respectability is now to make a like sacrifice that the world may be saved from Bolshevism. Then, the under dog must be kept under. Now, there is a well-nigh universal wish to get him out from under, provided it can be done without putting him on top while he is still in fighting mood.

The broadening of social vision in a single century is beyond easy comprehension. Think of the difference between the "stern, unbending" premiership of the Iron Duke and the régime of moderation and concession that will presently be ushered in with, say, Arthur Henderson or Ramsay MacDonald or J. R. Clynes as prime minister! Descriptions of Great Britain and the Continent immediately after the peace of Vienna provide the best antidote to present pessimism. Europe had suffered far more than in the recent war. Armies had marched and devastated throughout areas incomparably greater. Englishmen solemnly doubted if the new industry would ever be established on the Continent, because capital would not build factories in countries so likely to be overrun at any time! England, secure in its isolation, its fleets ruling the seas, would alone be safe. Its colonies had been greatly extended, the world had become its market, its industrial capacity was immeasurably increased.

Recalling even thus hastily conditions after the wars of Napoleon, we must not forget a suggestive political parallel between then and now. Then there was the Holy Alliance, with England almost committed, but viewing it askance; now there is the League of Nations, with America almost a member, but drawing back. There was Alexander of Russia, democratic autocrat, dreaming the same dreams that to-day are dreamed by President Wilson, autocratic democrat. And how similar were the issues of then and now! At Tilsit, in 1807, Napoleon gave a banquet in honor of his newly formed alliance with Alexander, and there was particular enthusiasm when somebody offered the toast, "The freedom of the seas!" "Another hit at England and her tubs," quoth Thomas Hardy's *Spirit Sinister* in "The Dynasts," by way of sardonic comment. They were wont to talk much of freedom of the seas; but when Napoleon, eight years later, was shipped to St. Helena, "the freedom of the seas" was left under the secure guardianship of England, just as when the kaiser took up his habitat at Amerongen. The century has changed much, but some things remain unchanged.

Altogether, then, the Great War of the twentieth century has left the world marvelously like the world at the end of the great war of a hundred years earlier. We know what the British Empire did in the century after Waterloo. What may we assume it will do in the century following Versailles?

There never was a time when England so obviously as now stood sentinel and guardian over Europe. After Waterloo she withdrew from the Continent's affairs into that "splendid isolation" which was her boast during much of the nineteenth century and her misgiving during the rest. To-day she makes France her deputy to police Europe, while she, avoiding the uncomfortable frictions, looms in the background as the final arbiter, the just judge, the real power. France dare not trust Germany;

so she is compelled to hate Germany, and to have Germany always hate her. England dares to be the disinterested friend of Germany, the counselor of Italy, the Lady Bountiful to ruined Austria, monitor to Spain, patron of Greece, ancient ally of Portugal, guarantor of Belgium, candid friend of the Northern neutrals, and, through the clever coöperation of her labor leaders and her thrifty merchants, at once the most sympathetic observer of Russia's trials and the least usurious provider of Russia's necessaries. She is in position to grieve sincerely at Greece's disappointment in Thrace, and to make away with the big loot of the Ottoman dominions. She wishes quite genuinely that Mr. Wilson could have saved Shan-tung to China, and meanwhile marks off for herself a sphere of domination in the Yang-tse basin worth half a dozen Shan-tungs. She can quite appreciate the harrowed feelings of Chinese who dislike Japan's control of northern China railroads, and meanwhile she plans to build fifty thousand miles of British-owned railroads in middle and southern China. She pledges to give Egypt back to the Egyptians, and then finds that a lucky clause of the peace treaty has curiously enough thrust Egypt into the imperial British pocket! She makes a treaty of commerce, amity, and alliance with Persia, and the cynical world reads it as substantially the annexation of Persia to the empire! She becomes protector of the Jews in Palestine and of the Arabs in Hedjaz, incidentally strengthening her grip on Suez.

These things Great Britain accomplishes in virtue of her fortunate endowment of both nearness and remoteness. She pervades all the seas and continents, and yet is nobody's too intimate neighbor. Responsibility is not among the things she fears, but she knows how to have it forced upon her as a duty. Others have their conflicts of interest in the Mediterranean, so England has to decide as among them. America shrinks from responsibility in Armenia; nobody wants it; and so London offers a competent administrator to head the commission to rule it. Always ready to assume shadowy titles and heavy mortgages, she succeeded long ago to the French and Dutch and Spanish in America, the Dutch and French in the East. Now she takes over the estates of Germany in Africa and the Pacific, shoulders Persia, becomes chief engineer of the Bagdad Railroad, protector of the Arabs, mistress of Mesopotamia, lord of the Caucasus, and sponsor for Palestine.

Let us see what are the bounds and confines, the body and limbs, of the new British Empire. These two thousand years Rome has been pictured as the great imperialism. Gibbon calculated that under Emperor Claudius the empire comprised 120,000,000 souls; elsewhere he places its extent at 1,600,000 miles, and accounts that 450,000 men constituted its military and naval personnel. It is not a century and a half since Gibbon wrote, yet he noted this as the most numerous society in human history. To-day the British Empire may, with all conservatism, be estimated at eight times the area and five times the population of the Roman dominions. It has maintained a military and naval personnel a dozen times that which Gibbon credits to Rome.

Rome had perhaps twice as many subjects and serfs as citizens; Great Britain differs only in the higher proportion of subjects. Rome was, like Great Britain, liberal toward the provinces, interfering little with their religion, language, customs, or culture. Rome's was characteristically an empire of the north temperate zone; Great Britain's embraces all climes and latitudes, but is chiefly in the two temperate zones.

There has never been under single sway so great a part of the earth as is now British. Before the World War the empire was credited with 13,153,712 square miles, distributed thus:

	Square Miles
In Europe	121,512
In Asia	2,187,550
In Africa	3,618,245
In North America	3,893,020
In Central America	8,600
In the West Indies	12,300
In South America	97,800
In Australasia	3,214,685
	13,153,712

To the foregoing may now be added the areas acquired in the late war and later peace. The Library of Congress states them thus:

	Area sq. Miles	Population
German colonies and dependencies in Africa, the Pacific, and the South Seas	1,027,620	11,897,092
Palestine, including Sanjak of Jerusalem and Vilayet of Lebanon	7,790	541,600
Mesopotamia	143,250	2,000,000
Arabia (Hedjaz and Yemen)	107,380	1,060,000
Persia	628,000	9,500,000
Egypt	350,000	12,569,000
	2,264,040	37,567,692

Thus is made up an empire of 15,417,752 miles and about 500,000,000 souls. In three continents, North America, Africa, and Australia, the empire is the largest landed proprietor; in the fourth, Asia, her 3,073,970 square miles represent nearly twice the extent of imperial Rome!

Of her 500,000,000 souls, about 65,000,000 are self-governing citizens; the rest, subjects. It is not purposed here to consider the merits or demerits of British administration in India and the other dependencies. On that point Englishmen themselves are as much divided as other people can possibly be. It is enough to point out that the empire includes about a third of the world's people, and somewhat more than a quarter of its land, and that the basis of its power is the group of self-governing dominions of Canada, New Zealand, Australia, the Union of South Africa, and the United Kingdom itself.

The complete loyalty of the Anglo-Saxon dominions has been so conclusively proved in the last six years that it is safe to dismiss the old picture of mother England one day left alone at the family fireside. Australia and New Zealand are probably more nearly pure Anglo-Saxon than is Great Britain itself. Another century is likely to see Canada, Australia, and the Union of South Africa containing each a population approximating that of the United Kingdom. With British institutions and British sympathies, and with their substantial interests closely intertwined with those of the home country and the empire, this group of nations, independent, yet interdependent, will be the basis of the empire.

Western Europe is near the limit of capacity to support population. Political and economic conditions will conspire to check the increase. So it is not easy to discern any serious outside menace to the British communities in the next generation. If their development is comparable to that of the United States in the last century, people now living will see British states of from thirty to sixty million each in Canada, Australasia, and South Africa. Our impressions about the Australasian Empire of the future are rather vague, because we are unable to realize its mere bigness. Thus the island of New Guinea, the greatest island in the world, if we classify Australia as a continent, was, before the war, divided between the British, Dutch, and Germans. The British have now taken over, in the name of Australia, the German claims. We think of New Guinea as a considerable patch of dry land in the expanse of the Southern Ocean, but have difficulty realizing that if it could be laid down on the United States, one end would be at Portland, Maine, the other near Omaha, and that it would blot out an area about twice the size of the German Empire, and including something like a quarter of the population of these United States. It contains vastly greater natural resources than Germany, also about a thousand white people and half a million aborigines, largely cannibals. Half of it yet remains Dutch, but its predestination to be essentially British is quite obvious.

Australasia aims at leadership in the south temperate zone, on lines curiously parallel to those by which Great Britain has become leader in the North. With inexhaustible coal and iron, she is creating iron and steel and shipbuilding industries and a navy of her own. The war era has been marked by the completion of Australia's first transcontinental railroad, suggestive reminder of the beginnings of our own Union Pacific.

This world-flung empire of Great Britain is held together by community of language, culture, institutions, interests. The only power that might dispute the future with Great Britain is America. But the same common denominator to which we refer Great Britain and the dominions applies also to the empire and America. They have much in common, little in controversy. Each has room for enterprise and development without treading on the other's toes. If American chauvinism talks about "a navy that by 1924 will surpass England's," American common sense knows that our naval policy really looks toward Japan, not Europe. And Downing Street, at the moment when it could be excused for some displeasure over American sympathy with the cause of Irish secession, is wise enough to turn the other cheek and announce that the Anglo-Japanese alliance will be so revised as to insure Great Britain's neutrality between America and Japan. The most blatant Jingoism finds it hard to perform a very effective gesture of misgiving in the face of such an attitude.

Assuming, then, that British and American naval policies are unlikely to interfere, it is apparent that the British Navy will remain the effective guardian of British concerns. Its German rival has been exterminated, just as, in other generations, Spanish, Dutch, and French rivals were exterminated. And that is not all. The British have discovered a new ocean,—the ocean of the air,—and it is by way of being as securely brought under British dominion as have been the seven seas.

Americans, indeed, invented the heavier-than-air, and Germans developed the lighter-than-air, craft; but the English have adopted both. Just as they established maritime leadership by building the ships of the world, so now they purpose to control the air by building the world's air-craft, keeping their grip on the industry, just as they have held the world's ship-building. Governmental policy and private enterprise have already united to make Great Britain headquarters for air-craft construction. Imagination cannot yet appreciate the part the air navies will play in future war, but British policy has already undertaken to annex both air-craft production and air dominion.

Control of neither sea nor air, however, would be insured if petroleum fell into alien hands. So British statesmanship is reaching out to control petroleum. Here again the English are followers rather than leaders. Americans pioneered the domain of oil, and the Germans gave us the Deisel engine. But the British saw that whoever controlled oil would also control its utilization. So Mesopotamia and Persia, Baku and Royal Dutch Shell, fall into their hands. Recently British publicists have ventured to brag a bit over their capture of oil, and we have even been informed that more than ninety per cent. of the world's oil resources are now British. Not until Great Britain's hold seemed firmly fixed did the rest of the world awake to what had been going on.

To maintain this world-ranging empire, British fiscal genius has been making all provision possible. So long as gold was the real basis of monetary exchanges, Great Britain firmly controlled it. The better part of the world's gold was produced in British territory, and London was the gold market. Now that gold begins to appear inadequate, and we see ahead an era wherein money systems will bear something like definite relationship to the volume of commercial transactions, we note that Great Britain is adapting the old machinery of money, credit, and finance to the new conditions. If gold must abdicate, Great Britain will be first to greet its successor with "Long live the king!"

The debts of states have long been utilized as the basis of money systems. An enterprising Scotch pirate founded the Bank of England on the financial necessities of the Government. Alexander Hamilton employed the liabilities of the infant Union as the basis for a financial system which consolidated credit, and transmuted poverty into wealth, liabilities into assets. Now the world is so rich in debts, so poor in gold, that it is forced to add a huge credit structure on the old foundation. Financiers discuss plans for international currency based on government debts, seeking a medium that will bear a more logical relation

to the volume and requirements of commerce.

The gold market has migrated from London to New York, and the gold has largely flowed to America. But with what result? Merely that credit, proportioned to the requirements of enterprise everywhere, is taking the place of gold, and that possession of too large a share of the gold is becoming a doubtful advantage. The machinery of credit, of exchanges based on the good faith of the world's commercial operations, has become the real lever. It is in the hand of the British financial community; its fulcrum is the group of British banks, lately consolidated into a very small number, with branches everywhere, and with the credit of the empire and the power of the Government their real guaranty.

Our British cousins are turning up, like the man who fell into the river and was hauled out with his pockets full of fishes, in possession of pretty much the whole fabric of banking and distributing facilities that the Germans had spread about the world, annexing it to the still greater establishment that English enterprise, working for many generations, had created. They hold the strings on the world's business. They had the nerve to go right on doing business with their money and their ships throughout the war. When neutral vessels eschewed dangerous waters, British ships calmly sailed them. If they stumbled on submarines or mines and went down, the insurance companies paid, and charged the loss against trade as a whole, which met it through unheard-of rates on freight. So, despite losses, the British ship-owning companies earned unprecedented profits. Now shortage of bottoms enables British shipping to earn high returns without the risks. Whatever chance there ever was that America, under the inspiration of war-time enthusiasm and needs, might develop an effective rivalry to Great Britain on the seas is apparently eliminated by the determination of Congress to sell our government fleet and disintegrate the maritime establishment without delay. That policy, we may feel reasonably sure, will be quite satisfactory to British shipping interests.

British ships and British finance sailed together through the danger zones. They took the risks of the day for the future's opportunities, and won. When Great Britain lacked gold, she still had credit; and she spread it as a farmer spreads his fertilizers; and now she is ready to reap a harvest of trade. Statistics of the revival of British trade, of the new expansions of British enterprise, are unnecessary here; they have too often been laid before the reader. But perhaps one illustration of how credit and confidence,—the "know how"—may serve in lieu of gold reserves may be worth while.

In 1918 the international food control assigned the Cuba sugar-crop to the United States. It would require a big international credit to move the crop to this country, and Cuba sought it in New York. The bankers there offered to advance it at six per cent. There seemed small chance to do better elsewhere, for America was the financial reservoir on which the Allied cause was drawing. Nevertheless, when the Cuban sugar people had secured America's terms, they cabled London, and promptly were assured the credit at much lower rates. London, although a stupendous borrower from us, financed that movement and made a profit on it. It was possible because of London's position as gravity center of world finance; because pulls in different directions could there be set off against one another; because balances from everywhere, checked up and cleared in Lombard Street, enabled such operations with the least strain on actual gold. It was an application to world trade of the simple device of settling balances with clearing-house certificates. England keeps the world's books, and for a satisfactory percentage charges off the balances that square accounts. Money is treated as a yard-stick, a standard gallon-measure, a basis of computation, not as a commodity.

So much for the political, imperial, and financial hereafter. It has been set down in spirit of neither laudation nor cynicism. It has not sought to analyze motives, to weigh purposes, to decide whether British policy squares with considerations of justice or humanity. It has dealt with realities in the world as it really is. It has aimed to suggest

what may be the outgrowth of these realities in the real world that lies before us. If the war had been ideally settled, and the world started off on a new and purely altruistic course, it would be a different story. One need not approve all the facts in order to recognize that they are facts.

It was ventured that "of all countries, Great Britain to-day is most intently watching the distant lights and least distracting herself with the mud and mire." For once the nation is combining aggressive foreign policy with a forward-looking domestic program. The British democracy was never so democratic as now. It clings indeed to certain old forms, as of monarchy; but it has learned how to respond to the mandate of the people. Industrial democracy is coming, under the rather threadbare cloak of monarchism. The king reigns, but democracy rules; and so long as the king is content to take his excellent pay on that basis, he will likely not be interfered with. The British democracy is leaving the husk of monarchic form to keep the erstwhile "privileged classes" cheerful, and taking the sustaining kernel for its own satisfaction. Time was when revolutions started with chopping off the king's head, and wore themselves out in bickerings about political forms. The revolution that right now is going on in Great Britain, and that has been in progress ever since the Lloyd George budget fight back in the ancient times before the war, is taking no risks of wasting its decent repute and moral authority that way. The proletariat has gone in cahoots with royalty to skin all the folks in between, and gradually to socialize wealth and democratize opportunity without shocking the community into reaction.

The people who are running this socialization business in England explain their scheme somewhat thus:

We have about eighty billions of wealth and forty billions of debt. That is, the community as such owns half the country. It could conceivably take half of what everybody has, and, paying it out to the somebodies who own the bonds, discharge all the debt. The whole proceeding would not greatly change the distribution of property, for roughly the people own the bonds about in proportion to their general wealth; they would be taking out of one pocket to put into another.

But we think we know a better plan, and intend gradually to apply it. Instead of taking half of what everybody has, we shall take certain things we think the public ought to keep in its own hands; and then we shall keep them. We have already taken the railroads. We are going to take the coal-mines pretty soon. Also, we have our eye on the land. Of course we shall not confiscate these; the people who own them will have to be paid by transferring to them their proportionate share of the wealth that is to be left in private hands.

Of course it will be a bit more complex than that, and it will not be done all at once. When we are finished, we can burn up the ledgers that show us in one column how poor the nation is by reason of owing a huge debt, and in the opposite column show us how rich we as individual men are by reason of owning the securities that represent that debt. By dint of the rearrangement, we shall have been able to put into the hands of the public those resources and facilities that ought to be owned by the public, and shall have left in the hands of the people the things that the Government has no business trying to manage or to own.

I have stated the program so nearly as possible in the terms in which a British municipal official once stated it to me. He did not pretend it would be easy or that it would be accomplished soon, but he did believe the war debt would be the means to its ultimate approximate accomplishment. I smiled at such simplicity. But recently a reading of the report of the Commission on the Inland Revenue, dealing with war-time wealth and the possibilities of graduated levies upon it, has enforced realization that financial administration in these days of inheritance taxes, surtaxes, graduated levies, and inquisitorial intrusions of government into the minute realm of everyman's affairs has paved the way to fiscal proceedings that would have been quite insane a few years ago.

During the war we were kept busy revising ideas about national charac-

teristics. We discovered the temperamental Englishman, and substituted him for the phlegmatic Englishman we had formerly pictured. Also, we discovered the stoical Frenchman, and set him up in place of the excitable Frenchman of our older conceptions. Now we are learning that the conservative Englishman under his skin is a natural-born experimenter, the boldest of speculators, a cheerful gambler in anything from cricket and Derbies to continents and economic systems. "Conservative" England, ripping loose in all manner of radical innovation, is amused at the backwardness of "progressive" America, and coupon-cutting America shudders at the chances these venturesome Britishers are willing to take. So we meekly hand our railroads back to a discredited private control while England fixes on her railroads the firm grip of permanent public management. We shiver for want of coal and dismantel the fuel administration; Great Britain clamps down a still more rigorous public control and moves toward public ownership of the mines. We quarantine against Bolshevism as a plague; England trades with it and finds the profits highly satisfactory.

America's puritan conscience holds back from taking the League of Nations' vows, lest the high and holy estate be marred in the practicalities of life, and disillusion come. England takes the plainer view, as of one who still believes two can live cheaper than one. As to losing her ideals—well, she 's not altogether inexperienced; they do not so much worry her. She has optimism to believe she 'll not surrender all her independence. She hopes to be "happy though married."

To a Lyric Poet

By AUSTIN DOBSON

When you bid me discuss
The status poetic,
Forgive me if thus
I grow homiletic.

Who looks with *old* eyes
On the verse-world around him
Sees much to surprise
And more to astound him.

The old lights have ceased;
Late suns are subsiding;
New stars have increased;
There are others in hiding.

Old themes are outclassed;
Old methods forsaken
(Let us not stone the Past
If its ways were mistaken);

And then, as it seems,
In spite of APOLLO,
There are metrical schemes
Not easy to follow.

But where there are bells,
There must also be ringers;
And where the heart swells,
There will always be singers;

And each singer that sings
Must chant as he chooses;
And the least likely things
To be "scrapped" are the Muses.

Yes, SONG will endure:
Nothing mortal can stop it.
We must build it up sure;
We must skilfully prop it.

It sweetens our play;
It softens our sorrow;
It will serve for to-day,
It will last for to-morrow;

It will end with the race:
And one minstrel rejoices
To have lived, by God's grace,
To join in the voices.

IDAHO FALLS

"'You must go alone to Petrograd'"

The Letting In of the Wilderness

By ALICE TISDALE

Illustrations by Hanson Booth

"She felt herself resting at the very heart of this wilderness that she had so feared, and she found it good, not evil."

When he is big, he 'll ride a big horse
(Yai! Ya! Yai! Ya! Ya!);
Then he 'll marry as a matter of course
(Yai! Yai! Yai! Yai! Yai!).[1]

IT was a strange song for the Russian consul's wife of Uliassutai to be singing. Any of the ten Russians who made up the population of white men of that outpost would have said so had they heard her, for from the first the dainty little Parisian had rejected the steppes. Now, suddenly, after three years, she was singing its lullaby, a rude thing that told of a nomad people whose nursery was the steppes, whose cradle was the saddle.

The consul, passing under the drawing-room windows, heard her and stopped, caught by the song. Not that it was new to him. Often he had heard Mongol mothers singing it to their babies, filling its wild cadences, which told of the three mysteries of life—birth, marriage, death—with reckless bravery and the fierce passion of wandering. He marveled, because now it was the merest shadow of itself. His wife was holding this untamed song in leash. Like a caged animal, it strained and tugged against the cold polish of her voice; but in vain: not once did she let it free. How completely she was always able to reject this land! Then all at once he began to wonder that she sang the song at all, hating, as she did, all these rough things that surrounded her. Why, she had hated them the more in these last few weeks since she had known that they were to have a child. Was she as hard pressed for entertainment as all that? She would go to almost any length under stress of boredom. Well, he 'd soon be able to give her all the gaiety she wanted, thought the big Russian, tenderly, as he passed on.

In the room madame continued her singing.

What will he do when his children cry?
(Yai! Yai! Yai! Yai! Ya!).

A little bravado laugh broke from her, robbing the last barbarous cadences of their meaning. Then abandoning the song, she caught up a fragile little dress of fine linen on which she had been sewing and went dancing across the room. She held the dress by its shoulders, and, blowing lightly upon it, gave it the semblance of a wee mite dancing and whirling with her.

"*Mon enfant*," she cried, "you and I shall be very gay in Petrograd. I sing you no more the bad little lullaby. Just to tease you a little I sing it. Make you think you also live in the desert like your *petite mama*. I whisper to you a secret: I sing it also to tease the desert —oh, just a little. Now your *petite mama* is not afraid of the desert."

And again the little bravado laugh, as with madcap joy she went dancing across the long, oblique lines of light, glowing and amber-tinged with the dust of this dry country, which struck across the room from the high, narrow windows. This intensely brilliant light of a Northern desert was the only element of Mongolia which had anything to do with the room and dancing figures. All the rest of the steppes, the bleakness, fierceness, and even the greatness, in some indefinable way was held aloof by the personality of the woman. The rays of the sunlight, harsh in their vividness, beat against the floor and the gilded chairs, but the room gave back glitter for

[1] From "With the Russians in Mongolia," by H. G. C. Perry-Ayscough and R. B. Otter-Barry.

glitter, defying, challenging. Like the woman's voice in the lullaby, its perfect finish was adamant to that stinging light. The dancing figure, the room, they were Paris, with nothing whatsoever to do with Uliassutai lying beyond the rough stockades which surrounded madame's compound.

Uliassutai was bleak even now in April, with its few pink-gabled Russian houses, beyond which straggled the Mongolian settlement. Situated in the middle of the Mongolian plateau, it was almost as unprejudiced in its position as the center of a circle to its circumference. Far to the east lay Manchuria; far to the west, Tibet. To the south stretched the Gobi Desert; a few nomads roamed its immense expanse, and from time to time camel-trains swung silently across it. That was all, except for the letter-courier, mounted on his Mongolian pony, who made the arduous stages across the desert through the wind-gashed gullies lying outside the Great Wall, through the pass and a gate where filtered in time all those padding camels, all the traders, all that scant life that roamed the Gobi Desert. To the north stretched the steppes of sand and grass. Over those great wastes swept the mighty winds, and no man lived there except the wandering Mongols, who made bold to pitch their tents in its midst and in reckless freedom to gallop over it, tending their flocks. Great herds of antelopes flung themselves across it, and bands of wolves prowled there at night. The letter-courier traveled through its grass, blown upon by its savage winds, always north, north until at last he came to Siberia and thence to Russia. Except for him the world forgot Mongolia, the dusty desert, the windy steppes, and the white man and madame there in its center in Uliassutai.

For three years madame had lived in the midst of this, no curiosity or daring of the wanderer, no adventurous spirit of the settler ever stirring within her, hating and fearing country and people. By nature she was lawless, following one whim and then another. The wilderness was relentless, unyielding law; so she feared it. Pleasure, excitement, feverish activity, she fed upon. The wilderness offered her austere duties, long winters of meditation, held the mirror to her inner self; so she hated it. Its bitter frost crept along the hall right to the door of her drawing-room, but it never entered.

Barricading herself within its soft luxury, she comforted herself with a court of the ten Russians. She exacted homage and gaiety from them. When they edged toward the business which kept them in Uliassutai, she would say with the most gracious of her smiles, "Ah, the *politique*, it is for you." With a pretty gesture, then, she presented them with their difficulties; so convincing was she that they all but glanced down into their laps for some tangible gift she had bestowed upon them. After one such never-to-be-forgotten moment they strove gallantly to hide from her how eclipsed and forgotten the country was; they worked bravely to keep her carefree and indolent, they petted and pampered her. The smile in her black eyes she had made necessary to them. That behind it her soul either slept or did not exist they never discovered. Her eyes were too dazzling, her pleasure-loving mouth tilted a little too much at the corners for such a discovery. But these episodes of the drawing-room were all over now; she no longer needed these men, she had forgotten them, for she and her husband were going away.

"*Mon enfant*," she whispered as she dropped to a low settee in one of the patches of sunlight, "you and I in Petrograd! It will be almost Paris."

Ensconcing herself comfortably, she smiled happily as she waited for her husband to come in. She would no longer have to defend herself against this desolate and uncouth land; she was going to leave it and forget it. The term of their service here was over. The coming of their first-born had given the last fillip to her entreaties to her husband to work for a change of appointment. Now they only awaited the new consul, who might arrive any day. Excited over her coming motherhood, the thoughts of the journey, and the world so near now, she felt heady as with strong wine. She could safely defy the wilderness. Had she not dared to sing its lullaby?

But gradually as the afternoon advanced, seemingly as by some insidious

outward influence, her mood changed. The last rays of the piercing light departed, leaving only the long, slow twilight of the steppes. She grew depressed and haunted as with some premonition. She looked at her room; to her fancy it no longer barricaded the wilderness. Its vividness was gone; it appeared to huddle and shrink from something. Why was she so cold and frightened, sitting half hypnotized by the twilight? A little superstitious fear took hold of her. Why had she sung that savage song of the steppes and for one moment let into her fortress the wilderness? She peered at the French clock. It was nearly five. Where was her husband? It was long past time for tea. What was that sinister something that had been stalking her all the afternoon? She shivered, then rang hastily, ordered the curtains drawn, the tea and candles brought.

The hissing samovar, with the pools of light in its shining surface cast by the candles, even the little cakes reassured her, and she was again dreaming of Petrograd. Yes, there would be time for some gaiety before she went down to the country. Surely, some of those old friends of hers, officers now, would manage to be in the capital when they knew she was there, and she surveyed herself in the long French mirror opposite. Her jade ear-rings set off well her piquant face, crowned with the splendid coils of her black hair. She moved a little to give herself the coppery background of the samovar, then laughed delightedly at her reflection in the mirror.

This was the first spring of the Great War, but it did not enter into her thoughts except as an obstacle which might keep her from Paris. Perhaps that was not strange. To those in such odd corners of the earth the significant events of one's own country come slowly. In desultory fashion they reach one through the medium of another civilization, traveling by train, by camel, by pack, by courier. Like old sorrows, by the mere passage of time, they dull in meaning.

She again glanced at the clock. It was half-past five. "Perhaps the new consul has come," she thought delightedly. Undoubtedly that was why her husband was late. "It is to laugh," she cried, and sprang up to go in search.

But when with one of her quick movements she opened the door, she found her husband standing in the hall, no new consul with him, and in his hand official despatches. Noticing their big seals she frowned; there was never any excuse for bringing them to her. And then she saw something else—that with him had come that sinister something that had been stalking her all the afternoon. His usual soft solicitude was gone. He had become like the stern, unyielding land outside. Striding past her, paying no heed to her sharp cry of dissent, he threw back the curtains, as if the hot, esthetic room stifled him. Then with his back to his wife he abruptly began to speak.

What was it he was saying?

"You must go alone to Petrograd. I cannot go. As there is no doctor here, you 'll have to go immediately."

"What do you mean?" she stammered. "Why can't you go?"

"There is no one to relieve me." He spoke as if irritated by the need of explanation. His Slav nature had been shaken to its emotional depths by the tone of the despatches. Submerged in a fire of patriotism, he swept on: "The Government has no time to waste in making changes; every extra man is needed in the line. I don't know how I ever came to think of leaving. I 'm preparing our carriage; you 'll have to take the best ponies and our most reliable servants and make the journey without me."

He spoke abruptly, decisively, as he spoke to men when issuing orders. She pleaded, but he remained firm; she wept, and he grew irritated; she showed fear, and he grew angry. That was her last card. Then he had left her to make preparations, as he ruthlessly said.

Huddling on the floor, grasping one of the gilded chairs, she was like one whose fortress had been washed away by the tide. Her mind was a chaos of new and painful sensations. She was in distress, a fraction of which before had always brought her a man's help; but now at the very moment of her life when all traditions claimed that she had the most right to their protection, she had

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"The driver shouted, the escort yelled, the boy beat his feet in wild tattoo"

been told she must take care of herself. Yes, she had showed fear, which had always made men rush to her aid. It had never before been a disgrace for her to shirk difficulties because of it; difficulties were a man's business. The war, which a few minutes ago had seemed far away, had reached out its long, gaunt arm, destroying everything she had carefully wrought, upsetting old established standards, leaving a man to watch and wait, sending a woman out to be valiant and make safe the way for the next generation. That man was her husband; that woman was herself. Impossible!

In the dark she stretched out frail, ineffectual hands to keep back the wild country, coming in now through that open curtain, to which she was to be given over. The wolfish bark of a Mongolian dog somewhere out in the night sounded in the room, with its uneasy shadows cast by the guttering candles. Another and another took it up till it was like the baying of a pack, and the whole great undertaking leaped up at madame out of the night, and a fear that fairly shattered reason shook the little Parisian.

MADAME'S basket-carriage was moving slowly across the vast expanse of the Mongolian plateau. It was the second day of her journey. That morning the last sustaining prop of her old life had gone when her husband, who had seen her one day upon her way, had at dawn ridden toward the south as she rode toward the north. Was it that morning or was it in some other existence? Already he seemed insubstantial. She had wept rebelliously, hysterically, when he had left her, but she was not crying now; for, like a child, she had been surprised into forgetting her tears.

She looked at the little watch at her wrist. It was only nine o'clock. How remote and strange the hour! She felt unacquainted with it out here. Ordinarily, she was just finishing her coffee and rolls, but now she had been up and traveling for hours. But soon this novelty interested her no more, and she began looking around at the barren country through which she was travel-

ing, at the road, now full of boulders, now sandy, that little by little disappeared beneath her carriage. As far as she could see there was not a human being stirring; not even a nomad's rounded felt hut was to be seen.

A few weeks later flowers would run across these stretches with the swiftness and beauty of a wind-propelled prairie fire. Wave after wave of them, as ephemeral and ethereal as the flames, would sweep north over the land through the brief spring, until behind the last of them would lie the brown, seared grass, charred not by the passing flame of flowers, but by the scorching sun. Had she seen it thus decorated, she might have cared for it. But now it was April, with no hint of this miracle of beauty, with the earth lying dormant, cold, with here and there great pockets of snow; the plateau looked stern, reserved. She distinctly did not like it. But, contrary to things she had not liked in her life before, everything remained unchanged. On, on moved her carriage, out, out to the horizon stretched the empty road, the hills, the snow, and over them all hung the enveloping silence. She tried a gay French ditty, but her voice sounded small and uncanny in that vast silence. Then she took refuge in her familiar equipment, her roomy basket-carriage, her boxes piled about her. She avoided looking at the back of her carriage, where a tent was strapped, bringing, as it did, too near the necessity for a night spent in the open should they fail to reach a Mongol village. She looked at the Mongolian driver on his seat, her Chinese boy beside him, her guard of one Cossack soldier riding ahead, the three ponies straining abreast, with the extra pony straggling behind.

They stopped. There was a moment's diversion. The pony behind was put into the shafts, the pony at the right hand, released, lagged behind. All went on as before: the wheels of the carriage sank to the hubs in the deep sand, the ponies strained, the driver shouted, then silence again crept in upon madame.

Once more she looked over her equipage. It seemed substantial enough, and yet to her now tense feelings it lacked substance. She kept thinking how it would appear to an onlooker: now it was growing smaller and smaller among the snowy hills, now it was a speck, now it was nothingness. So had her husband, riding from her that morning, changed from a substantial, protecting man to a speck, and then to nothingness. They stopped; there was a moment's diversion. The straggling pony was put into the harness, the middle pony fell behind, and madame's watch said ten o'clock.

So the hours of the day marked themselves off like the monotonous watches on a ship: now the sea of grass was billowing and heaving, now the sand was flying before the wind in yellow spray. The sun was rising higher and higher; it was stinging her with its hot rays and blinding her with its brilliant light; then it was settling toward the far-off sandy horizon. An instant later the air was piercing cold, and madame was shivering in her furs.

With one change of ponies to another and another, her mind ran the gamut from wonder to boredom. With another, it slid from boredom to uneasiness, and soon it jumped to fear. She had been weeping, scarcely knowing why, when suddenly fears swept in upon her; from all sides they came.

An age-old fear rushed at her—that strange, instinctive fear that only a woman can know. What desperation! She was fearing the very things she must rely upon, her Cossack escort, her Mongolian driver, her Chinese boy. She could not escape them; she was alone with them. Shame and fear were clutching at her heart. She was going to scream, but no; anything but that. They must not know she feared them.

Ah, there was another fear coming at her. They were dropping into a little hollow; around them flowed the sand. They were moving noiselessly through it, slowly, like a ship. A spray of that stinging substance hurled itself out of the ocean. What was that advancing? She listened. A cold hand was laid on her heart. Stealthily the solitude, a silent monster, rose out of the sand to hold her in his silent, terrible embrace. Hurriedly she pictured Uliassutai, her old familiar surroundings, with their sense of safety. The monster devoured them. But there was still Paris, the gay life, the wine, the

laughter. Ah, yes, there it was, warm and radiant. No, it was gone. Sand, silence, and snow stood in its place. The solitude was like an evil dream where one's limbs will not move to flee a pursuing horror. She was tied to that creeping carriage, a ship from which she could not escape.

Another change of ponies came, and another, and another. Then another fear was assailing her. Look at the day! It was growing old; the sun had withdrawn; it was done. That slow, ruthless twilight of the steppes was there; night was coming on. A childish, unreasoning fear of the dark blinded her to all else. How afraid she was of it! Forgetting her fear of the men, in an instant she was on her feet, and had snatched the whip from the stolid driver. She let it fall again and again on the straining, sweating ponies. She was beside herself, so slow were they. They appeared only to mark time. She strained her eyes for some sign of a Mongol encampment. Oh, where was it? She sent the whip flying faster and faster. Then the age-old fear leaped at her again. These men—what if—she fell back in her seat. Solitude and darkness closed in again, a stealthy army hemming her in. She felt their hot breath upon her. She was breathing heavily from the urgency of her flight, always balked by the creeping carriage.

Then out of the darkness there rose around her dusky mounds—the encampment. Her carriage stopped; a woman was near her. What mattered it that it was one of the women of the wilderness she had before scorned? She had the wall of a habitation around her, though it was only a round felt wall. She was by a fire. What mattered it that it was a fire of dung in the center of a tent? She sank beside it, she clung to the woman, she sobbed. Feverishly, she drew from her breast a rosary with a pearl-and-gold crucifix. The beads moved under her trembling fingers: six prayers, seven prayers, eight—one change of ponies, another, another.

"*Mon Dieu*, what am I doing?" She stopped and threw herself on the dirt floor in penitence, kissing the gold-and-pearl feet of the crucifix. She laughed a dry, crackling laugh. There on her cot-bed, a little way from the choking smoke of the fire, unutterably weary, she fell asleep, sleeping heavily, with the food her boy brought her untouched by her side, for a time relieved of her fears.

THEN morning came. Outside, the camp was a bustle. All its primitive life was in action. From the top of every curved roof arose the smoke from the offal fires beneath, tingeing a little the brilliant Mongolian morning. Mongol men moved awkwardly in their big boots, then swinging into their saddles, in one moment the ugly ducklings turned into swan, the splendid motion of their ponies and of their own bodies merging into one as they galloped toward the glittering sun, their purple robes and brilliant sashes gleaming here and there over the plain. From the tent doors came the wives in royal purple coats, the first rays of the sun striking fire from their silver caps, studded with jewels. Gorgeous and barbaric, they moved about. A caravan of camels swung in a brown, heaving line toward the encampment on the last stage of their night's journey, entered the camp, and knelt to be relieved of their packs for the day's rest. Near by, in full rush, flowed the Zachingol; the sun, picking out its lumps of ice, made them gleam like the silver caps of the women.

Inside the tent madame stirred uneasily, her senses as yet inapprehensive. Her subconscious years of ease remained dominant, and she turned again to sleep; but when she sought to move, she found her body heavy with the weight of her child, and stiff and sore with the hours of yesterday's travel. Then her servant lifted the screen at her tent door, entering with hot coffee and food, and with him came complete realization; for madame there was nothing but the inevitable, inexorable wilderness.

She arose with difficulty, and shivered over her dressing. Neuralgia, with its miserable pains, attacked her; she felt a sullen anger. Life had no right to be so hard, April had no right to be so cold. The tent that had seemed a haven last night she now regarded as a thing from which to escape. Its darkness, its acrid smoke filled her with repulsion.

"Beyond the fire lay an endless, dense blackness"

After a quick drink of the strong coffee she stepped outside. For just one moment the compelling scene of the encampment enthralled her with its beauty and vigor; then the Mongolian women drawing near and fingering her with intimate curiosity, she was back again in her shell of disgust and repulsion. But even in her repulsion she felt a leaden impotence when she thought of leaving. Just above her poised the black form of yesterday's fears, circling now like a hawk ready to pounce upon her when she left the encampment. Already the over-socialized person's fear of solitude made her close her eyes to the preparations going on around her.

The Mongol men were rounding up her fresh relay of ponies; the boy was hurrying back and forth with her boxes and rugs. That much she could shut out, but she could not shut out that inexorable day. It challenged her from the east; it flamed up at her fiercely until her eyelids became only a curtain of brilliancy before her eyes; it was beat into her brain by the sounds around her —the Mongols pushing and backing her ponies, the driver buckling and strapping the harness. Then a woman passed singing:

> When he is big, he 'll ride a big horse
> (Yai! Ya! Yai! Ya! Ya!).

The circling fears had swooped. Once she had mocked the wilderness with this very song; it was going to retaliate. She understood now. There remained for her only each day's revelation of her tormentor. There was nothing left for her but to let her servant lead her to her carriage.

A crack of the whip, a swift turn, and she beheld the Zachingol, with its swift, dark currents, its blocks of ice, its steep banks, lying right in her path. Did she hear her tormentor laugh as they slid like a toboggan party down the steep banks, and the village vanished from sight? The driver shouted, the escort yelled, the boy beat his feet in wild tattoo against the ponies' backs, and madame clung like a small frightened

bird to the back of her carriage, her cries drowned in their primitive enjoyment of the reckless descent and their laughing jeers, for Mongol driver and Cossack soldier belonged to races who scorn fear. Sliding ponies and carriage struck the black waters. The treacherous current took them and shot them down stream. Their giant tormentor turned them around like a wisp of straw; then some new whim of his threw them against a sand-bank, where they stuck. There they all crouched in their basket shelter, taunted and licked at by the thirsty waters. Desperately, madame reached out for her strong, protecting husband, but he was not there. In his place three sweating, toiling Orientals pushed and tugged in a desperate race against death in the waters. At last they won. Through sand, over cakes of ice, through black currents of water, they made their perilous way to the other shore.

This tustle with the river was only the prelude to the day's music of fear, a dance with death. Now the real day's march, slow and tortuous, began. It lay among the sand-dunes, a stretch which even strong men dreaded. With her nerves strung to every passing fear, madame leaned from her carriage. Even the empty road of yesterday was gone, a thin thread holding her to Uliassutai, uniting her with the far-away Petrograd.

Already overwrought by that encounter with death, she became half crazed when she beheld that unbroken, terrifying space that lay all around her. She jumped to her feet, crying into space for succor, for the only succor she knew, for people, people. And they came, lines and lines of them: people hurrying along the sunny boulevards of Paris; people, men and women in fine raiment, thronging the theaters; people thronging her drawing-room, men giving her homage, women envying her. She marshaled them on the steps of her carriage, made them sit on the seat opposite, and, moving closer into her corner, gave them seat beside her. Then the wind came and tore them all away. Madame reached for them, clutched at their garments, missed them; and they vanished.

Slowly they moved north, always north, across this metallically glittering, unbroken expanse of the earth. The sun moved across the steely blue expanse of the sky. Day followed day full of sand drifting into steep ascents, where madame's carriage had to be dragged along the sides, and madame, burdened with the weight of her child, found walking almost impossible in that yielding surface. Then followed other days of steep mountain ascents and steeper descents, and days on the high tablelands, on a level with the snowy mountain peaks, where the rushing wind beat continuously against her ears, making them ache. Solitary and barren those plateaus stretched out, a little farther, and a little farther, and from the edge of which it seemed that even this barren world that was left to madame fell away. Over and over again she rebuilt her defenses against this terrible wilderness; over and over she marshaled those throngs of gay people; over and over the wilderness tore them away from her, threw at them the tumbling sand, beat them with the rushing wind. At every point but one it conquered her. It should never have her child. Her husband should never have him. Work should never have him. He should be her child. She would surround him with every luxury, with elegant people.

At last there came a day when she could no longer rebuild her defenses, and she crouched helpless before the wilderness, the last shreds of her bravado gone. Her eyes, once sparkling, were now somber, haunted; her pleasure-loving mouth became a thin line of pain.

Then one morning, when, setting out as usual, they had gone only a little way, their ponies began to drag in the shafts. The Mongols at the encampment the night before evidently had not given them good fresh relays. When they had come to a marsh, and the extra strain of the muddy ground had nearly exhausted them, the servants decided among themselves to send the boy ahead, on the escort's pony, to bring fresh relays to meet them. After he had gone, they floundered along from marsh to marsh, and then at last to a grassy plateau. Noon passed, and the boy did not return. Their progress became uncertain. There was not the steady advance northward by monotonous half-hours, not

those rhythmic watches, as on a ship at sea, that for days without number had beat her fears into her brain. So long had they beat themselves through her brain that to lose that beat disturbed a painful, but essential, rhythm of her being. One change in fifteen minutes; then came another. The fresh pony was as exhausted as the tired one they took from the shafts. Madame began straining all her attention for the boy's appearance, but all she could see were the empty reaches of land, cut and slashed and gashed into ravines by the wind and rains, a wild, barbarous-looking country.

Then the ponies stopped altogether, standing with heads down, breathing hard. The driver unbuckled straps; the ponies were tethered out; the carriage stood motionless, there in the midst of the wilderness. Without driving force, devoid of motion, it seemed to drift aimlessly in the midst of its ocean, a thing hopelessly insignificant, at the mercy of everything and anything. The same ominous sense of disaster came upon madame that comes to passengers when a ship stops suddenly at sea. Then she beheld with horror that the two men were unstrapping her tent from the back of her carriage. She cried out, but they continued their work; they had grown accustomed to her fears.

The ruthless sun, whose setting had brought her misery, stood a red half-rim on the horizon, then disappeared, and night, unmitigated even by nomadic dwellings, was before her. Only the canvas of her tent stood between the Parisian and this stark revelation of the wilderness. Now and then wolves howled in the distance; now and then wild creatures rustled the rough grass.

It was night; she sat on her cot in the tent. The driver had muffled her in furs, for it was very cold. All became as still as death, for the wind dies with the sun on the plateau. The fire at her tent door threw terrifying shadows that leaped and prowled in the tent. Beyond the fire lay an endless, dense blackness alive with lurking evils, crouching, sinister forms of man and beast—the unfathomable wilderness. Madame sat strained, tense, not daring to move for fear she would shatter that silent evil into screeching maniacal demons. Her breath came from her throat in short, thin gasps. Then suddenly something brushed the tent, making a quiver run across it, and her tension broke into shrieking laughter and inarticulate, imploring cries. Then oblivion settled down upon her like a black hood exhausted of air.

It was hours afterward when she awoke, strangely refreshed, to perceive herself in the midst of a peace so all-pervading, so brooding, so protecting, that she had the sense of settling into it as she used to settle into the broad, strong lap of her nurse when she was a child and frightened. She felt herself resting at the very heart of this wilderness that she had so feared, and she found it good, not evil. Seers and prophets live long in the wilderness in order to attain this moment of vision. But, unsought and undesired, the wilderness had done this work for madame. The torturous hair shirt of fear and loneliness had bitten deep, destroying those conventional trappings which had held her bound; the veil of self-absorption that had blinded her was rent asunder, and the soul of the woman stepped forth, to which that magnetic night spoke. Through the lifted flap of the tent she saw outside the great and magnificent plateau lying utterly still and quiescent under the brilliant bowl of the unclouded sky, studded with its soft, white stars. Her camp-fire at the tent door lay a mass of glowing red, and by it sat the Cossack, his gun on his knees, as immobile as the land. With unveiled eyes she looked beyond at the great rolling steppes lying there under those luminous Northern stars, at the strong grass which the earth had borne, standing straight and valiant, symbol of life and strength.

The grass swayed in the breeze that comes before dawn, and across its moving surface madame heard France and Russia crying out of the empty years of the future, crying for their men. Then she beheld a vision, the tremendous vision of the creator! Akin to the great throbbing, creating earth was she—the creator of strong men who never shirk, men made of the brawn of the wilderness! And madame held out her arms as if holding a child.

An Empress in Exile

I.—Characteristics

By AGNES CAREY

I WRITE of Eugénie, Empress of the French, while she was an empress in exile. All I say of her here is from my own personal observation, coupled with a record of her character and traits as I read them, and of events which at different moments during my stay at Farnborough she told her nieces and me about her former life. Every detail came direct from her own lips while taking long walks or drives, or during evenings when alone with us; for at such times she was usually in a particularly communicative mood. So, though I did not know her when she was on the throne of France, much is here told of that time and earlier, almost in her own words.

I had seen the empress and her suite almost daily at Chislehurst in 1879 and 1880, but the first time I really made her acquaintance was in February, 1886, three months before her sixtieth birthday, when she still retained a great deal of her former beauty. The empress told us that as a child she was not considered at all beautiful beside her more brilliant sister. She was even painfully self-conscious of her own supposed mental and physical deficiencies, and was especially ashamed of the color of her hair, that glorious wealth of reddish gold that courtiers later on raved about and of which poets sang, but which she said people called red. Her nieces told me they had heard it asserted repeatedly in Madrid that at that period Eugénie was plain almost to ugliness. Her hair had now turned a lovely gray. She wore it dressed rather high, with little soft curls just touching her forehead. Her face was very pale; her eyes were drooping and sad, and with the slightest suggestion of black under the edge of the lids. Above the average height, very stately in person, she had a fine figure, a well-poised head, a face full of expression, beautiful shoulders and arms, and a very shapely, tapering hand. She was suffering that winter from rheumatism and limped slightly, but must have possessed a wonderful reserve force of recuperative vitality, for when I saw her later, in the summer of 1897, she seemed to have entirely recovered from her lameness, had discarded her stick, and walked into the room as upright and firmly as if she had been ten years younger rather than eight years older than at our last meeting, and had never known a day's sorrow or sickness. To me her most striking characteristic was her great personal charm, of which she was not at all unwilling to make use, and her very cordial, winning manner, which caused any preconceived ideas about her of an unpleasant nature to fall to the ground immediately. No one could approach the empress with prejudices and keep them five minutes; everybody in turn fell a victim.

But, with all her sweetness, she knew how to hold her own. Any indiscreet pushing forward of a person particularly angered the ex-sovereign, who, when occasion justified it, could become freezingly cold and distant, making the intruder feel that Eugénie was the wrong person with whom to take liberties. She had, too, a most unmistakable *façon de congédier* which there was no gainsaying. When in her estimation the subject-matter of an interview was ended, and she wished you to go, you went, whoever you were. She simply rose, bowed, put out her hand in a charmingly compelling manner. Untutored English strangers grasped it; French people lifted it gently and, bending over, kissed it silently before retiring.

Her character was impetuous, and thoroughly Spanish in numberless ways. I should not call her a great woman, but

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Eugénie

a most interesting one, full of strange contradictory traits. She seemed by temperament naturally gay and light-hearted, but with a touch of serious earnestness, and with an underlying sadness that came quickly to the surface if anything reminded her of her dead son. She talked frequently to me of her shattered nervous state, and the ample notes I took of her interesting conversation bring back to me many things the empress said then about her health, etc. She often repeated in my hearing that she very certainly could never have withstood all the strain, shocks, and even hunger and privations of her various hard experiences, had it not been for her early bringing up. The Spartan training of her childhood alone had saved her, she was convinced, from complete physical and mental breakdown both during and after her troubles.

She told us much at different times about her own and her sister's early days. She was born on May 5, 1826, at Granada. An earthquake had compelled her mother to quit the family dwelling and take refuge in a garden. Her life of strange fortune, opening thus appropriately, has remained a kaleidoscope

of unforeseen changes. Count Montijo, her father, was an old soldier who had fought all through the Napoleonic wars, and was at that period military governor of a fortified town in southern Spain, and a regular martinet in his family. He did not allow his daughters the luxury of stockings; summer and winter they went without, wearing boots only. Not wishing to have timid, namby-pamby daughters, he resorted to extreme measures. Every morning, on the ramparts of the citadel, he set Eugénie and her sister Françoise astride a cannon, and had it fired off! If the children cried or even winced, they were subjected to the ordeal a second and a third time. For the same ethical reason of training, though the family possessed horses galore and the gala coaches customary for the grandees of Spain, the empress told me that she never *once* during her whole girlhood entered a carriage except for traveling purposes. However snowy, cold, or wet, she and her sister, neither of them very rugged, always trudged everywhere on foot. When the time came for them to make their first communion, in 1837, they spent a preparatory month in the convent of the Sacre Cœur in Paris, and school-girls being the same the world over, their companions teased these newcomers unmercifully for not wearing stockings. Eugénie's really simple tastes during her whole life, contrary reputation notwithstanding, can apparently be accounted for by her bringing up and her frugal way of living as a girl at home. She herself certainly thought this.

At his brother's death in 1834, Eugénie's father, the Count of Teba, inherited, with the title of Montijo, a goodly fortune; but the parents of the future empress nevertheless continued their modest way of living, and brought up their children with the idea of judiciously using, not wasting, their means. When Eugénie and Françoise, afterward Duchess of Alva, became a little older, the countess gave to each of them a small dress allowance. This is how, so the empress said, she early acquired the idea of making a certain fixed sum "do," a habit which she claimed she adhered to rigidly during her entire reign, and also afterward. To eke out their rather inadequate allowance, they were forced to do much for themselves. For instance, they always trimmed their own hats and bonnets, and their busy needles and skilful fingers fashioned a great many of their other clothes. This was just what the mother wished to achieve, and, according to the empress, the habit became useful afterward.

Despite the wonderful innate power of adapting herself to changed circumstances, of throwing herself into her surroundings, which the empress evidently must always have possessed to a remarkable degree, she owned to us that she naturally had to live through some trying times on first coming to the throne. Talking one evening of the early days after her marriage, and her inevitable loneliness, the empress told us that once from the royal box at the opera, while looking wearily down on the sea of heads below, she recognized in the audience people known to her in Spain. In her impulsive delight at perceiving familiar faces, she entirely forgot who she now was and where, and began waving and kissing her hand to them vigorously in true Spanish fashion. Then suddenly noticing the emperor's cold eye fixed on her, she checked herself. On returning to the Tuileries, she was gently reprimanded, and told, what of course she thoroughly realized already, that she must refrain from that kind of thing hereafter.

"A sense of loneliness and isolation used to take possession of me," the empress continued, "when after the daily drive I returned to the huge and formally furnished apartments of the palace. In those first days I used invariably to shed a few secret tears. Pepita I often found with red eyes, too, on my home-coming, and many a time in the abandonment of our sadness we threw ourselves into each other's arms to weep unrestrainedly, far away from all prying glances."

Pepita, the empress said, was bright and capable in many ways, but ignorant and narrow-minded, too, and showed an almost Oriental devotion to her mistress. She had filled the position of lady's maid ever since Eugénie's girlhood, when, as an uneducated peasant, she first entered the household of the Countess Montijo.

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The Empress Eugénie, about 1880

In the Tuileries this serving-woman was at this time the one and only link the empress retained with the past. By the exigencies of her new position Eugénie was of course absolutely isolated from all her friends. She had nobody about her with whom she could unbend or be in the least familiar. Her attendants, many of them charming men and women, were, however, chosen for state reasons, and all were strangers to her at first; and she herself was so hedged about with numerous barriers of etiquette that even had it been permissible, they could not have filled for her the gap made by the absence of her old friends. The bitter had to be accepted with the sweet.

The empress told us one day what an ordeal was the ceremony "du Jour de l'An," especially at first. After the imperial party returned from assisting at high mass in the court chapel, every first of January, all the members of the Bonaparte family and all the ladies and gentlemen of the imperial household, whether it was their *semaine de service* or not, assembled for solemn New-Year greetings. Making her way very slowly round the room, she had to shake hands with all the men, speaking a friendly nothing to each, and to kiss the ladies, saying a pleasant appropriate word to each also. To appear unaware of the keen, relentless criticism of her husband's family was often at such times harder for her, she said, than any public criticism could be.

The practice of having seasonable little nothings on the tip of her tongue on all occasions, for many years, I noticed had borne its fruit; for during the months I spent with her at Farnborough the empress showed herself a wonderful adept in this particular art, always knowing just the right thing to say, just the proper topic to touch on or on which to be silent. Her memory and tact in this regard were remarkable.

Though strong physically, enjoying a splendid appetite and the ability, often denied a younger woman, of walking hours at a stretch, in 1886 the empress was severely feeling the nervous reaction from her sorrows and the terrible events of 1870 and 1879. She passed, so she told us, restless nights, waked constantly with horrid nightmares, enacting over again in dreams some of the tragic scenes of her life. The many eminent physicians she consulted declared that she had a constitution of iron, her organs were absolutely perfect, and her nerves only at fault. Small wonder at this, after all she had gone through. But despite the doctors' reassuring diagnoses, she nevertheless continued to fancy herself attacked by every malady under the sun, and at one time was quite convinced that she had cancer of the tongue, and suffered tortures of imagination and fear at the thought of the horribly lingering death it would mean. She did not dread death itself. "There are too many loved ones awaiting me there in the other world," she often said, "for me to dread going." Adding, "It is faith alone that gives one the courage to die."

Eugénie expressed a perfect craving for sunshine and the brightness and warmth of the sunny South. In her depressed state the dull, sunless English winters tried her very much.[1] Talking to me one day of her unhappy, restless state of mind and her *projets de voyage* in the immediate future, she remarked:

"I am like a soulless body. Nothing pleases me now. Alas! how I have changed! Formerly I made itineraries for the sole pleasure of dreaming over these imaginary journeys—to India, north pole—anywhere, in fact, with hours and practical details all worked out, though I knew perfectly well that I should never be able to go. But it amused me."

In speaking another day of nervous fear, the empress said she often now wondered how during the twenty years of her reign she had experienced not the least feeling of apprehension despite four *attentats*. On driving daily out of the Tuileries gates, Eugénie never knew if she would reënter them alive; but still she did not dread or dwell on dangers, though so continually surrounded by them. Their very frequency, she observed, seemed at the time to blunt her to the sense of their reality, and though she was often much lauded for her wonderful courage, she considered there was no real merit in being undismayed by danger in those days, when she was strong physically and had never conceived even of apprehension. Fear was born to her only after her troubles had weakened her nerves. At present (1886), so said my notes, "on the slightest pretext I always apprehend the worst about everything, conjure up in my imagination terrible scenes of fire, disaster," etc.

In continuing the conversation she told us about foolhardy risks she had formerly taken in her disdain of fear. One was, I remember, having lighted lamps put in the state carriage, which was nearly surrounded by glass, thereby unnecessarily courting danger in troublous times. Every night, when her public day's work was done, after going to her bedroom and dismissing her maids, the empress told me it was her custom to read through the reports of the secret police service. Certainly not very soothing reading or appropriate to the late hour; but by nightly plodding through these lengthy documents she several times was enabled to avert disaster, notably the time she saved the life of the Czar of Russia when returning from the opera. This was on the eve of a subsequent attempt to shoot him on the way back from the races in Longchamps, in the summer of 1867. It had been arranged, so the empress told us, that the czar and the imperial party should separate after the performance, each

[1] Afterward she bought land not far from Mentone and Monte Carlo, and built a delightful villa, Cyrnos, where she spent the winter months.

Farnborough Hill
From a drawing by B. B. Long

with their suites going direct to their respective dwellings; but the empress, through the secret-service correspondence, having got wind of the project to assassinate the czar that particular night, made a change in the prearranged program, herself bravely taking him home to the Elysée Palace in her own brilliantly lighted carriage. When arrested, the Pole, Berezowski, confessed that as he saw her, a woman, accompanying his would-be victim, he decided to postpone the carrying out of his plan until "next day," when Berezowski's design was again frustrated and the czar again shielded, this time by the courage and devotion of M. Rambeaux, the emperor's master of the horse.

The empress showed always an utter scorn and no mercy for physical cowardice. One night a young guest was taken ill at Farnborough. She really suffered a good deal and cried and moaned. The empress seemed sympathetic and concerned for her, and was most kind, sitting by her bedside for hours, putting hot-water bottles to her feet, chafing her hands, and trying to soothe her; but she was inwardly annoyed with her "patient," nevertheless, and told me afterward that a great deal of unnecessary fuss had been made. She expressed then how great was her dislike to non-endurance of physical pain, and told me how dreadfully she herself used to suffer sometimes years ago, without, of course, being able to give way.

She recalled one special evening while being dressed for some great court function. Tired out by the effort of many hours' resistance of violent pain, and literally unable to bear it any longer, she got down on the floor and rolled in a paroxysm of agony for a minute; then, making a supreme effort at self-control, again sat up stoically in her chair, while her maids dressed her hair and fixed on her heavy diadem, a very slow proceeding, all the while feeling more dead than alive. At such times it was that her early training stood her in good stead; she was enabled through it to pull herself together, go downstairs to the tedious state ceremony smilingly, and behave as if nothing were wrong. This she gave as an ex-

ample of what will power and necessity can do for one.

Real love of music, excepting perhaps a most superficial kind, had been left out of the empress, I think, despite the drooping eyelids generally supposed to be indicative of musical temperament and ability; but, on the other hand, her literary and artistic tastes were strongly developed. She painted artistically in water-colors and embroidered most beautifully.

The Empress Eugénie and Napoleon III, with the Prince Imperial

The empress always had a tremendous admiration, a veneration even, for the heroes of her native land. Her mind fired by the thrilling tales of Spain told her by Prosper Mérimée, she had consciously tried to emulate their chivalrous deeds, and spoke of them often with great enthusiasm. She knew the history of Spain most thoroughly, and was always indignant and shocked when compatriots were not equally well versed.

As I knew the empress, she seemed to have a quick, restless, insatiable brain; welcomed any new interest, and daily worked very hard, in self-defense, she said, as being the best means of keeping away sad thoughts, which would otherwise obtrude themselves. Fond of literature, she kept up well with all current French writings, which she talked over and criticized in a clear, analytical manner.

Naturally industrious by habit, she rarely sat with her hands idle before her, but filled up odd moments puzzling out *jeux de Patience* or busily clicking her knitting-needles. She was very fond of making simple woolen "charity jackets," which she often gave to friends, or wore herself on chilly mornings. One she knitted for me, and I regret the thoughtless stupidity which allowed me to give it away some months after when disposing of clothing no longer in actual use!

Many hours every day my hostess usually spent by herself in her *salon de travail*, arranging and classifying her interesting historical documents, or attending to her enormous correspondence. The empress always opened the letters

herself, and laid them in different little piles according to their nature, throwing away the envelops. She then read all the communications through carefully, making marginal notes; for instance, "Accept," "Refuse," or "Investigate." Thus sorted and disposed of, these missives were divided up between her secretary, M. Franceschini Pietri, and her faithful friend and companion, Mme. Le Breton, he taking most of the business letters, and she answering the social ones and all kinds of personal communications from friends, as well as the appeals and begging letters, which poured in daily in great number.

Sometimes when there were letters that for some special reason the empress *had* to write in English, she would send for me and ask me to read over and correct them. This was not an agreeable task, for when I showed her her mistakes, she did not relish it, and argued the subject in question from an absolutely foreign point of view. When I found that, despite all I could urge, she really held very much to her own opinion, I modified my standards of correction, not attempting to Anglicize more than was absolutely necessary for the plain understanding of the sentence, and leaving aside finer points that she evidently could not or would not grasp.

To sovereigns she always penned her letters herself, but very few others; so that it was a most exceptional honor to receive a letter written by her own hand, she being always, and with ample cause, very chary of using her signature. To Queen Victoria and Princess Beatrice she wrote frequently, and always in French, and the princess's answers began, "Ma chère Tante." French was the tongue usually spoken at Farnborough,[1] but the empress sometimes whispered little asides to me in English, or to Mme. Le Breton in Spanish. Eugénie's language was flowing and elegant, and her pronunciation charming; but there were certain French words to which she gave a decidedly harsh Spanish intonation. English she spoke exactly like a foreigner, often using thoroughly French idioms. One would never have dreamed that she had spent many years of her life since 1870 in England, as a girl had been at school for a time at Taunton, Somersetshire, and through her mother's father, William Kirkpatrick, had actually much English and Scotch blood coursing in her veins.

Her love and habit of being amiable and saying pleasant things made her instinctively shirk anything disagreeable. When a refusal or anything of that nature became necessary, she rarely undertook the task herself; it generally fell to the lot of Mme. Le Breton or M. Pietri. In a word, she hated to be annoyed or coerced, and in order to get out of a difficulty without facing tiresome situations, she often made use of slight subterfuges which seemed, perhaps, more ingenious than strictly direct.

Eugénie genuinely loved nature, out-of-door life, and exercise, and was fond of horses and big dogs in their proper sphere. "Fern," the Scotch collie given to her by the queen, was a great favorite; but she disliked spoiled house pets intensely, and in speaking one day with much disapproval of women who devoted themselves to their animals, she told us with evident disgust about Comtesse F——'s white donkey, which its mistress actually kept in her Paris drawing-room, in a secluded corner behind a golden railing, and cared for unceasingly by a brilliantly robed Egyptian attendant.

The empress, naturally enough, liked to be well thought of, but there was apparent oftentimes a queer mixture of strong innate independence of character joined to what might have seemed a rather weak and meaningless deference to public opinion, had one not realized that even in her exile she was still representative of a great cause that she might injure by any injudicious act. Obliged as she had been when on the throne to cultivate this consideration, the habit seemed to have clung strongly to her, so as to become second nature, very much hampering her freedom of action. There were many things she would have enjoyed doing, but although in 1886 French opinion could have been of absolutely no practical importance to her, she still could not bring herself to ignore

[1] In conversation with the empress we always answered her, "Oui, Madame," or "Non, Madame." In questioning we used the third person thus: "Sa Majesté desire-t-elle telle ou telle chose?" "L 'Imperatrice sait-elle que—" an unusual form of speech, which I found extremely difficult to remember during the first days at Farnborough.

it. One day, for instance, passing through the gallery leading to the chapel, we began looking at some pictures hanging on the walls, a series representing different battle-ships. Beside them was an engraving of the ex-imperial yacht, *l'Aigle*. In front of this the empress paused suddenly, and, pointing to it, said rather sadly to her nieces and me:

"Of all my lost possessions, *l'Aigle* is what I regret most; indeed, I may say the *only* thing I regret." She constantly referred in one breath to this loss and to her great wish to go cruising about from place to place indefinitely. That, in her restless condition, would have seemed to her the height of bliss. We remarked to her imperial Majesty that it was quite within her possibilities to do this, and asked her why, with such an insatiable longing for that kind of life, she did not buy a yacht? She replied that the French people could never understand a woman's choosing the sea without necessity. They would put her down, she said, as unbalanced at once, and though she knew it was foolish really to mind what they thought, she could not help being sensitive to it.[1] Then she added thoughtfully, and with a sad little look and almost imperceptible smile:

"Quand on a toujours du penser à l 'opinion publique, on ne peut s 'en emanciper, et on devient à la longue comme une vieille coquette, qui continue jusqu'à la fin à coquetter."

When Eugénie went about with us where the public could see her, she very much disliked being followed and stared at, as was invariably the case. Still, I think that, in her innermost heart, had people not recognized her, or had they been indifferent to her presence, she would not have relished that either.

The empress constantly condemned the love of display she said young people indulge in nowadays, often regardless of their limited incomes. She hated also extravagance and eccentricity of all kinds. Her greatest fear was to be thought exaggerated or affected. She so disliked these traits in others that I noticed she herself sometimes gave up doing little kindly acts, which suggested themselves spontaneously, because they might have seemed forced or unreal.

She was very methodical and orderly in all household and business matters, and in fact in everything, and most punctual, and naturally liked everybody else to live up to her own standards. An excellent head for arithmetic, and loving on the slightest provocation to work out mental calculations, she kept a quick, intelligent interest, too, in all that was going on in the political and scientific world, and through the papers and most up-to-date literature followed everything as far as possible; but she evidently had no deep scientific knowledge, though at first one might have been misled into thinking so. This was due, I fancy, to her wonderful power of quick assimilation. At the Tuileries she had been long in contact with the minds of all the great thinkers of France and Europe; she was a good listener, with a retentive memory, and being a brilliant talker besides, she unconsciously gave out as her own what she had absorbed from other brains, thus impressing her casual hearers with what seemed to be the result of her own thought. After a time, by close observation and comparison, the superficial nature of her "science" came to light. This judgment of mine was corroborated by Mme. Le Breton, who in twenty-five years of the closest intimacy had learned to know her imperial mistress through and through.

Eugénie possessed a wonderfully quick eye to notice detail, and instinctive penetration of the characters of people about her, and an almost uncanny perception in reading their secret motives.

She had a most agreeable way of telling things, but her statements may possibly have been sometimes a little more picturesque than accurate. A regular daughter of Eve herself, and full of curiosity, she put one entirely at one's ease by her affectionate familiarity, and in conversation drew one out despite one's self. Woe betide you, if you had something that you wished to conceal and she to know, for she would lead the conversation with so much politeness, so cleverly, so ably, that she invariably succeeded in her aim.

[1] In 1896 she evidently steeled her mind against herself, as M. Pietri wrote me, reporting that she had bought the *Thistle*, a steam yacht belonging to the Duke of Hamilton, and that an improvement in health had resulted immediately.

A love of detail, combined with natural executive ability constantly demanding an outlet, was another of the empress's qualities. In her days on the throne her overflow of energy had taken the form of very interesting charities, reformatory farms, trade-schools, asylums, prison reforms, etc., all of which she organized minutely and supervised personally, accomplishing thereby a great deal of good. She told us some thrilling experiences she had had with women prisoners half demented with wickedness, rage, and despair, and their rapid change to gentle, affectionate docility after her visits to the prisons and friendly tête-à-tête interviews with these poor outcasts, to whom apparently no one had ever before been kind. This seemingly miraculous success, due largely to her charm and beauty, led up to the reforms which she instituted later on. The statistical history of the imperial reign is teeming with accounts of these reforms, which could be counted by the hundreds. This labor alone, without any of the other state machinery, proved the activity and working power of the sovereigns. During the time about which I write, at Farnborough, this unspent energy, for lack of a wider field, rather forced her into taking much personal interest in the members of her entourage. Always fond of bringing about matches and busying herself with the minute details of other people's lives, planning and arranging things for them, she was very proud of her success, whenever marriages of her making turned out happily, as they often did.

Her phenomenal memory, which, through the exigencies of a sovereign's position, she had cultivated and thereby increased to an extraordinary degree, must have been invaluable to her when on the throne. When I knew her, in 1886, she remembered the tiniest details, and took an interest in names of people she had never even seen, retaining minute facts about them that placed them forever in her memory. I had occasion through inquiries after friends of mine to prove this in a subsequent visit to her

The Empress Eugénie, about 1865

and to realize that in this particular she rivaled her friend Queen Victoria, who possessed a similarly regal gift. Eugénie always spoke in the most glowing terms of the Queen of England and her steadfast friendship, which was thoroughly appreciated, as, indeed, was any token of genuine affection. She often expressed an immense admiration for Victoria's sterling qualities, quiet strength, and plodding persistence, which made the plain queen a successful sovereign, while she regretfully owned that she, who had been considered a brilliant woman, had finally, through circumstances, failed to achieve her life's mission.

Never once did I hear her ex-imperial Majesty say anything disparaging or resentful about the French nation. Despite all she had endured at its hands, she remained proudly fond of it, and in 1886 was still continuing most of her former public charities, with the only difference that then, of course, her gifts came out of her private purse. "Others need not suffer and lose because *I* have done so," she said to me one day, referring to her still active love for France. She possessed a considerable fortune and was most generous with it in large ways, though not always so in the small everyday things of life. She was not a naturally impulsive giver of material gifts, but a constant rememberer and doer of thoughtful deeds.[1]

The empress's religious feeling was warm and real, and came to her both by inheritance and training. I am sure it had been a genuine comfort to her in times of stress, but was perhaps a little emotional, and not without a slight poetic tinge of Southern superstition. She was almost Oriental in her strong belief in fatality, and certainly kismet did seem to have been, for good or evil, a power in her eventful life.

But the deepest sentiment of all in her whole being had undoubtedly been her love for her son. This was unimpeachable, though her very anxiety for his perfection and the honor of his name had made her fidgety and exacting with him, and probably had driven the affectionate, but chivalrous, youth to seek a wider horizon of action than his home, in order to show his romantic mother of what *he* was capable. This I gathered from Mme. Le Breton and others when speaking of the prince imperial's departure for Zululand.

The empress did not in my hearing talk very often about her husband, but whatever she did say always showed a loyalty and respect that did her credit. Whatever his failings toward her had been, she professed a warm admiration of his love of hard work, his pluck, and his great kindness of heart and thoughtfulness for every one. The emperor genuinely loved the poor and humble among his subjects, with no thought of policy. He was too good and generous for his people's understanding. Had he been tyrannical, and made use of them and trampled them down, like some other sovereigns, they would have behaved better toward him, she said.

Apropos of the emperor, she told us at another time that he once remarked in a speech: "Mes amis ne sont pas dans les châteaux. Ils sont dans les chaumières.[2] That, she added, was an absolute truth. He was a dreamer and devoted much of his time to the serious thinking out of schemes for their benefit and that of all mankind. His life's ambition was to better their lot. He had great magnetism, especially with the laboring classes. Once at a workmen's ball the guests were all grumbling, and kept calling out sullenly, when the emperor attempted to speak, "L 'armistice! l 'armistice!" At last their gestures became quite threatening. The sovereign's firmness saved his life, the empress said. From the platform where he stood he cried out with a tone of thunder, "Taisez-vous!" It was enough. At the sound of his voice they dropped their hostile attitude at once, and became amenable and even friendly.

Again she mentioned another incident, showing how her husband's personal pluck pleased and impressed the people, and she told it to us with evident pride in him. Here are my notes: "Promenade en voiture en temps difficiles, pendant un embarras de voitures les passants montraient tout le temps le

[1] I was told at Farnborough, on good authority, she had at the time about twenty-five thousand pounds a year.
[2] "My friends live not in castles, but in cottages."

poing dans le visage de l'empereur, qui ne bronchait pas,—effet morale de son courage qui triomphe—les mécontents disaient en se retirant penauds et convertis, et en montrant du doigt les souverains, 'Ceux-ci 'au moins n'ont pas froid aux yeux!' "[1]

The empress always instantly charmed every stranger, but the emperor, I believe, was really much more personally and deeply loved by his entourage than was his consort. This I gathered, and it was often admitted indirectly, in a delicate way, by the very evident and genuine enthusiasm shown by Mme. Le Breton and M. Pietri, and even by the faithful old Duc de Bassano, every time there was a chance of speaking of the dead emperor. Mme. Le Breton's face used to light up as she said to me: "Ah, *ma petite*, you ought to have known the emperor! Ah, there was a man truly kind to *all!*" She was never tired of telling of his constant acts of friendliness and courtesy, which, with his hard-working perseverance and wonderful faith in his "star," were, according to her, his strongest characteristics.

"People have always spoken ill of me," the empress said one day while I was helping her to arrange, classify, and add the year's accumulation to her already wonderful collection of documents. She let me read some of them, and the sight of well-known writings bringing up all her memories and associations, she exclaimed:

"Even before my marriage they said all possible evil of me. Had I been really all the horrible things they said I was, or even the hundredth part, I should have been a horror then, and I should have remained so probably in many particulars even now. Among other things they called me "Vieille Folle" and loudly censured my extravagance. Concerning this last accusation you will readily see I was obliged in my public capacity, in the interest of trade, constantly to buy things I personally did not wish for at all. The petitions from the manufacturers of Lyons and other towns, begging me to set the fashion in a certain velvet or silk or lace, were constant and could not be ignored. These duty-dresses made of these materials for public occasions I used to call my *toilettes politiques*. As to my dresses in private life, nobody could have been less wasteful than I.

"It is true I spent a large sum on dress monthly, but not half so much as some of the ladies of my court, who, though they had not the same obligations as to

Franceschini Pietri, secretary first of the emperor, and of the empress till her death

appearance, spent recklessly. I at least spent with deliberation and method. I gave on the first of each month to Pepita, my private treasurer at the time, a certain sum of money. Pepita might do the best she could with it, but never did I add any more. If she wished me to buy some extra garment or any other thing, and there was no more money in the *casette*, I went without that thing despite her appeals and subsequent expressions of annoyance. Consequently, notwithstanding my sudden flight from Paris, I left hardly any personal debts worth mentioning, for every bill of mine was paid regularly the first of the month in the most bourgeois fashion."

This reputation for extravagant dressing, both from her own explanations at different times to me about herself, and

[1] "A drive in troublous times during a block in the traffic, the passers-by clenched their fists in the face of the emperor, who remained perfectly unmoved—moral effect of this courage which triumphs—the malcontents say while slinking away abashed and converted, and pointing to the sovereigns, 'They at least know no fear.' "

also from the testimony of persons who saw her daily at the Palace of the Tuileries when the empire was at the height of its prosperity and glitter, seems to be altogether at fault. Of course at public functions she had to be elegantly and even magnificently dressed; her wonderfully radiant beauty, too, naturally enhanced her apparel, and this, taken in connection with the jealousy and envy of less favored persons, seems to be enough in itself to account for and confirm the damning accusations, which did her much harm, and made a lasting impression on the minds of the French people. Defeated and humiliated by Germany, they found it hard to forgive those in power, the empress added in talking this subject over, and vented their wrath on their sovereigns, to whom they attributed all the disasters of war.

Here is what Mme. Carette, who had lived at the Tuileries for several years as *lectrice*, and later as *dame du palais*, had to say on the subject of her imperial mistress in her "Souvenirs Intimes de la Cour des Tuileries." It coincides with the empress's version about herself and my observations of her at Farnborough, and elucidates the vexed question and explains much.

"Every day," she writes, "at home, at the Tuileries, as in the other royal residences, the empress was simply dressed, with much less display than the young women of the present day affect in their own homes. Nearly always black silk or a plainly made cloth gown. To drive out through the streets of Paris the empress added to this a very elegant mantle, a becoming bonnet always of great freshness, and those who saw her pass rapidly in the beautiful court equipages, in her four-horse Daumont, driven by two perfectly correct little jockeys and preceded by a *piqueur* in imperial livery, might naturally have imagined her to be much dressed up, whereas in reality she preferred, as do all *comme-il-faut* women, to be clothed in a practical and comfortable fashion. It is thus that I always saw her."

I repeat once more that my own experience at Farnborough is in perfect accord with Mme. Carette's emphatic statement. Care in the handling of her own clothes, and not allowing us, often to our dismay, to wear anything but our oldest garments in bad weather, were characteristic and apparently inborn traits. All we saw her in were most simple black woolen dresses, without any trimming whatever for day wear. In the evening for dinner she wore a long, plain black silk gown, opened slightly at the neck, a jet brooch merely for use as a fastening; not a jewel or ornament of any kind besides, except three plain rings on the fourth finger of her left hand: her own wedding-ring, a second gold one (I think the emperor's), and a platinum guard. But, oh, the grace and dignity of her bearing as she walked into the dining-room! You could not fail to be impressed by her fascinating simplicity. Still, she was every inch an empress.

As a summing up of these characteristics, jotted down just as they come to my mind, or as I find them scattered through my diary, and notes of conversations and events during the ten months spent in closest daily intimacy with the empress, I think I may say that though she sometimes seemed to possess some of the faults of a commonplace nature, in times of public calamity or great personal sorrow she evidently rose, however, to the heights of a great woman; and her heroic fearlessness during the cholera epidemics was truly worthy of the admiration Europe unstintingly accorded her. Romantic, impulsive, with perfect innocence and too proud to do wrong, she laid herself open, nevertheless, to misunderstanding, and was her own worst enemy. Thoughtless and shallow often in prosperity, as she was supposed to be by some, and may have been, she unquestionably improved under sorrow and anxiety, and attached to herself, from then on and since, a coterie of fine men and women who have testified to her real inner worth.

Toward me invariably thoughtful and kind, tender even at times, she always called me, when alone, "*Petite*" in the most intimate and affectionate way. I should have been unimpressionable indeed had I, even while perfectly aware of her faults, not fallen in love with her many charming traits, as I did, in point of fact, almost immediately after my arrival at Farnborough.

Song of Autumn

(A Parable)

By M. K. WISEHART

Illustration by Lui Trugo

"There was no hesitation; he thought his mind was made up."

Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.

—EMERSON.

IT was the third day that the musician had roamed the woods in despair of meeting the demands of his creditors, of arriving at a tolerable calm after his tangled love-affair, and of lifting the adagio movement of his symphony above the commonplace. He was a pianist-composer and teacher of music, in retreat from the turmoil of a distant city, and all summer long, in his studio-chamber in the little house on the edge of the town, he had spent himself upon the adagio. Failure, and the accruing futilities of years past, had sent him to the woods. Only twice during the three days had he been back to his studio-chamber for something to eat. On both occasions he had looked into the drawer of his desk at several copies of an unfinished note, he had fumbled an envelop that had been torn raggedly open in haste, he had glanced at the heap of ruled paper,—the adagio,—with confusion dotted in the bars; then he had struck his hands together as though utterly despairing,. and had retraced his way to the darkest haunts of the gleaming birch-woods.

His life had been confused and distraught by passion, until now he was giving scarce a thought to worldly cares. He minded less the demands of his creditors, with whom he could come to an adjustment whenever he wanted to resume teaching in the city, than he did the discordant claims of two women who wanted not what he could give, but each her impartible conquest; he minded less the claims of these two than he did the manifest failure of inspiration. It had seemed that the adagio must attest his power and discover to him ultimate sources of consolation, but for days now he had known the truth. He had discerned that he was burned dry, that only the cinders of musical talent were left him, and his soul had darkened.

As he came out from the edge of the wood near a crude wooden foot-bridge that crossed a small stream, just above the point where the stream, held back by a natural rocky ledge and some artificial dam, gathered into a pool of wide expanse, it was plain that he had not found calm in his wandering. Rather, from the disordered state of his hair and his first wild look about, he might have been fleeing from the ghostly birches behind him. He paused, standing waist deep amid reeds and brush. His shirt, open in front and flung back from the throat, was torn about the shoulders. Still seeming to be unaware of the hurt that had come to him in his wild plunging through the woods, he rubbed his left breast where it had been pierced and bruised by the prong of a limb hanging from a dead tree. The briefest delay gave him his bearings. There was no hesitation; he thought his mind was made up. By changing his direction slightly he came out on the foot-bridge.

The foot-bridge was two or three feet higher than the banks of the stream, and the musician paused suddenly, with his hand on the railing, at sight of a yellow-haired boy, not far off, sitting on a stone

wall that ran along the top of a knoll. It startled the musician to discover the boy just then, but he had not been seen by the boy, for the latter was staring up inquisitively at the topmost branches of a near-by, gaunt dead elm-tree. In any case, the musician reflected, the boy could make no difference. He would do to run and tell the townspeople. And then the musician turned to look over the railing, and, fascinated, gazed until he was oblivious of all but the calm, inviting depths of the pool.

It was deep, in truth, and promised rest. On the sunlit side, the pool was transparent, clear; and on the other, in the shadow of the birch-wood, it was a lucent, velvet-black mirror, reflecting the palisade of white trunks. And the musician grimly observed that this was all the monument he desired, this transient reflection as white as any tombstone. On the surface of the pool the darting water-bugs created their strange, impulsive, intersecting designs, and, like many a higher organism, left no trace. There came a litany from below, where the water ran among the rocks. To-day all was calm and alluring to the musician, who had been there yesterday as well, reflecting upon Shakspere's queen of old Nile: *she* had asked but a grave of Nilus' mud that water-flies might blow her into abhorring, and to the musician the ringing cry of her despair was fully comprehensible.

He was not the prey of barren pessimism. What he would do would be the fruit of very ripe intention. He thought he was just as decided about what he was going to do as when he had come from the heart of the woods, but he lingered here to think more lucidly of the way circumstances become complicated, and to fret himself a little before the end, because he had been so pitifully long in admitting that they *were* invincible. He had been a lifetime in concluding that man was a brittle thing, constructed for a limit of achievement that he could not excel. Once he had not believed this of the artist's mind or of the musician's soul; now he believed. Previously, he had had a vain, deluding self-confidence that a soul, once charged with melody, could again fling itself up, up. Summer had gone, and this faith had gone. The symphony, the adagio—let the struggle cease! The rest should be silence.

So he expressed himself *Hamlet*-wise. His mind had seemed to run to Shakspere; his ears were attuned to the magic of sweet words discoursing upon life's nothingness. Years before he had liked to think of himself as *Hamlet*. He had had the wavering resolution; now he also had something of the paunch, and he was occasionally out of breath, and it must have been of this condition that *Hamlet* had taken note when he cried:

> O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
> Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!

Did the world think that fat men had no tragedy that it must have its *Hamlet* lean? The musician was stocky, he had seen himself grow pursy, but he was none the less despairing. There came to mind a past vexation, that his coarse, wiry hair, growing in a wide circle around an area that was bald, should have made him look too much like a fat, ridiculous Jew. Middle years and passion's storm had done their worst for him. But time! Time could repair by dissolution the worst that the years could ever do. One thing was left to man, to shorten the futility of his days. He 'd yield himself to time.

Time, as seen through the clear mirror of the pool, was so transparent that all his life behind was turgid and confused. No memories of the past blurred the shining future. Now that the fever had left his brain, what had seemed reasonable enough on coming from the woods, seemed inevitable. The silence in—and beyond—the pool! A moment only to note its beauty!

He leaned over the railing, and the rough bark scraped his forearm through a thin shirt-sleeve, and the slight hurt seemed desirable, quickening his other senses. He saw water-cress growing thickly along the edges of the pool. Then his eye ran up the shore to the tall stand of queen's lace waving on the edge of the birches, and came back, noting the vervain, the scarlet cardinal flowers, and the deflowered iris clumps. The ripe pod of a milkweed plant, bending over from the shore, was blowing now

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"The boy was looking up at the topmost, swaying branch of the gaunt dead elm-tree"

so that its gossamer scattered across the water. A pollywog wriggled among the stems of the bulrushes. He 'd be the comrade of that mud-wallower! What lay beyond the pool was more than ever inviting.

Approach to the deepest water lay from yonder bank, which had no underbrush, and he was noting the way thither when he faced about, startled by a shrill, splitting screech that ended in raucous chatter:

"*Tsch-tsch-tsch-tschau! Tsch-er, tsch-er, tsch-er, er-ne-er-ne-er-ne-er! Tschlick-click-click-click, I see you pussy-catbird, me-o-o-o-o-w!*"

It came from the boy on the stone wall at the top of the knoll, and the boy was looking up at the topmost, swaying branch of the gaunt dead elm-tree, clapping his hands and laughing. He repeated the cry.

The musician, with his hand on the railing at the end of the bridge, stared at the boy, looked back at the pool, and then called loudly in the direction of the boy:

"Was that you?"

The boy was looking up at the tree. Suddenly he clapped his hands again, and gave the same cry with different intonations. The musician called again, louder than before.

Now it was the boy's turn to be startled. He stared at the man a moment, and then, in silence, turned his attention to the tree-top. The musician left the bridge and crossed the shorn fields to make his way along the stone wall.

The boy's shyness was only a matter of a moment after the man had greeted him.

"So you did make that remarkable noise," said the musician.

"Wait! He 'll mimic me!" cried the boy. "Look!"

The musician looked at the bird in the tree-top, and then noted the boy. He had on spectacles, and the heavy crystals gave his childishness—he was not more than seven—a look of old wisdom.

"I thought you were mimicking," observed the musician.

"Did n't you hear him answer me a while ago? He 's big and gray. I used to think pussy-catbirds were black."

"You used to think pussy-catbirds were black?"

"I never saw a pussy-catbird before to-day."

"How did you know this was one?"

"Mama told me. I 've heard it. I 've heard it lots of times."

"And you never saw one before to-day?"

"My glasses came yesterday from the spectacle man. I 've seen lots of things I never saw before."

The man sat down on the wall not far from the boy, and suddenly the boy burst out:

"There he goes! Listen! He 's answering me. *Tsch-er, tsch-er, tsch-er, tsch-er-ee-er-ee! Tsclick! Tschlick! Tschlick! Me-o-o-o-o-w!* I can't tell whether he 's laughing or crying."

"Which are you doing?"

"I 'm laughing. I 'm happy. Now I 'll know the pussy-catbird is n't a crow. I 'm going to come out here as much as I want to till I go back to school. When I get used to my glasses, I 'll go back to school. My head ached. Mama cried. She said, why did n't she think of it before?"

"Who is mama?"

"Mama? Why, mama she 's—papa 's the blacksmith. We live in the white house down by the mill."

"I know," said the musician. "Your house is on the other side of town. I live on this side."

They were silent as the catbird burst into impulsive variations of its own, ending with a shower of melody, after which it took wing, coasted low over the stubbled slope, and, rising, disappeared like a silver thread across the stream into the birch-wood.

The boy clapped his hands and, without a trace of pensiveness, said:

"I 'm sorry he 's gone."

"But you 're happy still."

"He 'll come again. I 'll know him always now. He mimicked me again, don't you think so?"

"Why, yes; I think he did. He 's rather quick at catching on to new tunes." And after a brief pause the musician observed: "So you 've seen lots of things to-day you never saw before? Are you very near-sighted?"

The boy seemed not to be listening. His face beamed as he looked off across the stubbled slope toward the hills on

the other side of the valley, then toward the birch-wood, and again up into the dead elm whence the catbird had flown. His pleasure with everything around found relief in a sigh, as he finally looked into the musician's face.

"Did you come out of the woods day before yesterday—over there?" he asked abruptly.

"I think I was in the woods; I must have been," said the musician.

"Then I saw you. You came out right over there. I thought you were a bear. I did n't have my glasses then, but I did n't run away. I could n't tell which way you went."

"I don't know that I can remember, either," said the musician. "I 'm sorry if I frightened you."

"You don't look like a bear now," said the boy, quickly, "but you 've scratched your hands. Did they bleed much?"

The musician looked straight into the face of the boy, with its oldish, peering curiosity relieved by the new, clear joy.

"Everything was made into queer shapes for you, was n't it?" he said. "Your woods have been full of bears."

"I could n't see the marks on my slate!"

"Not even the marks on your slate?"

"I spilled everything. I did n't pass. I could n't read and write. I was afraid. Mama says now she knows why. Papa says now I 'll grow to lick anybody my size. Maybe I won't be afraid any more. Mama says the glasses will make a difference."

"I see," said the musician, and at his funny look the boy joined him in laughing. And after the laugh together, the musician said: "Maybe now you 'll tell me how things used to look?"

"Not like this," answered the boy, quickly. "Different."

"How?"

"When I walked on the grass, I could n't see anything there; I could n't see the trees, not really; and I could n't see the birds, but I could hear them and make them answer. I could n't see anybody till I got up close. The marks on my slate used to dance right out of sight. That 's what the spectacle man said. He guessed."

"I see. Everything was blurred and confused."

The boy, thinking of yesterday, sighed.

"How does it look now?"

"Oh," —and the boy's face lighted,— "I can see ever so far, 'way off there. I used to think it was all downhill, but now I can see the road and the wagon and the horse going up over there."

"Yes?"

"Mama would n't let me go near the creek because I got my feet wet and once I fell in. I used to be afraid to cross the bridge. Now I 'm not afraid."

"And the flowers?"

"They were all the same color till mama found them for me. When I used to come out here, it was n't like this! Don't you wish the pussy-catbird would come back? *Tsch-tsch-tsch-tschau! Tschr-itchee! Tschr-itchee! Tschr-ne-me-o-o-o-w! Me-o-o-o-o-w!*"

The boy looked expectantly toward the woods. The musician laughed in his throat somehow, and as though talking to a man of his own years, said:

"You don't know how much things used to look to me just as they did to you before you got your glasses. But things do clear up somehow, don't they?"

"Could n't you see, either?" asked the boy, curiously, forgetting the woods and the pussy-catbird. "Are you near-sighted, too?"

"It seems so."

"You try my glasses," urged the boy. "Here!" He urged the bows upon the man. "But don't drop them!"

"You want me to look through them?" the musician asked wonderingly.

"Yes. Hurry! Maybe you need some, too. Can you see any better?"

The musician held up the lenses and looked across the valley.

"Perhaps I can," he said. "They 're pretty strong, are n't they?" And when the musician had returned the boy his spectacles, he turned aside, directing his face toward the elm.

"You 're crying," said the boy.

"No," returned the musician.

"Yes."

"No; I 'm laughing."

"You *were* crying."

"But not now."

"What did you see through my glasses?"

"I 'll tell you," answered the musician, gravely. "They 've made all the difference in the world to me. Maybe I 'll have to have a pair." He continued as though he 'd forgotten the boy was there: "I can see a lot of things I have n't seen for a long time. There are colors in the sky and over the fields that I have n't seen in years. These russet slopes, the green patch on the far side of the valley, those dear birches, and the brilliant red maples—the frosts must have come, or they 're overdue. Over it all there 's a sweet solemnity that has n't reached my eye for many a year. It 's —music that I had forgotten. I dare say there are themes, old as well as new, ideas and inspirations, that a man does n't catch if he keeps looking out of the old windows. He has to get out of the house and open his eyes. He has to open his ears to the new chants. It 's a song—a song—"

But he stopped abruptly.

"I don't know your name," he said to the boy. "I wonder if you 'd mind telling me."

"Carroll," answered the boy, absently.

"I could make a play on that," observed the musician, lightly. "I could say that you 're a carol, but a pretty sturdy carol, a song of autumn."

He touched the boy lightly, pressing his knee. But the boy had been looking into the birch-woods, and, despairing now of the catbird's return, he decided that his mother would want him to come home.

"We 'll go back to town together," said the musician, and together they traversed the fields until they came to the parting of the ways, and there the musician paused to watch the boy go on alone.

The lad was out of sight when the musician, still there at the parting of the ways, looked back toward the gaunt dead elm on the knoll. Then he, too, turned homeward, musing, and unconsciously his hand now and then marked in the air little rhythmic indications of his thought. Abruptly, he stopped, his hand raised as though to elicit expectant sound.

"I have it! I believe I have it!" he cried, exulting.

And more and more eagerly he quickened his pace, and as he drew near the little house on the edge of the town he almost ran.

In the World's Cathedral

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

I heard the chanting of the rain,
  The gospel of the ground,
The soft epistle of the flowers—
  Ah, many a holy sound!

The litany of rustling blooms
  That trembled on the trees,
The gentle organ of the wind,
  The hushed prayer of the bees.

All these I heard when summer came
  In her rich raiment dressed;
And then the autumn, on the hills,
  Sang, "*Ite, missa est!*"

The French West Indies

By HARRY A. FRANCK

Photographs by the author

Through the French islands of the Antilles Mr. Franck makes his leisurely way, and notes with characteristic keenness their racial and physical differences from the islands ruled by other nations.

THERE is a suggestion of the pathetic in the name by which the French call their possessions in the New World—"L'Amérique Française." It recalls the days when the territory they held in the western hemisphere was really worthy that title, when Canada and Louisiana promised to grow into a great French empire in the West, and nothing suggested that a brief century would see their holdings reduced to a few fragments wedged into the string of British islands that form the eastern boundary of the Caribbean. The "French America" of to-day, except for Cayenne, a mere penal colony backed by a tiny slice of unexplored South American wilderness, consists of the minor islands of Guadeloupe and Martinique, and half a dozen islets dependent on the former. It is far better entitled to the more modest official name of "French Antilles."

Guadeloupe—if I may be allowed an unpleasant comparison—is shaped like a pair of lungs, the left one flat and low, the other expanded into splendid mountain heights. They are really two islands, separated by the short Salt River, across which is flung a single wooden bridge, and by some geographical oversight their names have been twisted. The lowland to the east masquerades under the false title of Grande Terre, while the truly great land of magnificent heights and mighty ravines to the south and west is miscalled Basse Terre. The misnomers suggest that they were named by some bureaucrat seated before a map rather than by explorers on the spot.

Basse Terre, the capital, is a modest little town on the southwest corner of the mountainous half of the island bearing the same name. Dating from the early days of French colonization, it once enjoyed a considerable importance, most of which disappeared with the founding of Pointe à Pitre, in a similar corner of the flat and more productive Grande Terre. The rape of its commerce by the parvenu has left it merely the seat of government, the Washington of the colony, more subservient to its business-bent metropolis than it likes to admit. This custom of the French of endowing their islands with separate official and commercial capitals has its advantages over the British scheme of collecting all the eggs in one basket. Martinique would have been left in a far sadder state had the destruction of St. Pierre wiped out its governmental as well as its business center.

Built in the form of a spreading amphitheater and climbing a little way up the surge of ground that culminates in the volcano Soufrière, rival of Pelée in all but its destructiveness, a scant ten miles behind it, the official capital is half hidden under its smothering foliage of trees, which stretch away in a vast carpet of verdure into the mountains beyond. Its open roadstead is commonly an unbroken expanse of Caribbean blue, often without even a schooner riding at anchor to suggest the olden days of maritime industry. Though the French mail-packets make this their last port of call before turning their prows into the Atlantic, or the first on the outward journey, they usually come and are gone in the night, with few inhabitants the wiser. The latter seem to worry little at this comparative slight, and dawdle on through a provincial life as if they had lost all hope

or desire to wrest from "the Point" its frequent communion with the outside world. An old fort half covered with vegetation, a rambling government building constructed in the comfort-scorning, built-to-stay style of most French official structures of bygone centuries, are almost the only signs to distinguish it from half a dozen mere *bourgs* scattered about the edge of the island. A governor sent out from France dwells in a villa up in the hills; his few white assistants are bureaucrats tossed at random about the French colonies from Madagascar to Cayenne by a stroke of the pen in Paris, and they have little in common with the racial mulattoes who dwell in their uninviting, chiefly wooden houses lining the few long and rather unkempt streets of the drowsy capital except an ardent, almost unquestioning patriotism for la France.

A street of Basse Terre, capital of Guadeloupe

Good highways, with automobiles scattered along them, climb into the hills, especially to St. Claude, with its suburban dwellings, its big hospital, where boarders in the soundest of health are accepted, and its embracing view of the Caribbean already far below, and the dome of Soufrière almost sheer overhead. Higher still lies Matouba, where one may bathe in icy streams within half an hour of the tropic and enervating sea-coast. But there the highways cease, dwindling away into trails through coffee-groves and verdure-vaulted footpaths that are gradually lost in the great mountain wilderness, so primitive and unexplored that even the map in the governor's office below shows only a blank space for all the heart of Basse Terre, the inaccessibility of which is typified in the name of its central peak, Mont Sans Toucher. Other highways partly encircle the rugged half-island, clinging close to the shore, but feasible communication ceases everywhere within a few kilometers of the coast. Thus, though Basse Terre is fertile in almost all its extent, and generously watered by countless springs and many rivers, it produces little for the outside world except a few tons of vanilla.

The tropical night showed no sign of fading when the postal omnibus, its five cross seats packed with travelers of both sexes until its sides groaned, its every available space of running-boards, mud-guards, and bumper piled high with mail-sacks and baggage, rumbled away from the angry group of unsuccessful passengers gathered before the Basse Terre post-office. As we chugged out through the old fortress gate, a thin streak of light suddenly developed on the eastern horizon, widened with the rapidity of a stage effect too quickly timed, wiped out the blue-black dome of sky overhead, and sent the last remnants of night scurrying from their lurking-places like thieves before the gigantic flash-light that sprang above the rim of the earth to the east with unnatural, theatrical swiftness. In the darkness I had taken several of my fellow-passengers to be white. The same slanting sunshine that threw far to the

westward the disheveled shadows of the cocoanut-palms betrayed the telltale African features of the lightest of them. Behind us spread a fairy panorama as we climbed to Gourbeyre, beyond which another opened out as we descended again through Dolé, with its "summer" homes and its steaming hot-water falls at the very edge of the road. Having cut off the southern nose of the island and regained the coast once more at Trois Rivières, we clung close to this all the rest of the journey, as if any further encroachment upon the rugged domain of Soufrière, its head wrapped in a purple-black mantle of clouds above us, might rouse the slumbering giant to vent his wrath upon puny mankind.

Even in the thatched huts along the way there was considerable more *commodité* than in those of Haiti. The old semispherical sugar-kettles one finds scattered throughout the West Indies were here inclosed in stones and mortar and used as outdoor ovens. At Petit Bourg we came out on the edge of the open sea again, with a view across the bay to Pointe à Pitre, and behind it flat, unscenic Grande Terre, without even a hill to enliven its horizon. Soon we dropped down into a dreary level country utterly unlike the rolling cane-covered land swelling into mountains behind us, and sped through mangrove swamps that burdened the air with their rotting, salty smell, rumbled across the stagnant Rivière Salée, six miles long and some fifteen feet deep, which divides Guadeloupe into two islands, and turned into a broad, white, dusty road that not long after became the main street of "La Pointe."

The commercial capital is situated at the mouth of the Rivière Salée, in one of the hottest and most uninviting spots in the West Indies. Across the bay Guadeloupe proper, piled up in its labyrinth of mountains veiled in the blue haze of distance, seems to invite the perspiring inhabitants to cease their bargainings and retire to the cool heights. Young as it is, "the Point" has long since outgrown Basse Terre in size and importance. It is a deadly flat town, with wide, right-angled streets, fairly well paved in a kind of crude concrete, yet with here and there a corner that recalls Paris, as do the street names. Its gray plaster houses have heavy wooden shutters and door-sized blinds that give them a curiously furtive air. Except for the turbans and calicoes of the negresses, and the gamut of complexions, it is rather a colorless town, even the "cathedral" being of the prevailing gray, unpainted tint, though set off by a slight square tower in flaming red. The narrow entrance to its capacious bay is flanked by cocoanut palms that stretch far around and finally envelope it, the view from the sea having little to attract the eye. The central square pulsates from dawn until the sun is high overhead with ceaselessly chattering market-women dressed in the hectic cotton garb peculiar

A Guadeloupe *auto de poste* halted before a village post-office

to the French islands. Down by the wharves surges another market where fishermen in immense round hats come with their boatloads of fish and sundry sea-foods, including the *langouste*, a clawless lobster unsurpassed for quality and quantity of flesh and selling for the equivalent of a quarter.

There are suggestions of Parisian street life in Pointe à Pitre, interlarded with tropical touches of its own. Frenchmen whose faces give evidence that they have not left their cuisine and wine-cellars behind cling tenaciously to those white pith helmets without which few men of their race think they can endure the tropics. Soldiers and ex-soldiers with varying degrees of African complexions stalk about in their horizon-blue or colonial khaki, a string of medals gleaming on their chests. Negroes in Napoleon III beards stroll along the shaded edge of the streets with a certain Latin dignity befitting such adornment,

A back street of Pointe à Pitre, Guadeloupe

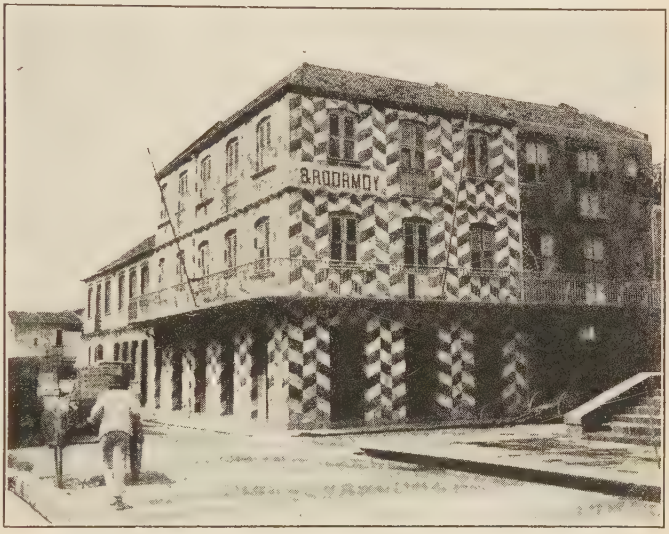
even when it is accompanied by bare feet. Humped oxen, yoked sometimes on the neck, more often on the horns, saunter through town with their cumbersome carts. The town-criers, two men in uniform, the one beating a drum and the other reading aloud an official notice on each corner, carry the thoughts back to medieval France. Cafés with awning-shaded tables monopolizing the sidewalks, notices exceedingly French not only in wording, but in general appearance, posted on house and shop walls, even the rather run-down aspect of the buildings, give the place a decidedly French atmosphere. If other proof of its nationality were needed, there are the crowds of wilted, yet patient, people packed about the wickets of the post-office, telegraph station, and all other points where the public and the ambitionless, red-tape-ridden mortals whom France appoints to minor government office came into contact.

If it is less beautiful than the mountainous half of Guadeloupe, Grande Terre had a materialistic advantage over the misnamed highland to the west. Its flatness makes it everywhere accessible by a network of good highways. A broad, white road stretches out along the coast through the mangroves that surround the commercial capital, and pushes on to the considerable towns of Ste. Anne, St. François, and Le Moule, while other highways crisscross the island, giving easy communication for all the sugar-mills scattered about it. More exactly they are rum-mills, for the French islanders give far more attention to that, and the cane-fields that all but cover Grande Terre serve almost exclusively for filling casks and bottles. Their processes are still rather primitive, but fortunes have been won during the war, for all that. Once out upon this half of the island, the traveler finds it has a few low hills and ridges, but they are so slight that a bicycle affords an easy means of communication, which can be said of few West Indian islands. Along the mangrove-lined coast are many shacks

almost as carelessly thrown together as those of Haiti, yet all over the island there is patent evidence that the negro is a far different fellow when directed by the white man than when running wild. The song of the jungle by night is broken by the constant roar of distant breakers and the noisy, merry negro voices and primitive laughter that explode now and then in the tropical darkness, while fireflies swarm so thickly that they look to the wanderer along the coast roads like the electric lights of a distant large city.

All the scattered islets of the French West Indies are dependencies of Guadeloupe, being geographically nearer that island, leaving Martinique to concern herself with strictly domestic affairs. The most important of these is Marie Galante, six leagues south of Grande Terre, with fifteen thousand inhabitants and several *usines* to turn her cane-fields into rum. Les Saintes, Petite Terre, and Désirade, the latter the first landfall of Columbus on his second voyage, and owing its name to that circumstance, lie somewhat nearer the mother island. Far to the north is St. Martin, the possession of which France shares with Holland despite its barely forty square miles, making it the smallest territory in the world with two nationalities. No less interesting, though still more tiny, is the neighboring isle of St. Barthélemy, colloquially called "St. Barts." The inhabitants are chiefly white, and among them one finds the physiognomy, traditions, and customs of their Norman ancestors. Yet though they speak French, it is only badly, the prevailing language being English, or at least the caricature of that tongue which many decades of isolation has developed.

Martinique, though considerably smaller than Guadeloupe, from which it is separated by the British island of Dominica, probably means more to the average American, possibly because within the memory of the present generation it was the scene of the greatest catastrophe in the recorded history of the western hemisphere. Some forty miles long and averaging about half of that in width, it is essentially volcanic in origin, untold centuries of eruptions having given it an almost unbrokenly mountainous character, heaping up those many *mornes* and *pitons*, as its large and small cone-shaped peaks are called, that stretch from its one end to the other.



Some of the shops of Fort de France are as gay of dress as the women

A few weak electric-light bulbs scattered here and there in the dense humid darkness of Fort de France, the capital of Martinique since 1680, did not give the town a particularly inviting aspect. On the broad grassy *savane* there was scarcely light enough to see where one was going, which made progress perilous, for the habits of personal sanitation of the French islanders are not merely bad; some of them are incredible. The French themselves being none too careful in such matters, it is hardly to be expected that their negro subjects would develop high standards. Few streets

are well paved, most of them have open gutters down each side, but the slope of the town is fortunately sufficient to keep the running water clear except at about eight in the morning, which is the hour chosen by householders to get rid of their accumulated garbage.

Though it was merely Friday evening, a band was playing, and playing well, a classical program in the savanna kiosk. Undersized Frenchmen, in huge pith helmets that gave them the aspect of wandering toadstools, were strolling under the big trees of the immense, grassy square. With them mingled, apparently on terms of complete equality, their colored compatriots, the women in Parisian hats or the chic little turban, with its single protruding donkey-ear, peculiar to Martinique, according to their social standing, the men in the drab garb of the mere male the world over. There was not exactly a boisterousness, but a French freedom from restraint that gave the gathering an atmosphere quite different from similar ones in the more solemn British West Indies. Among the most interesting features of the Antilles is to note how closely the imitative negroes resemble in manner, customs, and temperament their ruling nations. Yet one conspicuous feature of French night life was absent from that of Fort de France —the aggressively amorous female of the species.

By day we found the center of the *savane* occupied by the white marble statue of the most famous native of Martinique, the Empress Josephine. Surrounded by a quadrangle of magnificent royal palms, a bas-relief of her crowning by Napoleon set into the pedestal, a medallion portrait of her imperial husband in one hand, she gazes away toward her birthplace across the bay with an expression which in certain lights suggests a wistful regret for ever having left it. But it is a flitting expression; most of the time she is visibly the proud Empress of the French, and still the idol of her native Martinique, for all her checkered story.

About the edge of the savanna are several open-air cafés, some of them housed in tents, none of them free from clients even in the busiest hours of the day. In the sunlight Fort de France has a cheerful aspect. It swarms with women in that gay costume of Martinique which suggests moving-picture actresses, dressed for their appearance before the camera, rather than staid housewives and market-women engaged in their unromantic daily tasks; some of its buildings rival them in the African gorgeousness of their multicolored walls. Almost wholly destroyed by fire thirty years ago, it has nothing of the ancient air to be found in many West Indian cities, though some of its comparatively modern structures are already sadly down at heel. Once it was of secondary importance, a mere capital, like Basse Terre in Guadeloupe, but the destruction of St. Pierre vastly increased its commercial prosperity, and its twenty-seven thousand inhabitants of ten years ago have considerably increased since then. The decrepit horse-carriages of the last decade have almost wholly given way to automobiles, American in make by virtue of the war, and aware of their importance in an island with neither tramways nor railroads. Window glass, uncalled for in the tropics, is almost unknown, wooden *jalousies* taking the place of it when the blazing sunlight or a driving storm demand the closing of its habitually wide-open houses. Its "best families," few of them free from a touch of the tar-brush, have the customs of family isolation of the France of a century ago; its rank and file have the negro's indifference to publicity in the most intimate of his domestic affairs. If one may judge by the prevalence of ugly French *pince-nez*, the whites and "high yellows" find the glaring sunlight and light-colored streets trying to the eyes. Seen from any of the several hills high above, the town is dull-red in tint, flat, and all but treeless, except for its green rectangular *savane*, only the openwork red spire of the cathedral protruding above the mass. Yet when the sun plays its cloud shadows across it, and the musical bells of its single church are tolling through one of its interminable funerals, the Fort Royal of olden days is well worth the stiff climb an embracing view of it requires.

The cathedral is modern, decidedly

French in atmosphere despite strong negro leanings. Some of its stained-glass windows depict the native types, mulatto acolyte attending a white bishop, backed by the well-done likenesses of worshipers in the striking female costume of the island, with a male in solemn Sunday dress thrown in between for contrast. One wonders why the Spanish-Americans have not also adopted so effective a form of decoration instead of clinging tenaciously to the medieval types. In the congregation few pure whites are to be seen, except for the priests and the nuns, who herd their scores of girl orphans in brown ginghams and purple turbans into the gallery pews. The collection is taken up by a black priest, who gives change to those who have not come supplied with the customary small coin, but the officiating curates are wholly French in manner, appearance, and accent. The lives they lead, if one may judge from certain indications, are far more of a credit to their church than those of their colleagues in the Spanish tropics.

Sunday in Fort de France is not the deadly dull Sabbath of the British West Indies. The market and many of the shops are open in the morning; the cooler hours of the afternoon find the town enlivened with strollers, from the ramparts of grim old fort St. Louis to the banks of the Rivière Madame, lined by varicolored boats drawn up out of the water, with whole jungles of nets hung out to dry, with carelessly constructed little houses, in the shadows of which squat chattering, boisterously laughing negroes. The evening is one of the three during the week on which the movies function. A long line of automobiles was disgorging noisy, overdressed natives of all colors except pure white. About the doors squatted scores of turbaned women, each waiting patiently for some admirer to supply her with a ticket; a swarm of ragged young black rascals blocked the entries, casting insolent glances, if not audible remarks, at the more attractive women, particularly if they chanced to be white.

The great covered market of Fort de France is daily the scene of a similar uproar. By day it presents a kaleidoscopic panorama of venders and buyers in every known shade of garb and complexion; by dark, when it remains open that late, it suggests some drunken inferno. Bargaining is one of the chief amusements of the West Indian negro; when he has been reared in a French environment he seems to find double joy in it. Every purchase is the occasion for an extended quarrel which stops short of nothing but actual fisticuffs. A slice of meat tossed from the scales into a purchaser's basket invariably brings a shriek of protest from the seller. The buyer has "short-changed" him! Buyers always do, unless they are the despised tourists, who always foolishly pay the first price demanded. A mighty shouting arises over the scene of contention; it increases to an uproar that is almost audible above the general

St. Pierre of to-day, with Mont Pelée behind it

hubbub. The meat and the money are snatched back and forth a score of times, foul names are seen, if not heard, on the thick lips of the shrieking opponents; a copper is added to the handful of now bloody coins, withdrawn again as the seller slashes a match-sized strip off the maltreated slice of meat; copper and strip are once more conceded, the screams grow deafening, until at length

The cathedral of St. Pierre, with the present parish church inside it

a bargain is struck, and the two part company with friendly nods that are mutual promises to engage in similar entertainment on the morrow. The tiny portions of Haitian markets are not found in those of the French Antilles. Whole boxes of matches, entire yams, sometimes as many as two or three bananas, change hands in one single transaction. Many a matron whose purchases do not sum up to more than three or four pounds is followed by a porter, who gathers them into his basket.

The traveler in the Lesser Antilles finds himself almost wholly cut off from the world's news. It is a rare cable that has not been broken for months, if not for years, and the local newspapers are faintly printed little rags through which one may search in vain for a hint of the happenings outside the particular island on which one chances to be marooned. Instead of news, the front pages are taken up with local political squabbles, and, in the French islands, with challenges to duels, set in the largest type available. Let it not be supposed, however, that these lead to any great amount of bloodshed. In virtually all cases the long series of letters exchanged between the contestants, or, more exactly, between their seconds, and set down at full length in the public prints, end on some such tone as:

> Messieurs Pinville and Larcher, representing M. Marc Larcher, and MM. Binet and Hantoni, representing M. Louis Percin, having met in the city hall in the matter of a demand for satisfaction from M. Marc Larcher by M. Percin, on account of an article in the "Démocratie Coloniale" of March 20th, came to an agreement that there was a misunderstanding between M. Percin and M. Marc Larcher, neither the one nor the other having ever had the intention of making any allegations which should encroach upon the private life of either.
>
> In consequence, they declare the incident irrevocably closed.
>
> Done in duplicate at Fort de France, March 23, 1920,

and signed by the pacifiers. Thus the principals have impressed upon their fellow-citizens their chivalrous code of honor and undaunted courage, the seconds have won a bit of personal publicity, and no harm has been done. In a way the Martinique system has its advantages over the more direct American method of a pair of black eyes.

A coast steamer leaves Fort de France every morning at the first peep of dawn for what was once the larger city of St. Pierre. For three hours it chugs north-

westward along the coast, dotted with little fisher villages half hidden in cocoanut-palms and the long lines of pole-supported nets drying under them. Here and there it halts to pick up or discharge passengers in rowboats, and to take on the capital's daily supply of milk—in five-gallon Standard Oil tins corked with handsful of leaves. The sea is usually pond-smooth here under the lee of the island. Many sandstone cliffs as absolutely sheer as if they had been cut with a gigantic knife line the way, with little shrines at the foot of most of them to keep them from falling into the sea. Behind, the verdant mountains pile steeply into the sky, as if, the island being a bare twenty miles wide, they must make the most of the space allotted them. The coast is speckled with fishermen in broad, trapezoidal straw hats, standing erect in their precarious little boats or setting their nets for the day's catch. Their method is simple. Half a dozen of them fence in a great oval stretch of water near the shore with a single net hundreds of yards long and weighted on one side. Then when only the floating support blocks remain above the surface, they proceed to throw stones into the enclosure, to pound the water with their paddles, to splash about like men gone suddenly insane. Apparently the fish rise to see what all the commotion is about, for half an hour later the men begin to drag their net inshore, and the haul is seldom less than several boatloads of the finny tribe, of every size from the *coli roux*, resembling the sardine, to mammoth fish that must be quickly clubbed to death for safety sake, and of every variety known to the tropical seas. Already the inhabitants of the neighboring villages are trooping down to the shore with their native baskets and makeshift receptacles, and by the time the net is stretched out on its poles to dry the last of the catch has been sold and carried away.

But we are nearing St. Pierre. Carbet, the last stop, where Columbus landed just four centuries before the great catastrophe, is falling astern, and as we round its protecting nose of land the flanks of Pelée rise before us, broken and wrinkled and cracked and heaped up in scorched brown slopes that end in the blue-black clouds clinging tenaciously about the volcano's head, as if to shield the murderous old rascal from detection. This same steamer, one of the crew who served in the same capacity in those days tells us, barely escaped from the disaster that overwhelmed the chief city of the Lesser Antilles. She had left St. Pierre at daybreak—for her itinerary was reversed when the capital played second fiddle to her commercial rival—and was entering the harbor of Fort de France when two mighty explosions that seemed to shake all Martinique "set us praying for our friends in St. Pierre." Next day she returned, only to find—but just here our informant was called away to help in the landing, and left us to picture for ourselves the sight

Fort de France, with the statue of the Empress Josephine

that met his eyes as he steamed into this open roadstead on that memorable morning.

Ships no longer anchor off St. Pierre. For one thing, a shelf of the sea floor was broken off during the eruption, and left the harbor all but unfathomable. Besides, the world's shipping passes ruined St. Pierre by now, and only this little coaster comes daily to tie up to a tiny pier where once stretched long and busy wharves.

The St. Pierre of the beginning of this century was the most important city of the French West Indies. More than that, it was noted throughout the Caribbean for its beauty, gaiety, and commercial activity. It was a stone city, of real cut stone, built in a perfect amphitheater sloping gently down to the deeply blue sea, and cut sharply off at the rear by sheer hills that spring quickly into mountains.

On the night of May 7, 1902, after repeated warnings of danger, a torrential rain, accompanied by unprecedented thunder and lightning, swept over the island. That, the people told themselves, was a sign that the danger was over. The eighth dawned fresh and clear. The vapors from the crater went straight up and floated away on the trade-wind. The people forgot their fears and began to prepare for a *jour de grande fête*, for it was Assumption Day. Then suddenly, at eight o'clock, two mighty explosions that were heard as far off as Dominica and St. Lucia had barely subsided when an enormous black cloud with bright streaks in it rolled down from the crater at express speed, enveloped St. Pierre, halted abruptly a few hundred yards north of the neighboring village of Carbet, and floated slowly away before the wind. The pride of the French West Indies, with its twenty-eight thousand inhabitants, had been completely wiped out in the space of forty-five seconds.

That night the wreck of a steamer, its superstructureless deck strewn with a score of charred and dismembered bodies, crawled into the harbor of St. Lucia.

"Who are you?" shouted the crowd gathered on the wharves, "and where do you come from?"

"We come from hell," shouted back the only surviving officer. "You can cable the world that St. Pierre no longer exists."

Eighteen years have passed since the destruction of St. Pierre, and it is still little more than a fishing village. From the waterfront one gets an impression of partial recovery; once landed, one finds only a fringe of houses along the sea, frail wooden houses with little resemblance to the old stone city. Sloping wharves of stone, strewn with broken and rusted lamp-posts, with worthless iron safes, and the twisted remnants of anchor chains, accommodate only a few fishing canoes instead of their former bustling ocean-going traffic. Back of the one partly restored street lies a labyrinth of old, gray, cut-stone ruins choked with the rampant vegetation that does its concealing work quickly and well in the tropics. From the beach to the sheer green mountain wall behind, a dark-gray lava dust everywhere covers the natural soil, and from this fertile humus a veritable jungle has sprung up. Former parlors are filled with growing tobacco; banana plants wave their huge leaves from out what were once secluded family residences. Of the five large churches that adorned St. Pierre, only a piece of the tower, a fragment of the curved apse, and a bit of the façade of the great stone cathedral, once among the most important in the West Indies, peer above the surrounding vegetation. The entrance hall and the tiles of the main aisle lead now to a tiny wood-and-tin church built in the center of the former structure. Rusted iron pillars, hanging awry or completely fallen, help the brush to choke up the interior; a pathetic old iron saint, without head, arms, or feet, leans against the outer wall as if he were still dazed by the fall from his niche above. Gaunt black pigs roam everywhere through the ruins, the silence of which is seldom broken except by the wind whispering through the leaves and the murmur of the running water with which the ghost of a city is still abundantly supplied.

On closer inspection one finds more inhabitants than are suggested by the first glimpse. Dozens of drygoods-box shacks are hidden away in the lee of towering stone walls that seem on the

very point of toppling over. Hovels of grass and thatch come suddenly to light as one scrambles through the jungles of former palace courtyards and lava-razed fortresses. The buoyant faith and trust of humanity laughs in the end at such catastrophes even as that of St. Pierre. We halted to talk with some of the denizens of these improvised homes among the ruins. An old negro and his wife in one of them had lost their four children in the disaster. The woman had been sent by her mistress on an errand into the country an hour before it occurred; the man had seen a long row of peasants bound for market killed up to within a few feet of where he was working on the roadside, and a stone had fallen upon his back, crippling him for life. Yet a few years later they had returned to build their shelter on the very spot where their children had fallen.

"We could n't stand it in Fort de France," explained the old man. "It was always raining, stinking, full of mud and fever." As a matter of fact, there is scarcely an iota of difference in climate between the two cities, but homesickness easily gives false impressions.

One felt immensely more of a sense of civilization here than in Haiti. Here one seemed as secure as in the heart of France. Yet there was little outward difference between the Haitians and the simple, kindly country people who plodded constantly by on the country roads, the women carrying immense bundles on their heads. Their hats they secured by laying the load over one rim flapping behind them, balancing their burdens with a cadenced swing of the hips, their legs bare to the knees. The men were fewer and seldom carried anything. In the fields were flocks of cattle; the little houses were all built close to the road, for *cacos* are unknown in Martinique. Vehicles were few despite the excellence of the leisurely French highway. The great mass of the islanders do their traveling on foot, the wealthy by automobile; but the latter are not numerous enough to give the pedestrian much annoyance.

As I neared the coast, the rolling hills turned to cane-fields, which stretched clear down to the edge of the Atlantic. Compared with Cuba or Porto Rico, the methods were primitive, or, more exactly, diminutive. Children, women, and old men picked up the cut canes one by one, tied them in bundles with the top leaves, and slowly carried them to small ox-carts in which they were laboriously stood on end, bundle by bundle. These workers received two francs a day—fifteen cents at the then rate of exchange.

Unlike the smaller British islands, the French Antilles have not put all their faith in sugar. Cane products, however, form by far the most important industry. If their exports of sugar decreased by half during the war, it is because the making of rum has proved more advantageous, especially as France has requisitioned their sugar at less than half the price in the open market. In the very years when the United States was adopting its prohibition amendment, Martinique and Guadeloupe increased their rum production by some forty per cent. The present almost unprecedented prosperity of the islands is chiefly due to the distilled cane juice they sent overseas while their sons were battling at the front.

I returned to St. Pierre one morning for a walk through the heart of the island. An excellent road in rather bad repair unites the ruined city and the capital, a distance of twenty-five miles. It climbs quickly into beautiful, cool, green mountains.

During the first few miles I met many fierce-looking mulattoes in flaring piratical mustaches and kinky Napoleon III beards, carrying in their hands big, sharp-pointed cane-knives; but every passer-by bade me a soft, kindly, respectful "Bonjour, monsieur"; they had not even the hypocritical obsequiousness or the occasional insolence of the British negro.

Beyond Fond St. Denis the way descended somewhat along another beautiful valley, its slopes densely wooded, a small river boiling over the rocks at its bottom. Then the highway began to mount again, disclosing magnificent new panoramas at every turn. It was a soft-footed road, and in these higher reaches almost entirely untraveled. The rich center of the island was

surprisingly uninhabited. The unfailing trade-wind swept down through the mountain passes to the left; hurrying clouds broke the fury of the tropical sun; there was splendid drinking water everywhere, usually carried out to the edge of the road in bamboo troughs stuck into the sheer mountain-side. The climb ended at two huts and a shrine, dignified with the name of Deux Choux, whence another highway descended to Robert, on the Atlantic. Here I paused for a marvelous view back down the dense green valley to cloud-capped Pelée and a broad stretch of the Caribbean beyond St. Pierre, then came out on a tiny meadow with grazing cattle, a lonely little hut, and a temperate climate. A wonderfully symmetrical green peak stood directly overhead, with another, its summit lost in the clouds, breaking the horizon beyond. Martinique, one was forced to admit, was as beautiful in its small way as Porto Rico, even though it lacked the red-leafed *bucaré*, the color-splashes of orange-trees, and the snow-like tobacco-fields. A deep stillness reigned, emphasized rather than broken by the murmur of some distant little stream, the creaking of an insect far off in the wilderness, now and then a gust of wind that set the ferns and the bamboo plumes to whispering together. Little wooden shrines were here and there set into the mountain walls, the garments of the dolls they inclosed tattered and weather-rotted.

The people of the French Antilles have, as is to be expected, many of the characteristics of the continental Frenchman. His faults and his virtues are theirs, the former magnified, the latter shrunken, as is the way with the negro. In outward demeanor they have little in common with the British West Indian, still less perhaps with our own blacks. In general they are much less given to outbursts of insolence and are much more courteous. But, like the Frenchman, they are impulsive and individualistic; hence one cannot generalize too broadly. After being treated with incredible courtesy by the few with whom one has come into personal contact, one is astounded to find the crowds almost brutal. The country people are, of course, more courteous than the corresponding classes in the capital; the women are, on the whole, less so than the men, another direct legacy from the French. The islanders have, too, something of that French custom of not showing surprise at strange sights or personal idiosyncrasies, that same quality that makes it easy to live in Paris. The one pleasant trait native to the negro—his gaiety and lack of gloom—is tempered in the French islands by a sort of Latin pensiveness, while his sense of personal dignity is distinctly higher than that among the former British slaves.

His superiority to the Haitian is ample proof of the advantage of having the negro ruled over by whites, even though that rule be faulty, instead of letting him run wild. He has more sense of responsibility, far more industry, and a civic spirit that the Haitian has almost completely lost. All this tends to make him comparatively law-abiding. There are few country police in the French islands, and they are not numerous in the towns, yet the stranger may wander at will and rarely meet even with annoyance. Barrels of rum are left unguarded for weeks in the streets or on the wharves of Guadeloupe or Martinique, and the case is almost unknown of their being broached or in any way molested.

The French negro's superiority of deportment is partly due, no doubt, to the higher sense of equality he enjoys under the tricolor. The color line exists, but it is less direct, less tangible, more hidden than with us. When the white inhabitants speak of it at all, they are apt to speak in whispers.

Schools are closely centralized, as in France, and not particularly numerous or effective, though there is less illiteracy than the census of the French islanders who helped to dig the Panama Canal seemed to indicate. Among the surprises in store for the visitor is the profound patriotism of almost all classes. Twenty thousand Martiniquais went to France as conscripts, while the British West Indies sent only volunteers, yet only one British island can in any way compare with their French neighbors in loyalty to the homeland. Thus is France rewarded for the comparative equality which she grants her subjects, irrespective of color.

Lost Ships and Lonely Seas

II. How the Schooner *Exertion* Fell Among Thieves

By RALPH D. PAINE

Illustrations by George Avison

The narrative of a New England sea-captain who fell among pirates on the Cuban coast, and finally escaped through the aid of one of the sea-rovers.

THIS is the story of a very shabby set of rascals who wrecked and plundered an honest little merchant vessel a hundred years ago and disgraced the profession of piracy. In truth, even in the heyday of the black flag and the Spanish Main, most pirates were no better than cowardly salt-water burglars who would rather run than fight. The glamour of romance has been much kinder to them than they deserved. Their vocation had fallen to a low ebb indeed in the early part of the eighteenth century, when they still infested the waters of the sunny Caribbean, and struggled along, in some instances, on incomes no larger than those of a minister or school-teacher of to-day. Ambitious young men had ceased to follow piracy as a career. The distinguished leaders had vanished, most of them properly hanged in chains, and it was no longer possible to become a William Kidd or a Captain England.

The schooner *Exertion*, Captain Lincoln, sailed from Boston, bound to Trinidad, Cuba, on November 13, 1821, with a crew comprising Joshua Brackett, mate; David Warren, cook; and Thomas Young, George Reed, Thomas Goodall, and Francis De Suze as able seamen. There was nothing in the cargo to tempt a self-respecting pirate; no pieces of eight or doubloons or jewels, but flour, beef, pork, lard, butter, fish, beans, onions, potatoes, apples, hams, furniture, and shooks, with a total invoiced value of eight thousand dollars. The *Exertion* jogged along without incident until close to Cape Cruz and the end of the run, when a strange sail swept out of a channel among the sandy keys, with sweeps manned and deck filled with men. There were forty of them, unkempt, bewhiskered, and they appeared to be so many walking arsenals of muskets, blunderbusses, cutlasses, pistols, and dirks. Their schooner mounted two carronades and flew the blue-and-white flag of the Republic of Mexico, which was a device popular among sea-rovers who were no better than they should be. It permitted liberty of action, something like a New Jersey charter, which corporations have found elastic.

Captain Lincoln hove the *Exertion* to and hoped for the best, having only six men and seven muskets with which to repel boarders. His country was at peace with Mexico and Spain, and he tried to believe that "a republican flag indicated both honor and friendship from those who wore it." Alas! it was soon discovered that these were common pirates, for they sent a boat aboard in charge of the first lieutenant, Bolidar, with six or eight Spaniards "armed with as many of the aforementioned weapons as they could well sling about their bodies." The *Exertion* was ordered to follow the other schooner, the *Mexican*, and the two vessels came to an anchor off Cay Largo, about thirty leagues from Trinidad.

There one of the pirates, the sailing-master, who went by the name of Nickola, remained in the *Exertion* to examine the captain's papers. This forbidding person was, in fact, a Scotchman, as his speech readily disclosed, and he was curiously out of place among the dirty crew of Spanish renegades. The unlucky skipper of the *Exertion* had found a friend, of whom he said:

> He spoke good English, had a countenance rather pleasing, although his beard and mustachios had a frightful appearance,—his

face, apparently full of anxiety, indicated something in my favor; he gave me my papers saying "take good care of them, for I am afraid you have fallen into bad hands."

The pirates then sent a boat to the *Exertion* with more men and arms, leaving a heavy guard on board and taking Captain Lincoln and three of his Yankee seamen off to their own low, rakish craft, where they served out rum and vainly tried to persuade them to enlist, with promise of dazzling booty. Sadly Captain Lincoln returned to his schooner, where he found Lieutenant Bolidar in the cabin, and the place in a sorry mess. It is well known that, whatever their other virtues, pirates as a class had no manners. The captain's narrative declares:

They had emptied a case of liquors and broken a cheese to pieces and crumbled it on the table and the cabin floor, and, elated with their prize, as they called it, they had drunk so much as to make them desperately abusive. I was permitted to lie down in my berth; but, reader, if you have ever been awakened by a gang of armed desperadoes, who have taken possession of your habitation in the midnight hour, you can imagine my feelings. Sleep was a stranger to me and anxiety was my guest. Bolidar, however, pretended friendship, and flattered me with the prospect of being set at liberty. But I found him, as I suspected, a consummate hypocrite; indeed his very looks indicated it. He was a stout and well-built man, of a dark, swarthy complexion, with keen, ferocious eyes, huge whiskers, and beard under his chin and on his lips four or five inches long. He was a Portugese by birth but had become a naturalized Frenchman,—had a wife and children in France and was well-known there as commander of a first rate privateer. His appearance was truly terrific; he could talk some English, and had a most lion-like voice.

Next day the scurvy knaves began plundering the *Exertion* of her cargo of potatoes, butter, apples, beans, and so on, ripped up the floors in search of more liquor, found some hard cider, and guzzled it until officers and men were in a fight, all tipsy together, and simmered down to sing sentimental ditties in the twilight. Soon after this both schooners got under way and sailed to another haven in the lee of Brigantine Cay. Captain Lincoln saw something more of the black sheep of a Scotchman who called himself Nickola. He was a pirate with a soft streak in him, very unhappy in his lawless employment, and professed that he had signed articles in the belief that he was bound privateering.

He lamented most deeply his own situation, for he was one of those men whose early good impressions were not entirely effaced, although confederated with guilt. He told me those who had taken me were no better than pirates and their end would be the halter, but, he added with peculiar emotion, "I will never be hung as a pirate," showing me a bottle of laudanum, which he had found in my medicine chest, saying, "If we are overtaken, that shall cheat the hangman before we are condemned."

Another day's cruise to the eastward, and the trim, taut little *Exertion* suffered the melancholy fate of shipwreck, not bravely in a gale, but mishandled and wantonly gutted by her captors. First she stranded on a bar while making in for a secluded creek, and was floated after throwing overboard a deck-load of shooks, or staves. Then her sails were stripped, the rigging cut to pieces, and the masts chopped over the side lest they be sighted from seaward. After that the pirates hewed gaps in her bulwarks in order to loot the rest of the cargo more easily, and the stanch schooner was left to bleach her bones on the Cuban coast.

The captain and crew of the *Exertion* were threatened and ill used, but there seemed to be no intention of hewing them down with a cutlass or making them walk the plank. What to do with them was a problem rather perplexing, which shows that the trade of piracy had fallen from its former estate. These were thrifty freebooters, however, and the business was capably organized. There were even traces of the efficiency management which was to become the religion of the twentieth century. The pirates' largest boat was manned by a crew that discarded some of its weapons, combed its whiskers, and even washed its faces, and set off for the port of

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The pirate captain boarding the captured *Exertion*

Principe in charge of the terrifying Bolidar. One of the seamen of the *Exertion*, Francis de Suze, a Portuguese, now decided to join the outlaws, explaining to his captain, with tears in his eyes:

"I shall do nothing but what I am compelled to do, and will not aid in the least to hurt you or your vessel. I am very sorry to leave you."

The boat carried to Principe letters to a merchant by the name of Dominico who acted as the commercial agent of the industrious pirates and sold their plunder for them. A representative of his was kept on board of the wicked schooner and went to sea with her, presumably to make sure of honest dealings, a sensible precaution in the case of such slippery gentry. The whole arrangement was most reprehensible, of course, but it had flourished on a much larger scale in the godly ports of Boston and New York in an earlier era. It was to put a stop to such flagrant traffic that Richard Coote, Earl of Bellamont, had been sent out by King William III as royal governor of the colonies of New York and Massachusetts in 1695. Colonial merchants, outwardly the pattern of respectability, were in secret partnership with the swarm of pirates that infested the American coast and waxed rich on the English commerce of the Indian Ocean.

"I send you, my Lord, to New York," said King William to Bellamont, "because an honest and intrepid man is wanted to put these abuses down, and because I believe you to be such a man."

As a result of these instructions, Captain William Kidd was employed to hunt the pirates down by sea. He was a merchant shipmaster of brave and honorable repute, who had a comfortable home in Liberty Street, New York, was married to a widow of good family, and was highly esteemed by the Dutch and English merchants of the town. A shrewd trader who made money for his owners, he was also a fighting seaman of such proved mettle that he was given command of privateers which cruised along the coasts of the colonies and harried the French in the West Indies. His excellent reputation and character are attested by official documents. How William Kidd, sent out to catch pirates, was convicted of turning pirate himself rather than sail home empty-handed is another story. Fate has played strange tricks with the memory of this seventeenth-century seafarer who never cut a throat or scuttled a ship, and who was hanged at Execution Dock for the excessively unromantic crime of cracking the skull of his mutinous gunner with a wooden bucket.

Poor Captain Lincoln of Boston, having lost his schooner *Exertion* and his cargo, was righteously indignant at discovering how the infamous business was carried on. Said he:

> I was informed by a line from Nickola that the pirates had a man on board, a native of Principe, who, in the garb of a sailor, was a partner with Dominico, but I could not get sight of him. This lets us a little into the plan by which this atrocious system has been conducted. Merchants having partners on board of these pirates! Thus pirates at sea and robbers on land are associated to destroy the peaceful trader.

The diary of this distressed shipmaster contained the entry, under date of Sunday, December 30:

> The beginning of trouble! This day, which particularly reminds Christians of the high duties of compassion and benevolence, was never observed by these pirates. This, of course, we might expect, as they did not often know when Sunday came, and if they knew, it was spent in gambling. Early this morning the merchant, as they called him, came with a large boat for the cargo. I was ordered into a boat with my crew, without any breakfast, and carried about three miles to a small island out of sight of the *Exertion*, and left there by the side of a pond of thick muddy water with nothing to eat but a few biscuits. One of the boat's crew told us that the merchant was afraid of being recognized, and when he had gone the boat would return for us, but we passed the day in the greatest anxiety. At night, however, the boat came and took us again on board the *Exertion* where to our surprise and grief we found they had broken open the trunks and chests and taken all our wearing apparel, not leaving me even a shirt or pair of pantaloons, nor sparing a small miniature of my wife which was in the trunk.

Nickola, that sentimental Scotch pirate, was a friend so loyal that the Spanish pirate of the crew now concluded to tie him up to a tree and shoot him, and had gone so far as to cast lots to pick the man who should fire the musket; but two Frenchmen and an Italian among these assorted scoundrels came to the rescue, organized a party, and swore to do some shooting on their own account unless Nickola was let alone. This did not appear to daunt him, and he remained true to Captain Lincoln, even sending a letter from Principe to tell him about the disposition of the stolen cargo and what prices it was fetching. He also revealed the fact that his true name was Jamieson, but continued to sign his alias, and wound up his letter with this romantic flight:

> Perhaps in your old age, when you recline with ease in a corner of your cottage, you will have the goodness to drop a tear of pleasure to the memory of him, whose highest ambition should have been to subscribe himself, though devoted to the gallows, your friend,
>
> NICKOLA MONACRE.

The pirate schooner was employed a few days later to fill her hold with the cargo of the *Exertion* and hoist sail for Principe. They lifted the stuff out with "Yo! ho! ho!" which made Captain Lincoln so unhappy that he pensively wrote:

> How different was this sound from what it would have been, had I been permitted to pass unmolested by these lawless plunderers, and been favored with a safe arrival at the port of my destination, where my cargo would have found an excellent sale. Then would the "yo, ho, ho" on its discharging, have been a delightful sound to me.

As a final touch to afflict the skipper, the pirates fished out the consignment of furniture and, for lack of space below, sailed off with chairs lashed to the rail in rows and tables hung in the rigging.

There now appears the pirate captain himself, for Bolidar was second in command. To the New England skipper came Bolidar with five men, his own personal armament consisting of a blunderbuss, a cutlass, a long knife, and a pair of pistols. This fearsome lieutenant took Captain Lincoln by the arm, led him away, and imparted:

"My *capitan* sends me for your *wash*."

Properly resentful, the master of the *Exertion* replied:

"Damn your eyes! I have no clothes, nor any soap to wash with. You have taken them all."

"Ah, ha, but I will have your *wash, pronto*," cried Bolidar, waving the blunderbuss. "What you call him that make *tick-tock*, same as the clock?"

Disgustedly, Captain Lincoln extracted his watch from the place where he had hidden it. The cloud had a silver lining, for Bolidar graciously handed over a small bundle at parting.

> It contained a pair of linen drawers, sent me by Nickola, and also the Rev. Mr. Brooks' *Family Prayer Book*. This gave me great satisfaction. Soon after, Bolidar returned with his captain, who had one arm slung up, yet with as many implements of war as his diminutive self could conveniently carry. He told me (through an interpreter who was his prisoner) that on his last cruise he had fallen in with two Spanish privateers and beat them off, but had fourteen of his men killed and was himself wounded in the arm. Bolidar turned to me and said, "It is a d—n lie" which words proved to be correct, for his arm was not wounded and when I saw him again he had forgotten to sling it up.

Having disposed of the cargo, it transpired that the prisoners were to be marooned and left to perish. After all, the traditions of piracy had not been wholly lost. With an inkling of this fate, Mr. Joshua Brackett, the mate of the *Exertion*, was heard to say, "I cannot tell you what awaits us, but it appears to me that the worst is to come."

The pirate captain and his officers held a whispered conference, and then spent the last night ashore in gambling, the diminutive chieftain "in hopes of getting back some of the five hundred dollars he had lost a few nights before; which had made him unusually fractious." At sunset of the next day the crew of the *Exertion*, with several Spanish prisoners taken out of a merchant prize, were put into a boat. At this lamentable moment Nickola stepped to the front again and told Captain Lincoln:

"'Armed with as many of the aforementioned weapons as they could well sling about their bodies'"

"My friend, I will give you your book," being Mr. Colman's sermons. "It is the only thing of yours that is in my possession. I dare not attempt anything more. *Never mind, I may see you again before I die.*"

There were eleven prisoners in all, without arms, and to sustain life only a ten-gallon keg of water, part of a barrel of flour, one ham, and some salt fish, not forgetting the precious volume of Mr. Colman's sermons. They were carried to a tiny bit of an islet, no more than a shoal of white sand an acre in extent and barely lifted above high tide, at a distance of many miles from the nearest Cuban coast. No wonder that Captain Lincoln was moved to ejaculate:

> Look at us now, my friends, left benighted on a little spot of sand in the midst of the ocean, far from the usual track of vessels, and every appearance of a violent thunder tempest and a boisterous night. Judge of my feelings, and the circumstances which our band of sufferers now witnessed. Perhaps you can and have pitied us. I assure you we were very wretched; and to paint the scene is not within my power.

They found a fragment of a thatched hut built by turtle fishermen, but now whipped to pieces by the wind, and it served as a slight shelter from the burning sun. Fire they kindled by means of a piece of cotton-wick yarn and a flint and steel. They dug holes for fresh water, but it was almost too salt to drink. At bedtime the captain read aloud selections from the Rev. Mr. Brooks's "Family Prayer-Book," and they slept in the sand when the scorpions, centipedes, lizards, and mosquitos would permit. Of driftwood, palmetto logs, and pieces of board they fashioned a little raft, and so explored the key nearest them. There they discovered some shooks, planks, and pieces of spar that had been in the *Exertion's* deck-load and were thrown overboard when she grounded on the bar. With the amazing handiness of good seamen, they proceeded to build a boat of this pitiful material. The captain declared:

> Some of the Spaniards had secreted their long knives in their trouser-legs, which proved very useful in fitting timbers, and a gimblet of mine enabled us to use wooden

pins. And now our spirits began to revive, although *water, water* was continually in our minds. Our labor was extremely burdensome, and the Spaniards considerably peevish,—but they would often say to me, —"Never mind, Captain, by and by Americans or Spanish catch 'em and we go see 'em hung."

David Warren, the cook of the *Exertion*, had been ailing, and the cruel ordeal of being marooned was too much for him. The captain perceived that he was soon to slip his moorings and suggested as they sat by the fire:

"I think it most likely that we shall die here soon, but as some one of us may survive to carry the tidings to our friends, if you have anything to say respecting your family, now is the time."

The young sailor—he was only twenty-six—replied to this:

"I have a mother in Saco where I belong—she is a second time a widow—to-morrow if you can spare a scrap of paper and a pencil I will write something."

No to-morrow came to him. He passed out in the night, and the skipper thought of his own wife and children. They dug a grave in the sand, made a coffin of shooks, and stood with bare heads while Captain Lincoln read the funeral prayer from the consolatory compilation of the Rev. Mr. Brooks. One of the Spanish prisoners, an old man named Manuel, made a cross, and with great pains carved upon it the words, "*Jesus Christ Hath Him Now*," and placed it at the head of the grave. There was the old Puritan strain in Captain Lincoln, who observed, "Although I did not believe in the mysterious influence of the cross, yet I was perfectly willing it should stand there."

Enfeebled and lacking food and water, they stubbornly toiled at building a boat, which was shaped like a flat-iron. When at length they launched the wretched little craft, it leaked like a sieve and, to their dismay, would hold no more than six of them and stay afloat, four to row, one to steer, and one to bail. Three Spaniards and a Frenchman argued that they should go in search of help because they were acquainted with the lay of the coast and could talk to the people. Mr. Brackett, the mate, was also selected, because the captain considered it his duty to stay with his men. The sixth man was Joseph Baxter, and there is no other mention of him in the narrative. He was one of the prisoners who had been brought along with the Spaniards. They were given a keg of water "the least salty," a few pancakes and salt fish, and embarked with the best wishes and prayers of the other survivors.

On the tiny key waited the captain, old Manuel, Thomas Goodall, and George Reed, while the torrid days and the anxious nights dragged past until almost a week had gone. The flour-barrel was empty, and they were trying to survive on prickly pears and shell-fish, while the tortures of thirst were agonizing. At last they sighted a boat drifting by about a mile distant, and hope flickered anew. The raft was shoved off, and two of them overhauled the empty boat, which seemed to offer a way of escape. Imagine their feelings at discovering that it was the same boat in which Mr. Brackett and the five men had sailed away to find rescue in the last extremity! It was full of water and without oars or paddles. No wonder that Captain Lincoln wrote in his diary next day:

> This morning was indeed the most gloomy I had ever experienced. There appeared hardly a ray of hope that my friend Brackett could return, seeing the boat was lost. Our provisions gone, our mouths parched extremely with thirst; our strength wasted; our spirits broken, and our hopes imprisoned within the circumference of this desolate island in the midst of an unfrequented ocean, all these things gave to the scene around us the hue of death.

Later in this same day a sail was described against the blue horizon. The sloop boldly tacked among the tortuous shoals and channels, and was seen to be heading for the islet. Presently she fired a gun, and the castaways took her to be another pirate vessel. She dropped anchor and lowered a boat in which three men rowed to the beach. "Thinking it no worse to die by sword than famine," Captain Lincoln walked

down to meet them. As the boat drove through the surf, the man in the bow jumped out and waded ashore and caught the captain in his arms. It was the Scotchman, Nickola Monacre, henceforth to be known by the reputable name of Jamieson! He had shorn off his ruffianly whiskers and abandoned his evil ways. The moment could have been no more dramatic, the coincidence happier, if the situation had been contrived by a motion-picture director.

"Do you now believe that *Jamieson* is your friend?" exclaimed this worthy hero. "Are these all that are left of you? Where are the others? Ah, I suspected, and now I know, what you were put here for."

Captain Lincoln explained the absence of the mate and the five seamen who had vanished from the water-logged boat. Jamieson had heard nothing of them, and ventured the opinion:

"How unfortunate! They must be lost, or some pirates have taken them."

He called to his two comrades, Frenchmen and fine fellows, who embraced the castaways and held to their parched lips a tea-kettle filled with wine, and then fed them sparingly with a dish of salt beef and potatoes. The rest of the sloop's crew was summoned ashore, and among them was Thomas Young, a sailor from the *Exertion* whom the pirates had detained in their own vessel and who had escaped with the help of Jamieson. While they all sat on the beach and ate and drank, the admirable Jamieson spun the yarn of his own adventures. The pirates had captured four small vessels and, being short of prize-masters, had put him in charge of one of them, with a crew which included the Frenchmen and Thomas Young, with orders to follow the piratical *Mexican*. The captured vessel leaked so much that Jamieson abandoned her and shifted to the smaller sloop, in which they altered their course by night and so slipped clear of the pirates.

First they sailed back to the wreck of the *Exertion* on the chance that Captain Lincoln might be there. Disappointed in this, they went to sea again, and laid a course for the key on which the prisoners had been marooned. "We had determined among ourselves," said Jamieson, "that, should an opportunity occur, we would come and save your lives, as we now have."

All hands soon went aboard Jamieson's vessel, and left the horrid place of their banishment over the stern. The first port of call was the inlet in which the *Exertion* lay stranded. She was a forlorn derelict, stripped of everything, and Captain Lincoln bade her a sorrowful farewell. While beating out of this passage, an armed brig was seen five miles distant. She piped a boat away, which fired several musket-balls through the sloop's mainsail as soon as they drew near each other, and it was surmised that these were none other than the same old pirates of the *Mexican*. Declining to surrender, Jamieson and Captain Lincoln served out muskets, and they peppered the strange boat in a brisk little encounter until the brig manned two more boats, and resistance was seen to be futile.

The strange ship turned out to be a lawful Spanish privateer whose captain showed no resentment at the fusillade. Indeed, he was singularly cordial, a very gentlemanly sailor, and invited Captain Lincoln and his men into the cabin for dinner. Jamieson and his crew, for reasons best known to themselves, signed articles as privateersmen and stayed in the brig. This was perhaps preferable to risking the halter ashore. Captain Lincoln was sent to Trinidad, Cuba, where he found American friends, and was soon able to obtain passage home to Boston. It was not until many weeks later that he learned of the safe arrival on the Cuban coast of Mr. Brackett, the mate, and the five men who had vanished from the open boat. What befell them at sea, and how they were picked up, is not revealed.

It would be a pity to dismiss the engaging Jamieson without some further knowledge of his checkered career. A year and a half after their parting, Captain Lincoln received a letter from him. He was living quietly in Montego Bay, Jamaica, and at the captain's very urgent invitation he came to Boston for a visit. While in the privateer brig, as he told it, they had fought a Colombian eighteen-gun sloop-of-war for three hours. After a hammer-and-tongs en-

gagement, both ships drew off, very much battered. The Spanish privateer limped in to Santiago for repairs, and Jamieson was sent to a hospital with a bullet through his arm. From there he made his way to Jamaica, where friends cared for him and kept him clear of the law. He had the pleasure of seeing several of his old shipmates of the *Mexican* brought to Montego Bay, whence they were carried to Kingston and ceremoniously hanged by the neck. Among them was Baltizar, pilot of the pirate schooner, and, in the words of Captain Lincoln:

> He was an old man, and as Jamieson said, it was a melancholy and heart-rending sight to see him borne to execution with those gray hairs which might have been venerable in virtuous old age, now a shame and reproach to this hoary villian, for he was full of years and old in iniquity.

You may be sure that the picaresque Scotch rover, who had been so leal and kind, found a warm welcome at the fireside of Captain Lincoln and in the taverns of the Boston water side. He was contented to lead the humdrum life of virtue, and sailed with the skipper as mate in a new schooner on several West Indian voyages. In his later years he tired of the offshore trade and joined the fishing-fleet out of Hingham during the summer months, while in the winter he taught navigation to the young sailors of the neighborhood who aspired to rise to a mate's or master's berth. His grave is on the shore of Cape Cod, and, as Captain Lincoln wrote of him, "Peace be to his ashes. They rest in a strange land, far from his kindred and his native country."

According to his own account, Jamieson was of a very respectable family in Greenock. His father was a cloth merchant of considerable wealth, but being left an orphan, he had run away to sea and engaged in an astonishing variety of adventures. Of him Captain Lincoln said:

> He had received a polite education, and was of a very gentlemanly deportment. He spoke several languages and was skilled in drawing and painting. He had travelled extensively and his wide fund of information made him a very entertaining companion. His observations on the character of different nations were very liberal; marking their various traits, their virtues, and their vices with a playful humorousness quite free from bigotry or narrow prejudice.

An entertaining companion, indeed, and you and I would like nothing better than to have sat down with this reformed pirate a hundred years ago and listened to his playful comments on the vices and virtues of mankind, and his wondrous yarns of ships and pirates and the winds that tramp the world. Perhaps as he moved sedately in the ordered life of Boston and Hingham, or fared to the southward again as mate of a trading schooner, he shivered at recollection of that day in Kingston when ten of the freebooters of the *Mexican* dangled from the gallows-tree and the populace crowded to see the diverting spectacle.

A true tale this, every word of it, but lacking one essential thing to make it complete. There is no mention in the diary of Captain Lincoln to bring us the comforting assurance that Bolidar, the swaggering lieutenant, and his diminutive rogue of a chief, received the solicitous attention of the hangman, as they handsomely deserved.

Boy and Tadpoles

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

He brought them from the muddy creek,
And clapped them in this glassy sphere;
He studies them, but does not speak
While they flash by and disappear.
They curve and veer, they swerve and roll,
A world of brown and yellow gleams—
Six tadpoles in a green glass bowl.
He watches them and dreams:

Black water and a burnished moon.
What ship is that in the dark lagoon?
Over an oily sea she slips
And drips a phosphorescent spray.
One hears the rattle of dice at play,
The cheers and clatter of drunken quips,
And thick lips roaring a ribald tune.
Her sides are gashed and pitted and scarred,
And marred with slashes of brilliant rust.
Is it blood that glows like an evil crust,
Or mud that has grown like a stone fixed hard
On this ill-starred vessel of loot and lust?

What 's that? That spot on the faint horizon?
They glue their eyes on the tossing dot.
It crosses the moon like a curious blot,
While furious cries of "Blast 'em!" and "Pizen!"
Reveal that the missing prize has been sought for,
And soon will be caught; for the little speck,
Towering in size, turns round the neck
Of forbidden land with its hidden ship;
Pauses, inquires, and fires a shot!
Crash! There 's the clash of cutlass and sword;
Gun-barrels flash on the swarming deck;
The storming-party surges aboard.
A hot wind scourges, the bullets whip
The figures that stumble in blood that is poured
In a tumbling flood through the crumbling night
And stains the white dawn with a hideous light.

Ripples of dappled crimson and brown
Show where the ships have grappled and split.
Here 's where the *Royal Ben* went down;
And there, ten yards to the right of it,
The *Black Avenger*, full to the guards,
Riding the track of a lone disgrace,
Sank in her own dank hiding-place.
Nothing 's afloat but the broken shards,
A boat and an oaken beam or two.
What of the captain? What of the crew?
Go, ask the sharks in the dark and bloody
Depths where the clean, green tides turn muddy.
Ask of those bloated bellies that veer
In the ruddy welter that shelters them all.
Ask, as they plash their watery wall,
Before they flash and disappear
And dwindle and shrink and sink to their hole,
And change to little things with gleams,
Describing rings as they curve and roll.
Six tadpoles in a green glass bowl.
He watches them and dreams:

A sea of lapis lazuli,
With casual sunbeams lacing gold
On light skiffs facing the west, on old
Bright cliffs that rise from some mythical story,
On clouds that rest on the promontory,
And waves that reach white arms to the beach.
Sparkle and shimmer, glimmer and shine;
The sea grows dimmer and dark as wine.
Who is that swimmer, untiring, returning,
Churning the brine?
Is it Leander, that daring boy?
Those skiffs, Agamemnon's? That cliff, is it Troy?
A glow of seafaring, home-yearning faces
Flares like a torch through these burning spaces.
The sea is turning a livelier hue;
Pools of the sun are gold oases
On a sweeping plain of purple and blue.
And leap and curve and swerve and flicker,
And dip and swirl, with a flip of the tail,
The dolphins, coming faster, thicker,
Dive through the alabaster foam.
Under a sapphire dome they sail
And scale the breakers that drive them home.

But some more stately and corpulent fishes
Move sedately, as though suspicious
Of these young friskers; their weedy whiskers
Lie in a wry disapprobation
Of such spry methods of navigation.
They wag their heads in a solemn gesture;
And still the column moves, a nation
Of dapper fins and swishing flappers.
But what is advancing in radiant vesture?
A mock sun dancing, it floats along!
Notes of a song; low, gradient cries

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Rise from the image—or is it a god
Come to revisit the haunts of his youth?
Fable or truth—can the boy trust his eyes?
There, with bright hair, like a tossing fire
Crossing the sunset, a shape with a lyre
Flashes and glows where no being has trod!
He guides his strange courser with never a rein;
And spurring the jeweled sides of a slender
Dolphin that glides on this velvet lane,
Apollo rides in his antique splendor!

The sea has become a dazzling rout;
Sea-urchins hum, and the great tides shout.
Starfish sing in their shining courses.
Sea-horses whinny and gild their manes.
Thrilled by these strains to its finny sources,
Ocean strikes off its ancient chains,
And from its rivers and hurricanes
Strains and delivers its cherished dead.
Perished adventurers, sailors and mariñers,
Buried for centuries,—Norsemen, Phenician,
Danish and Spanish and Roman and Grecian,
Clean-shaven natives and thick-bearded foreigners,—
Up from the graves with a mountainous tread,
Roll out the staves of their chanteys and calls.
Evening falls, but the revel continues.
An ivory moon looks down and whitens
The backs of Tritons and bathes their sinews.
Here in this amorous, glamourous weather
Mermaids and pirates whisper together.

And during it all the dolphins are leaping,
Sweeping their silver-tipped tails in a sway
Of rhythms so gay that they play without sleeping.
Dancing and dipping, glancing and flipping
Sparks from the arcs they describe in the spray.
Mirth that is bounded by nothing but clear
Earth, sea, and sky in a high, hollow sphere;
Spirit-surrounded, with buoyant elation,
They weave like green shuttles, a subtle persuasion,
A magic, half-Asian, that bears him away;
A mingling of patterns and echoes and themes
That swim through his fancy like runaway streams;
A dim, shifting blur of disaster and drifting,
Of blood flowing faster, of livelier measures,
Of treasures, and time, and secret veils lifting,
And heroes and tadpoles and dreams.

Héloïse First Meets Abélard

By GEORGE MOORE

The following story is a selection from certain chapters of a long narrative on the subject of Héloïse and Abélard and also medieval France which will be issued some time in 1921.

FULBERT, the Canon of Notre Dame, had sent for Héloïse under compulsion, and she had come to Paris to spend a week, not longer; but her uncle had detained her so that she might read Vergil. She had read Vergil and many other poets, but reading Latin was not enough. A time comes when a woman must choose, and the choice is so limited, convent or marriage; it 's always that for a woman. "But the pain of choosing is great," she said, "the power of choice not being within us, and the happy woman is she who does n't choose, but allows time to choose for her. But time is laggard. A few years will decide better than I, and far better than they, which is my natural bourne, the cloister or the castle. Why press me to choose? But nobody is pressing me"; and she began to ask herself what might be the cause of her disquiet. Like Medea, she said, two destinies are struggling for mastery; and feeling that she could not sit thinking of herself any longer, she began to ask herself if a walk in the woods and the gathering of violets, which would be sure to be springing up almost everywhere, would reveal to her some truth about herself, or if she would gain knowledge of herself by going to the cathedral and addressing a prayer to the Virgin. And being unable to choose between violets and prayer, she left fate to decide this not very important question. The river drew her that day as it did every day; and overlooking it, she watched the ducks swimming in it, saying to herself: "Vergil does not speak of the beauty of ducks swimming in a river, the softness of their voices and their round, black eyes so intelligent, but I should not have known how beautiful they are when swimming in a river if I had not read Vergil, and might well have lived my life out from birth to death without knowing that ducks swam with their pert tails turned up to the sky. Vergil has no words about water-lilies, yet he taught me to see their great leathery leaves. He loved the earth, for man lives by the earth as well as on the earth"; and her thoughts returning to the fields that repaid the peasant for his labor, she figured him returning in the dusk.

WHEN the scales make daylight and sleep equal in hours, she said, and just halve the glow between light and shadow, set four bulls at work, O man; sow the barley-fields right into the showery skirts of frost-bound winter. No less it is time to cover in the earth the flax plant and the corn poppy and to urge on the belated plows while the dry soil allows it.

But one cannot read verses such as these and forget the violet-scented vale and the priest, accompanied by a sleek Tuscan boy blowing an ivory flute, leading a goat to an altar under God's own sky, she said; but it was in the autumn always that thanksgiving was made for the fruits of the fields, for it was then that the orchards and vineyards gave up their fruits. It is true, she continued, that the spring shower is as needful as the sun, and there should have been thanksgiving for them, but unable to recall any, she wondered whether, if she fared far enough, she would come upon some bluebell wood where the ancient rites were practised.

On reaching the Great Bridge she stopped like one upon whom a spell was laid, and she could not do else than abandon the ramble in the woods, for it came to her memory that the King's

Gardens were open to the public on Thursday, and that students assembled there for discussion. Soon the swallows will be here, she said, building under the eaves, and she repeated Vergil lines all the way up the rue des Chantres, passing the cathedral without seeing it, her feet leading her instinctively to the Little Bridge that connected the city island with the left bank. Clerks and students were coming over it. "And for what are you coming?" she asked, and heard the news that Abélard's enemies thought that they had found a worthy opponent. But the one they have found, the scholar said, is but a barking dog that should be driven off with the stick of truth.

"All the same, I 'd like to hear his story," said Héloïse, and, nothing loath, the student began:

"Abélard's opponent is Gosvin, a young man from Joslen's school at Douai, and one full of pluck and resource in argument. But it would be too much to say that he will be the winner. Joslen, his master, tried all he could to dissuade him, telling him that Abélard was even more formidable in criticism than in discussion, not so much a doctor as a wit; that he never gave in, never acquiesced in the truth unless it was in his favor; that he wielded the hammer of Hercules, and never let go, and that he would do better to unravel his sophisms and avoid his errors than to expose himself to laughter by challenging Abélard in disputation. But it was impossible to dissuade him. So his friends and comrades gave him a brave send-off and are now praying for him, so it is said. Abélard knows nothing of it. Gosvin has a few friends, and as soon as the master begins his lessons, Gosvin is to rise up. You 'll hear it all in an hour's time in the cloister." From another she learned that Gosvin was a stripling of six and twenty, slight as a child, with pink-and-white complexion.

"And Abélard?" she asked. As the student was about to answer her, he was accosted by another student, and Héloïse gave ear to him, thinking he was about to speak of Abélard. But it was of the fine weather they spoke, and not many words were exchanged on this subject when the rumor anent the cloudless sky provoked the sally: "a sky that you do not often see here, but which we see so often in Italy that we weary of it."

"How proud the Italians are of their sky!" cried another.

"Is not, then, the sun the same everywhere?" Héloïse asked, and it was this simple question that raised the discussion that she had heard her uncle say last winter while sitting by the fireside was one of daily occurrence in the cathedral gardens.

"The same sun?" a student asked. "Have a care. Did not the master tell us that qualities are real and that the species are as real?"

"Of course," cried another student, "things are not words, and whoever denies it falls into Roscellin's heresy."

A contentious statement this proved to be, and it brought forward an opponent who said:

"If the qualities exist beyond the things with which we associate them, the color of the flowers exists apart from the flowers; and if the Italian sky is of one color and the French sky of another, there are two skies. If one sky is cool and gray and the other blue and burning, it seems hard to deny that there are not several qualities of sun—two suns."

"But we know that there is but one sun," cried several voices, and the students agreed that the question was one that should be put to the master. But another student held that the question was too simple to trouble the master with, and in answer to many he said:

"There is an excellent white wine in thy country, Alberic, and there is an excellent red wine on thy hillsides at Beaune. But what is wine? A species, and liquids are the genus. Now, the species is a real thing. It is the vininess that makes the thing, the wine, just as humanity makes the man. But white wine and red wine are both species of the same genus, liquid, and they both are the same in the possession of vininess; therefore red wine and white wine are the same. But we can go further. The genus is also a real thing. The genus liquid exists in water, just as it does in wine, and the genus is the truth. It is the essence, and therefore wine is the same as water. I hope you all understand that wine and water are interchangeable. I

suppose it is all right, and I 'll try to swallow this conclusion, though I choke. Another example: Pacquette is blonde, Madelon is dark. Both are of the species —girl. They have it—the essence—that —how shall I say it—*puella virgo*—I give it up. For who shall say that they possess that which—"

Of a sudden the voices ceased, and Héloïse, raising her eyes, saw a short man, of square build who, although well advanced in the thirties, still conveyed an impression of youthfulness; for though squarely built, his figure was well knit, his eyes were bright, and his skin was fresh and not of an unpleasing hue, brown and ruddy. The day being warm, he walked carrying his hat in his hand, looking round him, pleased at the attendance, and it was this look of self-satisfaction that stirred a feeling of dislike in Héloïse. He seemed to her complacent and vain; and she did not like his round head, his black hair, his slightly prominent eyes, his fleshy nose. The only feature that forced an acknowledgment from her was his forehead, which was large and finely turned. But her admiration of it passed away quickly in her dislike of his short, square hands, with square finger-tips and blunt nails. His name had often been mentioned in her presence, she was even familiar with it, but had a personal description from no one, only many eulogies of his intelligence and his skill in argument. She had heard him compared with Plato, and had she thought about him at all, she would have imagined a thin, finely cut profile, sensitive nose, and pointed chin, the very opposite to this broad, almost clerical, clean-shaven face. She could not even conceive Aristotle converging to the type that Abélard represented prominently, and the thought rose up in her mind that that philosophy wore an altogether different appearance. But as soon as he spoke, her feelings about him changed, as the world changes when the cloud passes and the sun comes out. The voice had much to do with the transformation, but not all; it gave beauty to his very slightest utterance, and the phrases that caught upon her ear were well worded. He speaks good Latin, she said to herself. The words had hardly passed through her mind when another thought whispered to her, were Plato and Aristotle dandies? Half an hour must have been spent in the donning of the laces at his cuffs and another in choosing the buckles of his shoes. But her criticism of his apparel was quickly swept away again by the sound of the smooth, rich baritone voice, and this time she perceived that the voice was accompanied by an exquisite courtesy, and that the manner in which he walked, addressing those who gathered about him to admire and to listen, was kindly, although it was plain that though familiarity from him would be an honor, he would resent it quickly in another.

The students gave way before him; he smiled upon all, waved his square, blunt hand, stopping before one who, on the approach of the master, strove to obliterate a circle that he had drawn on the gravel with his stick. On seeing the circle and divining the use of it, Abélard stepped forward from his admirers and held a little court before proceeding into the cloister to hold his greater court.

"A circle," he said, "is a figure in which all the lines drawn from the center to the circumference are equal, and of the lines there may be any number. But some of you would say that I can add another hundred lines and another two hundred lines, but a moment comes when no more lines can be added, and this puts into the arguer's mouth the question: does the circle exist? Hence all the difficulties that we know of have arisen, for the circle does not exist in substance. But it exists in the mind, and the mind is something; therefore the circle exists."

On these words, amid many acclamations, Abélard resumed his resolute gait, exchanging words with those whom he knew, smiling encouragingly, inviting all to follow him to the cloister.

Héloïse fell into the crowd of pupils and disciples that followed him to the cloister, herself the newest, and thence into a sort of class-room, a vaulted hall with many benches in front of the pulpit, and one long bench fixed to the oak-paneled wall. The pupils took their places on the distant benches, the disciples on the benches grouped about the pulpit; Héloïse sought an obscure corner, and her eyes followed Abélard as he

went up the five steps that led to the pulpit and saw him spread his notes on the desk in front of him. But no sooner had he done this than a stir, almost a quarrel, began in the hall, certain pushing their way in and others opposing them. And among these intruders she caught sight of Gosvin, recognizing him by the description she had had of him from the students in the gardens.

"Now what is the meaning of all this?" Abélard asked, and he was answered by Gosvin.

"I have come from Douai to Paris to thine own school," the little man answered, "to get an answer from thee at the request of the students."

"It would be better for thee to learn to hold thy tongue and not interrupt my lesson," Abélard replied.

"But I have come all the way to challenge the discussion."

"From whose school?" Abélard asked.

"From the school of Anselm of Laon," Gosvin answered.

"Hold hard!" cried one of the disciples, rising suddenly to his feet. "Who is this ill-conditioned fellow who comes from Douai 'thouing' and 'theeing' the master?"

"Who indeed is he?" cried several voices, and in a moment a dozen were ready to fling the little impertinent without the doors, and would have done it if Abélard had not interposed.

"My lesson ended, I will call on the youngest among us to answer you. Douai shall 'thou' and 'thee' Paris, while Paris employs the more formal 'you.'"

At these words Abélard's disciples and pupils released Gosvin.

"It may be that the youngest is able to answer my arguments as well as the master, but Douai has sent me to meet Abélard in disputation." The disciples rose from their desks, some five or six, and whispered that Gosvin was of good repute in disputation, and urged Abélard to hear him lest a bad impression might be created, and their enemies return to Douai with stories.

"Speak," Abélard said, turning to Gosvin, and Gosvin, unabashed, began:

"I have come to overcome, to put to flight, those who hold the false doctrine that there are no substances but individuals. Wilt hear me?" he asked. And Abélard answered:

"Have I not said that I will hear you? But be brief, for the question is of little interest here, it having been unriddled and judged long ago. But speak, my boy; only one condition do I make, that you will leave the hall as soon as you have got your answer. Now speak."

"I will put my argument simply and into the space of a few lines, saying that if there are only individuals, then there are Peter, Paul, John, and so on, but no humanity. Horses, too, have names; so have dogs, albeit there is no equininity or caninity; and the relation between any man and any horse and any dog is the same as between any man and man and horse and horse and dog and dog. But this being thy doctrine, we in Douai would hear how comes it that we speak of the community of mankind."

"The question that you have put to me is even simpler than I had expected," Abélard answered, "and it almost shames me to answer it; but since I have promised an answer, hear it. Humanity, equininity, and caninity, we say, do not exist as things separable from men, horses, and dogs, but we do not deny that men resemble one another, that horses resemble one another, and dogs resemble one another. The names of the species indicate the resemblance, which is greater than the resemblance of all to one another as animals, and there you have the reality of species and genus indicated by the names men, horses, dogs, animals."

No sooner had Abélard ceased speaking than Gosvin began again, but before he had uttered many words Abélard, with stern face, answered:

"Thou hast my answer. Interrupt my lesson no longer, else I shall have to ask my pupils to remove thee among some cinders on a shovel."

On these words the hustling began, and the little man was pushed to and fro, almost carried out of the hall, crying back all the while, "But I have n't yet ended! I have n't ended!" while heedless of the outcry, Abélard applied himself to his notes just as if the scene had already faded from his mind, ready to begin his lecture as soon as the disciples returned.

"THE two poles of man's moral existence," he said, "are faith and reason.

But it is not our object to-day to inquire which is the more important. We wish rather to affirm and to show that both are equal and that the work begun by faith can be continued by reason; that, in fact, reason was given to us to continue it. Faith and reason is the theme of to-day's lecture, and the relations which each bears to the other; but before proceeding into discrimination I would call your attention to another fact, that faith and reason projected themselves into literature, taking a final form in the same century, as far as can be known about the eighth century before Our Lord Jesus Christ was born in Bethlehem. It was fifteen hundred years before this great event, the greatest that ever happened in the history of the world, that the Bible began to come into literary existence—in other parlance, nearly a thousand years before the Babylonian captivity in Palestine, the story of man's birth and fall was communicated by God to His chosen people, a stiff-necked, rebellious people, as Himself has called them, accepting the revelation without enough apprehension of the honor that was done to them, disobeying the law that was given unto them for their preservation at all times, until God in His anger resolved to destroy the world, but was moved to spare the world and to accept the atonement proposed by his son, Our Lord Jesus Christ.

"The second communication of God's will was received by the apostles, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, from Jesus Christ himself.

"I must apologize for calling your attention to facts so well known to you all, but it seems to me that for a plenary understanding of to-day's lecture it was necessary to point out that the Bible, unlike Homer, is entirely dissociated from man's imagination; the Old and the New Testaments are both messages from God to man. In saying this I am on sure ground. None will dispute it; none except the infidel from whom our armies have succeeded in rescuing the Holy Sepulchre. None will dispute except the infidel that the Bible, being inspired by God, must be accepted by man through God's own gift, faith. We accept the Bible without discussion. It is our duty, of course, to interpret the Bible; it is the duty of the church, for God has given us the church as well as the Bible. I need not labor the point any further, and will pass on to a matter less trite and commonplace than that the Bible is a work of divine inspiration, to a matter that has not yet been considered, brought into relief, by anybody that I know of: that while the Bible was coming into existence, at the same time a great poet, the greatest the world has ever known, was brooding and writing the Iliad and the Odyssey. And these poems, though they came less directly from God than the Bible, are also a gift from God in something more than the trite phrase implies: all things come from God. Inspiration has never been denied to the Iliad and the Odyssey. Homer was inspired; he received his gift from God, and though the inspiration was less direct than the inspiration that was vouchsafed to Moses, still it must be held that he was inspired. I do not know if the point has ever been disputed. Vergil, too, was inspired, and perhaps his inspiration was even more direct than Homer's, for did he not predict the coming of Our Lord? It is a remarkable fact—remarkable—I choose this word with care—remarkable that the great work of faith and the great work of reason should have been written in the same period, for Homer lived, perhaps, a thousand years before the birth of Our Lord, about the time of David or Solomon, who continued the Bible."

A student raised his hand.

"May I put a question, Master?"

And the master, with a slight contraction of the brow, resigned himself to the question, and it was debated for some minutes whether Homer's poems should not be considered as arising out of a new sense come to man—the sense of beauty. Are not the poems concerned with beauty rather than with reason? The interrupter seemed to have made a point; but the sense of beauty, it was pointed out to him, implied reason, for beauty means to discriminate, and to discriminate we must have reason. The animals that have not reason do not discriminate; they are guided by their instincts. The interrupter acquiesced, unwillingly, it seemed to Héloïse, and she hated him for it; for her whole being was drawn to

the idea that Abélard was about to make known—drawn as the needle is to the lodestone, wholly without thought, all other thoughts and desires being absorbed in one desire—the desire of the story on the lips of the prophet; for he was that in her eyes already.

"This much, however, I will concede to Raymond," Abélard continued, looking toward the student, who blushed with pleasure at feeling the master's eyes upon him, and, as the word concede, implied that in the master's opinion his interruption was not wholly valueless, he became at once a center of admiration. "This much I will concede," Abélard said to Raymond, "that Homer's poems were not the dawn of reason; the dawn of reason arose some hundreds of years later in the East. Homer's poems were but a beacon fire, or shall we call them the cry of the watchman—'The dawn is nigh'? For it was four hundred years later," Abélard repeated, emphasizing the point, which he seemed to regard as of primary importance, "that man leaped, as it were, into a new existence about six hundred years before the coming of Christ, that man broke at least one of the links that attached him to the animal, and rose to higher state than before. Buddha appeared in India, Confucius in China, a little later Plato and Aristotle in Greece. All these were inspired, and all these prepared the world to receive the great revelation that was to come to the apostles from Jesus Christ himself in Palestine eleven hundred and seventeen years ago.

"There is the throne and the steps about the throne," he said, "and as well as the great revelation, we must regard the minor revelations, which are continuous, though they seem to be final. For after each revelation there is a period of work during which men knit and weave the new ideas that have been vouchsafed to them into a garment fit for their daily wearing; and at this knitting and weaving we have been busy for more than a thousand years; the garment is now nearly complete, for Christianity has conquered a greater part of the world; Christianity has won, but for the winning of the whole world to Christianity a new revelation is needed. One hundred and seventeen years ago it was thought that the old world was ended; men put on sackcloth, threw ashes on their heads, and gave their wealth to the church, certain that the last day was at hand. Nor was their mistake as great as it has been since supposed. If the prophecy had been, the old world by faith alone is ended, the prophets would have prophesied no more than the truth; for it has come to pass that within the last century the new science has been given to us, and it is a sword whereby all the world may be won to Christianity."

As Abélard spoke these words, Héloïse remembered the words of the chorus in Seneca's "Medea": new worlds shall be discovered in the age to come, the imprisoning ocean shall be thrown open till there shall be no land alone, no *ultima Thule*. And she longed to rise to her feet and speak them, for they would bring wings to the master's argument, a flying feather, at least. So did she feel as she sat entranced, questioning herself, carried, in truth, out of an old world into a new one. In her trance—for it was one—she accepted the intellectual and the physical as one, though a few moments before she distinguished between them. Nor was this strange, for the man was not the same. The defects of parade and artificiality, all these had disappeared, and the faith he was preaching, that reason had come to man's aid and was about to remold the world, shone out of his pale-blue, exalted eyes. All she saw of him clearly were his eyes, and she heard only his smooth, rich voice; and his arguments mattered little or nothing to her now. So deep was the spell put upon her that if he had told her to mount the tower of the cathedral and cast herself over she would have done it.

He had passed into the second phase of his lecture, into analysis and discernment, and the disciples were putting questions; she heard him answer every one with ease. Every answer seemed to exalt him, and she was carried out of herself beyond control; she was drawn along in sensations of fear and happiness, she knew not which, nor what would befall her. At last Abélard began to gather his notes from his desk, and while gathering up his notes he continued to ad-

dress his favorite pupils and disciples. She strove to resist the impulse urging her, but her strength broke and snapped like a viol string, and pressing through the crowd, lost to reason, she threw herself on her knees, and catching his hands as he came down from the pulpit, she kissed them. Women did not come to his lectures, and his pupils regarded the interruption as unseemly,—if not unseemly, at least an uncomely incident, —and pressed forward, thinking that the master must not be subjected to violent demonstrations twice on the same afternoon. But Abélard pressed back the students and disciples, and returning to her, he gave his hands to her again and said some words and led her out of the building.

What happened afterward she never succeeded in remembering exactly, nor how she reached home, so great was the confusion within her. She must have followed the familiar way instinctively without knowing she was following it. Be that as it may, she returned to herself on the steps of her uncle's house, ashamed, not knowing how it had all come about.

"It is her step," Fulbert said as he sat reading, and laying down his book, he waited. But hearing her talking in the front hall with Madelon, he grew impatient. "Come," he cried, "and tell me thy roamings in the woods. What, no violets!"

"I have not been in the woods to-day, Uncle." And she told how at the Great Bridge she was moved to go to the cathedral to say a prayer to the Virgin for her guidance.

"An excellent thought!" the canon exclaimed, and he was about to add that he wished such thoughts were more frequent in her, but he checked himself in time; and it was well that he did, for Héloïse had to confess that her pious project was swept out of her mind by the crowds of students in the King's Gardens.

"Waiting for Abélard," the canon interposed, "with some, to be sure, waiting for Gosvin and looking forward to his triumph in disputation. A young man of genius whom Douai sends to Paris in the hope that his dialectic may be enough to stop the spread of nominalism."

"To bid the tide retire," Héloïse said, with a quiet smile. "So thou regardest Abélard's genius as a tide that cannot be stayed. Gosvin's bidding will not stay the tide of Abélard's success," she replied.

"Instead of seeking violets in the woods, thou wast in the cloister, Niece, augmenting by one the great swelling crowd of admirers?"

"Yes, I was in the cloister, Uncle."

"And I gather from thy words and tone that he triumphed over Gosvin." Héloïse answered:

"Of course," and asked the canon in a quiet, even voice, irritating him thereby, if Abélard were greater than Plato and Aristotle. To which the canon replied that none was and none ever would be greater than Plato and Aristotle; but being of tractable humor that morning and disposed to worship the rising sun, he said that Abélard's genius was an honor to France, and that if he could steer clear of heresy, he would rank sooner or later as the descendant of Plato and Aristotle.

"He comes from thy country, Nantes, or near by. An argumentative fellow truly, the son of a Bérenger soldier attached to the court of Hoel IV, Duke of Brittany. It appears that he gave up all claim to the family estate so that he might be free to wander the world over, raveling and unraveling thoughts and entangling opponents in webs of arguments. Many are the stories told about him, and they agree in this, that he has never yet been worsted in an intellectual encounter. But how is this? I have never known thee give a thought to a living man before; hitherto only dead ones won. How is it that he has captured thine imagination?"

"Did you think it was so difficult to capture it? If you had been in the cloister, you would have been captured; everybody was. And knowing you as I do, I wonder with what words you would have praised him."

"I was detained in the cathedral," the canon answered, "through the fault— But there 's no need why I should trouble thee with the story; far better that I should hear how Abélard overthrew Gosvin in disputation."

"It was soon over," Héloïse answered,

and after keeping the canon waiting a long time, she spoke aloud, but to herself mainly:

"Nobody was ever more wonderful."

"So he demolished Gosvin at once?" the canon interjected questioningly.

"Gosvin!" she cried.

"Yet he is a man of good repute in argument, else he would not have been chosen as champion," the canon said, and Héloïse began to tell that his aggression was as stupid as it was impertinent. By what right did he interrupt the master's lesson? she asked. All the same, he was treated none too fairly, only being given an opportunity of saying a few words. Abélard replied briefly, and deeming the argument at an end, muttered, as he turned to his notes, that if Gosvin did not leave at once, he would send for a shovel and cinders. The canon laughed outright.

"Such ferocities of language," he said, "were characteristic of Abélard."

"But the provocation put upon Abélard," she averred, "was very great, and I am not in agreement with you, Uncle, that ferocities are characteristic of him, for I heard him speak with courtesy to his disciples in the gardens and controvert with gentleness, stopping to explain by means of a circle his doctrine of conceptualism." But the canon gave little heed to her eulogy, remarking casually that Abélard was a master of honeyed words as well as bitter. "Enough, however, of Abélard for the present; tell me his lesson."

"I am not Abélard and cannot relate his lesson."

"I do not ask thee to relate the lecture, but to tell the subject of it."

"The subject was faith and reason," she answered.

"One that he would treat well," the canon said, and he begged his niece to relate as much of the lesson as she could remember. But he could not persuade her out of her thoughts, and when he pressed her, she replied:

"I would tell it if I could, but cannot." At last she broke the pause. "But do you tell me his story."

"And if I do?"

"If you do, I will try to remember."

"At the time I am about to speak of I was not Canon of Notre Dame, but I remember hearing that William de Champeaux was never tired of saying that he had never had a pupil as intelligent as Abélard, and his praise ran on the lines that Abélard would develop an argument in several directions, drawing from it unsuspected thoughts and ideas. But the lad had no intention of repeating and developing the master's thoughts, and Champeaux, it is said, had to yield to him in argument more than once, which made an enemy of his master and many of his master's disciples. But enemies mattered little to him, for he could learn anything he pleased in half the time that anybody else could, and his daring was so great that men gave way before him, as men will do before victory, accepting him for the sake of his success, bowing before him as before a conqueror. At that time he was a mere stripling, and anxious that his friends' hopes of him should come to pass, he began to look round him for a school in which he should be master. And Melun, an important town near Fontainebleau, struck him as being suitable, so he settled there, and at once his school became famous. It was at Melun that Abélard's talent began to take wing; England, Germany, Italy, sent students, and encouraged by the good fortune which he now believed was his forever, Abélard left Melun for Corbeil; and the choice was a lucky one, mayhap a wise one. However this may be, Corbeil became soon after, like Melun, a royal seat. And at Corbeil he was nearer Paris, ready at any moment to carry the citadel by assault."

"Which he did," Héloïse interjected.

"Yes; but no sooner had he succeeded in establishing a school at Corbeil than his health yielded to the strain he had put upon it, and he was obliged to give up everything and to go away for a long rest. He traveled, it is said, in Germany and England; they say that it was in England that he met Roscellin, but it is not known for certain, for he never speaks of these years, and the secrecy he keeps regarding them has set many tongues wagging."

"A wonderful man, Uncle. But go on with thy story, for it is as wonderful as— Go on with thy story, Uncle."

"Well, Niece, he reappeared after some

four or five years. But if thou wouldst understand his reappearance, I must tell what befell William de Champeaux in the meanwhile."

"Leave Champeaux out of it, Uncle; tell me about Abélard."

"The story of one cannot be told without the other," the canon answered testily. "I must tell the story in my own way. Champeaux, fallen into years, was living in as much seclusion as a man of great reputation may; but he was persuaded to open a school again at St. Victor, and one day, while lecturing to his pupils and disciples, he caught sight of Abélard among them. His heart misgave him, and it is said that he found difficulty in continuing his lesson till Abélard came forward to reassure him, saying, 'I have come to ask permission to attend your lessons, Master.' Champeaux could not exclude him from his school, for to have done so would have been a confession that he was not able to meet him in argument; and it seems to me that the story I am telling of his irruption into Champeaux's school clearly shows us the spiritual adventurer who left his home in Brittany to meet men in disputation and overthrow them, the pitiless logician who cares for nothing but his art. But his turn will come, as it comes to all who are carried away by pride and believe their destinies are written in the signs of the zodiac. At first he was full of deference, but it was only a mock, for Champeaux's doctrine was the very opposite to Roscellin's, and Abélard began to press him back with arguments clear and striking, worsting him in his own school and obliging him to retire from the position he had taken up.

"After this second victory, Abélard's position seemed more than ever secure; his doctrine acquired greater force and influence, and many of those who attacked him before passed over to his side, won by his personality and eloquence. He conquered where nobody else dared; his enemies were afraid to meet him. He was so skilful in argument that he could attack both sides equally well; realist and nominalist went down before him. He came to be spoken of as the new Socrates. But this was unendurable, and William de Champeaux assembled all his partizans and friends, all the congregation of St. Victor, and challenged him to a decisive argument, one that must bring ruin to one or the other."

"Abélard was victorious?" Héloïse asked.

"Yes; but in the middle of his triumph, or perhaps, I should say, at the moment when his triumph was complete, another idea seems to have entered his head, and he quitted public life suddenly without telling anybody he was going. This second withdrawal was well calculated, a matter of some three or four months, a period long enough for the people to feel how much his teaching and presence meant to them. He reappeared as unexpectedly as he disappeared, but he does not seem to have lost any of his popularity during his absence, for when he returned he entered Paris as a conqueror, triumph after triumph drawing crowds from all countries. Germany, England, Italy, came to listen to Abélard, the renowned philosopher of Europe."

The canon stopped speaking, so that Héloïse might ask him some questions that would lead to a further unwinding of a story which had begun to seem to him more inveigling than he knew it to be before telling it. But Héloïse said nothing, and after waiting for a question from her, he said:

"Where are thy thoughts?"

"My thoughts, Uncle, were—I do not know exactly where they were. I suppose I must have been thinking."

"Can one think without words?"

"Ah, now I remember; I was asking myself if Abélard's story would have revealed to me the man whom I saw and heard in the cloister."

"If thou hadst heard his story from me before seeing him?"

"Yes, Uncle." Almost lost in a cloud of meditation, she confessed that it was not until she heard him in the cloister that she began to see that what she saw and heard were not two different things, but one thing, for he would not be himself without—"

"Without what, Niece?" the canon asked, for he was amused by Héloïse's embarrassment, and to continue it he added, "His beauty?"

And the sneer throwing Héloïse off her guard, she answered that nobody could call Abélard an ugly man. "A stocky little fellow," the canon persisted, and he would have said more of the same kind if Héloïse's face had not warned him not to proceed further with his teasing. So instead of girth, he spoke of Abélard's forehead, which he admitted to be of the Socratic type in its amplitude; but he averred that the likeness between the two men ceased at the forehead; for whereas Socrates was of the ascetic temperament, Abélard was by his face notably a free liver, a disparagement that seemed to Héloïse like a challenge, and she asked the canon to mention a feature that would testify to the truth of this, and the spirit of battle being upon him, he could not keep back the words, "his long, loose mouth."

"You never spoke to me before of Abélard as one divided between free living and philosophy. Nor is it not many minutes since you were speaking of him as the intellectual descendant of Aristotle and Plato; so your present sneers of him cannot be else than an attempt to anger me, and maybe we would do better to talk of matters on which we are agreed."

The canon did not answer her, but sat perplexed, anxious at least to tell her that this unseemly quarrel was accidental. He began to explain that in speaking of Abélard as "stocky" he had been led away by his love of banter. Héloïse's face stopped him in the middle of a sentence, and instead of finishing it he went to his cupboard and returned with two books; he handed her Vergil and began to read Tibullus, and this act was so graceful and conciliatory that Héloïse could barely restrain a smile when their eyes met. The storm was over, but a storm leaves disorder behind it, and she could no longer keep out of her mind the words that Abélard whispered to her when they parted in the cloister: message and to-morrow, magic words that quickened the desire to be alone in her room so that she might think of what had befallen her, for her life had been revealed to her, she knew it. But she must not leave her uncle in an unforgiving spirit, or what seemed to be one, so she read a few of the Eclogues without understanding much of what she was reading, and bade her uncle good night at the first convenient opportunity. As she could think of Abélard better lying than sitting, she undressed, turned over in her bed, folded her arms and yielded herself to dreams and half-dreams and the enjoyment of a broken night of many wakings and watchings.

A Boy Went By

By HAZEL HALL

He goes whacking a stick
  Against a tree or wall,
Giving a stone a kick,
  Or aiming at nothing at all.

And with his grin or stare,
  The freckles on his nose,
His aimless, intent air,
  An inimitable way he goes.

He, though in making, still
  Is in himself complete;
An elemental trill
  Echoes behind his feet.

Inviolate even after
  Ages of dissenting tongues,
He is incarnate laughter
  Lifting from Time's deep lungs.

THE POETRY OF CITIES

IDAHO FALLS PUBLIC LIBRARY

Eight Paintings

by Colin Campbell Cooper N.A.

Courtesy of Mr. George A. Zabriskie

Metropolitan Tower, New York City

New York, the ever-changing, is dominated in the center by the Metropolitan Tower, dwarfing that of Madison Square Garden, which till a few years ago was the tallest building in the city

IDAHO ... LIBRARY

Broad Street Station, Philadelphia

At the feet of the colossal statue of Penn lies one of the busiest corners of the United States, the fountain-head of the great railroad that brings the East and West together

Courtesy of Mr. Hiram Sibley

Main Street Bridge, Rochester, New York

Few would believe that this picturesque bridge was anywhere but in Italy, and yet it is really in the busiest part of the Vineyard City

Courtesy of National Academy of Design

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

This is the painter's diploma picture at the National Academy of Design, and gives us an unfamiliar view of the great center of the foundry district

Courtesy of Mr. Elbert L. Carpenter

"The Red Fog"

From Cortlandt Street, with the towering sky-scrapers obscured by the haze, New York assumes an unfamiliar and poetic aspect

IDAHO FALLS PUBLIC LIBRARY

"The Magic City," San Diego, California

Well titled by the painter, this majestic pile is reminiscent of a castle of dreams rather than an exposition building in what is by some considered the prosaic and commercialized United States

Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, New York City

At the busiest corner of the world at certain hours of the day, the painter has selected early morning to depict the imposing facade of the Public Library

In Transit and Return

By JANET FLANNER

Illustrations by Arthur Litle

The devious paths by which a boy approaches manhood are happily shown in this little story of Rickie McTavish's adventures.

MRS. McTAVISH and family were grouped around the open fire lighted by her husband shortly after dinner, in an effort to keep the evening's chilly retraction of the day's warm promise of spring from seeming too unkind. An aromatic glow emanated from the hearth. Occasionally a small piece of kindling, conscripted by Rickie from a pile in the garage originally classified for use in the coming winter, would slip charred from its position as backlog and drop into limp ashes between the andirons. Rickie McTavish, aged fourteen,—the dangerous age, his mother called it,—was poring over his spelling-book by the lamp. One thumb marked his wavering mental route down the row of words on which he gazed. Mr. McTavish, as befitted a newspaper man, was skimming the back pages of the evening sheet before settling down to the reading of the editorials penned by him that noon. The large living-room lay in silence. Mrs. McTavish knitted, with her eyes closed.

Finally she spoke. Her eyes were still shut, her head thrown back. Her knitting-needles clicked a sibilant obbligato to her voice. Her tone came cryptically, suggestively.

"It seems to me—" she started, then paused. "What do you think," she started again, "of Rickie's putting on long trousers this spring?"

There was no answer.

Mrs. McTavish opened one eye to regard her audience. By it she could see her husband's legs growing from beneath a fraction of his waistcoat, but more largely from the evening paper. She observed her son, dense in his book. A second's rumination, and she dropped the sibylline tone.

"What do you think, Rick, of your putting on long trousers this spring?"

Slowly Rickie closed his thumb in his book and regarded his mother. "Well," he said, neutrally, at last. It was the voice of a small state. With patient brown eyes he watched her, waiting for the next advance. It came.

"I think you would look lovely in them, dear," the speaker went on more brightly. "All of the boys are wearing them, and it would n't do for you to be behind the times."

"Is n't anybody wearing them," Rick disputed, "and I bet I 'd look ridiculous. What 's the matter with these?" He stretched one column-like limb in corduroy knickerbockers, accepted *toga puerilis* of the neighborhood. "Don't these look all right?"

"Yes, indeed." Her assent came fast. She had no wish for her sartorial progressiveness to give her son the impression that these garments, which she had privately estimated would do very well for another month or so, with reinforcements, to be sure, in certain localities, were not suitable, say, for school in the morning. "They are excellent for every day, but I was thinking of Sundays."

Rickie sat up.

"Do you mean that I 'd wear shorts to school and long ones to Sunday-school?"

"To Sunday-school, and for the rest of the day as well. Why not?"

"I 'd look so silly! I mean switching about. Don't fellows stay in long ones all the time when they start?" A sense of dignity dawned in him and brooded over a troubling world.

"All men start half and half." Her lips closed.

"Aw, I bet they don't. Who said so? Did father?"

"Of course. I 'm sure he 's told me he did," she hurried on. "Don't argue, though, Rick. It 's not nice."

He eyed her.

"Mac," she said, "put down that paper and listen. What do you think—oh, pshaw!" she murmured, "I 've dropped a stitch!" She bent her head and counted. "Ah, Mac—" She looked up. Her husband was at his paper.

"Please!" she pleaded. "Just a second. Won't you listen to me?"

Over the head-lines he smiled at her. "Well?"

"Should n't Rick have long trousers with his new spring suit this year? What do you think?"

McTavish looked serious. He ran his hand through his stiff black hair until it looked like the feathers of a fighting cock. He readjusted his pince-nez on his nose and said doubtfully:

"Well."

"Oh, bosh!" She laughed. "You men are all alike. One asks you something, and you murmur, 'Well.' I might as well have decided for myself in the first place."

"But had n't you, in a general sort of way?" He put it gently.

It should be admitted here that the McTavish males were familiar with the lady and her methods. In a heavy, speculative way even Rick perceived something of her processes. Though he had not figured it all out, he suspected her of being a person to whom the obvious was signally dull; that, in fact, she never lost herself sufficiently to seek an end, no matter how minor, directly.

They both feared that as an ideal environment she preferred living upon the exalted plateaus of secret diplomacy. In this rarefied air she always hoped that her plans for the family were, at least at the outset, floating well over their heads. And to these plans she enjoyed leading her followers deftly, though of course not precisely, against their wills. The only drawback was to be found, especially of late, in the dispirited attitude of her son and husband. Familiarity with her methods had reduced them to that point where they smelled out in one of her subtle suggestions a dictum to which they would both, poor males, later give in.

In his mind's eye, as a result of these related facts, McTavish already saw his son in long trousers. He began calculating that his years of peaceful toilet were over. If Rick left shorts and blossomed into the full glory of manhood, McTavish would never be sure of anything in his wardrobe again. He and Rickie were already of a size, and though the father blushed with pride to admit this, he knew, considering the circumstance, that he would never again be able to call his best shirts his own. In the matter of cravats, for instance, the boy was already a notorious borrower.

Silence lay in the room. Father and son watched their woman. They knew she had, according to her lights, successfully planted her suggestion, and that she waited now only for its fertilization within their breasts. Both fidgeted.

At last Rickie rose. He laid his spelling-book where it would catch his eye next morning, and fastened his papers with an elastic band. He went over by the door to leave the room.

"Goo' night," he mumbled. "Guess I 'll turn in. It 's eight-thirty, Mother."

"Good night, darling." She beamed.

"Good night, old man," his father called over his paper, and paused to drink in his son's ruddy good looks. McTavish himself was a small, dark creature, given to quick tempers and fevered activities. He regarded the nature of his slow-moving offspring as a miracle, a pleasant perversion of nature's laws. "Thank Heaven," he had murmured when the agony of Rickie's arrival in the world was over and he could with some leisure stare down at the red ball sleeping in the new crib, "he does n't seem anything like me." "Good night, old man," he now repeated.

Still Rick stood by the door.

"Shall we get 'em right away, Mother?" he asked.

"Oh, mercy, no!" His mother's laugh was a silver rocket of surprise, but it did not distract him. He stared at her. "That, my dear, was just a suggestion." Her husband coughed.

"Oh," said Rick, guileless even of guile. "Well, none of the fellows have 'em yet, you know." He had almost disappeared into the hall when his mother called:

"Then all the more reason for you to discover them. First in the rank is to be foremost in the field."

"Yes; but to be the first in long trousers is sort of different, don't you think?" He stuck his head around the corner of the doorway for this.

His mother's eye was aimed quietingly at his father; Rickie sensitively withdrew. "Night," he mumbled again.

His father, a youngish veteran of the Spanish American War, honored him with a salute, to which the boy replied with the perfection come from a winter's training as private, first class, Troop B, Boy Scouts of America.

"He 's on to you," said his father, *sotto voce*, when the noise of his footsteps had died away in the hall.

"'Sh! Mac! How you talk!" She knitted a moment in dignity. "On to me, indeed! You talk as though I were a gold-brick agent, or something."

"Well, you 're a diplomatist at least," he accused, and could be drawn no further.

"He does need them," she later pursued. "Another suit of shorts condemns him to another whole year of them. We can't be buying the child outfits in midseason, and in another twelve months his legs will be as big as the Colossus of Rhodes's."

He laughed.

"Personally, I don't like to see him in long ones until he 's ready for high school, McTavish confessed, "and that will not be for another year."

"Stuff! And if he did n't pass this June,—and you never can tell; his spelling is that of a barbarian,—you 'd have him flapping about in knickers until he finally made his grades, whenever that might be. No," she came out fully, as she swung her sock for the climacteric toeing-off, "Rickie *ought* to have long trousers now."

"That settles it," the man murmured. "If you think he ought to in that tone of voice, he 'll get 'em."

In superior silence she knitted. But as she wheeled the toe, her imagination ran wild. A natty green, say, with slender trousers and high waistcoat. She had seen something of the sort advertised for juveniles just the other day. Not too expensive; Rick was growing too fast. Green; yes, that was the shade. She knew without any trying on that Rick would look well in green.

TUESDAY breakfasts were hasty festivals in the McTavish household since Mrs. McTavish had gone into the war. She departed that day immediately after eight o'clock for the Red Cross zone, her business being the recruiting of socks and pajamas for the boys abroad. Breakfast was general headquarters, therefore, where the plans for the day were mapped out, with special attention given to the ordering of Rick's lunch, which he ate on such noons in solitude, Della departing for her weekly outing.

In the midst of summarizing where she had left the two yards of flannel she was to take with her, and the three pairs of socks overdue, Della's report came in from the kitchen.

"There 's beans and custard and cake for Rick," she said, the doorway framing her head wonderfully crowned now with crimpers, but soon to give way to hyacinthine curls. "More than that boy 'll eat in a year."

"Aw, Della," protested Rick, polishing off his cereal bowl. "I eat lots in a year, and you know it. Gimme plenty of cake."

"Rick," admonished his mother, "don't say 'gimme'."

"Give me" repeated Rick, unquenched, "plenty of cake."

"I won't be home to lunch, of course, Della. Down-town till late."

"I 'm going to ride my bike, Mother, the boy threw back. "It 's such a fine day. I must hustle." He could be heard dashing up-stairs.

"What does he want up there now?" his mother thought absently. Her son as a rule went from bacon and eggs direct to the front door. "Mac, both your new suits came from the tailor's yesterday. Rick signed for them, he said. I was at Mrs. Atwaters's until five. They are in your closet."

"Thanks." Her husband rose from the table and stood by the window. "It 's spring, dear. Your crocuses are up." He kissed her cheek. "Good-by."

"Don't overwork," she said absently. He grinned appreciatively. Of such was her morning routine.

"She gave one glance at her son and stopped short"

As she turned for a last run to the kitchen, she heard Rick descending the steps and making for the side door leading to the garage.

"Son," she called, "what on earth are you doing?"

"Going to school," he yelled excitedly. The door slammed. Then his bicycle bell twanged as he fled down the garage-drive. His mother shook her head. Something foreign was in the domestic air.

Della was bustling around as Mrs. McTavish made her last collective sally, bag on arm. The house seemed to have cleared off. McTavish had driven off in his new car long since; Della was buttoning her coat, her hat already tilting on a riot of curls. She paused to put the kitchen door-key in a tomato-can on the back porch, where Rick could not fail to find it. With another glance, Mrs. McTavish boarded her street-car at the corner, with a final feeling that the world, after all, was swinging on in its place.

In the light of subsequent events she decided that her forgetting to take with her to the Red Cross the important three pairs of socks she left lying on the table was nothing short of Providence. If she had not returned to the house a little after twelve and been standing in the kitchen, hatted and veiled, still considering the advisability of making Rick's custard and beans do for two instead of picking up a sandwich at a drug-store later, she would not have been a witness to one of the most surprising disclosures of her married life. She heard her son fumbling on the back porch for the key, heard him fit it to the lock, and then swing in. She passed on into the pantry in her quest for food. Rick entered, but stopped dead when his mother called: "Hello! How 's school?" She rattled the bread-box lid inquisitively.

Then a forced and small "Pretty good" came from the kitchen. She looked up, startled.

"What 's wrong?" she called, and pushed on into the room. She gave one glance at her son and stopped short.

Rickie McTavish was penned in the kitchen. His mother had stood unconsciously guarding the only passage through the pantry for the retreat he would, in the circumstances, dearly have loved to make to the second floor, where with extravagant luck it might have been possible to remove the condemning evidence now covering him. But fate was against him. He had been caught

with the goods, and there was no escape. He gave his mother's face one survey, and dropped his eyes to the floor, where they started tracing the block-and-circle pattern on Della's linoleum. His hands hung straight down, and his fingers moved nervously against his leg.

Rick had on his father's clothes. Neck and crop he had buttoned himself into one of McTavish's new Norfolks, which had been ordered, though as yet not paid for. The cut of the jacket was a blend of gaiety and refinement suitable for wear at the editorial altar. The skirt of it, decorated with flap pockets, hung below the buckled belt with a swagger line, which McTavish during the trying-on scenes had fancied gave him an amazing air. The narrow trousers clung to Rick's limbs as though they had been cut for them, giving off only a slight token of the misuse to which they had been put by rumpling over his feet. A scarlet tie, his father's favorite, was knotted at his throat. A tweed cap, his own, was held in one hand.

His mother's brain reeled. She closed her eyes, then opened them again to complete her appreciation of the vision. At any rate, and she added this at once on her score, the boy looked well in long trousers. However, her second glance brought with it pain as well as satisfaction. A large rent was apparent in the knee of the trousers.

"Well, Rick," she said, still clutching a loaf of bread, "I 'll admit I 'm appalled."

He made a résumé of previous critical moments, and decided, no matter how badly things had stood before, and they had stood badly enough, Heaven knows, he could never recall his mother's having said she was appalled. She had been stunned once or twice, disappointed often, and on one memorable occasion, when he had received an awful whaling for playing hooky, disgusted; but never appalled. He figured out that things looked black.

"Have you," she asked, "any legitimate excuse for this conduct?"

"Not legitimate," he mumbled.

"Then what on earth was your motive?" The first silence broken, she was finding her way among words.

"I don't know."

She eyed him.

"You must know," she insisted. "You must have some recollection of your impulses. Was it for this you dashed up-stairs after breakfast this morning?"

He nodded, eyes on the floor.

"And you wore it all morning at school?"

"Sure," he said, frankly surprised. "After I left in it, what else could I do?"

His lack of delicacy was punished by a pause.

"I did n't know," she at last answered coldly.

In the silence that followed, however, the woman's brain worked rapidly. The presence of her son in mature attire dovetailed with a disconcerting lack of misfit into her suggestions as to his spring wardrobe of the night before. Was he going to dare make her an accessory to the crime? She pushed the point boldly.

"If you can't remember any reason, at least you must know what suggested this masquerade to you, Rick. Tell mother."

"You," he said, and gazed at her. Then, solicitously, he added, "I thought it would be a pity for you to get long trousers for me without your first seeing if they—"

"Rick!" She cut short this master defense on his part, and with such success that its originator quailed. "While I appreciate fully your consideration of me in this respect, nevertheless I feel called upon to question your judgment when I see you took your father's newest and, by the way, distinctly most unpaid for clothes to make your test in. And" —here she got at the real crime —"to put a hole into." She stood victorious.

The boy blushed in misery.

"Gosh! I 'm sorry, Mother. Honestly, I am. I feel terribly." His eyes met hers for the first time.

"I can easily believe you. But what were you doing that you happened to tear the trousers so?" He did not reply. "I insist upon an answer, Rick," she rapped out.

"I was n't doing anything except ride my bicycle. I fell off." This last was very weak.

She eyed him.

"At your age and with your accomplishments you simply fell off your wheel?"

He was silent.

"You ought," she said sweetly, "to be more careful. Perhaps a bicycle is too much for you. Velocipedes, or even perambulators, may be more suitable." He winced, and she relented. "I can hardly believe, my dear, and I say this seriously, that this story sounds likely, Rick."

Still he was mute.

"Boy Scouts," she ground on, "never tell fibs. It is part of their code, you know."

Oh, he knew well enough; his face, reddening under each word, showed it. Stubbornly, however, he offered no defense.

"Well," she said at last and with a great air, "I wash my hands of the whole affair." He groaned.

He had known her to do this once or twice before, and he recalled the ablution was long-drawn-out and of frequent repetition. She would, he was confident, be washing her hands for the next three weeks. In an agony of disgust he started for the door.

"Wait."

He pulled up.

"Where are you going?"

"Up-stairs."

"What for?"

"To change my clothes."

"There 's no need of that now. You may as well wear them until your father comes home."

"But I can't wear them to school again." He bent over his knee. "This hole will—"

"Do just as I say, my son." He looked back. "You are to stay in all afternoon with that suit on, and, as a fitting climax to to-day's appearance, to-morrow wear your Boy Scout shorts to school. That 's all." She finished, and Rick fled stumbling from the room to wash his hands unbidden for lunch.

Beans and custard were consumed in icy silence by mother and son. Rick abstractedly gulped a little over his plate, and drew from his parent occasional reproofs and reasons for an attempt on his part to make out of an animal necessity something as epicurean as possible. He said "Yes, Mother," and complied. Certainly, now was no time to turn down suggestions from any source. However, he made up his mind that if the time ever came when he was long enough out of disgrace, he was going to burrow into the affair thoroughly and find out who epicurean was. So far—and he had made this out for himself—it was a reference made in connection with spreading one's elbows at soup or gulping.

With a kiss as cold as the custard, his mother departed, leaving behind her a list of household duties to which her son listened. He was to tidy his workbench, maintained by him under the window-seat in his room, and see that a fresh fire was laid in the grate, tasks in which he professed the deepest interest. He even threw in a little suggestion about his polishing the brass fender, but it got nowhere. At best it had been only a mockery to cover his feelings, which well nigh gushed to the surface in tears as he threw himself, long trousers and all, on the lounge when the front door slammed.

As he lay there brooding over his luck—and it was fortunate that at the moment he did not have this added burden to bear—a net of evidence was tightening about him. Witnesses were rallying to the side of the angels. His mother had found herself summoned to a seat in the car by Mrs. Parry, a buxom neighbor, and had balanced herself there, the socks and her knitting-bag on her lap.

"Yes, indeed," Mrs. Parry said heartily, "they are growing up, I tell you, these children of ours!" She arched an eyebrow as though to indicate the heights they attained. She fell upon the topic contentedly when once Mrs. McTavish, her mind obsessed, broached it. "I can hardly believe my eyes," she went on, "when I see how large they have become." She appeared for a moment perplexed. "Now, my Philomena, for instance. Such legs! And ideas, my dear!" One eye half closed as she regarded her neighbor. "I don't know where she gets them; neither does Jack. Often we speak of it. Certainly they don't come from us."

In her distraught frame of mind Mrs.

McTavish was at the moment willing vulgarly to bet that they did n't.

"I never had such ideas in my life as she has at fourteen. And your Rickie, now. He is a problem, I fancy. He 's such a big boy; he must be." Size and sin were confused in her mind at the moment. "I was surprised, though, to see him in long trousers this morning. Is n't that something new?"

For a moment Mrs. McTavish gasped; then her mind settled down like a motor after the first explosion and ran. The Parrys lived well off the beaten track to school from Rickie's house. How, then, did Mrs. Parry know he had gone attired as he did that day? Had she perchance seen him at school? She forced her mind to a halt.

"Were you at school this morning, Mrs. Parry? I did not know that there were any special exercises." Her mind was racing, stationary, eager to go on.

"There were n't, that I know of. No," —she had followed her neighbor's trend amazingly,—"it was in front of the house after breakfast that I saw Rick. I particularly noted who it was because the sight of Philomena talking to a little boy was so unusual. Not that she does n't have the chance often enough." She closed her mouth roguishly, as though she could go on and tell a thing or two about Philomena's enchantments if she had time. "Now, that 's so queer, Mrs. McTavish; I 've often thought of asking some one else—about the way she does n't care for boys, as a rule. Now, when I was a girl, mother said the stoops must have been sprinkled with honey the way the boys came and—"

It is possible that a philosopher, wrapped with the noise of his own pessimistic thoughts, could still lie by the side of a babbling brook in a deep woods and hear the water's gush. Such was Mrs. McTavish's position. She heard her neighbor's tongue clack, but her ears were filled with the beat of her own thoughts. It was plain now. Her son had gone to see a girl on the way to school, and had even, and she put this squarely to herself, borrowed his father's best clothes to do it in.

"What was it, Billy,"—Mrs. Parry suddenly turned to the seat behind her, her tone enlarging to take its occupant in,—"that Rick said when he fell off the wheel this morning and tore his suit? Such a pity!" she added. "It looked like such handsome stuff." Mrs. McTavish turned and located the youngest and reddest of the Parrys crouched behind them, face glued to the window.

He removed it to look up and say shrilly:

"You mean what did he say when he fell off his bike he was tryin' to ride standin' on the seat goin' downhill?"

"Riding his bike standing on the seat?" repeated Mrs. McTavish in a spell.

"Yes 'm," insisted Billy, interested now. "He said he bet he could do it, 'cause he 'd seen a fella in a movie do it. He said he went to see him three times that one week 'cause he got passes from his father, 'cause he was a newspaper man, and he said he 'd take me and Harold some time if he could get—" Dexterously he was interrupted and led back to the main path of his story. "Oh, yes. Well, he fell off just as he came tearin' down the hill with his feet on the seat, all leanin' over the handlebars, and he spilled terrible hard on the sidewalk, and we thought he was 'most killed, Harold and me."

"Now, Billy, you did n't." His mother attempted to lower the tone of the recital.

"But, Mother, we did. Honest. He made the most awful whack, and his wheel went into the rose-bushes, and he hopped right up again and looked at where he struck and slid on his knee; and, when he saw the hole, began hollering, 'Where 's the piece? Where 's the piece?' just like that. And we looked in the rose-bushes for it, but we could n't any of us find it. Philomena said it came out by friction," he finished solemnly.

Mrs. Parry screamed with laughter.

"Where do they pick up such big words?" she begged, her hand over her mouth. "But is n't that too funny? I heard about it from Philomena at lunch. I saw him fall from the window."

A weak smile played around Mrs. McTavish's lips. Mrs. Parry later told Jack that she did n't think Mrs. McTavish was feeling quite well, or maybe was worried about the suit. Considering

whose it was, she explained, she could n't blame her, though. But, then —

Riding standing on the seat of his bicycle down the Parrys' hill, was he, for Philomena? Trucking himself out in stolen garments, eh, for a lady to laugh at later, when they were ruined, as she told of the tale to her mother? His mother overlooked the fact that the recounting came at the mother's request; but she wanted her heart hard. Acting like a perfect moon-calf and at his age! The thing must be stopped. He must be freed from this yellow-haired Medusa in a middy blouse,—she had seen the girl once,—at any cost. And with the inception in her brain of a plan whereby to free him, dawned the nucleus for the attitude of the complete mother-in-law.

"Mrs. Parry," she began, softly outlining the design of her plan, "I feel I must take you into my confidence even if the doing makes my son out to be a very silly boy. Rick did not"—she bit her lip; her neighbor's eyes were opening dramatically—"Rick is not, I should say, in long trousers; that is, not of his own. Those were his father's newest garments he chose to wear to-day, and tear. I fear," she added suggestively, perfectly at home in the subtleties of planning, "that your Philomena will think him a very silly lad when she hears all this."

"Well, of all things! What will they do next?" Mrs. Parry was fascinated by crime. "And he tore his father's trousers?" She clucked passionately. "Tsch! tsch!"

"He did. What Mac will say I don't know. Or what Philomena will say." She pressed this point, gently. She seemed further in a way to elect the girl's mother as plenipotentiary extraordinary sublimely fitted to find out what it was the girl in question might say. It was very subtle. "Of course," she went on, feeding Mrs. Parry the nectar of her choice, "it 's plain he did this—wore Mac's clothes, I mean—for love of Philomena. Is n't it silly the things men do for women whom they love?"

"Well, I should say so," murmured the other, clearly past anything but mere agreement. "But is n't love a wonderful thing, just the same? I often say to Jack—" She clucked her tongue again.

Mrs. McTavish's news had been a bomb. It had exploded all the smaller receptacles for conversation lying about it. Occasionally Mrs. Parry tensely asked as to the exact position of her friend at the moment of the dramatic discovery and the boy's accompaniment of replies and similar technical data. Outside of that, she asked nothing. She heard for the second time with horrified interest of Rickie's pose on his mother's entry into the kitchen. Then she brooded. Finally she recovered enough to sigh and ask again what they were coming to. The children, she meant. She did not know.

The women finally separated, Mrs. Parry to go her way, and Mrs. McTavish to enter the Red Cross zone. "I hope Rick is in shorts to-morrow," Mrs. Parry called as her friend clutched at the sliding-door in the front of the car to steady herself.

Mrs. McTavish tried to smile brightly as she fought for balance.

"I hope so, too. And that Philomena won't even look at him." Mrs. Parry laughed as though flattered, and Billy shrieked, "Good-by."

At the supper that night, hastily prepared by Della, who had hurried home, refreshed by her diversion, Rick did but scant justice to a menu he usually appreciated. He only dawdled with the candied sweet potatoes, and nibbled only at the choicest portions of the steak. He dared not look his father in the eye.

That man's words to him had been brief when the situation was comprehended by him. Indeed, he had hardly spoken when Rickie, in his clothes, met him at the door, Mrs. McTavish's fiendish idea. For once he had nothing to say; he could n't even think of anything appropriate to write.

The meal was a mockery. As he voluntarily turned to go up-stairs to bed immediately after dinner, and while his parents were taking their coffee-cups to the fire in the living-room, Rick was called back. It was by his mother.

"I saw Mrs. Parry on the street-car this afternoon, Rick. She was going down town with Billy."

It was a bolt from the blue. He blushed, paled, and then stood on the defensive. Too occupied with the

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"'He was tryin' to ride standin' on the seat goin' downhill'"

dénouement, his mother rushed on to her doom.

"She remarked on your attire for school,—" the boy shook,—"and seemed to believe it was put on entirely to please her Philomena. You know that child with the lemon-colored hair, Mac, and the queer eyes. She says you visited by their front gate this morning. It was then school-time." She paused.

"Billy told me the tale of your standing on the seat of your bicycle and riding down their hill and the tearing of your father's best clothes. The whole thing sounded wild and ridiculous to me. Now, I don't need to make clear," she went on, "or, rather, I might say, we do not,"—she indicated her husband, who was taking in the new developments with a scandalized air,—" that we disapprove of such activities highly. You are, in the first place, too young to call on girls. You are not, in the second, a vaudeville performer. And even if you were, it would be unkind of me not to disillusion you as to the probable success of such feats unless you were sure of not failing. When a man sets out to perform some act of daring-do for a lady, he is only going to aid himself in winning her if he is bound not to fail. If he fails, such are women, alas! that their contempt for him is so great that they forget entirely he has attempted this thing for them, and they laugh at him. As Philomena laughed at you. Her mother says," she added softly, "that she told her the whole story at the luncheon-table." There was a pause.

"I felt duty bound to explain to her that the clothes were not your own."

"What did you do that for?" thundered Rickie, angrily. "You had no right to do that. What did you have to tell Mrs. Parry for about the clothes? Now, she 'll tell Philomena." He choked. "I 'd have been punished enough, what with tearing them and all, without your telling Mrs. Parry. Now she 'll tell Phil and—" He paused and fought for his self-control. "You had n't the right to tell her," he burst out, sobbing, "and I 'll never forgive you, never, never, never." With louder cries, he hurried from the room.

His father and mother stood paralyzed where he had left them rooted to the rugs. A door slammed overhead, and they jumped. With a wail, Mrs. McTavish started for her husband's arms and threw herself weeping against his shoulder. His arms patted her back.

"Don't mind," he murmured, terrified. "He does n't mean what he says, I know." Another door slammed,—the bath-room,—and he raised his voice to drown the sound. "He does n't mean it, really, darling. You just flicked him on the raw. If she 's his girl—" He released one arm and blew his nose.

With her nose on the tweed of his arm, his wife wept and considered. The house was coming down about her ears. She was aware that it was well she had not told her son of her request that Mrs. Parry make known to her daughter the facts he had so feared his Philomena might come to know. She was also aware that she had slightly misinterpreted details in her relating of how Mrs. Parry had come to know of the accident on the wheel that morning. She had rather given the impression, she feared, that Philomena herself had— She stopped thinking. "Whatever I did," she sobbed irrelevantly, "I did for his sake. I did hoping to break off his fondness for this girl before he got—his—neck—broken." She cried more freshly at this. "Just to protect him."

Her husband went to the lounge.

"Men don't like that, my dear," he said suddenly. His smile was grim. "They 'd rather let things take their course and get killed."

"What are we going to do?" she later begged more calmly.

"Wait till morning. He 'll have forgotten by then. It was just a fit of temper." He spoke easily, but his hand shook as he lighted his cigarette.

But Mrs. McTavish was not comforted. She crept past her son's closed door as past a lion's den. She undressed meekly, and slipped between her sheets. But she could not sleep. Far into the night she questioned herself, and in the light of early morning ventured into her son's room to watch him sleeping in the gray shadows. She patted the covers timidly and returned to her room to sleep. She had come to an end of it—diplomacies, trousers, girls, what not.

As a Machiavelli, Mrs. McTavish for the moment existed no more.

In the morning, as she mouthed her hair-pins, she confessed to a feeling of curiosity as to whether her son's rebellion would include the pair of shorts she had left on his bed as part of the day's punishment. Would he wear them? As a matter of fact, she felt that if he had emerged from his room for school dressed in pajama trousers she would not have said a word.

His door opened; she followed in the hall. Without looking up or back, he marched down before her in his khaki shorts; a blue handkerchief was knotted at his throat. He said "Good morning"; there speech ended. He passed the toast and consumed his chocolate in silence.

From behind the window-blind his mother saw him start for school—and Philomena. Despite the pink flesh of his youth, he swung his hips, to her, like a man. And so he passed from her sight.

At the cross-street nearest the school one James Lawrence, a friend, as friends go, suddenly turned upon Rick as he cycled along the curb.

"Yah, yah!" he yelled, and then put on speed. "Father's pants seem to have shrunk. Ho! here comes Rickie, the best-dressed dude in the school. Hooray!" He circled round, and came back with more.

"You just get off that wheel, Jimmie Lawrence, and I 'll give you something to holler about," yelled Rick, and his back stiffened. "Come down and get your face punched, will you?" The children on each side drew back, but Lawrence did not pause. His tastes that morning led to lighter things. He sped on ahead, spreading the tidings of Rickie's approach. Rick's face became a mask, and with the eyes of many on him, he swung past the steps that led into school. There was a gasp.

As a matter of fact, he had a plan. In the pocket of his shorts he had that morning come upon a dime, hitherto undiscovered. He had decided to go to Clancy's, a druggist across from the school, where youth bought what it had to have. There he would get him a chocolate soda. Not for its refreshment alone, though ye gods! it would taste good after the trials of yesterday, but as a form of speculation. Unless he was mistaken, his having wearily to partake of nectar and fizz before assembling himself for the work of the day would create a profound impression in class circles.

Certainly it was n't every fellow, and by no means James Lawrence, who treated himself so exquisitely, and right after breakfast at that. He 'd suck the straw long as he stood by the fountain near the door. There would indeed be an air about that.

In through the door and up to the soda-fountain he walked, and he started to give his order to Clancy himself, busily polishing glasses, when he saw Philomena Parry loitering by the candy counter, eying some trifle. He fumbled with his sombrero, jerked it loose of its strap, smoothed his hair, and stood covered again. She had spoken. Then he turned his back. "A choc'late sody," he drawled to Clancy and crossed one leg. His mother would have fainted had she heard that final syllable. The man paused to wipe his red hands.

Rick had turned his back on her, but staring in the mirrors behind the party-colored bottles of syrups, he could see her, framed in marble, observing him. Her hair was, as his mother had remarked the night before, lemon-colored, or a little less. And her eyes were queer, deliciously queer. For the rest, she stood there a slim young thing in a bright sweater and yellow tie. For him she stood as the tears of things.

"Can't you give a chap some service?" he suddenly demanded of Clancy, brusquely. Clancy stared at him as though not believing his large ears, and with one switch of his hand stopped the squirting of the precious fizz that made of the drink an animate thing.

"You hold your horses, young feller," he advised, and finished the concoction slowly.

Rick met the glass half-way with his dime, slapping it down loudly on the marble. He knew Philomena was still watching; he could feel her eyes on his neck, see them as he looked in the glass. He lifted the soda, and an inhibition seized him. Did he have to offer that girl his soda? He hated her. Did he have to buy her another? He had no

money. For a reckless moment he considered asking Clancy for a charge. He frowned, perplexed. He fingered his glass.

"Go ahead, Rick," the girl murmured from behind him, as though divining his thoughts. "Drink it. Don't mind me."

"I don't," he growled. "I don't mind any girl." He lifted the glass. "I hate 'em all." By his sense of touch he had located the mound of ice-cream hidden in the bottom, like some heap of white coral washed by a chocolate sea. He prodded it.

"I 'm sorry," she murmured on. "About the trousers, I mean. Mother told me last night." He could see her gliding toward the door. "It was a pity they were your father's," she added. "Did he raise an awful row?"

Rick listened, stunned. Words of compassion, even tenderness! Had he heard aright? What was it his mother had said of the scorn of a woman for a lover who, for instance, tries to ride a wheel downhill standing on the seat, and, despite successes he has had in private moments in practising behind the garage at home, publicly fails? Her words still rang in his ears. "I 'm sorry," she had said. Was it possible his mother was wrong?

Philomena reached the door. "Darned hard luck, I call it," she added with compassion. And with such a phrase did she wipe his mother from his mind and lure him completely back.

Rickie McTavish melted irrevocably.

"Oh, that 's all right," he quavered, with an attempt at swagger. Yet her tenderness had left no swagger in the lad. "Do you want the rest of my sody?" he called out. "I 'd get you a new one, but I have n't any more money." This humbling confession cost him no pain at the moment; yet yesterday, in his masculine pride before her, could he have admitted to any lack of this world's goods and not died of shame? He saw her in the glass smile like a divinity.

"I think I 'll have one of my own, thanks." She came across, and tucked her slim legs around the stool next his. From her jersey-pocket she drew a dime, and slapped it loudly on the marble. Her air was one of a woman of rights and money in her own name, and the boy stood by enamoured, unimportant.

"A choc'late sody," she ordered of Clancy, "and make it good and sweet."

The man behind the bar received this extra demand sourly.

"You kids is going to be late fer school," he observed disagreeably.

In silence they sucked at their straws. This breaking bread together for the first time, symbolically speaking, filled Rick with delight. And when toward the last the girl pulled hard at her sipper with a resultant cacophony that bespoke no familiarity with epicurean, his heart leaped. A sensible woman at last, thank God!

Eventually they passed out into the street and started across to school.

"Do you know," asked Philomena, as tardy, they sauntered up the steps, "that I like those shorts you have on awfully well? I think they look nice."

He tried to hold open the door gallantly, but she slipped in before him.

"They 're all right," he admitted with gratitude. Then as they paused before their cloak-room, and her glance swept his frame, he bent forward, and saw his bare knees and strong legs. "But they 're for kids," he added, blushing. Somehow he was embarrassed at being so half clad. "I 'm going into long trousers for keeps now," he heard himself say, and wondered how it would be managed. "A fellow 's got to look right," he added as she slipped away.

After the excitement of their entry together, the morning passed calmly away. Only a short distance from the girl who had caused him such agony within the last twenty-four hours the boy sat doing fairly successful sums. This, he was aware, troubled him. Somehow, heretofore, he had not been able decently to settle down to scholastic duties in her presence. She had kept him too agitated by a vague effort of his imagination. He had, in fact, been too busy pretending that in her eyes he was Dead-Eye Dick or at least an abnormally young captain (wounded) home from the war to descend to work. And now he could work with a vim. Strange, but right, answers in long division had never come so easily. What had her tenderness and understanding deprived him of?

Slowly he marched up the steps of his house at noon. In only one respect was his mind thoroughly made up.

By the lounge his mother stood waiting.

"Hello, dear." Her eyes were bright.

"I been thinking," he began, "about the trousers."

"Mother 's decided that perhaps she was wrong; that you 'd better stay on in knickers until—"

"But, Mother,"—he gathered himself together,—"I 'm going to get 'em. Long ones, I mean."

She gazed at him. It was curious that she had never noted before last night how square the boy's jaw was, just like his Grandfather McTavish's.

"Well," she said meekly, and waited.

"I 'm going to buy that suit of father's I had such"—he hesitated, then, as if remembering—"darned hard luck in. The gentleman who presses father's clothes—Mr. Epstein, I think—said he believed a patch could be put in at the knee. I asked him. A piece from the vest or—" He wavered.

She rushed to his aid, bringing the authority of a sex that understands patches thoroughly.

"Or even from the bottom of the leg. Were n't they a little long, dear?"

"I think so, though I did n't stop to look." He coughed. "Excuse me."

She accepted his apology.

"I 'll pay father with the money I got cutting the grass last year. And I can get some more from Jimmie Lawrence if he still wants to buy my tool-chest. He said he did once. I 'm getting sort of big for toys. He better still want it," he added savagely.

She watched her son in silence. She had learned her part at last.

"The gentleman said he could put the patch on this afternoon if I 'd bring the suit. These look terrible for school, Mother." He surveyed his bare knees.

"But your corduroy knickers," she murmured. "They 'll do for—"

"Gosh, Mother,"—and his eyes were on his legs, even as they had been outside the cloak-room that morning,—"I 'm too big for short pants any more." He did not look up. "She was n't scornful," he added. "You know who. We had a sody at Clancy's. I guess," he said complacently, "you don't understand girls, maybe."

Della's voice intruded.

And such was the state of Mrs. McTavish's humbleness that without reference to epicurean she let her son noisily consume two pieces of cold apple-pie left from the night before. In fact, she even remarked that home-made apple-pie had hurt no man yet that she knew of.

And along such paths did Rickie McTavish approach his manhood.

Building a Railway[1]

An Episode in the Career of Sir William Van Horne

By WALTER VAUGHAN

A story which illustrates the romance of big business enterprises and the advantage of fair and honorable dealings.

AFTER four hundred years of Spanish misrule and a century of successive revolutions, the United States had liberated the Cuban people. Spain had finally evacuated the colony a year earlier, and the island was being administered by a military governor, General Leonard Wood, pending the institution of a stable civil government based on popular election. The eastern provinces had been devastated by incessant guerrilla warfare. The cane-fields had been largely destroyed, and the cane had been overgrown with weeds and brush. Cattle-raisers had lost everything, and it was difficult to find a cow or an ox. Horses were few and in wretched condition. Mining had ceased; all industries were virtually dead.

The railway system of the island comprised 1135 miles of railway. Ninety per cent. of these radiated from Havana and were owned by English companies. There were also 965 miles of private railway lines, constructed to carry sugar-cane to the mills. In what are now the three eastern provinces of Santa Clara, Camagüey, and Oriente, the largest and richest in the country and comprising three quarters of the total area of the island, there were only a little over one hundred miles of small railways. In the days of Spanish dominion every one had conceded the desirability of a line of railway which would connect Santiago de Cuba, Camagüey, and eastern Santa Clara with Havana, the seat of the island's government and the center of its commercial life. Every principle of politics and economics had demanded communication between the leading cities of the middle and eastern provinces and the western end of the island. But under Spanish rule the construction of such a railway was accepted as impossible.

Traveling in Cuba early in 1900, in company with General Russel A. Alger, the American Secretary of War, and the Hon. Elihu Root, Secretary of State, Van Horne heard them discuss the desirability, on strategical grounds, of building a railway through the eastern provinces, and also the apparently insurmountable obstacle which the Foraker Act had placed in the way of such a project being undertaken as a private enterprise. This legislation had been enacted by the American Congress in order to protect the Cubans and the interim administration from exploitation by promoters and irresponsible speculators, and prohibited the granting of any franchises or concessions of any kind during American occupation. About the same time he met Percival Farquhar of New York, who was the representative of a group which had obtained control of the Havana tramways. Farquhar gave him a glowing description of the interior.

Pondering over this situation, it flashed upon Van Horne that there was in all probability no law which would prevent the acquisition of parcels of land or the construction of a railway thereon by their owner. To construct a railway in small pieces in this way, without rights of expropriation or eminent domain and without any assurance whatever beyond his own faith that the future Cuban Government would grant the necessary charter powers, involved great risks and implied great courage. But having hit upon the plan, Van Horne did not hesitate to adopt it.

On his arrival in New York in March

[1] A chapter from the forthcoming biography of Sir William Van Horne.

he immediately consulted Howard Mansfield, a lawyer of his acquaintance.

"Do you know anything of the Foraker Act?" he asked.

"I do."

"Is there anything in it to prevent an individual or a corporation owning or acquiring lands in Cuba from building a railway on various pieces of such property, taking a chance of ever being able to operate the railway as a whole?"

"No."

"Well, I 'm going to form a company to do that, and want you to get out the necessary incorporation papers."

Van Horne's next step was to get the sanction and, if possible, the support of the American Government, and, accompanied by General Grenville Dodge, he went to Washington to lay his plans before President McKinley. From a political point of view the project had much to commend it. The construction of the railway would not only provide immediate employment for a considerable number of the population, but it was also the first requisite for the development of Cuban resources. When completed, it would insure the speedy transportation of troops to the eastern end of the island and to any part of the interior, and would itself be the best possible agency for the preservation of order and peace. The President expressed approval of the project, and promised to do what he could to have it protected in law before the occupation ended.

Within two months from his departure for Cuba Van Horne was back in Montreal, as busily occupied in the organization of a new company as he had been eighteen years earlier in the building of the Canadian Pacific. He shed like a garment the comparative apathy and lassitude which had characterized the last few years of his presidency of the Canadian road. With new and important creative work before him, he was once more in his element and completely happy.

"Perhaps you are right in thinking," he explained to a friend, "that I am making a mistake in putting on more harness and going into the Cuban and other enterprises, but my trip to California a year ago satisfied me that my happiness was not in the direction of taking things easy and that I would have to keep as busy as possible for the rest of my days. Perhaps, if I had knocked off ten years ago, it might have been different. All the things which I thought leisure would give me time to enjoy seemed flavorless when I got to them. I can be happy in working out schemes and in no other way. The Cuban one is the most interesting I have ever encountered, and I am looking forward to a great deal of pleasure in carrying it through, and perhaps profit as well—a few dozen Rembrandts and such things, which, I think, will quite fill my capacity for enjoyment."

From the moment the Cuban enterprise took shape in Van Horne's mind he regarded the building and operation of a few hundred miles of railway merely as a first step to larger and more comprehensive schemes. Incorporating the Cuba Company under the laws of the State of New Jersey in April, 1900, he stated its object to be "to develop the resources of the island in all practicable ways."

He retained a vivid recollection of the checks imposed from time to time upon his plans for rapid development of the Canadian Pacific both by the caution and conservatism of his co-directors and by the difficulty, often the impossibility, of obtaining the necessary capital. He was determined to labor under no such difficulties in his new undertaking. He would, therefore, keep in his own hands the entire control of the Cuba Company, and seek as his associates in the enterprise men who would have faith in his management and whose means were so large that they could afford to wait indefinitely for dividends, yet could be relied on to furnish any additional capital that might be required. To insure the stock of the company being retained in such hands, he fixed the capital stock at eight million dollars, divided into one hundred and sixty shares of fifty thousand dollars each.

He found a sufficient number of "the right kind of men" with the greatest ease. The entire capital stock was subscribed within a week, and as soon as his plans became known, he was obliged to dodge eager applicants for shares. To one of these he wrote:

When I went down to New York with my Cuban scheme I found myself in the position

of a small school-boy with his pocket full of bonbons, and all the shares that I would not let go willingly were taken away from me. I came away stripped of all but a small holding for myself. There is no chance to get any, unless the capital should be enlarged later on.

On the clear understanding that his project was one of slow, but profitable, development, he had obtained the most imposing list of subscribers ever associated in the foundation of a single commercial enterprise. It included, among others, John W. Mackay, J. J. Hill, E. J. Berwind, General Dodge, Henry Bull, Gilbert Haven, Henry M. Flagler, the Hon. Levi P. Morton, Henry M. Whitney, P. A. B. Widener, Anthony Brady, W. L. Elkins, Thomas Dolan, General Thomas, the Hon. W. C. Whitney, H. Walters, R. B. Angus, T. G. Shaughnessy, Sir George Drummond, C. R. Hosmer, George B. Hopkins, and Thomas F. Ryan. The aggregate wealth of this group was estimated in many hundreds of millions of dollars.

Van Horne had difficulty in persuading Ryan to join. Ryan, who had made a large fortune in tobacco and street railways, and who was a prominent figure in financial circles as the active force behind the Morton Trust Company, thought it "a great waste of time for Van Horne to turn his back on an empire and go chasing a rabbit; for that great constructive mind, with its decades of experience, to bury itself down in the jungle." He asked Henry M. Whitney to join with him in urging Van Horne to drop his Cuban plans and take up something else. At a dinner given by Whitney, Ryan proposed that he and his group should obtain control of the Canadian Pacific, and that Van Horne should return to it as its president and work out immense ramifications of its existing system on both sides of the international boundary. Such a scheme would give them industrial dominion over North America and Van Horne an empire to rule over.

Van Horne would not entertain this startling proposal for a moment. It was in direct conflict with the aims of the builders of the Canadian road, and his participation in it would savor of the rankest treachery. He told Ryan that the Canadians, who looked upon the Canadian Pacific as the backbone of their country, would never allow it to pass into the control of Americans. Finally, he pointed out that it would be extremely difficult, if not impossible, for any group of Americans to get control of the system, for in consequence of the policy steadfastly pursued by Lord Mountstephen and supported by himself, the great bulk of Canadian Pacific stock was distributed among thousands of small holders, a large majority of whom were resident in England. Ryan, who was amazed to learn that the builders of the Canadian Pacific held only a few thousand shares of its stock and had profited little from their opportunities, found the last argument conclusive, and, with great reluctance, abandoned his scheme. Converted by Van Horne's magnetic persuasiveness, he agreed to join the Cuba Company and give it the support of the Morton Trust Company, which was its financial backer for several years.

Van Horne's love of the Canadian Pacific Railway was the master passion of his life. He cherished its interests unswervingly. It was his dearest offspring, the Absalom of his loins. Three years later Ryan consulted him concerning the project of a new railway from the Kootenay Valley to the Pacific Coast. His condemnation was decisive.

"The Canadian Pacific Railway cannot and will not surrender that region to any other company. . . . The only commendable thing I see in this enterprise is the prospectus, which should take high rank among imaginative works."

Having established the head office of the Cuba Company in the City of New York, Van Horne sent engineers to Cuba to make a preliminary survey. With them went L. A. Hamilton, the land commissioner of the Canadian Pacific, to investigate and report upon the natural resources along the route to be traversed. His next step was to purchase a large tract of land at Antilla, on Nipe Bay, and a little railway, the Sabanilla & Moroto, which ran a distance of about fifty miles from the port of Santiago, the eastern terminus of the

projected railway. Materials for the construction of the railway were ordered, and Van Horne proposed to begin building at the end of the autumn rainy season. His prospecting engineers having returned and reported that a line could be built along the proposed route with easy gradients and through a country of remarkable agricultural possibilities, location surveys were begun in July from Santa Clara.

The Cuban Government was not yet instituted, and the people, uncertain of the purpose of the Americans and fearful lest they had only changed masters, suspected every form of American activity. But during his visit to the island Van Horne had formed the opinion that they had a fine sense of honor and would respond to fair and courteous treatment. Before starting negotiations, therefore, for the right of way, he employed two able and influential Cubans to go through the eastern provinces and explain the good-will and intentions of the company and the benefits which the community would derive from its operations. He also addressed courteous and diplomatic letters to the governors of the eastern provinces, giving detailed information of the project. Invariable and impeccable courtesy was to be the key-note of all dealings with the Cubans. He wrote to his chief engineer:

> Deal with them throughout with politeness, whatever the provocation to do otherwise may be, for we cannot afford to antagonize even the humblest individual if it can be avoided. Our engineers will give the first impression of the Cuba Company to the people in the districts where they are operating, and they should seek in every way to create among these people a pleasant impression. . . . Any one unable to control his temper and who violates the rule which should be made in this regard should be promptly got rid of. I am anxious that the people throughout the country should become impressed as quickly as possible with the desire of the Cuba Company to treat everybody with the greatest consideration and to deal with them in all matters with perfect fairness.

These methods of approach were richly rewarded. Convinced of the company's good-will and of the benefits they would receive from the operation of the railway, proprietors gave the land necessary for the railway without compensation. In cases where absentee Spanish landlords were inclined to hold out for payment, their neighbors united in creating a public opinion which forced them to a similar liberality. At the close of the year Van Horne told his shareholders, "so far our rights of way have cost us nothing but the salaries and expenses of our agents." When, sometime later, President McKinley asked him how he had accomplished the purchase of the right of way and begun to build a railway without a charter, he replied:

"Mr. President, I went to them with my hat in my hand."

"I think I understand," said the President.

To his friends Van Horne explained that whenever he met a Cuban, he bowed first and he bowed last. In these early days of his company he was well served by his double nationality. Americans concerned in the administration of the island had full confidence in him as being one of themselves. The Spanish Cubans, who looked upon Americans with jealousy and suspicion, trusted him as a Briton. They knew that there were no knights in the United States.

Although possession of rights of way had been easily and inexpensively acquired from private owners, difficulties were frequently experienced in obtaining a clear legal title to them. Regarding a loose system of land-titles as prejudicial to all future settlement, Van Horne recommended to General Wood the introduction of the Torrens System of registration, which was used in Manitoba and other western provinces of Canada. He urged that speedy attention should be given to so fundamental a matter and that surveys of the land should be made and base-lines and meridians established as a preparatory step to the reëstablishment of agriculture. He also advocated the expropriation by the government of large areas held idle by absentee owners or on account of disputed ownership, and their subdivision and resale in small parcels to those who would immediately cultivate them. This, he thought,

should be followed up by taxation of land. He wrote to General Wood:

A system of land-taxation is the most effective and equitable way of securing the greatest possible utilization of lands, and affords at the same time the best safeguard against holding lands in disuse for speculative purposes. It affords, moreover, the most certain and uniform revenue to the state. Freedom from land taxation or merely nominal land taxation comes from landlordism, which you certainly do not wish to continue or promote in Cuba. The country can only reach its highest prosperity and the greatest stability of government through the widest possible ownership of the lands by the people who cultivate them. In countries where the percentage of individuals holding real estate is greatest, conservatism prevails and insurrections are unknown.

As, with a fine instinct, he found the royal road to the favor of the Cubans and discarded the sharp and rough-and-ready methods of American railway-building, so he determined at all costs to avoid antagonizing the railway companies already operating on the island. Unsupported as he was by legal authority, any other course would have been suicidal. Having no charter, he was without power to cross another railway, and he instructed his engineers to carry their line clear south of the Cuba Central Railway, running north from Placetas del Sur.

While his engineers were locating the line and his agents obtaining rights of way, Van Horne was preparing for the work of construction with all his old zest for detail. He shipped construction supplies and materials for assemblage at Santiago, Cienfuegos, and Santa Clara in advance of their use. Grading was begun at both ends of the line in November, 1900, with Spanish and Cuban laborers.

The final location of the railway was on a line which, running from Santa Clara through Camagüey to the port of Santiago, would bisect the greater part of the island and serve as a trunk-line for the branches running north and south, which could be constructed later. It was found necessary to follow the watershed and head the streams, which widen and deepen rapidly in their descent to the sea upon each side.

In 1901 Van Horne went again to Cuba, to see construction well started and take a look at the interior for himself. Six weeks' work and travel, which included a ride from San Luis to Nipe Bay, strengthened his enthusiasm for the enterprise. Getting off his mule at a point called Palmerito one evening, his waistcoat caught on the pommel of the stock-saddle, and he fell heavily to the ground on his back. Mr. Miller A. Smith, the chief engineer, rushed up, ejaculating:

"My God! Sir William, are you hurt?"

"No," replied Van Horne, getting to his feet and dusting himself. "That is the way I always get off."

The company now had definite ownership of lands for terminals, construction bases, and several town-sites, together with a fairly continuous strip for the right of way thirty meters in width and about three hundred and fifty miles in length. Power to cross streams, roads, and public property was becoming a matter of pressing necessity. There were, too, a few landowners whom he could not bring to terms, and to deal with them expropriation powers were essential. A general election had been held throughout Cuba in September for the purpose of choosing delegates to a convention to frame and adopt a constitution and to determine with the Government of the United States the relations to exist between that Government and the Government of Cuba. The convention had met in Havana in November, and was still engaged in framing the constitution.

With the difficulties of a charterless position ever in his mind, Van Horne had already drafted a general railway law for the island. General Wood had told him that he had thought of applying to Cuba the railway law of Texas. But this was, in Van Horne's opinion, distinctly inferior to the railway law of Canada, and he based his draft on the Canadian model. He spent several evenings with General Dodge over its revision and adaptation to Cuban needs and submitted it to General Wood. After careful scrutiny and a few amendments by experts of the Interstate Commerce Commission, it was presented by General Wood to the Hon. Elihu Root,

Secretary of War at Washington, who pronounced it to be the best railway law ever drawn up. General Wood said:

Sir William contributed a very large portion of the foundation work on this law, which covered everything from the local procedure necessary to make preliminary surveys to the final winding-up of the affairs of a railroad in case of its dissolution. The law covered the relations between the public and the road, and looked to the adequate protection of the railroad personnel and the public. It was so fair and evidently just to all interests that very few changes were suggested by the United States Interstate Commerce Commission, whose railway experts were invited to Cuba and went very thoroughly over the law.

The Cuban convention adopted a constitution for the Republic of Cuba on February 21, 1901, but before that date the necessity for expropriation powers and rights to cross public property had become acute. Van Horne went twice to Washington to plead with the President, Secretary Root, Senators Platt, Aldrich, and Foraker, and others officially concerned in Cuban relations for the immediate passage of the railway law. Friction had developed, however, between the United States Government and the delegates to the convention, who, standing out for unequivocal independence and sovereignty of the island, were averse to incorporating in the constitution certain provisions concerning the right of intervention, coaling, and naval stations, and other matters upon which the United States Government was determined to insist. In these circumstances no progress could be made with the general railway law, and the Foraker Act, which prohibited the grant of public concessions or franchises, was still in effect.

Bent on carrying his project through, and stimulated, as always, by the challenge of difficulties, Van Horne evolved from his inexhaustible inventiveness a way to overcome this one. The Foraker Act said nothing about a "revocable license." Might not a revocable license be granted to a builder who was willing to assume the risk of having the license modified or canceled by the Cuban Government after the close of American occupation? The railway would incontestably benefit Cuba. By securing the opinions of prominent Cubans on the questions at issue and communicating them to members of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, he was actively promoting a better understanding between the representatives of the two peoples. The authorities in Washington had confidence in him, and they agreed that such a license as he described might be issued.

Encouraged by their concurrence, Van Horne went to Cuba to obtain the license from the military governor. Wishing to strengthen his case with the force of public opinion, he sent Farquhar to the island to secure petitions praying for the immediate passage of a general railway law in order to promote the building of railways for the development of the country and to enable it to take speedy advantage of the road under construction. He devised the method of obtaining the petitions. Construction would be suddenly stopped at some crossing in every municipality along the line, and the laborers thrown out of work. Farmers and merchants, as well as laborers, suffered from the interruption of the flow of American dollars, and were given an object-lesson of the benefits they enjoyed from the company's operations. They were glad to sign petitions which might insure their continuance. These had due effect at Havana and Washington. The United States Government promised to forward Van Horne's plans and the general railway law in every possible way.

Van Horne now approached General Wood, and in diplomatic fashion asked for something more than he knew he would get; namely, an unconditional permission to effect the necessary crossings. General Wood was heartily in favor of the railway, had noted the petitions from the municipalities, and was sincerely desirous of helping him; but the Foraker Act stood in the way. He could grant no concessions, but promised to give the matter his most serious consideration and see what he could do. Van Horne withdrew, and hastened to the Cuban who was General Wood's confidential adviser on such matters. He unfolded to him his idea of a revo-

cable license, and intimated that if he and General Wood could devise nothing better, he was willing to continue construction on it. These tactics were successful. The governor took counsel with his adviser and decided to grant the revocable license.

Construction was resumed, and continued without further interruption. Some trouble developed with the London executive of the Cuba Central Railways, which opposed Van Horne's building farther west than Sancti Spiritus, and still more strongly opposed his building into Santa Clara, where they had their terminus. He met these objections in a conciliatory manner, returned sweet and friendly answers, and intended to keep the correspondence going all through the summer until his line had advanced beyond all danger of interference.

Exercising an immediate supervision over the details of construction, Van Horne continued to press the passage of the general railway law, and to assist the American administration in combating the doubts and fears of the Cuban people concerning the sincerity of the United States in establishing their independence. He first suggested to Secretary Root that the Cuban flag should fly with the American over the naval and coaling stations which the United States Government planned to retain on the island. This was a small detail, but it had the effect of propitiating the Cubans and removing some of their objections to the stations.

With six thousand men employed, as rapid progress was made in the construction of the road as was possible in an undeveloped tropical country. Streams and public highways were crossed under authority of the revocable license, which, as Van Horne widely and publicly announced, put his enterprise "entirely at the mercy of the people of Cuba." But he was willing to do this because of his "faith in the honor and justice of the Cuban people."

On February 7, 1902, the general railway law was promulgated by an order of the military governor. Understanding that Van Horne had been instrumental in outlining the law and fearing that it was devised to injure their properties in order that he might buy them cheaply, the officials of the western Cuban railways received the law with suspicion. He stoutly denied such a motive to the president of one of the companies, asserting that if he had wished the collapse of the railways, the Texas law would have better served his purpose. He contended that, in basing the Cuban upon the Canadian law, he had conserved the interests of all the other companies as well as his own. The correctness of this contention was eventually conceded.

Following adoption of the general railway law, a board of railway commissioners, similar to the Canadian board, was appointed to regulate and control the traffic-rates of all Cuban railways. The railways in operation were requested to frame and submit a schedule of uniform rates and classifications. This they failed to do, and well-intentioned officials of the Government compiled an intricate classification similar to Western American schedules, which was described by Van Horne as "approximating the old Missouri classification of 'plunder and lumber.'" He assisted the commissioners in framing a new schedule, which prescribed maximum rates substantially below those of hitherto existing tariffs. This was heartily welcomed by the people, but met with vehement opposition from the established railway companies. Their directors decided to ignore it, and instructed their Cuban officials accordingly. The military governor interpreted this course as defiance of the law and the Government, and threatened severe measures.

Van Horne again took a hand in the affair. He was experiencing once more the difficulty, which he had often found in his early days in Canada, of securing unity of action from, and setting up harmonious relations with, remote boards of directors in London. He wrote to financial friends in that city, asking them to prevail upon these boards to abandon "their supreme belief in the efficacy and fitness of the rules and instructions laid down in London"; to give their Cuban officials full powers to deal with questions as they arose, or, failing this, to send out to Cuba the best and broadest-minded man among them, not "one of the narrow-minded, self-sufficient

damn fools so often sent out from London to various centres in such cases."

He fixed upon the ancient city of Camagüey, then called Puerto Principe, for the headquarters of the railway, and decided to mark the turning of the first sod at that point with a public celebration. The influence of the officials of a small railway running from the city to the northern coast was exerted, however, to prevent the public from attending the ceremony. The attendance was wretchedly small, but, undaunted by his chilly reception and determined to win the favor of the people, Van Horne accepted the situation as though every circumstance was propitious. With courtly deference he handed the spade to Niña Adelina, the little daughter of Mayor Barreras, and she performed the ceremony. On his return to New York he bought her a gold watch, which bore a suitable inscription, and had an illuminated address prepared to commemorate "the interest she manifested in the company's undertaking" and for "so graciously inaugurating its work at Puerto Principe." When he next visited the city, bringing with him the watch and the address, the people had come to realize the benefits they would derive from the new railway, and the presentation ceremony, which took place in a flower-decked patio, was a genuine festival. Some months later the tide of good feeling had risen so high that he was formally adopted by the civic authorities as a "son of Camagüey."

The grading of the road was completed in March, 1902, but a labor shortage, the non-arrival of bridge material, and damage by rains delayed completion of the line. Its estimated cost was largely exceeded, and construction was handicapped by financial pressure and the need for rigorous retrenchment.

On December 1, 1902, the Cuba Railroad was opened for traffic. Till then it had taken ten days to travel from one end of the island to the other; now the journey could be made in a luxurious sleeping-car in twenty-four hours. Van Horne, who had gone to Cuba for the occasion, found himself not merely the adopted son of Camagüey, but of all the eastern provinces.

Meanwhile the government of the Republic of Cuba had been inaugurated in the preceding May and had taken over the administration of the affairs of the country. The Foraker Act had thereupon become inoperative. But by that time, while all others who wished to promote railway-building in Cuba had been held back by the provisions of the act, Van Horne had substantially completed his line.

The road had been built without subsidy or public aid of any kind through a region where, despite an offer of government guaranties, the old régime had been unable to find men bold enough for the task. It was a monument to Van Horne's faith in the honor of the Cubans and in the future of their country. Furthermore, it was a monument to the Cubans' sense of honor and fair-dealing. Remarkable, if not unique, in Spanish-American countries, it was built without buying any man or any one's influence. Farquhar, who had an intimate knowledge of the undertaking, said:

> The Cuban Railway was the purest big enterprise I 've ever heard about in North or South America. There was not one dollar spent directly or indirectly in influencing legislation or the people. Sir William relied upon the fact that he was supplying a desirable public utility. He merged the company's interests with the community's, and went ahead, buying no man. There was one time I wondered if we could stick to Sir William's rule in this respect. However, we got through, holding to our principles. It was a fine and most rare side of a business of this sort, as creditable to the Cuban people as it was to Sir William.

The Rest of Their Lives

By IRMA WATERHOUSE

Illustrations by Albert Matzke

"It was a queer thing: he was as happy as any mortal man could expect to be, yet the shadow of something that was not happiness lay across his heart."

WHEN he packed, Alan Trent stumbled upon her letter. He held it in his hand, with an odd frown. It was two years since he had seen her, two years from that memorable night when he had despairingly faced the blankness of a future that was not to contain her, and thought he could never experience the same hot surge of feeling for any woman again. Queer that he had been young enough to think that, especially when he already knew Felicia, he thought.

Felicia, except for the separation entailed, was frankly delighted that he was going to Paris.

"You can bring me such stacks and stacks of things," she exclaimed. Few girls are distractingly pretty. Felicia was. Some people said she was also a little spoiled.

"If we got married in a hurry, you could do your own shopping in Paris," Trent suggested.

Felicia looked at him frowningly, as if she thought he might be trying to be funny. She said to get married in a hurry struck her as a little bit queer. It lacked dignity, she thought.

Trent listened with a smile. He was watching the bright shaft of sunlight that came in the window and played on her golden head. He knew Felicia was perfectly aware of the effect sunlight had on her hair. He had known Felicia a long time, but he was tolerant of her little vanities and insistences.

"All right, honey," he answered at last. "Have it your own way. I just thought you might want to go with me."

The last thing she gave him before he sailed was a list of things to buy. It was in a formidable-looking black note-book.

"This is n't full, is it?" he asked in mock horror. There was no time to look at it then. It was on shipboard a week later that he first examined its contents. He had been sitting in a deck-chair gazing sleepily at the wide stretches of blue water, when, thrusting his hand in his pocket for a handkerchief, he drew forth the note-book. He opened it, and his eye scanned the first item idly, then ran on down the list over articles whose names even in English presented the haziest of ideas to his mind. He put the book down in consternation. What the devil was he to call all those things in *French?* He wished he had the nerve to throw the note-book overboard.

The coast of France was dimly visible. He dropped the book back into his pocket, unwound himself from his steamer-rug, and went to the railing. He stood there, his arms resting on the rail, and looked musingly at the thin, brown line of land that was France.

A feeling of expectancy began to steal over him. Say what one might, it was something to be coming back. For the first time he saw the trip was not merely a piece of ill luck that was depriving him of six weeks of Felicia and cutting down his chances to get back to a respectable game of golf before autumn. It had seemed to him it was just his confounded luck that he alone knew the men to be seen and the ground to be covered in France. He had been able in those years he was in France on business for Uncle Sam to facilitate two or three like negotiations which had proved advantageous to his firm, and mainly because he had been stationed for a few months in Paris. It was a time he never accounted for very clearly to the people at home, for after a period in a hospital he

had ceased to be that honorable thing, an officer of doughboys, and had become that object of general derision, an officer of the military police in Paris.

And yet there were things to be said for those months in Paris. It was there he had first met Frederica.

He put the thought of Frederica impatiently from him, but not before it had communicated itself from his brain to his heart as swift and sharp as a knife-thrust. He was startled to find himself remembering so vividly. He felt uncomfortably disloyal to Felicia, yet memories were things one could n't very well help. With an effort he brought his mind back.

But the next day, as he stood watching the boat's cautious progress up the Gironde toward Bordeaux, he said to himself it was the others he missed, men like Bill and Donald and Red and Bunny. It was not having them that made this voyage unreal. He had lunched with Bill the day before he sailed, and what was it Bill had said? Something about perspective? Oh, yes; that he ought to be glad to go back. After the war it would give him a new slant on things.

"You know what I mean," Bill had said—"perspective."

Trent went thoughtfully below to pack his suitcase. He *was* glad to come back; there was a thrill about it that he had not counted on. He had forgotten there would be so many memories or that the memories of days that were gone might tug at his heartstrings. It was a queer thing: he was as happy as any mortal man could expect to be, yet the shadow of something that was not happiness lay across his heart. In the name of Heaven, *what* did he want? Those other days back? Great Scott, no! And yet, when all was said and done, there was something about them that the rest of life lacked. Love, marriage, success, the things any sane man wanted most, did not take the place of those days in France. After all, they had been bound up with a big adventure.

The man Trent wished to see was not in Bordeaux, but he could be reached by telegraph. It would be a small matter of a day or two. Trent did not suppose he would mind the delay. Bordeaux was rather a jolly old place. He walked about the town and found the old landmarks. His particular joys were the park containing the kegs that did not smell like "empties," and the statue of a figure, whose gender he did not know, doing a kind of imitation of the Winged Victory. He could always tell where he was by that statue.

Gradually, as he walked, another feeling stole over him. The big American Y. M. C. A., where one got an American breakfast with "oofs," was gone. Nor was there a trace of a Red Cross or a K. of C. He dropped into a remembered café, partly for a drink, and partly for the sheer joy of being able to get it, but neither was up to his anticipation. He missed the American uniforms at the little tables outside as he went in, and the bartender to whom in bygone days he had patiently endeavored to teach the unknown art of the American cocktail neither recognized him nor responded satisfactorily to the magic word "Bronx."

By six o'clock he was thoroughly disillusioned. The streets seemed listless without the big quartermaster trucks that once rumbled so noisily through them. The people were all French, with no longer a decent leavening of Americans. Once again the city went its accustomed way, and there was not a soul who knew Alan Trent.

"Rip Van Winkle had nothing on me," Trent thought as he ate a solitary dinner at the Chapon Fin, unrecognized by the head waiter he had generously subsidized in those lavish days when nothing but United States currency was "real money." "Old Rip ought to have tried a return trip to France."

He paid his check, and walked back to his hotel along quiet streets.

"Gosh! but this is a rum little town," he thought gloomily.

Trent left Bordeaux the next morning. It would be hard to state the exact reason, for it may have been the sultry July heat, combined with the prospect of two dull days; or, again, it may have had some connection with the train of thought suppressed on the boat, but uncomfortably renewed the night before by the sight of a girl at the Chapon Fin who looked like Frederica.

Two hours later he arrived at a smiling

French town where the sun poured down on white, red-roofed villas, and people with an air of holiday attire strolled leisurely through the streets. He drove to a well-remembered hotel that faced the bay. As he registered, he knew he had been a fool to come. He was deliberately stirring up memories of Frederica that for a while would give him no peace. He dipped the pen into the ink, and without the slightest previous intention of doing so wrote, "Captain Alan Trent." As he gazed at the words, the illusion of Frederica became so strong that he turned, more than half expecting to see her standing at his elbow, saying with that little independent air of hers, "I 'll register for myself, thank you."

He ate luncheon with a disturbing consciousness of the empty chair opposite him. Afterward he strolled down a shop-lined street, past carmine-lipped, strikingly gowned women who sometimes gave him more than a casual glance. Although his eyes looked, he did not really see them, he was too intent on the memory of Frederica once walking this same street beside him.

He turned down a road that led to the promenade along the water. The beach glistened white under the hot sun. Children ran barelegged on the sand, shouting and screaming. Sailboats dotted the bay. The water sparkled very blue under a cloudless sky. Near him two small boys were splashing knee-deep in the water in pursuit of crabs.

Trent stretched out on the warm sand, and tried to surrender his mind as well as his body to passivity, but the thoughts he had kept at bay during luncheon refused to be permanently denied. Frederica—where was she now, and what was she doing and thinking? Unconsciously, he breathed a sigh. She was the most vivid person—he was still in too much control of his thoughts to say "girl"—he had ever known. Not pretty, or with any of the purely feminine graces he had once thought every attractive girl must have; yet when one came to think of it, one really could not see a girl who was encumbered with too many feminine graces driving an ambulance for two years in France.

He raised himself on one elbow and let the sand sift slowly through his fingers. For a second he could see Frederica with startling clearness. It was the first time he had ever seen her so distinctly, for usually, if he could remember the clear blue-gray of her eyes, her black lashes, and her straight black brows, he could not get the rest of her face at all: her nose and mouth would blur away into hazy indistinctness. Memory seldom lets one recapture a person whole, but during that second Trent saw Frederica completely—her slim and rather shabbily shod feet,—"But who would wear French shoes?" she had demanded,—the lines of her well-built young body always clothed in the same severely tailored uniform, her glossy black hair, low forehead, oval-shaped face, the twist of her lips, and the luminous light that excitement always brought to her eyes.

It had been the most memorable week of his life. He sat up, with his arms resting on his knees, and faced his memories.

By and by the sun began to slant across the water and get into his eyes; the sand had become damp and cold. He rose stiffly, dusted the loose particles from his trousers, and started back to the hotel. At any rate, he would not revisit the *petit parc*. He had thought of Frederica enough for one day, he told himself disapprovingly.

At the hotel he bought a picture postal card to send to Felicia. He poised his pen for a second, frowning, then wrote:

"It 's lonesome as the deuce here. Wish you were with me."

He signed it with a guilty flourish.

But after dinner he tore up the card. It was n't square to send it to Felicia or to write her at all from here; for the place had cast a spell over him, and its spell was of another time in which Felicia was not concerned.

CAPTAIN ALAN TRENT finished winding the second spiral puttee with a jerk. He caught up the Sam Browne belt that rested in a stiffly upright position on his bed. His watch said six-thirty, and there were no minutes to be wasted now. It was the last day of his leave before the war had come to an end.

"'If we got married in a hurry, you could do your own shopping in Paris'"

He walked down the hotel corridor to a door, knocked, and called:

"Ready to eat, Freddy?"

A girl's voice answered in an emphatic negative.

"All right, I 'll go on down and order. Don't be too long."

He rose when she came in ten minutes later, and eyed her appreciatively. He had never seen a girl who could always manage to look so well-dressed in a uniform.

"Sorry to be late. I had to have just one more bath," she told him. It was an explanation that any one in war-time France would have accepted.

After dinner they sat at a small table on the terrace in front of the brilliantly lighted hotel. Every night they had finished off dinner with coffee and a liqueur. Frederica liked it. She said it gave her an unexpected sensation of being some one else, a cosmopolitan sort of woman whom nobody at home would have thought "quite nice."

Trent had laughed at this fancy.

"How do you get that way," he teased "on one liqueur?"

That night they walked back through the foyer, out to the quiet street. There they hired a carriage with a fringed canopy which appealed either to Frederica's sense of the romantic or to the ridiculous, it was not clear which. They came eventually to a small park,—the driver called it "*le petit parc*,"—evidently

the objective point of all people who rode in fringed canopied carriages. There he stopped, and made it plain he expected to be paid and dismissed. They got out.

It was a night in mid-August. The air was soft and wonderfully clear. They entered the gates of the park, and Trent found a bench that appealed to him. They sat down in silence. Below was spread out the shadowy town. All along the shore were twinkling, little lights, and beyond lay the bay, gleaming darkly in the starlight like some mammoth jewel.

"Talk about sitting on the world!" exclaimed Trent. There was a brief silence. "Gorry, Freddy, but this has been *some* week!"

Frederica breathed a sigh.

"Does it seem real to you that to-morrow we 've got to go back? This—" she made a gesture off toward the town —"is the only thing that seems real to me to-night. I 've forgotten all the bad roads and wounded men I 'm going back to."

Trent, in his turn, heaved a sigh.

"If this could only keep on and on!" he said.

Frederica did not answer immediately. She took off a stiff-brimmed sailor, threw it on the ground beside her, and held her face up so the night air stirred the smooth surface of her hair.

"Well, anyway, we don't have to fight the war to-night," she said.

They sat a moment in silence.

"Twenty-five years from now, when you are old and settled, Lanny, what are you going to remember best about this week?"

Trent turned sidewise, with his arm resting along the back of the bench, and looked at her steadily. The expression of his eyes brought the color faintly to her face. She hurried on:

"I mean, when you 're thinking back on it all and saying to yourself, 'Now, that leave of mine—' what is going to stand out in your memory? The day in the Alps, the Riviera, or here, and what are you going to remember about them?"

Trent took his eyes from her face, and looked musingly down on the row of lights that marked the pier in front of their hotel.

"I don't know exactly; a good many things. You on the train yesterday, for instance, sipping an awful dose of brandy out of a drinking-cup. Golly, those were four hungry officers in the compartment with us! Did n't it nearly break your heart when they could n't get any lunch at Toulouse?"

"Ours did n't go very far for six of us, did it?"

"No, neither did the major's cognac. He did n't know what a chance he took giving you that dose. Afterward you sat up very straight and very earnest, and got into a terrible discussion on Continental and American women. Your mother would have had a fit if she could have heard you."

"No, she would n't, either. You don't know my mother." Then resentfully, "I don't see why you say that."

Trent laughed.

"You 're so darned emancipated. I hate emancipated girls—except you."

Frederica flushed.

"You're peeved because I got the best of you."

"You had us all marking time," agreed Trent, cheerfully.

"The dentist was on my side."

"Oh, the dentist!" Trent's tone disposed of him. He crossed one knee over the other, and chuckled.

"I 'll tell you one time I won't forget in a hurry. The day you went broke at Monte Carlo and came out feverishly to borrow *beaucoup* francs of me. Freddy, where in the deuce did you pick up those terrible civilian clothes you wore to get in?"

"Never mind," said Frederica. "I found them. What else are you going to remember?"

Trent was warming to his task.

"Well, the day at Marseilles when you all but got on that ship going to Algiers, or Tunis, or some ungodly place, a half dozen officials, no passport, and me notwithstanding. Doggone it, I thought I 'd lost you that time."

Frederica was leaning forward, her chin in her hand.

"I should n't have read 'The Garden of Allah' if I wanted to die happy without seeing Africa." She tapped the ground with her foot musingly. "I

did n't use to be as bad as this, Lanny, when I was home and had n't anything more momentous to think of than whether I 'd look more beautiful in orchid or sea-green. But it 's got into my blood over here. I don't want to go back and settle down; that 's the plain truth of it. I want to go. There 's most of the world for me to see yet, and I want to see it."

"So do I," said Trent. "Just think of going back to an office!"

"It will be fierce," agreed Frederica. "Oh, well, I suppose I 'm not the only person over here who feels all up by the roots."

Trent crushed a cigarette beneath his heel.

"But when you 're home again, choosing between sea-green and orchid, you 'll have a few things to look back upon, eh, Freddy?"

"Yes," said Freddy; "yet probably the day will come, when I 'm sanely respectable again, that I 'll remember myself over here with horror."

"I don't get that."

Frederica turned her face to him.

"Well, take this leave, for instance. You can picture to yourself as well as I what the plain facts of the case would sound like in my home town. To go careering all over France with a man, without the sign of a chaperon, simply is n't being done. You know that yourself."

"Oh, *c'est la guerre,*" said Trent, easily. "Not enough chaperons to go around over here. And you don't need one, anyway. Your mother might have thought you did, to hear you talk, but I could tell her you did n't. You 're a pretty fine kind of girl, Freddy, if you *are* disgustingly emancipated."

"But imagine when I 'm fifty," insisted Frederica. "Don't you think maybe I 'll feel queer to remember myself riding home from a not too respectable café, at one o'clock in the morning, with my arms full of roses a strange lieutenant showered on me? To say nothing of the next night when we ran into Jimmy Nolan and the others, and two cabfuls of officers escorted me home!"

"They were a bunch of wild Indians," growled Trent. "Why, they would n't even let me ride in the cab with you. You should n't have friends like Nolan."

"Oh, now, Lanny, I 've known Jimmy years; he lives almost next door to me. But if you 'd been in the cab with me, I might have missed that French officer's beautiful description of my eyes. The French certainly can make love."

"That damned frog!" said Trent, without rancor.

Frederica reached down for her hat.

"I don't care. It 's been more fun than I 'll ever have again." She drew a breath. "Will you ever forget the Riviera, Lanny? It was such perfect luxury to eat breakfast on a balcony and look at the Mediterranean, and bask in all that gorgeous, brilliant coloring. I wish I had it all to do over again."

"Would you do it exactly the same?"

Frederica started to nod, then caught herself.

"No," she amended; "there 's just one night I 'd cut out."

"Which one of those nights at that café?"

"Neither. The one we spent in that little town in the Alps. Remember how dark it was when we drove through the streets? It was so utterly French I felt millions of miles away from home and the rest of my life. I don't believe there 'd ever been any other Americans there. Don't you remember at the hotel how they 'monsieured' and 'madamed' us? I don't mind saying it made me feel queer about registering."

"We did n't register. They did n't ask us to."

"I know," said Frederica. "The French are *so* discreet."

"You have no reason to feel that way, Freddy."

The breeze was stirring her hair. Her face was in profile, so he could not see the expression of her eyes; but it seemed to him as he gazed at her that he could never forget how she looked—this girl with whom he had had such unusual adventures. Almost at the same moment it swept over him how little he actually knew of her. Strange you could know a person so well, yet so little! And after to-morrow when would he ever see her again?

"Freddy," he said in a low voice.

She turned her head, and they looked at each other in silence.

"Freddy," he said again more insis-

tently, when she dropped her eyes before his. He moved along the bench until his arm was back of her, and his free hand found one of hers. She disengaged herself gently.

"No, Lanny; please don't."

It was an exhortation that would have been equally effective in the path of a rising tide.

"Freddy!" His tone said everything.

Frederica's fingers laced and unlaced themselves.

"What about the girl at home?" she finally said.

Alan Trent jerked away. The thought of Felicia affected him unpleasantly, for it momentarily stemmed the onward sweep of his emotions. Felicia was so far away that she had begun to seem unreal. The girl beside him was very near and very real.

"Felicia and I are n't engaged," he answered stiffly.

Frederica turned. He felt she was studying his face.

"It does n't matter if you are n't. I know how it is. You told me a good deal once. You two have grown up together, and you 've got her picture in your pocket this instant. You 'd show it proudly to any other American girl but me. And it 's only lately you have n't wanted to show it to me. Why, Lanny, you 've always meant to marry Felicia."

Trent rebelled at the truth of this.

"I can't help it; I did n't know you then." When she was silent, unconvinced, he burst out, "Good God, Freddy, there 's no one in the world I want but you!"

Frederica rose to her feet and walked a few steps away. Trent followed her. For a second they stood side by side without speaking. The town below was almost blotted in darkness. Above, the stars still gleamed brightly and very close. The night was quiet except for the slight stirring of the trees.

"Freddy!" Trent implored again. He reached out and tried to pull her toward him. She held him off with stiff arms.

"Don't! Oh, please don't!"

Her hands felt cold in his hot ones.

"Why?" he demanded fiercely. "I want you, Freddy; I love you."

He saw her eyes change with a queer light. It was not response; it was something nearer anger, yet it made the blood pound in his heart.

"Love!" she said, "love!" And he tried to fathom what the expression of her eyes meant. "Why, Lanny, we don't either of us know—*here!* A week like this, a night like this, and one could believe anything. And over here anything can happen. Life is too different. Don't be a fool, and don't you dare try to make me be one. We 're going back to normal sometime, and then there 's all the rest of our lives!"

He was hotly impatient of her logic, for he could think only of breaking down the resistance that held him off.

"O Freddy, Freddy," he pleaded, "to-morrow is good-by, and it 's wartime!"

She came suddenly into his arms. The night was very dark and still. From a long way off came a faint sound of chimes. Frederica lifted her lips to his.

LIFE plays many strange tricks. Often it leads one, an unwilling victim, down a hated path, only to reveal at last some hidden purpose of its own. It was so in the case of Felicia's commissions. Little did Alan Trent suspect them to be the instrument of an unseen Providence.

Trent was restless in Paris, though Paris was as wonderful as ever. He said to himself that he was homesick—homesick for the long summer afternoons at the country club, and Felicia in jaunty sport clothes as his partner fighting a tight foursome against the young McGregors.

He repeated to himself, almost too many times, that he was homesick for Felicia, perhaps to keep from acknowledging how vividly his trip to a town by the sea had stirred his memories of Frederica. There are times when it is awkward to be honest with oneself. Trent would not have liked to admit how much he wanted to see Frederica again.

And then, five days later, as he stood in a small shop on the rue St. Honoré doubtfully trying to do Felicia's commissions, a voice that snapped something in his brain said beside him:

"Mais non, c'est trop cher."

Out of all the voices in the world that

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"'Yes, it 's all you ever did write me, though. Did n't you ever get my letters, Freddy?'"

one! Trent had a momentary flash of appreciation of a justice at work in the scheme of things.

"Freddy!" he said joyfully.

A smartly gowned girl looked up, startled.

"Why—Lanny!" she exclaimed.

In that instant, as they gazed at each other, unable to find further words, Trent had a vague feeling that there had been a trace of consternation in her tone. Each of them silently took the measure of the other in civilian clothes.

"What in the world are *you* doing *here?*" demanded Frederica, who recovered speech first.

"I 'm in Paris on business. What about you?" he asked.

She hesitated at that, but when she answered, it was only to say: "I had to come back. I wrote you."

"Yes, it 's all you ever *did* write me, though. Did n't you ever get my letters, Freddy?"

The girl looked down, and the soft brim of her big tulle hat hid her face. Two tactful French saleswomen were giving their attention to their stock.

"Yes, I got them," Frederica said in a low tone.

"Can't we go somewhere and have tea?" Trent demanded. "We can't talk here."

Frederica shook her head.

"I could n't this afternoon." She seemed to be making rapid calculations. "Perhaps to-morrow night—"

"To-morrow night!" protested Trent. "That 's the deuce of a long time to wait!"

She flashed him a particularly bright smile.

"Yet not so long, after two years."

It took Trent a full minute to digest this.

"Freddy, what do you mean by that?" he demanded impetuously. "I wrote, and you never answered my letters."

"Oh, yes, I did, and I kept on writing until you went home."

"I never got anything. You know those cursed mails."

They looked at each other in silence.

"So you really *did* answer my letters?" Trent finally said. "To-morrow you must tell me about—everything."

He held her gloved hand in his. Frederica nodded.

"To-morrow," she answered, with a little smile. "And now I really must run." She drew away her hand. "Well, Lanny, *à demain.*"

That night over a solitary dinner at the Café de la Paix, Trent meditated on the miracle of his finding Frederica. He pictured to himself how she had come back because she could not stand the drabness of her life at home. She was not a girl to do the usual things. She was vivid, tremendously vivid; and good-looking in those civilian clothes. But he frowned a little as he thought of that. He did not exactly associate good looks with Freddy, and it seemed somehow an infringement on his memories to have her suddenly blossom forth into a girl one might pick out anywhere for her good looks.

He ordered a liqueur, reminiscently. To-morrow they would dip back into the past; once again they would relive that crowded week of their leave. For one night it could not matter. What would they say—and leave unsaid? His imagination played lingeringly over the meeting.

But when he met her the next night, he had an instantaneous flash of presentiment that his imaginings had fallen very far short of the reality. He sat beside her on the cushioned seat of a restaurant filled with memories for them both, and found he could not begin as he had planned, easily, lightly, in a manner he might have used toward any other girl. He realized with a stab that anything he said was likely to plunge them precipitously over the brink of the past. So he handed her the menu in silence, thankful when she went through the motions of studying it, for it gave him a few seconds longer to marvel at her reality there beside him, and to think again how he had meant to begin.

He might have thought had she not looked at him just then. She was dressed in black, but around her throat was a string of jade beads, which were supplemented by a small green-feathered hat. Beneath the hat he could see her smooth, dark hair. But it was her eyes that stirred his memories most. He entirely forgot what he had planned to say.

"A week ago to-night I was at the Grand Hôtel," he told her suddenly.

She put the menu down. He watched the play of expression on her face, its change of light and shade. She looked away then, and he thought she sighed.

A strange thing happened to Alan Trent. Suddenly he had one of those radiantly clear instants of perception that occasionally illumine the path of dimmer, every-day vision. For that second he saw it all, undeterred by conscience, or a sense of expediency. To-day, as much as ever, Frederica was vivid to him, more vivid than Felicia could ever be. It was uncomfortable and inconvenient that this was so, but nothing could alter the plain fact.

"Freddy," he said slowly, "I 'm engaged to Felicia—and now I know there is n't any one in the world for me but you."

When she looked at him he saw the light in her eyes was clouded.

"Don't answer me yet," he begged. "That 's only the first of a lot of things I have to say to you. You remember you told me that night in the *petit parc* that we could n't really know how we felt. Freddy, I think you were right. A lot of things go by the name of love that are n't, especially in war-time. I guess too many people feel as if they had to seize the moment—"

He broke off a piece of bread, frowning. Frederica was studying her hands.

"You remember how I tried to see you after the armistice, and how our letters crossed, and everything went wrong. Then your letters stopped coming entirely. I wrote you—oh, half a dozen times in those months when I was hanging around waiting to go home. But you never answered, or at least I thought you did n't. And then—well, I don't know how to explain what happened to me, Freddy. I got cynical, I guess. I thought you did n't really care very much—that you were in a world of men, and you 'd forgotten. It had just been a flare, glamour, the war—whatever you want to call it. I tried to think that was all it had been for me.

"The letters from Felicia came pretty often just about that time, and then I went home. We became engaged this spring. I thought I 'd forgotten you. I fought that out with myself all winter. I swore I would n't say anything to Felicia until I was sure.

"A week after we became engaged, your letter came. It was the first time I 'd heard from you in a year and a half. You wrote you 'd found your values again, and you were going back to France.

"Freddy, that letter said something to me. What it might have meant to me if I 'd been free I don't know, because I did n't think, I was n't free. I put your letter away as a kind of last page to a very vivid adventure. But now I 've discovered the adventure is n't over. I 've found my values, too."

Frederica had been listening in silence. For the most part she leaned forward and gazed fixedly at whatever happened to pass within range of her contemplative eyes. Occasionally, as Trent spoke, she looked at him. Once a shadow went across her face, but she made no comment.

"You know I care about you, Lanny," she said at last,—"my letter told you that,—but there 's Felicia."

"Yes," replied Trent, soberly, "there 's Felicia. Yet we can't let her change anything now. I 've got to tell her."

Frederica made a little assenting gesture.

"Oh, I know; I did n't mean we would n't take our happiness in spite of her. I meant it was so—cruel."

They tried, after a silence, to talk of other things, but they said little. It was as if, despite all they had to say to each other, they could not so soon let themselves be happy. But, after all, as Frederica said, there was all the rest of their lives.

The Presidential Campaign

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

"Harding and Cox! The imaginative, the emotional, the spoiled by thrills among the electors in both parties feel that they have received a cold douche. They ask themselves what these two men have done to merit the Presidency."

A NEW YORK editor, returning from the Chicago and San Francisco conventions, met all questions with the same answer. "Tweedledum and tweedledee," he said. He meant it, too. His bored and weary air and his cynical comments convinced one that nothing had happened at either convention to bring him down off the fence he had climbed as a Progressive. I doubt if he enjoys sitting there, or that, with his mixed subscription list, he finds it politic and profitable not to take sides too strongly. I doubt if he is worried about what the women are thinking, and wants to put his ear to the ground for a month or two. He is not that sort of man. Did I not say that he was a Progressive? He is simply suffering from the reaction of the methods of the conventions and of the nominations.

For twenty years both the Republican and Democratic parties have been under the influence of dominant personalities. Traditional policies, the evolution of divergent class and sectional interests and divergent temperaments and schools of thought used to give a definite meaning to the terms Republican and Democrat. A combination of circumstances and influences determined the party affiliation of voters. A candidate for office presented himself to a con vention as the exponent of the policies and principles of his party. He was nominated to lead his party in the battle at the polls because he was thought to be the best choice—always a compromise choice—in the task of defending and carrying out the party platform. When the campaign began, of course, personalities entered in, but the paramount issue of the election was the party, not the man. At the conventions leaders had in mind and were influenced in their final selection by the sole thought of uniting the party and engaging in the campaign under the best possible conditions for success.

Two decades of Bryan, Roosevelt, and Wilson, however, have changed all that. Probably a radical change was inevitable, owing to new conditions and new issues, but the fact remains that in recent campaigns the old parties have been dominated by the personality and merits of candidates. Instead of choosing candidates to fit in with the exigencies and the strategy of party politics, platforms have been made to suit the candidates. The temptation, to which conventions have succumbed, has been to neglect every condition affecting the party as such, its organization, its strategic interests in the different States, its traditional appeal to and hold upon certain classes of voters, in order to center everything around a particular person. The platform has been written to express the candidate's personal views, or, when it was a case of renomination of a President, to defend the accomplishments of his administration.

These changes were never to the taste of the men upon whose efforts the parties had to depend for success. Bosses they were, locally and nationally. The machinery of organizing and running the campaign was in their hands, as in the good old days, and they still had to do all the work, shoulder all the worries and responsibilities, and incur the opprobrium of the fighting. But they were shorn of their power and their privileges. They had to put up with criticisms and jeers, and to smile gracefully when they were told their discomfiture was necessary in order that the people should

have a voice in the government. In reality, they saw that what was happening was not a larger participation of the common people in the government of the country, but the concentration of the control of the party, and, if the party was successful, of the administration of the country in the hands of one big boss.

Both parties have been well-nigh disrupted by one-man rule. Their policies have been subjected to innovations running counter to traditions and the instincts of the rank and file; their principles have been denatured; confusion, if not actual anarchy, has succeeded the well-oiled machinery of party organization.

This phenomenon was possible only because the strong personalities of Bryan, Roosevelt, and Wilson appealed to the independents and dissatisfied party workers among the smaller fry, who fell out with state machines and the combination of state bosses that controlled the national party organizations. Bryan did not reach the Presidency, but Roosevelt and Wilson were quick to realize the unique power of control of the administrative machine of the nation when it was backed by popular support. All the world acknowledges that they were great leaders and made the most of their opportunities. They rendered superb service to the nation, and I do not mean to detract from their undoubted ability and sincerity or to underestimate these services when I say that they became unconsciously demagogues. This word does not need to be used in a bad sense. By appealing constantly to the people against the oligarchy in their parties, they themselves became, perhaps without being aware of it, autocrats. It is a lesson of history that a man in whose hands too much power is placed comes to regard himself as indispensable. Roosevelt was a wise President who chose the best men of the party to form his cabinets. He delegated authority and shared responsibility. But after seven years as chief executive, he could not resign himself to see others displace him. In the campaign of 1912 Wilson criticized Roosevelt for this attitude. Roosevelt's insurgency in 1912 made possible the election of Wilson. In 1920 the Democratic party is forced to make vindication of Wilson the paramount issue as much as if the President were seeking reëlection as the party's candidate.

The Chicago and San Francisco conventions disappointed the New York editor because in both of these notable party gatherings there was the tendency to return to the methods of the nineteenth century. The editor, like the rest of us (for why not confess that we have become accustomed to seeing delegates held in the hollow of the hand of "peerless leaders"?), looked for a stampede. He expected to see the conventions revolt against "the organization" and refuse to abide by party discipline. At Chicago, for instance, it would have seemed the natural thing for Senator Hiram Johnson to walk out of the convention, leading his enthusiastic followers. At San Francisco the editor wanted the thrill of Wilson's personal intervention to designate the candidate or of Bryan's success in upsetting the platform recommended by the committee, to the confusion and dismay of the bosses. So he came back, mournfully repeating, "Tweedledum and tweedledee." But there was no stampede or no insurgency at Chicago. At San Francisco the administration was strong enough to dictate the platform in so far as unqualified indorsement of the administration was concerned. This was probably due not so much to the ascendancy of Wilson as to the necessity of standing by the party's administrative record as the lesser of two evils. But Wilson was prudent enough to realize that he could not dictate both the platform and the choice of candidate.

Harding and Cox! The imaginative, the emotional, the spoiled by thrills among the electors in both parties feel that they have received a cold douche. They ask themselves what these two men have done to merit the Presidency, and how they can get up enthusiasm for candidates who are not national figures, and under whose banner it is impossible to go into the campaign fighting for a leader and inspired by the magnetism and past record of that leader. The disappointed ones forget that every man who emerged from local to national prominence in this republic had to get

his start. This is as true of Roosevelt and Wilson as of most other Presidents, including our greatest. Since the days of the founders of the republic, whom we elected successively as our earliest Presidents, only military candidates were national figures before they were intrusted with the chief magistracy. And the place they hold in the history of the nation has not always been due to inherent ability or greatness alone. To some were given opportunities denied to others to prove themselves. Moreover, one can name outstanding characters in American history who aspired to the Presidency and failed to get it. But is there a single instance in which the interests of the United States have suffered because a national figure failed to be nominated or elected?

By the time election day arrives the American people will know much more than they did when the nominations were announced about Senator Harding and Governor Cox, but they will not know enough to cause their votes to be influenced decisively by the personality or merits of the candidate. The New York editor and all other thinking Americans will not deplore this. On the contrary, we have every reason to be glad of the choice of nominees made by the two conventions. Since both are good representative Americans, who would acquit themselves well in the high office to which they aspire, our votes will be determined by the party platforms, or, rather, the paramount issues embodied in these platforms. No insurgency, no alluring third party, obscures our vision and influences our judgment.

Both parties maintain a discreet silence on the liquor question. The wets, especially in view of the failure of Bryan to insert a dry plank at San Francisco, claim that this is a victory. But may not the drys take more comfort out of the silence of both platforms than the wets? The drys are certainly in a stronger position. The eighteenth amendment is in force, and has been sustained by the Supreme Court. It would seem, then, that Republicans and Democrats are on equally solid ground in explaining their silence by saying that, since prohibition is the law of the land, there was no necessity of mentioning a *fait accompli*. The wets were unsuccessful in securing disapproval of either party of the existing law and a promise to repeal or at least modify it. There was so much sentiment and propaganda for the interpretation of the law to allow "light wines and beers" that the failure of either party to make a bid for the wet vote even to this extent demonstrates that the shrewd politicians at Chicago and San Francisco were more concerned about not indisposing the dry vote than they were about corralling the wet vote. Of course there will be wet and dry influences at work in congressional and senatorial contests, but it is not expected that this issue will help or hurt the Presidential candidates.

The Democrats adopted a mild Irish plank. The Republican party was willing to do the same, and has such a plank already drafted. It was dropped owing to the unreasonableness of the Irish propagandists, who tried to hold up the Chicago convention for everything or nothing. The Irish learned a little wisdom by the time they reached San Francisco, but the Democratic expression of sympathy for Ireland was so platonic that it will attract few votes from Republicans who sympathize with Ireland and want to help Ireland. A great majority of Irish Americans interested in the Sinn Fein movement are Democrats, anyway. Although the Republican platform is silent on the Irish issue, the Republicans have a good approach in attempting to win the Irish vote by arguing that the acceptance of the League of Nations without reservations prevents any future effort on the part of the United States to help Ireland; for is not the maintenance of the political *status quo* in the dominions of the signatory powers an essential condition of the league covenant?

The Democratic platform is silent on the general subject of the revision of the immigration legislation, and speaks simply of the non-admission of Asiatic immigrants. This was put in to cater to the Pacific States. The Democrats, who count upon a large vote from our citizens of foreign birth, were afraid to take a definite stand on the general question of immigration. The Republican plat-

form, on the other hand, comes out squarely for restriction of immigration to the number of aliens that can be assimilated with reasonable rapidity, and expresses a desire for immigrants whose economic standards and whose education and health are equal to those of Americans.

The woman suffrage issue was a delicate matter both at Chicago and San Francisco. The situation was unique. One State was lacking at the time the conventions met to bring women into the arena of national politics. It was generally accepted that another State would be found to ratify the constitutional amendment in time for women to participate in the November election. Consequently, although there is no doubt that the leaders of both parties would prefer to have women excluded this time, so as to give a breathing-space of several years to adjust themselves to the new and disturbing factor, it would have been political suicide for either party not to have played up to the women. Women were welcomed, therefore, and for the first time given a chance to second nominations and to speak on issues in the open convention debates as well as before committees. In the platforms Republicans and Democrats urged state legislatures which had not ratified the suffrage amendment to do so in time for women to participate in the national election.

In attempting to capture the woman vote, campaign managers and speakers are not able to advance anything that happened at Chicago or San Francisco, or the previous record of the candidates, to prove that the other party is not in favor of woman suffrage. When they go back into the record of the two parties to claim sympathy and support because of their championship of woman suffrage, neither party can claim an advantage over the other on this question. As in the case of prohibition, senators and congressmen did not vote pro or contra along party lines, and it has been the same with the legislatures of the States where the ratification issue has come up. If either party had gone wet or mildly wet, there might have been an appeal to women on this issue. As it is, the women will have to decide upon their party affiliation through other influences than friendship or hostility to the suffrage cause and the attitude of the old parties toward prohibition.

This country had never faced a contingency of a powerful third party, commanding the support of millions of voters with a platform built frankly upon the assumption that the interests of labor are irreconcilable with those of capital. Democrats and Republicans have divided the labor vote. The workers of the nation have been too well off or too poorly led to form a political party of their own, and the American Federation of Labor has frowned upon internationalism and socialism. Most labor leaders in America have striven to keep labor from forming a separate political party. They have emphasized the social rather than the political side of their propaganda and have made the fight against capital an economic question, to be solved by legislation, sponsorship for which has been asked of both old parties.

But in Europe labor parties have become important factors in the politics of almost every party. During the last ten years we have seen labor governments come into power in Australia, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, and Russia, and contest with growing success parliamentary seats in France (until the war), Italy, and Great Britain. The question which the leaders of the old parties in America must ask themselves is whether there will be in the near future a repercussion of the new situation in Europe in American internal politics. In the approaching election the labor vote may furnish surprises. While not large enough to capture many seats in Congress, the labor vote may well upset the calculations of both Republican and Democrat leaders. According to where it manifests itself and the extent to which it manifests itself, the chances of the old parties to win the Presidency and congressional seats will be helped or hampered. For this reason alone the labor vote demands careful watching.

Both platforms indicate the growing power of labor by indorsing collective bargaining and disapproving compulsory arbitration. The leaders at Chicago and San Francisco held the same opinion

that the respective parties could not afford not to go on record in sympathy with labor on these two points. But they limit the disapproval of compulsory arbitration to private industries. The platforms agree also in deploring strikes and lockouts and suggesting the extension of voluntary arbitration. The Democrats add that in government service the rights of the people are superior to the right to strike, while the Republicans recommend government initiative in the establishment of tribunals for the voluntary arbitration disputes. Neither platform pledges the party to a definite program for enlarging the scope of governmental activity in settling difficulties between capital and labor.

Both platforms pronounce for private ownership of railroads. The Democrats condemn the way in which the "Republican majority" formulated and passed the Esch-Cummins Bill, and explain the President's signature of this bill by saying that it "went to the President in the closing hour of Congress, and he was forced to a choice between the chaos of a veto and acquiescence in the measure submitted, however grave may have been his objections to it." However, they are willing to have "a fair and complete test of the law until careful and mature action by Congress may cure its defects and insure a thoroughly effective transportation system under private ownership, without Government subsidy at the expense of the tax-payers of the country." This is one of the worst straddles of the Democratic platform. In the Esch-Cummins Bill more than half a million electors are directly interested as investors in railroad securities or as railroad employees and members of their families. We might indeed say that direct interest in the railroads extends to us all. We are shippers or travelers or buyers of commodities or workers in industries affected by passenger or freight rates. If the Democrats intended to make the railroad question an issue with the Republicans, it was certainly up to them to present to the electorate their substitute for the Transportation Act of 1920.

The Democrats objections to the Esch-Cummins Bill are not set forth, and the electors are left to guess what solution of the problem of the return of the railroads the Democrats would have offered if the majority in the last Congress had been theirs. They criticize the "vague debates," but are unable to point out that the minority in the House and Senate advocated an alternative to the measure passed. There is no answer to the challenge of the Republican platform, couched in the following terms, "We endorse the Transportation Act of 1920 enacted by the Republican Congress as a most constructive legislative achievement." The Republicans also refer with satisfaction to the Esch-Cummins Bill when they recommend its provisions for the arbitration of labor disputes as worthy of extension to all public utilities.

Neither Republicans nor Democrats present a definite program for the revision of war tax laws. The Republicans are accused by the Democrats of "sheer political cowardice" for taking no steps in the last Congress to revise these laws, but they do not tell us what they would have done in this matter. The Republicans believe that "sound policy demands the early accomplishment of that real reduction of the tax burden which may be achieved by substituting simple for complex tax laws and procedure" and demand the passage of "tax laws which do not excessively mulct the consumer or needlessly repress enterprise and thrift." They suggest the creation of a tax board "to make recommendations to Congress." But what recommendations? There 's the rub.

Chicago and San Francisco rivaled each other in their vagueness on the problem of the high cost of living. Each platform denounces and blames the other party, but neither ventures to offer constructive suggestions to appeal to the imagination or common sense of the voters, who are interested in this question above all the issues of the election. The Democrats, perhaps rightly, take the ground that the initiative in remedial measures should have been taken by the majority party. Not only was the Republican party responsible for "denying the President the legislation sought to deal with secondary and local causes of high cost," but pre-

vented the restoration of peace, which is the primary reason of disturbed economic conditions. This is an attempt to answer the charge of the Republicans that the administration, by refusing to relinquish war powers, kept the nation needlessly on a war basis long after the war was over.

Because the platform committee at San Francisco had before it the Republican platform, it succumbed to the temptation of devoting too much attention to attacks upon the Republicans. As the administration party, it would have been better tactics to concentrate upon its own record, thus maintaining its tactical position, and, to avoid calling attention too insistently to what the opposition party failed to accomplish. Had this been done, a comparison of the two platforms would not have shown so glaringly the failure of the Democrats to propose alternatives for criticized Republican legislative omissions and commissions, and in the mind of the reader might not have arisen the thought that the most important issues of the election deal with matters beyond legislative control since 1918.

It is true, of course, as the Democrats point out, that the Republicans enjoyed a legislative majority during the last two years. But when before in the history of the United States have powers granted to the executive for the prosecution of a war been maintained in full vigor during the entire period of a Congress? From the point of view of internal party politics, both halves of the second Wilson administration are without precedent. President Wilson was reëlected by the slogan, "He has kept us out of the war." Immediately after his reëlection, circumstances for which the Democratic party was not responsible involved us in the war. But the Democratic party conducted the war with a strictly party government. At the end of the war the country refused the vote of confidence for which the President asked the electorate in a direct personal appeal, and returned to Washington a Republican majority in both houses. But taking advantage of a technicality, the administration ignored the public verdict, refused to surrender its war powers, and went merrily on working its own sweet will for two years longer. A certain amount of blame may perhaps be imputed to the Republican Congress for a meager legislative record. Are not the Republicans able, however, to plead the excuses of an abnormal and preposterous situation?

One of the bouquets which the Democratic party hands itself with most emphasis is the lack of a "semblance of party bias" in the conduct of the war. It says of President Wilson that "he invited to Washington as his councilors and coadjutors hundreds of most prominent and pronounced Republicans in the country. To these he committed responsibilities of the gravest import and most confidential nature. Many of them had charge of the most vital activity of the Government." And then the platform complains that the Republican party in Congress, "far from applauding the masterly leadership of the President and felicitating the country on the amazing achievements of the American Government, has meanly requited the considerate course of the chief magistrate by savagely defaming the commander-in-chief of the army and navy and by assailing nearly every public officer of every branch of the service intimately concerned in winning the war abroad and preserving the security of the Government at home."

If we remember rightly, the most serious criticism of the administration has come from the highest ranking and most capable of our soldiers and sailors. Criticisms of the conduct of the government invariably follow every war, and very little of the storm that was raised over the management of the War and Navy departments originated in Congress. I doubt, in fact, if there was a single investigation or protest in which the facts were not voluntarily supplied to congressmen and senators by persons in government service. The original critics and complainers were not Republican party propagandists.

When we study how European nations, enjoying representative institutions like ours, managed the conduct of the war, the bouquet the Democratic party has thrown at itself retains little fragrance. Without exception, the governments of our Allies proclaimed the

necessity of a union of parties in carrying on the war and also in making peace. The Wilson administration made the United States the only example of a government elected in peace-time, and on a peace platform, which presumed to run the war with partizans of one party heading all branches of the Government and forming exclusively the cabinet. France, England, Italy, and the lesser nations had coalition governments throughout the war, and representatives of all political parties held cabinet posts.

During our participation in the war, President Wilson had in cabinet posts only Democrats whose minds he believed ran along with his, and he appointed to the peace commission only one Republican, and that a man who was not an elected representative of the people. In the war and during the peace negotiations he ignored completely the Republican party leaders. He did choose some Republicans for civilian war posts, but none except Hoover held a position during the war or since in which he had the authority to formulate a policy of nation-wide import. And it must be remembered that Hoover supported the administration in the 1918 election, and was not identified in the minds of the people with the Republican party until long after he had resigned; in fact, not until after he had become a Presidential aspirant.

It is the San Francisco platform, then, which puts before the electorate of the country in terms of unmistakable clearness the first of the two paramount issues of the campaign. The Democrats go before the country, asking for approval of the way in which President Wilson handled the war and the peace negotiations. The electors are asked to indorse the principle of allowing the executive free rein in carrying on war and making peace. It may be argued that from a strictly constitutional point of view the President is within his rights in using his own discretion in time of war. However one may differ as to the wisdom of such a course, it must be admitted that, until we have a constitutional amendment, the legislative branch of the Government has no check upon or control over the executive in the conduct of a war. But by the same token, the Democrats have no ground upon which to stand in maintaining that the course of the President was constitutional in his methods of negotiating peace. Have the words of the Constitution, "with the advice of and with the consent of the Senate," no meaning at all? Are they a dead letter?

The Democratic platform asks the country, in so many words, to condemn the Senate for exercising its constitutional prerogative after hostilities ceased, and to commend the President for having concentrated all authority in his own hands not only during the war, but also during the peace negotiations. The Democrats are on the defensive in this issue, because they have evidently chosen to be on the defensive. They were not compelled to raise this issue and make it paramount. They could have been silent; they could have put on the soft pedal; they could have straddled. But at San Francisco it was decided to ask the country to indorse the policy of the outgoing administration in this very grave question of giving the President unlimited power not only in waging war, but also in making peace.

All the other democracies that fought with us in the World War formed coalition governments for the time of unforeseen crisis: does the American electorate disapprove this method? The Senate refused to ratify without modifications or reservations a treaty negotiated by the President: does the country condemn the Senate for having exercised a right granted to it by the Constitution? In the San Francisco platform these questions are raised. By enthusiastically adopting the platform the Democratic party demands of the country an affirmative answer. By consenting to stand on this platform the Democratic candidate bases his hope of election upon the approval by the people of Mr. Wilson's conception of the prerogatives of the executive and of Mr. Wilson's interpretation of the constitutional duty of senators in the matter of ratification of treaties.

The second paramount issue is as clearly raised in the two platforms as the first. The Democrats ask the country to support the President and repudiate the

Senate in the matter of the entry of the United States without reservations into the League of Nations as created by the Treaty of Versailles. The San Francisco convention puts the Democratic party on record as believing that we entered the war to fight for the League of Nations, and asserts that President Wilson and his associates are to be "felicitated" (*sic*) on "the exceptional achievement at Paris involved in the adoption of a League and Treaty so near (*sic*) akin to previously express American ideals and so intimately related to the aspirations of civilized peoples everywhere." The platform goes on to give a sweeping blanket indorsement of "the President's view of our international obligations and his firm stand against reservations designed to cut to pieces the vital provisions of the Versailles Treaty."

It is difficult to comprehend how the Democratic party, even under the pressure of the administration, dared to make a series of statements so utterly opposed to the facts in the case. If we did not have the text before us, we should refuse to believe that a body of men who represent a considerable portion of public opinion throughout the United States could have carried subserviency and surrender of independent judgment so far as to subscribe to the perversion of facts of the Democratic platform plank on foreign relations. The unsubstantiated charge, that "the Republican party is responsible for the failure to restore peace and peace conditions in Europe" is repeated in the H. C. of L. plank.

The Democrats have preserved the fiction, exploded by every fact of the momentous year since the Treaty of Versailles was signed, that the treaty and the league are inseparable and that any reservations to the league covenant automatically kill the treaty. Only one of the statesmen who made the treaty holds this view, and that is our own President. It was refuted by the letter of Vicount Grey to the London "Times." It has been denied both in word and deed by President Wilson's associates, Lloyd George and Clemenceau. Since our failure to ratify the treaty, as well as before, we have seen the Allied premiers in conference after conference ignoring the League of Nations. Lord Robert Cecil has complained bitterly not of the defection of the United States, but of the lack of willingness of the framers and signers of the Treaty of Versailles to abide by and put into force the covenant of the League of Nations.

The Treaty of Versailles—that is, the treaty of peace with Germany—is not, therefore, inseparable from the covenant. European statesmen are acting on the basis of considering the peace with Germany—interpretation and enforcement of its terms—a task independent of whether there is or is not or will be or will not be a league. We need only cite the conferences of San Remo, Hythe, Boulogne, Brussels, and Spa to demonstrate this fact. In refusing to see and refusing to allow his party to see what is actually happening in Europe to discredit the league, President Wilson is playing partizan politics in a way unworthy of a leader who claims that his is the "world vision" of the international situation.

The "reservations designed to cut to pieces the vital provisions of the Versailles Treaty" were discussed *seriatim* by Lord Grey, and proved to be in harmony with the spirit of the treaty as the British Government understands the treaty, for none contests that Lord Grey was speaking for the Government. Lord Grey also expressed the opinion that the United States would be acting with the full sense of its international obligations and altogether honorably in ratifying the treaty with the Lodge reservations. I find that the London "Times," the Paris "Temps" and "Echo de Paris," the Milan "Corriere della Sera," the Rome "Tribuna," the Paris "Matin," and the London "Daily Telegraph," to mention a few of the most prominent journals irrespective of party in Allied countries, have registered their opinion that the Lodge reservations were in no way unacceptable to Great Britain, France, and Italy, and do not "cut to pieces the vital provisions of the Versailles Treaty." Who has the better right to speak for Allied countries, their ablest statesmen and publicists or the San Francisco convention?

In discussing the relative merits of the appeals to the country of the Demo-

cratic and Republican parties and their candidates, does not common sense dictate a consideration of how the Treaty of Versailles and the covenant of the League of Nations have worked out during the fifteen months since those documents were drafted and signed? We cannot put ourselves back in the summer of 1919. Had the Presidential campaign taken place a year ago, it might have been possible for the Democrats to limit the ground of discussion to the text of the covenant itself, it might have been possible for them to assert that the league had in no way been tested, and therefore could not be condemned. But now that the league has been created without us and Europe has lived through a year of the kind of a peace that the Treaty of Versailles provided for, we have something to go on when we make up our minds whether it has been and is well for us to be in or out of that particular league.

The Democratic platform assumes that the Republican party is opposed to the idea of a League of Nations and to the acknowledgment of international obligations. But the Republican platform states that the party does believe in "agreement among the nations to preserve the peace of the world" and in "an international association based upon international justice"; but that "all this can be done without the compromise of national independence, without depriving the people of the United States in advance of the right to determine for themselves what is just and fair when the occasion arises, and without involving them as participants and not as peace-makers in a multitude of quarrels, the merits of which they are unable to judge." There are six paragraphs in the League of Nations plank of the Republican platform. They present an admirably fair and accurate picture of the world situation as it actually is, suggest a practicable way in which we can constitutionally aid in restoring and maintaining the peace of the world, and explain why the Senate majority did not feel justified in ratifying the treaty without reservations.

The paramount issue before the American people is not the principle of international association, but the question as to whether the covenant of the League of Nations as set forth in the Treaty of Versailles can be constitutionally adopted by the American nation and whether it offers a solution of the problems that still threaten the peace of the world.

Madman's Song

By ELINOR WYLIE

Better to see your cheek grown hollow,
Better to see your temple worn,
Than to forget to follow, follow
After the sound of a silver horn.

Better to bind your brow with willow
And follow, follow until you die,
Than to sleep with your head on a golden pillow
Nor lift it up when the hunt goes by.

Better to see your cheek grown sallow
And your hair grown gray, so soon, so soon,
Than to forget to hallo, hallo
After the milk-white hounds of the moon.

The Natural Resources of Alaska

By ANDREW J. STONE

In natural resources Alaska is one of the richest regions on the face of the globe, with a climate that compares favorably with any land in the north temperate zone. This story of its wealth by one who has studied it and explored it for many years is both authoritative and convincing.

ALASKA is the *Ugly Duckling* in the fairy-story of national growth. It has been settled by white people since 1784, and has belonged to the United States for nearly fifty-three years, yet the average American still thinks of it as a barren region of no considerable extent, and of little value except for the seals that frequent its outlying islands and the gold that lies in its frozen and almost inaccessible mountains.

The thousands who in late years toiled over the passes went with one aim—to exploit the land for gold, and, having gained it, to depart. They were blind to all else. But a few remained, and gradually a conception of the possibilities of Alaska came to them.

In truth, Alaska has a character unlike that of any other country in the world. From the very beginning of its development—it is now scarcely more than a decade since it began—the country has been the source of constant surprise and wonder. Every estimation of its varied wealth and resources that one day has attributed to it has been surpassed in actual accomplishment the next. We are no longer surprised at the discovery of new resources; we expect them.

That the size and importance of the territory may be fully appreciated, one needs only to know that it is as large as Norway, Sweden, Finland, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, England, Ireland, Scotland, and two thirds of the German Empire before the close of the Great War. It covers exactly the same parallels of latitude that these countries cover, possesses the same climate, and much the same wealth in forests and tillable soil, with a vastly greater wealth in fisheries, furs, and animal life, and more coal, oil, gold, copper, and other precious metals and minerals. Its harbors on the Pacific are free from ice the entire year, and the actual coast-line of the mainland and islands has a length of twenty-five thousand miles, or four times that of the United States.

In judging the climate of Alaska, there are numerous other elements to be reckoned with besides its distance from the equator. Its extent of latitude and coast-line, and the warming influence of the Japan Current have combined to give it almost as much climatic variety as California claims to possess. Even that tenth part of the territory that slopes from the summits of the Endicott and Baird ranges to the coast of the Arctic possesses an abundance of plant and animal life. Timber is plentiful along the streams and on the lower hills, and

spruces three feet in diameter are numerous. Even in midwinter great herds of mountain sheep and caribou roam through the country. There is a great variety of furred animals, and I have seen ptarmagin in flocks of thousands.

It is in this region that the reindeer industry has been developed. From a beginning of only 1200 head that the Government established here a few years ago, more than 100,000 now roam this vast grazing ground, living on food that no other domestic animals use, and caring for themselves. Alaska has the pasturage for 30,000,000 reindeer, from which 900,000,000 pounds of the choicest and most delicate meat could annually be marketed. In addition, the territory has 65,000,000 acres of choice grazing ground, well suited for cattle, sheep, and horses.

Indeed, the territory is a vast storehouse of food. In its broad river valleys, a third of its area, there are the richest of farm-lands. The winter frosts annually regenerate and vitalize the soil, imparting to its root crops, in particular, an unusual percentage of saccharine matter. This quality should go far to make it in future the center of our beet-sugar supply. Moreover, it should also be the source of our greatest output of grain. The soil has the same qualities that make the wheat of Manitoba famous. The climate is even superior. Though the summers are shorter than those of the Middle Atlantic States, and those other portions of the United States that lie between the same parallels of latitude, it should not be forgotten that the days of that season are far longer, and there is no chill at night to check growth. What can be grown in Ohio can be grown in this vast valley region of Alaska, and the quicker growth resulting from the longer periods of continual sunshine, and the mild nights, improve the quality of the grain. Lying, as this farm-land does, in the valleys of great navigable rivers, with their outlets on the Pacific free from ice the year round, the question of transportation is simple.

Alaska has 30,000,000 acres of magnificent forests—forests that would cover the whole area of New York State; it has 20,000,000 acres of superior wood-pulp timber; it has magnificent spruces, a wonderful yellow cedar that grows to enormous size and is more valuable than mahogany; it has a great wealth of hemlock, birch, and the Alaska spruce that is destined to furnish the future paper supply of America.

Virtually all of the heavy forest region is within the area of the greatest glaciers. It lies in the foot-hills of the mountains on their coastal side, in the lowlands bordering the coast, and on the innumerable islands that dot the adjacent waters. In this region the moisture is very great, and the temperature never unduly low, favorable conditions for the growth of timber. And here, too, the nearness to the great quiet waterways that lie between the coast and its fringe of islands makes transportation an easy matter.

When, at the close of the year 1741, the survivors of Bering's last expedition sailed back to civilization, they carried with them furs of Alaska, for which they received $100,000. That was the small beginning of the great wealth that the wild animal life of that almost neglected region has given to the world. Two billion dollars would easily be less than the entire value. In the wealth of its wild animals Alaska far surpasses any other country on the globe; the value of its marine animal life has a like preëminence. Since its acquisition by the United States they have yielded in furs, skins, ivory, whalebone, fish meats, and other products, wealth a hundred times greater than the purchase price. From two small islands in Bering Sea, St. Paul and St. George, neither of which is fourteen miles long, there are verified records that more than six million sealskins have been taken, and it is highly probable that not one skin in five was ever recorded. The total value of skins obtained from the Pribilof Islands, in the one hundred and thirty-four years since their discovery, may be safely estimated at five hundred million dollars. No other property has been more recklessly squandered. Thousands upon thousands of seals have been annually slaughtered at sea without being secured. Millions of skins were spoiled, and countless females with unborn puppies were killed. The waste has been frightful, yet even now there remain on the islands

Loading canned salmon at Loring

perhaps half a million seals. They belong to us purely by their own preference. Should they desire to migrate to the waters of any other country, we could neither claim them nor bring them back. Given the same care and consideration that a farmer gives to his herds, with the exception that the farmer must at all times provide food for his herds, and shelter for a part of the time, while the seals feed themselves and ask for no shelter, the seals would soon increase in numbers to something like their old proportions. With proper care and protection, the normal yield would be of great value, and the productive possibilities of the herds kept intact.

Alaska also produces a large variety of beautiful and valuable furs upon land. It has thirteen varieties of bears; and six species of foxes, black, blue, cross, red, silver, and white; and all the common land furs. The skins of its foxes are of the highest quality, and are larger than those produced in any other country. The Alaskan moose is the largest land animal found on the Western hemisphere. The meat is as choice as the best of beef, and the skin makes excellent footwear, and is much worn during the winter months. The caribou, like the reindeer, lives almost exclusively upon mosses, and inhabits nearly all parts of the country except the Southern coast country. They are found in large herds, and since the white man took possession of Alaska they have annually supplied him with millions of pounds of meat, as delicate in flavor as any that ever found its way to a table. Throughout the whole territory its skin is most highly valued for winter clothing and robes. It is both light and warm. It is safe to say that in food and skins the caribou has contributed to man a value of more than $150,000,000, and has cost not one cent. The average value of land furs shipped out of Alaska in the years 1914, 1915, and 1916, was $679,590.92.

Fish has always been an important element in the food supply of the native, and nothing is needed but industry and wise regulation to make the fisheries of the country the most valuable in the world. Salmon, cod, halibut, and herring are the most important fisheries.

Gold was first found at Sitka in 1876, and was first mined extensively at

Fox farm, Alaska

Juneau in 1880. It was not until six years later that placer-mining was established in the interior, at Forty-mile River. It was the discovery of the Klondike gold placers, in 1896, that first attracted the wide attention of the world, and brought prospectors into the region by many thousands. Three years later the Nome fields were found. Since then many new gold-bearing areas have been discovered, and the cost of mining has been so greatly reduced by the use of improved methods that it is now less than one tenth of what it was in pioneer days.

We scarcely know the full extent of this mineral wealth. Only in a few spots has the surface of these great deposits been scratched, but this much is certain: here lies more gold than in California and Colorado, more copper than in Montana and Arizona, more coal than in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Ohio; and all the minerals to be found in the States are also deposited here, with others besides. One of the largest and most heavily mineralized countries in the world and rich not only in quantity, but in the variety of its minerals, it needs only scientific development to make it the last and best storehouse of our national wealth. Already it has in active operation the largest copper-mine in the world, which produces copper more cheaply than anywhere else. A gold-saving dredge has already produced more than twice as much gold annually than any other dredge has ever produced. There are 75,000,000 acres in Alaskan mountains that are rich in both minerals and water-power. From this vast water-power will some day be created the electric currents that will hoist, mill, and refine the ores now hidden there.

And how wonderful is the land in its welcome to the stranger! Winter and summer it is companionable. Many a winter night in the north coastal plains, at the end of a day's travel, I have made my bed on top of the snow, out in the open, without tent or stove or protection of any kind other than my bedding gave me. Traveling in the open during one winter for a hundred and fifty-five days, I never received so much as a frost-bite. On Christmas eve, 1898, on my return from a trip along the coast to the west,

All killed within sight of Seward, Alaska

with two sleds and two native companions, I turned into the most westerly mouth of the Mackenzie delta where we halted for the night.

The natives rolled themselves up on top of the snow in their furs, and were soon sound asleep. I was neither tired nor sleepy. I walked up and down on the hard-packed snow, thinking, gazing upon the scene around me, and wondering whether there was ever anything in any other part of the world so wonderful. Was there ever anything so still? I could hear my heart beat, so great was the hush that pervaded the air. It was a perfect Arctic night. To the north of me stretched the great Arctic Sea, with its covering of ice, and unbroken by any known land between me and the pole. To the east was the low-lying river delta. To the south and west rose the Endicott Range, the most northerly reaches of the Rocky Mountains. The sea, the delta, and the mountains were covered with perfectly spotless snow. The dogs and the natives were the only alien color upon this wonderful, limitless blanket of white.

The sky was perfectly clear, a true Arctic sky, brilliantly blue overhead, descending to a deeper blue, and becoming almost purple at the horizon. The moon was full, and had just come into full view behind the mountains, rising higher and higher above their crest. What a beautiful and indescribable scene! I looked at my watch. It was ten o'clock, and for two hours I had been lost in my surroundings as I paced back and forth. Although I had traveled many miles and walked all of them, sometimes helping the dogs over difficult places, I was not tired. I did not feel the cold. It was only exhilarating, delightful; besides, it was Christmas eve, and the gift of this remarkable scene, one that few have ever had the pleasure of witnessing, one that I shall never see again, was so wonderful as to leave little thought of sleep, and I kept up the walk, enjoying my Christmas all alone until well into the night. There was never a sound, not one thing to disturb the harmony.

In this description of a very small part of Alaska, and only in this, can we approach in a measure the conception that America and the world have

held of the whole of that vast and wonderfully diversified territory. From these most northerly reaches, the land stretches to the south for twelve hundred miles into regions where ice rarely forms. Point Barrow, the most northerly point of Alaska, is warmer than any other recorded place in the world as far north.

Were I forced to rely upon the country in which I lived for food, clothing, and shelter, I would select this, the coldest, the most barren and desolate part of Alaska, in preference to many large areas of country in Lower California, New Mexico, and Arizona. I could have better shelter, more abundant fuel, water, food, clothing, and bedding, and a climate more healthful, invigorating, and endurable.

Sitka has a more equable climate than Washington, D. C., its lowest temperature being 31.4°; while that of St. Louis is 31.6°. The mean temperature of San Francisco in August is 58°; that of Sitka 57°; that of Juneau, in July, 57°; St. Michael, north of Bering Sea, 53.6°, with a low February mean of only 2.3°. The average winter temperature of Prince William Sound, Alaska, is 30 above zero, or the same as that of New York and Boston; and that of Nome (zero) is similar to that of Manitoba and Montreal, while the daily extreme ranges are smaller.

The whole of Alaska feels the warming influence of the Japanese Current, but the winters throughout all interior Alaska are cold, though most endurable, and even enjoyable. There are no storms. The weather is perfectly calm throughout the entire season. There are no winds. Snow falling on top of a stump remains there and keeps piling up, just the diameter of the stump, to whatever height there is depth of snowfall. It will fall on the tops of the trees and pile up until its weight will sometimes bend them almost to the ground.

The summers in all the great interior country, in the Yukon Valley, and the valleys of all its tributaries, are ideal. The days are long, and sunshine is almost continuous, and there is never anything in the nature of destructive storms. Once vegetation starts to grow, it keeps on, for there are no cold nights, as in the States, to retard growth.

Travel the twenty-one hundred miles of the Yukon, or any of its many large tributaries, and you will find neither ice nor snow, but everywhere a luxuriant plant life, birds in great variety, squirrels, and small mammals, much of the same character that you will find along the upper stretches of the Mississippi or Missouri rivers. No port in Southern or Southeastern Alaska is ever troubled with ice as is New York Harbor.

All of the Southern coast, and the whole of Southeastern Alaska, have a heavy precipitation of rain in the summer, and a heavy snowfall in winter. To this is due the unrivaled water-power of this part of the territory, an agency that is destined not only to electrify all Alaska, its railroads, mines, and mills, but to attract and develop some of the world's greatest manufacturing industries.

Throughout the interior the precipitation of snow and rain is nowhere excessive. It is very similar to that of the upper Mississippi Valley, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Montana. Ample snow for good sledding during the winter months, but all of it completely disappears with the coming of spring.

The Kenai Peninsula may be said to have a most excellent climate, crisp, cold, but with agreeable winters and beautiful summers. Its climate is much like that of New England. The country itself is one of the most attractive, most interesting and fascinating in all Alaska. It is wonderfully diversified in its physical features, and wonderfully prolific in its plant and animal life. It is an unusual combination of sea and land, of forest, mountain, and glacier, of lakes and streams and meadow-lands. Bordering the lower reaches of the mountains are magnificent forests. There are many beautiful and quiet harbors.

This is one of the most gorgeous flower-lands of all America. In no other part do wild flowers and grasses grow in such wonderful beauty, profusion, and abundance, and pay such tribute to the soil from which they spring and the climate that develops them. North of Chugach Bay the country stretches away in gently rolling hills and meadow-lands for miles and miles, dotted here and there with groves of spruce and clumps of birch, cottonwood and alder.

Mixed forest of Sitka spruce and Western hemlock

As I passed through the groves of spruce the blue grouse and the squirrels chattered and scolded, and birds of much the same species found in New England were plentiful. I collected fifty-seven varieties in one season, and this was but a small fraction of the species that are common there.

I saw wild crab-apple, elder, and sumac. I picked wild raspberries, gooseberries, salmon berries, and red currants, all of good size, of splendid flavor, and often abundant. I saw hummingbirds and many song birds, and a great variety of wild life.

Before me were acres and acres of rolling foot-hills, with a dense growth of foliage and flowering plants, wild celery, wild parsnip, northern yarrow, larkspur, false hellebore, the dainty red columbine almost touching my shoulders; wide reaches of blue forget-me-nots above my knees, and rich grasses and flowers of many other varieties. Beyond were little lakes, covered with yellow pond-lilies, bordered here and there with the beautiful purple iris; higher up were fields of yellow sunflowers, white and purple daisies, and still higher I have tramped for fully two miles where I could scarcely step without tramping upon violets as large and as luscious in leaf and flower as could be found in any florist's.

On the higher stretches grew in endless array pinks, buttercups, harebells, and dozens and dozens of dainty, blossoming plants of great beauty and in many colors, among which I photographed carnations in bloom, and on the whole of this great mountain-slope the finest grasses, wonderfully thick, the best grazing lands in America.

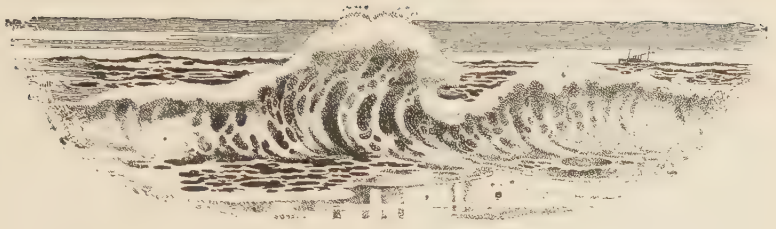
While we plan for world trade, and study the conditions of China and South America and other remote and alien peoples, we should not forget this part of our own national domain, where, with an intelligent federal policy and adequate financial support, would soon be developed a vast trade unhampered by foreign restrictions and to the common advantage of our own people.

The Alaskan is gradually developing a type of citizenship peculiar to the country. He knows and appreciates

the land he lives in; he is not a looter. He has made it the center of his family life, and he is mightily concerned with its social development. Schools, churches, and clubs are to be found in all parts of the territory, and it is a small town indeed that is without electric lights, telephones, and other modern conveniences.

His moral attitude is shown in the fact that although Alaska is a new country and is primarily a mining country, which is popularly supposed to be a region of lawlessness and vice, yet by his own vote all liquor traffic throughout the territory has been abolished. From mining-camps in the foot-hills down into the broad valleys he is developing the peaceful farms of settled communities. In his eagerness to show the worth of his land and its many-sided possibilities, he opens up new and undreamed-of avenues of wealth. All the world now knows of its fisheries, its gold, its coal, and its rich soil; he likewise turns his thoughts and his energies to the development of its quarries of gypsum, granite, and marble; its wood-pulp, chemicals, and fertilizers; its antimony, tungsten, and graphite, nearly all of which by necessity are imported into America. He has begun a long fight against governmental stupidity, national indifference, and provincialism, and the long-established policy of capital, which, preferring to trade in money rather than in that which brings money, has been blind to the raw material of wealth in this new land of his. So this little band of American men, working without aid from their Government, either financial or moral, and in the face of a vast national indifference that was seemingly bent on forgetting the very existence of Alaska, has bestowed millions of wealth upon us and has gradually built up a commerce between the territory and the United States that is eighteen times greater per capita of its population than that of any other country in the world, and twenty-five times greater than that of the United States, in proportion to its population. In short, the people have shown themselves worthy of the marvelous country.

Salmon jumping Ketchiken Creek



The Tide of Affairs

Comment on the Times

By GLENN FRANK

HEAR YE! HEAR YE! THE TOWN CRIER!—ITALY DISILLUSIONED—TELESOTEROGRAPHY—WE ARE NOT ALONE IN OUR TROUBLES—SHOULD SENATORS BE PHONOGRAPHS?—A HUMORLESS CRITIC OF MARK TWAIN—THRIFTY BUKARA.

HEAR YE! HEAR YE! THE TOWN CRIER!

PICTURESQUE figure of a passing civilization, Walter Smith, Provincetown's town crier, said to be the last of the profession in America, has muffled the clapper of his bell and cried his last message. For twenty-two years he has patiently plodded up and down the two miles of the main street in this quaint Massachusetts village, announcing with medieval intonation the time and place of events of interest, from fish sales to the election of presidents, the flaming of revolutions, or the ending of a world war. At seventy years of age he stops to rest. There is said to be no one in sight to succeed him. The old crier's last official cry was the announcement of the reopening of the Church of the Pilgrims, founded in 1714, which had been closed for a year.

The town crier was, in many instances, the spoken newspaper of an earlier and simpler time. The insatiable news hunger of the race, the desire to hear the new thing, brought him into being, as later it brought into being the metropolitan newspaper that has put Puck's "girdle round about the earth in forty minutes." Society has never been able to get along without the reporter. His is an interesting story, from his crude functioning in the stone age on. Whether as the tower watchman of a walled city, the king's herald, the town crier, or the bustling sleuth of modern news, the reporter has played to the fundamental human appetite for information.

Histories of journalism have no more interesting pages than those that tell of the verbal newspaper that flourished long before the printed newspaper. In our own country the spoken newspaper has a history. In early New England days the clergy would now and then introduce their sermons with a news prelude. The verbal journalism of the town crier was finely developed in Detroit, Michigan, by the Reverend Father Gabriel Richard, a priest of the Order of Sulpice. Father Richard, when he came to Detroit as resident pastor of the Roman Catholic Church of St. Anne, in an attempt to stimulate public interest in the affairs of church and government, appointed a town crier who every Sunday morning would stand at the doors of the Church of St. Anne and relate to the public in general and to the congregation in particular the news of the week. The problem of the advertiser was not absent from this attempt, for the town crier announced auction sales and by word of mouth "published" other advertisements.

Mr. James Melvin Lee, in his inter-

esting history of American journalism, tells of a survival of the spoken newspaper. He says:

In the Swiss village of Champery, the spoken newspaper still survives. Curiously enough, it is a Sunday edition. On that day, immediately after church, the villagers hear *The Town Crier*. Its editor, literally the publishing bailiff, appears on a balcony overhanging the street and announces the news to those on the village green. First of all, he gives the information about the decisions of the courts and announces the decrees both federal and cantonal. He speaks of the fines and penalties incurred by the citizens of the community and brings to public attention all the official decisions of the civil authorities. All citizens are expected to listen to this spoken newspaper, and no one can fall back, if he transgresses one of the published decrees, on the assertion that he was not present when *The Town Crier* announced the official decree.

The Town Crier of Champery has its spoken advertising department. Its publisher gives notice, by spoken word, of the public auctions of household goods, cattle, etc., as announced by the Office of Law and Bankruptcy. *The Town Crier* gives the news of mercantile houses, with the prices of the goods they are offering. It gives notice of lost and found articles and quotes the price paid by local establishments for farm products. In other words, it takes the place of a local printed newspaper, which, up to the present time, has never existed in Champery.

Any functional justification for the town crier in America has, of course, long since passed. The newspaper and the telephone have taken his place. Nevertheless, we are sorry to see him go. Not that we need him, but because his passing is an unhappy symbol of the increasingly impersonal character of modern news transmission.

Journalism has been growing more and more impersonal. The spoken newspaper was, of course, its most personal form. Then there was the day of the great personal editors—the day when great newspapers were the expressions of great personalities, the Danas, the Greeleys, the Bennetts, and, last, the redoubtable Colonel Watterson. The great newspaper was once the impact of a great personality upon the public mind. Now we live in the day of the vast impersonal newspaper machine.

When we read an editorial, we rarely know who wrote it. When we read a despatch from London, Paris, Moscow, Stockholm, or Geneva, we can no longer be certain that behind the innocent date line stands the impartial reporter of facts. We have been treated to so much doctored news that we have grown half skeptical of all news. And it is all so impersonal that Mr. Average Reader is without means of judgment; he does not know who sent the story. As far as the general reading public is concerned, there is a "secret diplomacy" of newspaperdom that invites all sorts of suspicions respecting motives and influences that may be at work behind the curtain.

It is frequently said that nobody takes the modern unsigned editorial seriously any more. For all that, we probably take the cue for our social and political thinking from editorial pages far more than we think. But may not the time be ripe for a return, in some measure at least, to the personal journalism of earlier days? Such a move would greatly humanize our journalism. It would reduce the probability and possibility of sinister influences that may now easily poison the wells of that information upon which sound public opinion must be based. Let articles and despatches bear the mark of their true source. Let us know who, what propagandist organization, what set of interests, dictated that despatch from Geneva or Stockholm. Let the town crier ring his bell and tell us the news, face to face, in our newspaper columns.

It is n't journalism alone that has grown impersonal. As the machinery of modern society has grown more complex and unmanageable, it has become more and more difficult to keep life intimately human, more and more difficult to sound the note of individuality. Our world is become a mass world, a machine world. Ours has been rightly called a crowd civilization.

Both in the production of goods and in the consumption of goods individuality has been stifled. The whole business has become impersonal. The old artistic, aristocratic pride of craftsmanship has

been subtly disintegrated under the mass-production-specialized-machine-power industrial system. We go into wrathful hysterics over the epidemic of slipshod, slovenly, and disinterested work that marks our time. With our facile weakness for generalization, we lay all the blame at the door of the labor agitator. Is there not, perhaps, something to be said about the difficulty the modern worker has in maintaining a creative craftsman's pride in his work, as he stands at a machine all day producing, by a charted motion, one tiny part of an article in the design or completion of which he has had no creative part? Consumption is no longer a medium of self-expression, but a competition in expenditure, particularly in conspicuous expenditure, a struggle in emulation, a blind dance of fashion.

The town crier's bell is silenced, but we need to keep alive his spirit as a protest against the increasing depersonalization, the increasing mechanization, of American life. We must keep our machines, but we must not allow the person to die.

ITALY DISILLUSIONED

ITALY has returned to power, as premier of her Government, the man who in 1915 was regarded by the Italian masses as pacifist, pro-German, and the personal confidant of Prince von Bülow, the German emissary who worked so desperately to keep Italy neutral in 1915. In these columns, in the issue of January last, an editorial interpretation of the situation that made possible D'Annunzio's dramatic capture of the Italian mind, as he played recruiting officer to the war spirit of the nation, contained the following statement: "D'Annunzio . . . prophet extraordinary, the man who gave vision and voice to Italy in 1915 when the nation needed different guidance from that of Salandra, the halting premier, or of Giolitti, the pacifist friend of Bülow." And now this same Signor Giovanni Giolitti is back in power by the mandate of the king, sensitive to the current temper of the Italian masses.

Signor Giolitti's return to the premiership is one of the very interesting and highly significant post-war developments. What does this move mean? Is Italy reverting to her pre-war German leanings? Is she repentant of her participation in the war? Are her Allied associations growing distasteful to her? Is this the first faint hint of possible realinements in the field of the major European alliances? Has the aftermath of war stimulated a renaissance of Italian pacifism? A hundred questions come to mind. The facts of the situation intrigue the speculative concern of every interested observer of international politics.

Let us first refresh our memories about Signor Giolitti's past record in Italian affairs. Since Italy entered the war in 1915, this old statesman, now in his eightieth year, despite his four premierships, despite his virtual dictatorship of Italian politics for the twelve years preceding 1915, had dropped completely out of public life until his recent reëntry into politics. The thing most to the point, in this comment, is the fact of Giolitti's ardent and persistent effort to keep Italy out of the war, and the charges of pro-Germanism that his policy of neutrality evoked in Italy and elsewhere. Was Giolitti pro-German? The writer can see no basis for the charge. Giolitti was pro-Italian. Maybe he thought in terms too materialistic to suit the passionate idealism of the time, but his first concern was what he regarded as the best interests of his own country. True, had he succeeded in keeping Italy neutral, France and Great Britain would doubtless have been defeated by Germany. But we are not here concerned with judgment upon the right or wrong of Giolitti's policy as a matter of world concern, but with Giolitti's motives, with what he said at the time, and with the why of Italian reconsideration of Giolitti's value to Italian politics.

That he ever deliberately and sympathetically played Germany's game is completely confuted by the facts. It was Giolitti who, in 1909, was responsible for the "understanding" between Great Britain and Italy that in fact freed Italy from the terms imposed upon her by the Triple Alliance between Italy,

Germany, and the Dual Monarchy. It was Giolitti who took the initiative in reëstablishing economic and political relations with France, to the disgust and wrath of Germany. It was Giolitti who, in 1911, circumvented Kaiser Wilhelm's plan to assume economic and military control of Tripoli through an agreement with the Ottoman Government respecting concessions and leases, Giolitti having sent troops and ships to seize Tripoli before the kaiser could put his agreement into effect. He was cordially hated in the court circles of Berlin and Vienna and viciously caricatured in the German and Austro-Hungarian press for such tactics.

The charge of pro-Germanism made against Giolitti was due to the coincidence of Prince von Bülow's effort to keep Italy neutral for the benefit of Germany, and Giolitti's effort to keep Italy neutral for what he conceived to be the best interests of Italy. It will be remembered that when, in August, 1914, Italy definitely refused to enter the war on the side of the Central Powers, Germany and Austro-Hungary bitterly denounced Italy as a traitor to the plain commitments of her diplomatic agreements. In a little while German diplomats regained their sense and realized that next to Italian participation in the war on the side of the Central powers, the most important thing to be sought was Italian neutrality. Prince von Bülow, formerly German chancellor, was sent to Italy to mollify Italian opinion which had been aroused by German denunciations. It happened that Giolitti was as deeply concerned with keeping Italy neutral as was Bülow, although for a different reason. Ergo, Giolitti was pro-German. Such is the muddled and unjust quality of war-time thinking!

His policy of neutrality was arrived at solely from the Italian angle. First of all, he did not believe that Italy's entrance into the war upon the side of the Allies would bring a quick victory. He saw the war as a long and grueling process at best. He knew that Italy was not ready for war. He knew that months must pass before Italy could possibly acquire the heavy modern ordnance and munitions that would be necessary. He knew that Italy was still suffering from the heavy cost of the conquest of Tripoli. He regarded Italian participation in the war as a costly adventure without compensation at its conclusion. He reasoned respecting Italy very much as Constantine I reasoned respecting Greece. Apparently, he felt that England and France, if victorious, would not be able to supply the material needs of Italy, cheap coal and easy credit, as effectively as Germany had done in the past. He counseled neutrality as the intelligent policy of enlightened self-interest for Italy.

Was Italy's national treasury depleted? Giolitti said that abstention from the war would bring to Italy a prosperity that would replenish her treasury, as happened in the cases of Spain, the Netherlands, and Denmark, as the war prosperity that inundated the United States in the early months of the war. Did Italy have nationalist claims she regarded as legitimate aspirations? Giolitti said that abstention from the war would bring Italy to the end of the war with a bursting treasury, national prosperity, undepleted military strength, and an international position that would enable her to carry on a highly profitable diplomatic brokerage as she played victor against vanquished and vanquished against victor, obtaining from the peace conference the desires of her heart. Rather cold blooded? Yes. However, after watching the manipulation of post-war diplomacy upon the part of many "idealistic" statesmen, there is probably small comfort to be gained from the pot's calling kettle black.

What happened when Giolitti urged his policy of neutrality upon Italy? Did the wholly disinterested idealism of a great people spurn it, sweeping Giolitti aside as it marched to the battle-field? That happened in part. His association with Bülow aroused public sentiment against him. The Irredentist party in Italy, bent upon war against Austria in order to regain the Italian-speaking provinces under Hapsburg control, turned savagely against him. He was set aside, and Italy entered the war.

Step by step Giolitti's prophecies were fulfilled. Victory was not quick and decisive. Terrible campaign after terrible campaign was the lot of Italy. Life and

treasure were spent in staggering prodigality. Finally victory was wrested from the Central powers by Allied arms. And then, crushing climax of the whole affair, Italy found herself checkmated at every turn when she undertook to harvest the fruits of victory. To her thinking, she was basely deserted by her comrades in arms. President Wilson sternly vetoed the 1915 Treaty of London, which contained the promise to Italy, in return for her participation in the war, of a frontier running along the Alps to the Brenner Pass and taking in Triest, Istria, and the northern part of Dalmatia. France and England, to Italy's great disappointment, did not protest against the Wilson veto to any extent that might have saved Italy's interests. A period of turmoil and unsettlement came in Italy. The D'Annunzio episode lashed the waters of international politics into a fury that helped very little. No statesman appeared who could bring order out of chaos. Orlando tried it and failed. Nitti tried it and failed. Politics, domestic and international, became increasingly turbulent. Peace with her neighbors was not achieved by Italy. There was trouble on every hand—trouble with the Jugo-Slavs, trouble with the Turks, trouble with the Albanians. Strikes were everywhere—strikes throughout the peninsula, strikes in Sicily, strikes in Sardinia. The reign of law and order was threatened. Parliamentary processes were thrown out of gear. The specter of bankruptcy stalked through council chambers, even disturbing the mind of the masses. The army was kept upon a war basis, demobilization being postponed lest returning soldiers add to the discontented elements, with consequent heavy additions to the financial burdens of the people.

Orlando, as just noted, failed to straighten out the tangled, the increasingly tangled, situation. Nitti failed to straighten it out. And, at the moment of writing, rumor has it that, realizing he could not put through the necessary measures for composing the domestic situation, realizing that his prestige had been weakened by his failure to effect a satisfactory settlement of the Adriatic question and get from Germany the payment of indemnity money, Nitti suggested to the king that he ask Giolitti to form a cabinet. The king, sensitive to current Italian sentiment, would never have followed such a suggestion had he not recognized a change in public opinion respecting Giolitti.

What does that changed sentiment imply? The writer doubts that it implies Italian regret at having participated in the war. But the Italians have forgiven Giolitti, as they have watched the fulfilment of his prophecies of disaster to Italy follow the war. It implies a profound disappointment over the failure of England, France, and the United States to back Italy's claims for territorial and other compensations for her part in the war. Mr. Frank H. Simonds thinks that, while Italy is in no position to break from her Allied association now, in the future "there is little reason to doubt that Italy will seek a new alliance with Germany, an association with some new Central European group which will include Rumania and German-speaking Austria, and may not impossibly draw Hungary in ultimately." This may prove hasty generalization, unless all of the fingers on the diplomatic hands of France and England prove thumbs in handling the relations, particularly the economic relations, of these two countries with Italy.

It may be doubted that the responsible heads of the Allied governments will regard as menacing Giolitti's return to power. They know that Giolitti is not in any sentimental or temperamental sense pro-German. They know that he is a seasoned statesman, more likely than any other statesman in sight to bring order out of the disturbed state of Italian affairs. They will, of course, recognize in Giolitti's premiership a challenge to them in their handling of relations with Italy. They know that Giolitti will do the thing that best serves Italy's interests. If that best thing seemed to be a future alliance with some new Central European group, Giolitti would not hesitate, were he in power to effect such an alliance.

It may be interesting to CENTURY readers to humanize this comment by presenting the following picture of Giolitti from the pen of Frederick Cunliffe Owen. The sketch occurred in an article

by Mr. Owen in a recent issue of "The Globe" of New York.

Giolitti is a picturesque figure, somewhat suggestive of Abraham Lincoln, and a great character in his way. Tall, gaunt, somewhat unkempt, his angular, elongated, and rather saturnine features, and his eternal long black frock coat, several sizes too large for him, and of excessive length, have been the delight of Italian and foreign caricaturists. He speaks . . . without any pretense to oratory, in a country where eloquence is the rule, rather than the exception. Despite his years, he is still marvellously strong in the arms and the hands, a friendly grasp of the latter being like a judgment from heaven; one can almost hear the bones of the other man's hand cracking in his mighty clutch. . . . The soul of honesty, wholly devoid of affectation and pose, most simple and democratic in his habits, he finds his chief recreation, when in his native townlet, in rubbers of whist, his usual partners being the local doctor and schoolmaster, and in games of billiards.

Giolitti remains a poor man, and it is estimated that his wife's expenditures and his own, at any rate before the war, did not exceed a thousand dollars a year, and that his income amounted to little more. He is the foe of all hypocrisy and sham, detests pose as well as pomp and ceremony, and although a cousin of the sovereign, by virtue of his Knighthood of the Order of the Annunciata, which gives him precedence immediately next to the princes of the blood, prefers to travel third class rather than first class by rail and to trudge on foot rather than to motor or to drive. In fact, when he does ride, it is usually in a street car.

It is small wonder that D'Annunzio, Beau Brummel and bucaneer, was found in opposition to this man of Lincolnesque bearing and plebeian habits!

TELESOTEROGRAPHY

THE fantastic scientific prophecies of Jules Verne and H. G. Wells are being relegated to the attic of drab and unimaginative guesses by the actual achievements of inventive genius. Last month the readers of these columns were reminded of Dr. Harry Barringer Cox's invention of a device that will keep fruit and vegetables fresh for an indefinite length of time, so that a 1917 orange might be served at a 1920 breakfast-table. This month an equally interesting story lies behind the multi-syllabled word that heads these paragraphs.

The story comes from the Malmaison laboratory of Edouard Belin. M. Belin, it is said, has invented an apparatus that will transmit by telephone a photograph, design, or signature. In the latter part of July "Le Petit Journal" of Paris published a photograph which had been "telephoned" from Lyons to Paris.

The invention is explained, in a special despatch to "The New York Times," as follows:

A photographic proof of a portrait or paper is drawn through carbon and transferred to a cylinder. This cylinder is turned by a clock arrangement in front of a telephone transmitter equipped with a very delicate microphone which vibrates in accord with the traces of carbon on the copper cylinder. A special instrument, of course, is needed to receive the impression. The sending and receiving instruments may be attached to ordinary telephones.

M. Belin explains the use of the invention, in somewhat more technical terms, as follows:

The sender gets his ordinary telephone communication. Then he hooks his apparatus onto the telephone. The sending cylinder is revolved (before the telephone transmitter) and at the receiving post the variations of current are transferred by a delicate galvanometer onto a mirror upon which fall powerful pencils of light. These pencils, reflected upon a negative paper unrolling on an axis, become stronger or softer according to the intensity of the current transmitted; that is, according to the nature of the photograph being sent from the other end of the wire. That is the principle of the thing.

The inventor, of course, has not worked with the intention of producing merely a "stunt" instrument for the sending of photographs. He sees endless possibilities of its use for practical purposes. He sees its value in the transmission of signatures on official documents,

in the transmission of a criminal's photograph to all the cities of a nation within an hour after the commission of a crime, in the transmission of "the original bourse order in handwriting" to brokers, thus maintaining a telephonic check on the business to prevent errors in transactions. He sees the development of a system of transferring money by telephonic checks.

It is said that both the French and Italian governments have ordered equipments for official use, the Italian Government's first use of the device to be for the transmission of official signatures between Rome and Milan.

The shades of the men who in primitive days carried documents across the country on horseback or by stage coach, to say nothing of the miracle workers of legend, must look down with envy upon the inventor's conquest of time and space.

WE ARE NOT ALONE IN OUR TROUBLES

THAT misery loves company is a mature and weather-worn axiom. To find comfort in a neighbor's difficulties may be ungracious, but it is sometimes helpful to realize that we are not alone in our troubles. In our tendency toward self-criticism, particularly in matters political, we are likely to regard our blunders as highly original and to fall into the habit of saying, for instance, "The British, you know, do that sort of thing much better."

During the last four years the inveterate critics of the Wilson administration have rung the changes upon two charges, among many others, namely: that our Government's policies, domestic and foreign, have been lamentably lacking in consistency, and that the executive has usurped the functions that rightly belong to legislative branches and departments, with a virtual dictatorship as the result. Much of this criticism has included the suggestion that the time is ripe for us to institute in the United States the sort of "responsible" government enjoyed by England under her cabinet system.

In the light of this, it is interesting to shoulder one's way through the mass of criticism now being made of the Lloyd George government—criticism couched in virtually the same terms employed by the critics of the Wilson administration.

To take only one set of problems, there has been loosed of late a flood of criticism of the muddling inconsistency and lack of foresight in British policies respecting the Near and Middle East. The picture of vacillation and contradiction painted by the critics is somewhat as follows:

Does the principle of self-determination mean anything to Lloyd George, or does n't it? What excuse can be found for the utterly inconsistent policies being pursued respecting Mesopotamia, on the one hand, and Palestine, on the other? In Mesopotamia, a vast but sparsely settled country, the British Government, having accepted mandatory powers under the League of Nations, now purposes that Sir Percy Cox call together a council of state, under an Arab president, and an assembly that will be faithfully representative of, and freely elected by, the native population, and that in consultation with these provisional bodies an organic law for the country be worked out. Here, the critics say, is a liberal grant of self-determination and self-government to a very primitive and backward people. But, they say, walk around the block and what do we find in Palestine! There self-determination is shelved. British policy sets as its goal the creation of a national homeland for the Jews, who constitute only a small minority of the population, despite the wishes of the Mohammedan and Christian majority. British policy appoints as the first civil administrator of the country a Jew whose appointment, regardless of his personal qualities, must arouse the racial and religious antagonism of the majority of the population. In Mesopotamia, self-determination; in Palestine, a government that a plebiscite would reject, a government that for many years to come, can be sustained only by a British army of occupation.

In Egypt, the critics continue, the British Government shows reluctance to approve the self-determination it graciously grants to Mesopotamia, despite the fact of the Egyptians having reached a higher stage of development than the

Mesopotamians. Here self-determination is resisted, although it must be evident, they say, that Lord Allenby cannot long lend a show of reality to an "Egyptian" government and ruler who possess no intrinsic authority in the country.

And then, they say, what utter lack of foresight in the protection of British interests! Take Persia as a case in point. True, they admit, Great Britain is not bound by the Anglo-Persian agreement of last year to defend Persia against external aggression, but British interests in Persia demand peace and order and an efficient government. Why, then, they ask, are British forces withdrawn in the face of a Bolshevist invasion?

And so on *ad infinitum*. The world-wise British Government, it seems, is not free from criticisms of vacillation and inconsistency than our own. But the most interesting thing to note is the similarity of the criticisms of Lloyd George and the criticisms of Wilson. Sir Valentine Chirol, for instance, closes a sweeping criticism of the Government's Eastern policies, as follows:

> That there has been a lamentable want of political foresight on the part of our rulers jumps to the eye. But what is even more inexcusable is the want of coherence in the policies which they are still bent on pursuing. The causes which have produced it are not far to seek. There is in the present Government no coördination of ministerial authority other than that which is fitfully enforced by the will of the Prime Minister who, with a docile House of Commons behind him, elected on his sole name and living on his credit alone, exercises a dictatorship unknown in this country since perhaps the days of Walpole. Secret diplomacy is, we are told, extinct, and the statement is doubtless true, if it means that the days of diplomacy of any kind are over. For the Foreign Office as the department entrusted with the control and conduct of foreign affairs has ceased under Lord Curzon as well as under Mr. Balfour to live and move and have a being of its own, and is often unaware of the decisions emanating from the Prime Minister's impulsive brain, until instructions have been issued over its head direct from 10, Downing Street, . . . The Foreign Office now-a-days sees even Ambassadors, who are supposed to represent and carry out the policies for which it stands in the eyes of foreign governments, appointed or recalled, sometimes even without its knowledge, to suit the political convenience of the Prime Minister or his peculiar ideas of international statesmanship.

Substitute president for prime minister, the White House for 10, Downing Street, the Department of State for the Foreign Office, and all this reads familiarly. It is good for us to remember that other governments are criticized as ours is criticized, and for much the same things, for it will help us to realize that mere reform of machinery will not solve our problem. We must somehow contrive to educate ourselves politically, as we have failed to do in the past; we must give thought to ways and means for disseminating information and knowledge respecting the domestic and foreign problems that confront our Government, we must lift the level of political intelligence throughout the country; we must develop a politically-minded mass from which a higher type of statesmen will spring—men who will hold their own in the processes of government, men whose lack of knowledge and vision will not tempt a strong and highly intelligent President to attempt one-man government.

SHOULD SENATORS BE PHONOGRAPHS?

SENATOR SHIELDS of Tennessee rendered a genuine service to the country some weeks ago when he brought into the foreground of discussion the question of a senator's function in representative government. Although he may not have realized what he was doing, he dramatized a fundamental issue of government that is attracting the critical inquiry of many of the best minds both here and abroad. His action raised the question: Under representative government, as we know it, should the elected representative, a senator for instance, consider himself a representative or a delegate? Should he consider himself as elected to use his own wisdom, experience, and judgment in the handling of successive issues as they arise, or as a man elected merely to

execute in each case the current opinion of the majority that may in one way or another be communicated to him? Should he attempt to be a really representative man, a leader, or should he regard himself as merely an administrative expedient resorted to by the masses because of the physical impossibility of taking a nation-wide vote on every issue? Is he to represent or to record? Is he to be a human substitute or a phonograph, mechanically "voicing" the will of his constituents?

But let us recall the story of Senator Shield's action before getting too far into a discussion of the point raised. Senator Shields, Democrat, senator from the State of Tennessee, opposed the treaty of peace and the covenant of the League of Nations as submitted to the Senate by his party chief and President, Mr. Wilson. The Tennessee Democratic State Convention demanded that Senator Shields in the future vote for the adoption of the League of Nations covenant and the treaty of peace without amendments or reservations. This he refused to do. His refusal took the form of a highly provocative statement. The principle involved in the statement was as follows:

I believe in the great principles of representative government. I recognize my absolute responsibility to the people of Tennessee. . . . When possible under the obligation of my oath of office, I will always conform to their views and execute their will. . . . I believe that when a candidate for office promises or commits himself upon issues presented in an election, primary or general, in which he is chosen he should honestly and faithfully comply with them, or retire from office. But when questions arise after his election he must form his own conclusions, exercise his independent judgment, and have the courage to stand by and defend them. When great issues are presented in the United States Senate, Senators must act upon their deliberate judgment.

When the Treaty was presented to the Senate, I gave it long, deliberate, and conscientious study, fully impressed with its great importance to my country. I brought to bear upon it all the ability I possessed and all the learning and experience I had acquired in the practice of my profession for twenty years, in service upon the highest court of my state for ten years, and in the United States Senate for six years. I felt my full responsibility. I believed that the people of a great and proud State wanted their Senator to form conclusions of his own and have courage to express and defend them like the great Senators whom I have the honor to follow. I did not believe they wanted me to be a supine and colorless camp-follower.

I came to the conclusion that the provisions of the covenant violated the Constitution of the United States, which I had sworn to support and defend, and contravened policies and traditional interests of our great country. . . . With these convictions I could not but oppose the United States' becoming a member of the League. There has been no change in the situation. If I were to reverse my vote, I would not only stultify myself, but be unworthy of the confidence of the people and of the great office I hold.

I cannot allow conventions of my own party, State or national, to compel me to violate my oath of office or support a measure which I believe conflicts with the Constitution of the United States, or to do a thing which I believe to be but little short of treason. They cannot absolve me from the obligations of my oath of office, or release me from my duty and allegiance to my country. And I cannot yield to the position of some that I should resign and let another take my place who would do what I consider a surrender of the sovereignty and independence of the American people. That would indeed be treason.

Any man not wholly devoid of a sense of sportsmanship will admire the courageous candor of this statement, regardless of his own opinion respecting the League of Nations. We are not here concerned with the attitude of Senator Shields towards the treaty and the covenant, but solely with the question respecting representative government which his statement indirectly raises—the question stated in various ways at the beginning of this editorial.

The question raised is the sphinx riddle of government: How can we preserve strong leadership without sacrificing popular control? There are two ways in which the question raised by Senator Shields may be approached.

One is from the angle of those who believe that representative government, as we have known it, is sound in principle, and that its effective operation depends only upon the election of strong and capable representatives. The other is from the angle of those who believe that representative government, as we have known it, is based upon a totally false theory of representation, that representation should be specific, not general, that men should be chosen to represent occupations, not geographical areas. For those who are not familiar with the catch-phrases of this second theory of representation, a more detailed explanation will follow later in this comment; but let us now glance at the two points of view in turn.

Representative government, as we have known it, is based upon the assumption that the elected representative can substitute his personality, experience, and judgment for the personalities, experience, and judgment of his constituents, representing their whole will on all matters that may arise in the processes and problems of government. The representative is elected to represent all the people living within the boundaries of an arbitrarily fixed geographical area. The theory contemplates the election of superior men whose knowledge and experience lift them somewhat above the average in their communities, their States, or their nations. It is essentially an aristocratic theory, in the original Greek sense of aristocracy as the rule of the best.

Such a system works well in a country where men's interests are simple and similar. In the early days of our own country, for instance, when we were essentially an agricultural people, with little diversity and no complexity of interests, politics was a relatively simple battle of personalities, a search for the man of superior mind and method. But when we became an industrial people, with wide diversity and great complexity of interests, politics became a matter of votes on specific issues. The people grew less and less willing to risk the uninstructed judgment of any man, however great, on every question. The masses began to devise ways and means for greater popular control of representatives. They wanted less an *alter ego* and more an agent. The initiative, the referendum, and the recall, to name only three political inventions, were fruits of this development. This tendency toward the instruction and control of representatives has gone unchecked until to-day there is a wide-spread belief that the function of a representative is the mere recording of the majority will, whatever it may be at the moment, on each and every question. The representative is looked upon as a phonographic record of the "will of the people" and as a necessary evil that appeared when the country grew too large for town-meeting methods.

It is against this that Senator Shields protests. He protests against the turning of the deliberations of the United States Senate into a political Punch and Judy performance, the strings being pulled by the many-fingered hand of the masses. Those who believe in the soundness of the principle upon which representative government has all along been based must necessarily rejoice over the challenge made by the Tennessee senator. There is no disposition, save among congenital Tories, to believe in "the divine right of senators," but it is so plain that he who runs may read that to make the elected representative a mere delegate means inefficient government from the start and the death of distinguished leadership in the end. The most ardent gild socialist or the most rampant Bolshevist admits that.

The writer believes profoundly in the ultimate wisdom of the masses on fundamental issues. All men are safer and wiser than any man. The instinct of the mass on fundamental issues is a safer guide than the intelligence of the solitary leader—that is, in the long run and by the law of averages. It would have been better for Germany and the world to have permitted the German masses to have made many democratic blunders than to have permitted the kaiser to make his one supreme autocratic blunder. But the "ultimate wisdom" of the masses and the expression of a demand in the heat and hurry of a propagandist movement may be far different things. This is said despite the

fact that the writer is not personally in sympathy with the major part of the opposition to the League of Nations.

The day of the autocrat, hereditary or elected, is passing. There must be effective popular control of public servants. But public servants must not be made mere puppets of the passing whims of the crowd, for under such a policy men of essential greatness and self-respect will turn from the public service. But, it may be interposed, is it possible to reconcile popular control with strong leadership? Frankly, it has not been done to date. This, indeed, is the sphinx riddle of politics.

The second school of political thought referred to will answer readily that we have brought ourselves to this *impasse* because the fundamental theory of representative government we have been holding is wrong. As stated earlier, this school proposes specific occupational representation instead of general geographical representation. What, in brief, is the argument of this school?

The partizans of this theory start from the assumption that the average man picks out some one occupation as the chief business of his life, that this occupation is the central fact in the man's life, that his relations with his fellows are largely determined by it, and that the associations of men in trades or professions are the most vital links in the social structure. They contend that a trade or a profession is a better unit of representation than a State, a county, a district, or a borough, because there is unity of interests in a trade or a profession while diversity of interests characterizes an arbitrarily fixed area, and that it is humanly impossible for one man to represent intelligently all interests of all persons in an area. They contend, on the other hand, that it is a simpler matter to elect men as special representatives of the interests they know most about. They propose government by those who know. They protest against a system that takes a senator or representative from a cross-roads town in the agricultural Middle West and makes him ranking member of a committee to deal with involved issues of industry or transportation.

Mr. G. R. Stirling Taylor, proposing occupational representation in England, puts the matter in this way:

> That is perhaps the main weakness of the parliamentary system. It deals with matters beyond the grasp of everybody except experts on the subject concerned. The parliamentary system might be all right if it could perform a first-class miracle—master the knowledge of the world and translate it into legislation. We must not be angry with Westminster for failing to perform the impossible; but we must rebuke it for even trying. A thousand subjects are put under the control of men selected by a disorganized mob of electors, with no common desires or common knowledge. The politician by appealing to everybody is able to escape being bound to anything. In the hubbub of public life he dodges the necessity for reason. The politician survives by reliance on the ignorance of his constituents.
>
> Now there is one department of life where it is more difficult to be evasive. If a man has any exact knowledge at all, it is on the subject of his daily work. If the business placed before a meeting were to discuss the cotton trade, and legislate for it, it is more than probable that the cotton operative and the factory manager would have very definite minds of their own as to what should be done or left undone. The candidate could not escape the point by discussing the condition of the Hottentots or the necessity for reforming the music halls or a foreign policy for Timbuctoo. To be tied down to cotton might lead that politician to disaster.
>
> A man's work is both his first interest and his greatest knowledge. . . . If the nation were grouped into its trades rather than within its geographical areas, it would then be organized on the main principles of interest and knowledge.

There is undoubtedly the germ of a needed idea in this proposal. Nothing is more apparent than the discursive, inefficient, and unreal character of our legislative bodies. It is difficult to believe that countries like England and the United States will not some day adapt this idea to part of their legislative work. Not a little of the reality and justification of two houses, constituted on so nearly the same basis as our Senate and House of Representatives, have disappeared. Some day we may attempt to unite the principles of geographical and

occupational representation by organizing one house on the occupational basis, the other on the geographical basis. But that is far in the distance. Meanwhile it behooves us to settle down to the task of finding the workable mean between strong and creative leadership and popular control.

A HUMORLESS CRITIC OF MARK TWAIN

CREATIVE criticism of the art and craft of letters has been a rare commodity in the intellectual market of America. Book-reviewing tends more and more to become a mere adjunct of the advertising columns. Artists in indiscriminate approval, wholesale dealers in superlatives, we have had aplenty. Lest eternal approval smack too plainly of advertising, we have had intermittent faultfinding with minor defects of style or plot. And we must not forget the "critic" who makes a book review a mere excuse for a display of his own erudition, the sort of critic who, with all the practised care of an expert chef, mixes into every book review, as its essential ingredients, so many exotic phrases to the column and so many learned references to erudite works. It is said of one versatile book reviewer, for instance, that he would contrive to drag Lord Acton into a review of a book on "The Laws of Poultry Raising."

There is, of course, a difference of opinion about the validity of the phrase "creative criticism." There are those who regard the critic as a parasite rather than a producer. They deny his claim to the use of the adjective "creative" save in the sense of his creating a demand for literature. They deny his claim to the creation of literary values. They regard the critic as the middleman of the business of letters, the distributing agent who stands between the author as producer and the reader as consumer. They call the true critic a "specialist in reasoned admiration." Matthew Arnold, for instance, defined the function of criticism as the disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world. Another calls the critic "the chartered libertine of letters, walking at his will in the ways of the world; the gay agent that carries the pollen from flower to flower, lest any one may fail to be infected."

Heaven knows that we need such middlemen to lift the tone and to educate the temper of the American reading public. The critic who is nothing more than the effective press-agent of great writers is one of the invaluable assets of our national life. We cannot have too many of his kind. But there is a relatively untouched field in American criticism that may, for want of a better term, be called the field of creative criticism. In this field men must be more than book-reviewers; they must be men who drag the very souls of writers into the daylight where the illumination of incisive criticism may play upon the impulse, the aim, the temptation, and the technic of the writer. The creative critic is a specialist in the study of the creative spirit in letters. He makes plain the laws, in so far as they may be codified, of the creative spirit; he charts the dangers it must encounter; he lists its temptations; he illuminates its goal. The net result of his creative criticism is the establishment of standards by which readers may better judge the achievements of the makers of literature, and to writers his work represents a valuable pointing out of the snags and shoals of the channel in which their spirits must sail, as well as the giving of a local habitation and name to the goal toward which they must undeviatingly go or play false to the creative spirit. Creative criticism is the effective ally both of art and of the appreciation of art.

We have only begun to see hints of such creative criticism in America. The work of Van Wyck Brooks is one such hint. Through some half dozen books Mr. Brooks has carried his study of the creative spirit as it works in varying environments. In at least three small books he has turned his thought to the influence of the American environment on the creative spirit. Each of these general studies has ended with the conclusion that American life is a vast conspiracy against the creative spirit, that our passion for materialistic success and our penchant for priggish moralizing and

respectability have strangled the creative spirit, or, at least, perverted its expression. From this conclusion there can be little, if any, appeal. Not only has the atmosphere of materialism and the Puritan spirit tended to pervert the creative impulse at its source, but "the damnation of the check-book" has meant the prostitution of art to the service of mass production. The man with a vogue is tempted to write himself dry while the demand is on. The result has been that in America writers who might have been men of letters have become mere manufacturers of copy. Van Wyck Brooks's thesis is sound.

But sometimes the possession of a thesis is the creative critic's greatest liability. The man with a thesis is a dogmatist in the making. He may ever after go about the world measuring all men and all work by the one yardstick he possesses. This is what may prove the undoing of Mr. Brooks. In a suggestive little book on criticism, Mr. P. P. Howe has said there is the danger that if you have made up your mind where excellence lives you will not go down another street which looks different. In our judgment this is what has happened to Van Wyck Brooks in his first attempt, on a large scale, to apply his thesis to the study of a distinguished American writer—Mark Twain. His "The Ordeal of Mark Twain" is uniquely stimulating. If a hypothetical Mr. X—— were substituted for Mark Twain and the specific valuation of Mark Twain's writings eliminated, the book would remain a highly valuable discussion of the creative spirit in conflict with an unfavorable environment. But as a specific study of Mark Twain it seems to the writer to be marked by special pleading, a total lack of a sense of humor on the part of the author, and a singular failure to understand ordinary human nature.

Mr. Brooks, in the words of the publisher's announcement, in his study of Mark Twain "seeks to explain that strange streak of pessimism in his work which has caused so much argument and speculation." Mr. Brooks arrives at the conclusion that this pessimism was the result of maladjustment; that Mark Twain was by nature a satirist, not a humorist; that the rôle of humorist was thrust upon him against his will; that his mother and his wife both drove Mark Twain into the race for respectability, gentility, and money-making, and that yielding to their importunities he took the line of least resistance toward these tinsel goals; that being a funny man was the easiest and most profitable part to play; that he played that part, at first perhaps under protest, but later because the real artist had died in him. In short, Mr. Brooks sets Mark Twain down as a failure in the sense that the artist in him failed. He might have soared, thinks Mr. Brooks, as a worshiper of the god of the creative; he shriveled as a worshiper of the god of the conventional. And at last, according to Mr. Brooks, Mark Twain realized that he had made shipwreck of his creative artistic life, and the realization soured him. He turned pessimist, depreciating himself and his work, and despairing of the human race. Even his friends, as Mr. Howells, for instance, helped him to kill the artist in him, ironing out of his work the vagrant evidences of crude creative energy and making it palatable to the genteel sense of the small-town family circle.

First of all, this is an uncompromising application of Mr. Brooks's thesis, hitherto stated in his books, to the life and work of Mark Twain. He makes the thesis fit the case so flawlessly that one grows suspicious lest the man has been trimmed to fit the theory. And as one gets down to details the suspicion grows.

Much of the "proof" of Mark Twain's self-dissatisfaction and pessimism is found in his private correspondence, and everywhere it is assumed that a man is most himself and least the poser in his letters to friends. The contrary is probably true. There is probably no place where a man poses more than in his correspondence. About the only time a man feels in the thoroughly genuine mood of confession is when in the presence of an impersonal audience, for which he speaks or writes or paints. Whether it is the letters of Henry James or Robert Louis Stevenson or William James or Mark Twain we are reading, the self-conscious actor is there. And is

it not one of the peculiarities of greatness that it delights to garb itself in a modesty of personal estimation which frequently takes the form of severe self-depreciation?

It is difficult to agree with the contention of Mr. Brooks that Mark Twain was originally the possessor of so much greater artistic creativeness than he later put into his work. It seems to the writer a misconception to regard the creative spirit as such a tender and fragile thing that it needs the incubating warmth of agreement and sympathy before it can fully express itself. On the contrary, the creative spirit is essentially virile; it is of the spirit of conquest. The fact that Mark Twain so easily yielded to the standards of family and friends argues the lack of that superbly creative spirit which Mr. Brooks thinks was strangled by Mark Twain's mother and wife. It may be nearer the truth that without the promptings of his wife, Mark Twain would have frittered away his time and strength and never have given to the world the work that he did. In a different atmosphere Mark Twain might have done different work; who can say it would have been better work!

Mr. Brooks is concerned over the immaturity of Mark Twain's judgment on things social and economic. He says, "Mark Twain . . . seems never to have glimpsed the nascent forces into whose control the political and economic future seems really bound to pass. In all the years of his travel to and fro through Europe he divined hardly one of the social tendencies that had so spectacular a *dénouement* within four years of his death." Well, what of it? Would we trade the total output of half a hundred of our pert young sociologists for the immortal *Huck Finn?* True, Mark Twain was a protagonist of the existing order; you could not call him a liberal publicist with clear vision of social and industrial tendencies; but would sounder sociology have improved his art? Had he been less under the compulsion to become a successful and respectable man, would Mark Twain have achieved earlier that liberal and incisive insight into contemporary social, political, and industrial life that would have been necessary to the rôle of satirist, if his satire was to be of greater value than his humor? Did he not move as fast as he would have moved in any circumstances toward sound judgment of contemporary life? Was not the very pessimism with which Mr. Brooks deals the beginning of that disillusionment which would have led Mark Twain to the writing of fine constructive satires on American life, had he lived longer?

Mr. Brooks, with what seems to the writer a lack of a sense of humor, reads into the most casual remarks of Mark Twain cryptic and profound meanings. Does Mark Twain glorify his days as a pilot on the Mississippi, saying he had never done any work since that gave him the joy that piloting a boat gave him? Then, to Mr. Brooks, that means that Mark Twain had a "creative" impulse that he satisfied in piloting, but never satisfied in writing the sort of books he wrote. But was there ever a man who did not wreathe his early days with a romance that was half imagination and half the enchantment of distance?

It is difficult to restrain a smile at the following manner in which Mark Twain's salutatory, as associate editor of the Buffalo "Express," is interpreted by Mr. Brooks. Mark Twain began his editorship with the following statement:

> Being a stranger it would be immodest for me to suddenly and violently assume the associate editorship of the Buffalo *Express* without a single word of comfort or encouragement to the unoffending patrons of this paper, who are about to be exposed to constant attacks of my wisdom and learning. But the words shall be as brief as possible. I only want to assure parties having a friendly interest in the prosperity of the journal that I am not going to hurt the paper deliberately and intentionally at any time. I am not going to introduce any startling reforms, nor in any way attempt to make trouble. . . . Such is my platform. I do not see any use in it, but custom is law and must be obeyed.

Here was a clever and humorous "entrance" that Mark Twain could not resist making. One could imagine Bernard Shaw, tongue in cheek, writing such a salutatory while planning to

"poison" the minds of his readers with his satire, always insisting that he was a harmless craftsman in the gentle art of truth telling. But to Mr. Brooks this is its significance:

> Never, surely, was a creative will more innocently, more painlessly surrendered than in those words. . . . With that promise to be "good," to refrain from hurting "parties having a friendly interest in the prosperity" of his journal, the artist in Mark Twain had fallen into a final trance; anybody could manipulate him now.

Two other references will serve to illustrate the humorless character of this criticism of Mark Twain. Mr. Brooks argues that Mark Twain knew that there was something very different between himself and a great writer. He proves this by the attitude of "primitive reverence" Mark Twain always displayed in the presence of greatness. He illustrates by quoting this line from Mark Twain's Berlin note-books: "Been taken for Mommsen twice. We have the same hair, but on examination it was found the brains were different." Pure, unadulterated humor, probably dashed off with no thought other than of its humor. But Mr. Brooks, like a thirteenth century theologian, finds deep meaning in it. As for Mark Twain's reverence for greatness, it may well be a mark of greatness rather than of littleness. Again, Mr. Brooks quotes Mark Twain as once saying: "Why am I like the Pacific Ocean? I don't know. I was just asking for information." Then Mr. Brooks solemnly says Mark Twain felt a latent and unused greatness in himself or he never would have compared himself with the big Pacific.

Despite all this, Mr. Brooks's study is one of the most stimulating books of the season. Its appreciation of the creative spirit in the abstract, its clarifying comment on American intellectual life, its continuous suggestiveness betray genius. It has seemed fitting to discuss this volume in a department devoted to current affairs because even a hint of the emergence of a creative criticism in the drab field of book-reviewing is an event of primary importance in the intellectual life of the nation.

THRIFTY BUKARA

DR. H. LYNDHURST DUKE, with the inveterate British habit of bringing back stories of fascinating interest from out-of-the-way corners of the world, contributed to a recent issue of "The Cornhill Magazine" the story of the thrift extraordinary that is practised on the island of Bukara. Dr. Duke begins his tale with the air of the born story-teller in a comfortable club corner. He says:

> Shortly after the fall of Tabora and the expulsion of the Hun from the northern portion of German East Africa, I was ordered to Ukerewe Island, some thirty miles from Mwanza in the south-east corner of Victoria Nyanza, to investigate a report of an outbreak of plague, which, however, fortunately proved to be a false alarm. From Ukerewe a visit was paid to the neighboring island of Bukara, which lies some few miles off to the north-east. This visit yielded some astounding revelations of primitive ingenuity in the handling and adjustment of a problem of survival which may interest people at home, confronted as they are to-day by somewhat analogous conditions.

The richly detailed story of thrift and efficiency that comes from this tiny island merits the attention of Americans as well as of Britishers. There are rapidly accumulating signs of returning sanity that indicate, perhaps, our recovery from the drunken-sailor orgy of spending to which we gave ourselves over after the war, but we may still hear with profit the story of Bukara. The essential points of the story may be summarized as follows:

The island of Bukara comprises about thirty-six square miles of territory. Much of this territory is bare granite. On this small area, nineteen thousand persons live and wrest sustenance from a reluctant environment. To call the environment reluctant is putting it lightly. There is little natural fertility of soil. As Dr. Duke puts it: "The island consists of a number of low rocky kopjes crowning undulating stretches of a light loamy soil, with hardly a tree of respectable size to be seen anywhere—the sun beating down unmercifully throughout the day upon its shadeless slopes."

This Mwanza section is noted for its heavy rainfall, and the island of Bukara, in particular, is exposed to the full sweep of the storms that lash round that corner of the lake. The great volume of water that rushes down from the exposed kopjes at times denudes the island's exposed fields.

The island presents an almost incredible union of over-population, isolation, and independence. These three apparently incompatible factors are nicely adjusted by a native administration unaided by white ingenuity. All of ramshackle Europe is to-day talking and writing and agitating in behalf of scientific agriculture, intensive cultivation, utilization of waste and by-product, high differentiation and careful coördination of labor, and of severe economy in everything by everybody. Strange to say, the primitive inhabitants of the island of Bukara, not by the enlightened intelligence of advanced civilization, but by the instinctive answering of the harsh challenge of nature, have already and long ago achieved all these things.

There is no idle land on the island, save the bare rocks and sandy watercourses, the whole island being used for village sites, agricultural plots, or grazing-grounds. These plots are carefully delimited by boundary stones, by trees, or by bushes. If a foot-path crosses a cultivated area, it is jealously bounded by stone walls. No chance is taken, lest some wanderer trespass too widely and trample even one shoot of the young crop or carry away on his shoes any of the precious soil. The inhabitants of Bukara would look with dismay at our reckless waste of railroad right of ways, for they mark out into allotments, for planting or grazing, even the banks of their few narrow streams.

Everything is so precious on this island that the rights of private ownership are zealously guarded. One quaint evidence of this is stated by Dr. Duke when he writes that "all goats and cattle must wear little plaited grass muzzles when walking to and from their legitimate grazing grounds; and woe betide the owner if a muzzle slips off *en route* and the goat nibbles some one else's *matama!*"

A tree is exploited as a priceless possession. Will the interests that block an effective program of American reforestation please take notice! On the island of Bukara not a leaf or a twig is overlooked. Regarding this, Dr. Duke says:

> The leaves are plucked with infinite care and taken home in the evening to feed the cattle and goats. The sticks and branches go to help build the huts, the bark being previously carefully peeled off and put aside to dry to be used as fuel or cord. Dead sticks are of course invaluable for fuel. . . . When occasion necessitates the lopping off of a large branch or the felling of the tree, shoots are carefully stuck in the soil to reproduce, in due time, yet other trees. Dead leaves also belong to the owner of the tree; a man must not steal his neighbor's leaves nor his sticks nor his rubbish on pain of being brought before the chief and heavily fined. . . . A father will divide up a tree among his children, apportioning so many branches to each with leaves and all the other appurtenances dead and alive.

Literally nothing is wasted. Weeds are carefully garnered and carried home each evening as food for the animals. The *matama* plots are sedulously looked after. When the shoots are six to eight inches high, the inhabitants carefully inspect the plot, and, if the plot seems too thickly set, they will "solemnly uproot" some plants and transplant them to a thinner patch. The stalks of the *matama* plants, after the ears have been removed, are carefully collected and tied into small bundles. These bundles are stacked in cones on the steep-sided rocks on the kopjes. Each bundle is valued at about ten cents. The stalks are used for roofing or fuel. The owner of the bundles clambers up the rocks and carries down bundles as needed during the season.

The inhabitants have created all sorts of devices to stop the loss of soil after the rain-wash of the severe storms of the rainy season,—artificial channels, stone soil-dams, and the like.

The inhabitants of Bukara are primitive, dirty, and diseased, but they have somehow learned the lessons of thrift and a kind of efficiency. The re-telling of their story should shame the civilized peoples of Europe and America into greater thrift and a more careful administration of natural resources.

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